

Original Poetry.

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR,—As the anniversary of that ever memorable and glorious event, the crucifixion and death of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is fast approaching, I take the liberty of transmitting to you, for insertion in your valuable and well-conducted paper,—if deemed, in your judgment, meriting a place,—the following lines in Latin hexameter verse, on the subject of our Redeemer's crucifixion, with a free translation in English Iambic, as a small tribute for so solemn a season.

CHRISTOPHILUS.

The 4th week in Lent, 1838.

IN CHRISTUM CRUCIFIXUM.

Pro servis dominus moritur, pro sotentibus insons.  
Pro egrotis medicus, moritur pro gregibus pastor:—  
Pro populo rex mactatur, pro milite ductor,  
Pro facto ipseque factor, pro homine ipse Deusque.—  
Quid servus, sons, egrotus, quid grex populusque,  
Quid miles, quid factum, quid homo, solvet?—AMATO.

\* The Synalæpha is regularly omitted in pro. In Virgil is to be found an example of the same kind, viz:—O pater, O hominum, divumque æterna potestas.

† The quid, though naturally short, is made long by the Cæsura; or, as some would think, the h following in homo, might be considered as a consonant, and, therefore, would produce a position, as when Virgil says:—Ile latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho. Now the tus in fultus is naturally short, but, in this line, made long by the Cæsura Ennenamimeris; or the h following tus may produce a position.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

To fate's decree the master yields  
For servants vile and base,  
The guiltless breathes his soul away  
For sinful human race.—  
For him in pain and sickness bound,  
The good physician dies,  
The shepherd, for the sheep and flock,  
In death's dark bosom lies.—  
The king of kings, for subjects dear,  
A sacrifice is made,  
For soldiers militant on earth,  
The leader's life is paid.—  
Expires the great creating pow'r  
For the created whole,  
And God himself the fount of love,  
For man's undying soul.—  
For deeds so great and wonderful,  
What shall the servant pay?—  
What shall the guilty and the sick,  
The flock and subjects?—say—  
What shall the soldier and the whole,  
In gratitude, requite?—  
And what, to God shall man return?—  
With LOVE let FAITH unite.

CHRISTOPHILUS.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- April 15.—Easter-Day.
- 16.—Monday in Easter week.
- 17.—Tuesday in do.
- 22.—First Sunday after Easter.
- 25.—St. Mark's Day.
- 29.—Second Sunday after Easter.

JUST TOO LATE.

It was a lovely evening in July when I was walking on the pier which stretches far out into the waters of a foreign sea port town. I had taken my passage for England in a vessel which was to sail that night; and I was contemplating, for the last time, the scenery of a strange land. Before me was a broad and beautiful river, just mingling with the ocean; and beyond it about five or six miles distant, were picturesque hills, mounting, as it were, from its bosom, and surrounding a pretty little town. On the right was the blue sea, sleeping calmly in the evening sun; and as I looked on it, I lifted up my heart to Him who "stilleth the noise of its waves," to bring me safely across it to my home. On my left I could discern for many miles the winding of the noble stream, which washes in its course many celebrated cities, some of which I had lately visited: and behind me lay the commercial town in which I had been staying for a day or two, with its pleasant suburb, rising to the top of a well wooded ridge. The busy hum from its crowded docks and warehouses just reached my ear, as I paced slowly and solitarily along; and I thought of the indefatigable industry of the men of this world, who "rise up early and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness," to gain those things which perish in the using. I could not survey that prospect without a melancholy feeling. Beautiful as it was, the land was a moral desert. Superstition, or a supreme contempt for all forms of religion, had supplanted in it the pure worship of the one true God; and I had that very day witnessed a scene, which, though there common enough, would assuredly startle and disgust any one who had lived only in our own favoured country. I meditated on the time when the truth should universally prevail, and the knowledge of the Lord fill the earth as the waters cover the sea; I prayed that his kingdom might speedily be established.

While I was thus musing, the sun was set, and it was necessary for me to go back to my inn, and prepare my luggage for departure. This was soon done; and at the appointed hour I went on board the vessel, a steam packet, which was lying close to the quay, and was to set off precisely at 11 o'clock at night. After a little while the bustle of passengers embarking had subsided; the officers belonging to the port were gone on shore; the clock from the nearest church had tolled the hour, and the engineer was just waiting the captain's signal; when suddenly high words were heard in the cabin. A young man from one of the hotels was there making a demand upon a passenger, which the latter considered unjust; the youth, however, refused to forego his claim. And now the vessel bell was rung, and the captain called, "You must go on shore—I am going." He did not obey the call. The captain then vociferated angrily, "You will be too late if you stay a minute longer: I shall carry you

to England." He still delayed, till at last the signal was given, and the vessel proceeded on her way. Then, at the first feeling of the motion, the youth rushed up from below, and was springing from the deck towards the quay, now several feet from us, but was saved by the strong grasp of the captain, from what must have been certain destruction. "You see you would not mind me when I called you," said he, "and now it is impossible to stop; you must go with us to England." The poor lad—he looked hardly seventeen—stood, for a moment, stupidly gazing on the fast receding shore; then staggering to a seat upon deck, exclaimed that he was ruined—for, he should lose the situation on which his livelihood depended; and, covering his face with both hands, he burst into tears.

The stars were shining in the cloudless heavens, and two or three of the passengers remained with me on deck to contemplate the glorious scene, and to watch the bright sparkles of the waves which with a long luminous line marked our track, and the now only twinkling light which showed us the port we had left: and we talked of what we had seen, and recounted our adventures in regions far away; we spoke also of our own England, for our hearts yearned towards our beloved country, and we were glad, when we thought we should soon see it again.—We had, indeed, been wandering through a very lovely land: still it was not—and no traveller as he journeys can help feeling this—it was not our home. But as we walked up and down, the sobs of the poor lad, brought with us against his will, fell upon our ears, and I could not help contrasting his sorrow with our joy. I was surprised that his grief was so excessive; and I stopped once to ask him why it was so. He would be carried safely home in a little time, and surely his employer might be prevailed upon to receive him again into his service. O no, he said, his place could not be left unfilled a single day; and besides it would be thought that he had run away, and therefore some one else would be hired immediately. "But," I told him, "you will get some other employment. Have you no friends to exert themselves for you?" "No," replied he "all my friends are dead: nobody will care for me; and I shall be sure to starve." "Then why were you so silly as to stay here, when you were repeatedly told to go ashore?" "I did not think," with a fresh burst of tears, "that he really meant it: I thought he would have waited a minute longer: and I was only just too late."

My questions could then do no good; and therefore I soon left him, and retired to my berth—but even there, I still heard at intervals the ebullitions of his grief mingling with the rush of the waters; and I was furnished with a not unprofitable subject of meditation. Here was a reasonable being, who had risked his prospects in life for a paltry piece of money, to which I believe he had no right. He would be carried to a foreign country, where he had no friend or acquaintance, and several days must elapse before he could get back, and even then he would find himself deprived of that on which his bread depended. How true a picture, I thought, of the recklessness of men, called wise in their generation, who risk their eternal salvation for the possession of this world's good! There is some prize they grasp at, and they must seize it before all things; and though the voice of the Bible and of God's ministers warns them "you will be too late, now is the accepted time, delay no more," still they venture on a little—but a little—longer; they must secure this one object—till, how often, the last summons is issued, the last signal peals forth, and they are hurried away unprepared, to that distant land, whence there is no return, and where they must stand friendless, with every prospect blasted, and every hope extinguished, before the throne of God.

Let no man persuade himself that a little time can be of but little consequence. A few moments may make the widest difference in his condition. If he were drowning in the ocean, and a rope were held out to him, an instant's delay in seizing it, in all probability, would be instant death. Were his habitation in flames around him, the shortest delay in escaping might bury him in the burning ruins. If, instead of fleeing for his life, he thinks there will be time to occupy himself in searching for some valued treasure, he will see, it is likely, just when he is preparing to escape, the last outlet closed, the last staircase falling:—he is only just too late; but his momentary delay has been to him destruction.

And surely, if any thing can add bitterness to disappointment, or increase the wretchedness of rain, it must be the reflection, that the prize was almost gained, safety only just sacrificed. The keenest self reproach will then add its pangs to the actual misery endured, and the victim of his own folly will execrate the infatuation which involved him in irreparable destruction. And thus in the dark habitations of lost spirits, their worm will never die, as well as their fire be never quenched.

Let me then earnestly entreat every individual into whose hands this paper may fall, to lose no time in securing those things which make for his eternal peace. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," I would persuade, I would anxiously implore him, immediately to escape for his life; I would strive to impress upon him, as a spur to zealous action, the grief, the shame, the agony, the remorse, under which he would for ever writhe, if he should be JUST TOO LATE.—[From a Traveller's Port Folio.]

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

Upon the whole we may safely assert, that the belief of a particular providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion, which affords so firm a support to the soul in those seasons wherein she stands most in need of assistance, merely because it is not possible in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them. If it be highly consonant to the general notions of the benevolence of the Deity (as highly consonant it surely is) that he should not leave so impotent a creature as man to the single guidance of his own precarious faculties; who would abandon a belief so full of the most enlivening consolation, in compliance with those metaphysical reasonings which are usually calculated rather to silence than to satisfy, an humble inquirer after truth? Who indeed would wish to be convinced, that he stands unguarded by that heavenly shield, which can protect him against all the assaults of an in-

jurious and malevolent world? The truth is, the belief of a particular providence is the most animating persuasion that the mind of man can embrace; it gives strength to our hopes, and firmness to our resolutions; it subdues the insolence of prosperity and draws out the sting of affliction. In a word, it is like the golden branch to which Virgil's hero was directed, and affords the only secure passport through the regions of darkness and sorrow.—Melmoth.

The peculiarities of the Christian religion are founded on the majesty as well as the mercy of God. The Old Testament writers dwell most on that subject. It is softened down in the writings of the New Testament. How mistaken are those who think it inconsistent with the divine majesty to regard the individual interests of man! 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.' This particular care is so far from lessening that it rather heightens, the conception of this perfection, as an ocean that fills up all the creeks, sinuosities, and indentations of every shore; and the ocean employs a series of secondary agencies, such as rivers and streams, which it sends forth, and then receives them all back again into its own bosom. So does God fill all in all.—Watson, (a Wesleyan.)

PETER AND JOHN.

They form, indeed, a very remarkable contrast to each other, and while we muse upon the moral lineaments which time cannot efface, we recognize him who would have died for his Master, and him who would have died with him; the one who drew his sword in his defence, the other who lay in his bosom; the disciple to whom he bequeathed his flock, the friend to whom he entrusted his mother! Their spirits still look out from their Epistles. In Peter, religion speaks with a powerful, an alarming, an impetuous energy; in John, she beseeches with a tenderness, a sweetness, and an affection: one menaces us like a father, the other exhorts us like a brother: nor is this love of gentleness confined to his Epistles. Who has not lingered with tearful eyes and saddening heart over the narrative of the sufferings of his Divine Master, which "runs like a stream through flowery pastures?" All that is most lovely, most affecting, most delightful in the character of Jesus, is collected in the Gospel of John. But however they may have differed in the utterance of their feelings, their hearts were fondly united. In loving their Saviour, they loved one another; and in loving one another, they felt their love for him. John must have wept over the denial of Peter, but his soul rejoiced when standing by his side at the tomb of their Lord, or before the enraged enmity of the Sanhedrim.—Church of England Quarterly Review.

TUITION.

THE Subscribers to the Classical and Mathematical School established in Quebec in 1836, are desirous of increasing the number of pupils by adding five more to the original number (25.)

The Institution is now conducted by the following Masters.

Head Master—Rev. F. J. Lundy, S. C. L. late Scholar of University College, Oxford.

Mathematical Master—Edward Chapman Esq. B. A. late Scholar of Caius College, Cambridge. Second Master, and Teacher of French, Italian, Writing, &c.—E. M. Brown Esq. many years resident in France and Italy.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers, and desirous of being informed of terms, &c. &c. are requested to apply to J. Geo. Irvine Esq. Secretary to the Quebec Classical School, Dalhousie Place; or to the Rev. F. J. Lundy, St. Ursule Street, Quebec. 6w40

PRIVATE TUITION.

A MARRIED CLERGYMAN of the Church of England, who has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and whose Rectory is situated in one of the healthiest parts of Upper Canada, is desirous of receiving into his house four young gentlemen as pupils, who should be treated in every respect as members of his own family, and whom he would undertake to prepare for the intended University of King's College,—or, if preferred, give such a general education as should qualify them for mercantile or other pursuits. The strictest attention should be paid to their morals and manners, and it would be the endeavour of the advertiser to instil into the minds of his pupils those sound religious principles, which form the only safeguard in the path of life.

Testimonials as to the character and qualifications of the advertiser will be shewn, to any persons who may wish to avail themselves of this advertisement, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Hon. & Ven. the Archdeacon of York, the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg, the Rev. H. J. Grasset, Toronto, and the Rev. J. G. Geddes, Hamilton. 32-1f.

The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half-yearly in advance.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasset, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

[R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]