

The Church.

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

VOLUME XV., No. 10.]

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 9, 1851.

[WHOLE No., DCCXXIV.]

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Day.	Date.	1st Lesson	2nd Lesson
E	Oct. 12.	17TH SUND. APT. TRIN. { M. Ezek. 14, Mark 15. E. " 18, 2 Cor. 11.	
M	" 13.	{ M. Wisd. 1, Mark 16. E. " 2, 2 Cor. 12	
T	" 14.	{ M. " 3, Luke 1 * E. " 4, 2 Cor. 13.	
W	" 15.	{ M. " 5, Luke 1 † E. " 6, Gal. 1.	
T	" 16.	{ M. " 7, Luke 2. E. " 8, Gal. 2.	
F	" 17.	{ M. " 9, Luke 3. E. " 10, Gal. 3.	
S	" 18.	St. LUKE, EVAN. & M. { M. Ecclus 51, Luke 4. E. Job 1, Gal. 4.	
E	" 19.	18TH SUN. APT. TRIN. { M. Ezek. 20, Luke 5. E. " 24, Gal. 5.	

* To verse 39. † From verse 39.

SUNDAY CHURCH SERVICES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

CHURCHES.	CLERGY.	Mattins.	Even song.
St. James's*	{ Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A. Rector. Rev. E. Baldwin, M.A. Assist. }	11 o'clock	3 1/2 o'clock
St. Paul's...	Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie, B.A. Incum.	11 " 4 "	" "
Trinity...	Rev. R. Mitchele, M.A. Incumbent.	11 " 6 1/2 "	" "
St. George's...	Rev. Stephen Lett, L.L.D., Incumb.	11 " 7 "	" "
Holy Trinity†	{ Rev. H. Scadding, M.A., Incum. Rev. W. Stennett, M.A., Assist. }	11 " 6 1/2 "	" "

* The Morning Service is for the combined congregations of St. James's Church and the Church of the Holy Trinity. The congregation of St. James's Church meet at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

† There is Morning Prayer daily in this Church, at 7 o'clock in summer, Sundays excepted.

‡ In this Church the seats are all free and unappropriated.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

RESIDENT SCHOOL HOUSE.

For the week ending Monday, 13th October, 1851.

VISITORS:

THE PRINCIPAL.

Professor RICHARDSON, M.B., M.R.C.S.L.

CENSOR:

Rev. W. STENNETT, M.A., 2nd Classical Master.

F. W. BARRON, M.A., Principal U. C. C.

THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

IMAGES OF GOD.

Sometimes I see him like a sky without end, sown with eyes in every direction, which envelopes the world, and enlarges in proportion as more are thrown into it, seeming always empty though always full! Sometimes I see him like an ocean without shores, out of which proceed innumerable islands and continents. Sometimes I see him like a giant who is loaded forever with mountains, seas, suns, and worlds heaped one on the other, and who does not ever feel their weight. Sometimes I see him like a dial drawn on the sky in cyphers of suns, the land of which lengthens, lengthens, lengthens without end, toward the edge of the dial, without ever reaching it. Sometimes I see him like an infinite eye, wider open than the sky over his works, on which he looks, increasing as he creates them, in order to embrace them all. Sometimes like an unmeasurable hand, which bears us all, and brings us nearer to his face to enlighten us, and to his breath to warm us. Sometimes like a heart, which beats in all works, from the greatest to the least! In short, what can I say?

Though I were to recount these foolish thoughts, arising out of the ignorance of a poor man until my breath was exhausted, they would still be always and forever nothing but follies, shadows of a bird's wing on the sun, the light of a glow-worm beside the stars! It is all nothingness.—*Lamar-tine.*

PERFECT FREEDOM.

That is an admirable expression in the first Collect in the Morning Prayer, "Thy service is perfect freedom." And a noble freedom it is, indeed, to have the soul released from the insupportable slavery of ignorance and vice, and set at liberty to range in the spacious and delicious plains of wisdom and virtue; to have it delivered from the harsh and turbulent tyranny of insulting passions, and established under the gentle and delightful government of right reason. Oh, my good Lord, grant my soul this happy freedom, and set my heart at liberty, that I may cheerfully run the ways of Thy blessed commandments, and suffer no impediment to obstruct my course.—*Bp. Jebb.*

THE LORD'S DAY.

We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Lord's day, unless we were once deprived of it.—Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without those heaven-directed beacons to rest, and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness

of being, and one of the avenues, which now admits the light that will illuminate his path, would be perpetually closed.—*Bishop Dehon.*

INFLUENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP ON CHILDREN.

The simple fact that parents and offspring meet together every morning and evening for reading the word of God and prayer, is a great fact in household annals. It is the inscribing of God's name over the lintel of the door. It is the setting up of God's altar. The dwelling is marked as a house of prayer. Religion is thus made a substantive and prominent part of the domestic plan. The day is opened and closed in the name of the Lord. From the very dawn of reason, each little one grows up with a feeling that God must be honoured in every thing; that no business of life can proceed without him; and that the day's work or study would be unsheltered, disorderly, and in a manner profane, but for this consecration. When such a child comes, in later years, to mingle with families where there is no worship, there is an unavoidable shudder, as if among heathen or infidel companions. In Greenland, when a stranger knocks at the door, he asks, 'Is God in this house?' and if they answer 'Yes,' he enters. The direct influence of family prayer is to bring down the benediction of Almighty God upon the children of the house. Divine authority, the example of all the godly in every age, and the practical benefits which are ever accruing from it, commend it to the adoption of every Christian household.

TO A CHILD.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day;
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling dreams have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread;
If wealth her bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow;
If He who gave should take away,
O ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss;
And then, my child, perchance you'll see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

THE SECRET.

"Mother," said a little girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because it must be to see some one you love very much."

"And what leads you to think so?"

"Because I have always noticed that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual."

"Well, suppose I go to see a friend I love very much, and after seeing him, and conversing with him, I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?"

"Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also."

"Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening, it is to commune with the Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy on you, and save you from the misery of those who sin against him."

"O, that is the secret," said the child: "then I must go with you."

CHRISTIANS MUST AIM AT PERFECTION.

Though none ever did or can attain to absolute perfection, while they are in the body, yet all should aim at it, and strive to come as near it as they can. Although we have brought ourselves into such a condition, that we cannot now perform such perfect and exact obedience to the whole moral law as we are bound, yet we are still bound both in duty and interest to do it: and though we cannot do it so well as we ought, we ought to do it as well as we can. How far soever we have gone in the narrow path that leads to life, we must still go on further and further. How much soever we have hitherto learned, and endeavoured to walk so as to please God, we must "abound more and more." Whatsoever grace we have already attained to, we must not be content with that, but be always labouring after more; we must "give all diligence to add to our faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and

to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity." And we should be always thus adding one grace unto another, so as to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." This every man is bound to do, and by that means to get every day nearer and nearer to perfection, until he hath got as near it as he can in this life, all things considered.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

HOLINESS.

Meditate frequently on the holiness of God. This will beget holy desires in your soul, and by the Spirit of Grace these will ripen into the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God. Remember that it is only by the help of the Lord the Spirit that your mind can reach this transcendent theme. He is eminently called the Holy Spirit; not because He is more holy than the other persons in the sacred Trinity, but because He is known to us as the revealer, the communicator, and the preserver of holiness. It is a high and Godlike desire to be holy. The most debased of men often wish to obtain heaven, because they think they shall be happy. But to pant after an unsullied purity of nature, and to disregard safety of condition as nothing in comparison with restoration to holiness, is not a fallen mortal's suggestion, but an inspired thought which proceeds from the 'Spirit of holiness.' Heaven is not a mere place of safety, it is a paradise of purity. The happiness of heaven is based on the holiness of its inhabitants. God is holy, and his angels holy; the Redeemer is holy, and his people holy: there is none in heaven beside. That word which sinners refuse to hear on earth, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' is a word which gladdens heaven, and imparts fresh feelings of unity to the family of glory. Therefore seek after the attainment of holiness, as the first point of earthly duty, the highest of heavenly privilege.—*Rev. J. Stevenson.*

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

No sooner is a child born into a world of sin and sorrow, than she presents him, by a most touching and solemn service, to the care of our great shepherd,—signing him with the sign of the cross, in token that he shall not be ashamed to confess Christ crucified, and to fight manfully under His banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil. After a short interval she comes again and calls him to go up to the house of the Lord, and there consecrate himself, by a most solemn ordinance to the Lord, as His soldier and servant. She next invites him, weary and heavy-laden, to the table of his Saviour, to receive from His hands the riches of His pardon and grace. Nor does she leave him here, but follows him into all the scenes of domestic life. She it is who ties the knot of his family joys; she accompanies him to the sick bed, and administers to him, as he lies there, the sweetest consolation; she passes with him into the valley of death, cheers him with the most delightful promises, and displays to him the glories of the invisible world; and when at length his remains are consigned to the cold earth, she stands as chief mourner at his grave, she sings over him the song of sorrow and gratitude: "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!"—*Rev. J. W. Cunningham.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

DIocese OF TORONTO.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND. Collections made in the several Churches, Chapels, and Missionary Stations, towards the support of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in this Diocese, the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1851.

Trinity Church, Toronto, per C. W.....	4 6 2
St. Paul's Church, Yorkville.....	3 7 8
St. Jude's, Scarborough, per Rev. W. Stennett	0 11 1 1/2
Sydenham Church, Owen's Sound,	
per Churchwardens.....	0 10 9
Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto,	
per Churchwardens.....	4 15 7 1/2
St. Mary Magdalene's, Picton, per C. W.	2 10 0
St. George's, Grafton.....	£5 10 2 1/2
Trinity Church, Colborne..	1 11 7 1/2
—per Rev. J. Wilson.....	7 1 10 1/2
Ch. at Franktown, per Rev. J. Paddell..	0 10 0
Christ Church, Amherstburg, per C. W.	0 15 0

10 Collections amounting to..... £24 8 2

T. W. BIRCHALL, Treasurer,

The Treasurer has to acknowledge the following:—

Widows and Orphans' Fund for 9th year.	
Warwick Village.....	£0 7 4 1/2
East Warwick.....	0 0 7 1/2
Brooke.....	0 2 0
—per Rev.	0 10 0

Jubilee Fund Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts

Warwick Village.....	£0 7 2 1/2
East Flamboro.....	0 1 7 1/2
Brooke.....	6 6 2
—per Rev. J. Mockridge.....	0 15 0
Trinity Church, Barrie per Churchwarden	£1 11 1
Church at Merrickville per Rev. E. Morris	1 1 3

A VISIT TO THE SAULT.

(Continued from No. 10, page 58.)

After leaving the Bruce-mines, the *Gore* pays a visit to Hilton on the North shore of St. Joseph's—an infant village of some three or four houses situated on a pleasant slope. The soil of this Island is fertile, though abounding with stones;—in ascending the hill from the landing you pass through fields of spring-wheat, oats and turnips, looking well. There are several respectable farms lying back within the Island. Their produce finds a ready sale at the Mines, and on board the passing steamers.—The portion of the Island round Hilton is owned by Mr. C. Thompson, who resides on Yonge-street in the neighbourhood of Toronto—whose enterprise in putting the *Gore* on these waters has been the means of drawing much attention to the interesting northern route of late years.—The view from the hill above Hilton is a fine piece of quiet lake-scenery.—After passing Hilton, you begin to enter the River St. Mary. Here you pass many islets principally of bold rock—one in particular of trap, crumbling down into a mass of Macadam.—The views are exceedingly picturesque—resembling the Thousand-Island-Scenery of the St. Lawrence. In these waters we met the United States' war-steamer *Michigan*—speeding along, trim and ready—the officers lifting their caps as we passed,—in honour, I suppose, of the old red-cross flag floating at our stern. Now you come to Sugar Island—a long, fertile, well-wooded piece of land belonging to the United States—and soon you reach the Indian village of "Garden-River" on the main-land.—The Indian cultivation is on a small scale—a little garden or field immediately round the house.—Here are a few log cottages inhabited by Indians—but the wigwam seems to be preferred.—There are two kinds of wigwam—one the old-fashioned conical-shaped structure of skins and bark,—and the other—the Ojibway wigwam—being the half of a prolate spheroid set upon the ground, formed by a frame-work of small poles bent round, and covered with skins or white bark.—Within these you can just stand upright. On one side you observe a *divan* formed of ever-green branches, covered with blankets &c.: this is the bed; the floor is strewn with cedar, over which rush-mats are laid. In one hut I observed round the fire in the centre, the freshly gathered cedar peeping out from beneath the matting, tastefully arranged as a fringe.—The Chief's house—known by a flag-staff in front of it—is of logs:—its interior is one good-sized apartment—clean—with a few mats on the floor—two or three chairs—one or two chests—and a fur or two on the walls. The kitchen and sleeping apartments are in the rear.—In one or two houses I observed cooking-stoves.—Children are numerous in all directions.—The old Chief Shingwak (Pine) is a weather-worn, intelligent patriarch—with three families around him—two, of co-temporaneous growth, now adult—and the third, a fine growing set, receiving accessions to this day.—From Garden River, was brought on board the *Gore* a poor Indian in a litter, to be taken to the Sault for medical treatment: he had been tossed by a bull, receiving, with other severe injuries, a compound fracture of the leg.—While standing at the Landing, I was amused at the truly Indian conduct of a stalwart Ojibway who had returned with us from Manitowahing, with his presents.—Soon after the arrival of the steamer, his wife, an intelligent-looking squaw, rowed up with a pair of oars, bringing with her in her boat several children and a fine dog.—From the good-tempered, earnest way in which she surmounted several difficulties in approaching the wharf and making fast,—it was plain that her delight at welcoming him home, was very sincere. The Indian however, though he saw her little troubles, did not offer to assist her—but stood looking on with great indifference while she got through them as she best could,—and afterwards, while she lifted into the boat the packages which he had brought with him.—Even his good dog, when, in the excess of its boisterous joy at seeing its master again, it fell off the wharf into the river, failed to elicit any manifestation of feeling.—At length, all things ready, he steps into his boat, and seats himself at the stern. Now a little bit of nature peeps out: he takes one of his little ones in his arms, and the child clings affectionately about his neck: thus encumbered, he proceeds to propel and steer the boat with his paddle, while his wife pulls manfully at the oars, and rows the whole party, dog included, out of sight.

I was surprised to observe that the dogs about the wigwams have either imbibed some of the apathetic spirit of their owners, or else have been cowed by sharp treatment into great civility. They appear to take no notice of strangers: a number of them will be reposing in front of a hut with their noses stretched out on their paws: you pass right through the midst of them into the hut; they simply open their eyes for a moment, giving you a sidelong glance as you pass, and then close them again.—This is in the day-time: at night, doubtless they are more lively.—From Garden River you proceed up—in some places against a pretty strong current—ten miles, to the "Sault"—the River varying in width from two or three miles to one. Sugar Island stretches along, one unbroken forest, on the left; to the right a low wooded shore, with bold, barren-looking hills in the back ground.—At length in the distance over the bows, you see the river covered with restless white-caps: these are the rapids which constitute the *Sault Ste. Marie*. In one place, as you draw near, you observe a sudden step in the rocks in the middle of the stream, a few feet in height