

Poetry.

SUPPLICATION.

Oh God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family, and help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart, to view the rocky shore!

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith renew!
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy patience too!

[Bishop Heber.]

CHURCH CALENDAR.

July 29.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Aug. 5.—Eighth do. do.
12.—Ninth do. do.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXV.

LONDON;—ST. GILES'S CHURCH, REV. MR. TYLER; SOMERSET HOUSE; OPENING OF PARLIAMENT; KING WILLIAM IV.

My stay in London, which I had supposed would not extend beyond ten days, was unexpectedly prolonged to five weeks. But London is not a place in which the stranger time need lag heavily; especially if he have, as it was my privilege to have, a few kind friends with whom not only was the tedium of unlooked-for delay worn away, but the comforts and enjoyments of home were almost in the fullest sense experienced. How many, too, are the sights and novelties with which, at every turn in this huge city, the eye of the spectator is delighted; how much to gratify the intellectual taste; how much to refresh the wearied spirits! And when the sabbath comes, and the stillness of the holy day succeeds to the hum of this gigantic city,—and where in this wide world is the Sunday a day at least of more quiet than in London,—how many sacred temples are open to receive the worshippers of their God and Saviour; how many ministers of the everlasting Gospel, as distinguished for their learning and eloquence as they are eminent for their piety, to toll of man's fall and man's helplessness, to proclaim the fullness and the sufficiency of the Redeemer's sacrifice, to lure by chords of love to a neglected throne of grace, to drive by the 'terrors of the Lord' to the slightest mercy-seat!

It was late in the evening of this day of my return,—when busied with the perusal of letters and papers which, during a month's absence, are wont to accumulate,—that I was gratified with a visit from the student of St. John's whom, on the previous day, I had searched for in vain amongst the halls and walks of his 'Alma Mater.' This was our first meeting,—followed, however, by many future long and pleasing ones; an intercourse never broken from that hour to this by the chances and changes of the world, but the friendliness, the closeness of which is strengthened and cemented from being co-workers in the same cause, followers of the same doctrine, and humble expectants of the same inheritance above.

On the Sunday following, having heard much of the high talents as a preacher of Mr. Tyler, I attended at the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, of which he is the Rector. To get to this Church through the lanes and windings which intersect the well-known parish of St. Giles,—known too well also for the poverty and depravity of the great mass of its inhabitants,—is no easy task; and the intricacies of the 'seven dials' and other ramifications from the main path that led to my destination, considerably detained me. St. Giles's Church was thronged on this day by respectable worshippers,—not a reminiscence amongst the gathered crowd of the poverty and wretchedness through which I had passed to reach it,—and I was fortunate enough, after the conclusion of the service, to see Mr. Tyler ascend the pulpit. He was then a portly, healthy looking man,—with a countenance of great benignity, a voice of much power and sweetness, and a manner of engaging earnestness. There was about him no studied declamation; not a solitary manifestation of the tricks of oratory,—but a manner as simple as the truths which he told. And still you could not lose a word: there was a charm in his earnestness—a polish and grace in the unstudied flow of his words—the stamp of heavenly truth in all that he uttered which went to the heart—an almost melancholy in his tones which subdued into breathless attention.

He was pursuing a series of discourses upon the Epistle of Jude; and in one passage an allusion was made to the blessedness of the departed in the Lord, and to the consolation so pre-eminently furnished in the Christian's creed by the expectation of an everlasting re-union amongst those who are scattered and separated here by the accidents of time. In the midst of this peroration—spoken in tones of mellowed sweetness and in language of thrilling pathos—the preacher burst into tears, and for a few moments paused. The feeling throughout the congregation was electrical; every head drooped, and every heart was overflowing. Why was this? I inquired—and why this sympathy with the unusual infirmity of the preacher? It was soon explained. He had recently lost a young and amiable wife; and in depicting the blessedness of the departed, and the Christian's hopes of re-union, the elevated and hopeful and for a moment joyous spirit looked down from the bliss and brightness of heaven to the dreariness and desolations of earth;—the transition, the contrast was overpowering—and he wept!

I often went again to hear Mr. Tyler, and as often as he was the occupant of his own pulpit, was I delighted and edified. But on one occasion I was doomed to disappointment: his place was occupied by a stranger,—a stranger, indeed, to his fervency; a stranger to his power in proclaiming the message of heavenly love to a fallen world! Pity, thought I, that there should be such a contrast,—such a dulness in the theme as now proclaimed, contrasted with the efficacy of the self-same theme when breathed by the rightful occupant of that pulpit. In many, it is true, there are physical disabilities to impede the force of delivery;—a harsh, a cracked, or enfeebled voice,—a natural tameness of manner,—a quietude of spirit which it is hard to waken into energy. But how often alas! is that inefficiency ascribable to a want of effort,—to a carelessness, it is to be feared, about the awful importance of the commission which is held,—to an unconcern for the souls of those whom it is the business of preaching to awaken, to alarm, to urge to the Saviour's cross,—yes, to a slumbering and a sluggishness in the duty of prayer by which alone the weak and powerless ambassador of Christ can hope to gain the blessing of his Master upon his own weak endeavours!

This sabbath passed away, and not without its refreshments, and I trust its benefits;—and some few days after, to relieve the monotony of certain sedentary occupations with

that variety which London so unboundedly affords, I paid a visit to Somerset House. This magnificent edifice, in the form of a quadrangle, 800 feet long and 500 deep, is built upon the site of the palace of that name erected by the Protector Somerset in the year 1549. This nobleman was doubtless not free from many of the faults of his age; but his execution I have always felt to be a blot upon the fair fame of the young and gentle Edward VI. He was, however, but a child: and the timidity of childhood it was not hard for the ambitious as well as cruel enemies of the Protector to work upon: by his royal relative he was accordingly surrendered to their malice, but the people regarded him as a martyr, and handkerchiefs stained with his blood were preserved as relics of his unmerited fate.

Somerset House has two magnificent fronts; one facing the river, and the other the Strand; before the former of which is a spacious terrace raised on rustic arches, and affording a delightful promenade. Somerset House is at present employed for the accommodation of several of the public offices: here also the Royal Society, and Society of Antiquaries hold their meetings; and here are annually exhibited works of the British painters and sculptors, in the apartments belonging to the Royal Academy.

It was chiefly for the inspection of these last, now advertised as open to public view, that I this day visited Somerset House. As a preliminary step, a catalogue of course is purchased; and the inspection of several hundred paintings and busts, as there explained, will pleasantly employ many hours. These pictures and other specimens of art are of course from known and skilful hands; but the eye becomes weary, and the curiosity palled by the sight of so many; for although the subjects are in general highly interesting, fresh paintings, with their garish gloss of colour, have not that charm which older ones, with their time-mellowed tints, possess. In short, Somerset House is not the place in which to receive the highest gratification from these specimens of the fine arts; but the connoisseur will find much more to charm and please him in the picture gallery of some nobleman or wealthy commoner, by whom incredible sums of money are frequently given for these master-pieces which on the continent are to be procured.

On this day, Parliament assembled; but they did no more than swear in the members, and go through the form of electing the Speaker. This was a Parliament convoked for the special purpose of carrying the Reform Bill; yet, without any reference to the anti-reform propensities of Sir Charles Manners Sutton, he was re-elected Speaker without opposition. This respected individual, so pre-eminently fitted by long experience, great talent, and an impartial courtesy, for this high office, did not experience the same becoming consideration on all future occasions: radical innovations blunted much of the generosity, and blinded much of the native good sense of Englishmen; and to gratify the spleen of a party at the expense of some thousands per annum to the nation, he was rejected in 1835 by the pitiful majority of ten! The result, however, of this defeat was his elevation to the Peerage, which from his talents and his urbanity he is so well qualified to adorn.

It was just a week from this day that the King, our lamented Sovereign William the Fourth, was to open Parliament in person, and deliver the Speech from the throne.—Naturally anxious to be an observer of this spectacle, and to have a sight of our beloved monarch, I made inquiries about the necessary ticket of admission, and received from the late excellent Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry one which, it was believed, would give me access to the bar of the House of Lords. On proceeding, however, to the Parliament House, I soon discovered that this was not the species of ticket to procure me entrance on this occasion, nor indeed to any other part of the House where I could have a sight of His Majesty; so, after some little delay and expense, I procured a Lord Chamberlain's ticket which allowed me entrance into what is termed the Painted Gallery. Through this the King was to pass in state to the robing-room, and thence to the apartment of the Lords; so that a complete view of our gracious Sovereign was certain. Into the Painted Gallery I entered accordingly, and soon found myself surrounded with fashion and beauty, pursuivants at arms, heralds, nobles, and others of the courtly train. I obtained an excellent position, near a door through which the King was to pass; but in this position, before the great gratification of the day could be experienced, I had, as had all others around me, to stand patiently and immovably for at least an hour. Unless, indeed, places of this description are secured in ample time, the securing of them at all becomes a hopeless effort. The time, however, was pleasantly beguiled by gazing on the gay and fitting throng around—attendants, gaudily attired, hovering hither and thither,—marshals and heralds in the garb of the olden time. At about a quarter before two, the approach of the Sovereign was announced by the booming of cannon, the peals as it would seem of a thousand bells, the rattling of carriages, and the huzzas of tens of thousands of the enthusiastic multitude without.—There was, then, a momentary pause while His Majesty dismounted from his carriage of state, and his nobles and council gathered round him: then rose again the shouts of the people, the cannon thundered forth their salutes once more, the trumpets sounded, and presently there entered a magnificent procession, headed by the Lord Chancellor, the prime minister and other lords and gentlemen of the cabinet, in their gorgeous robes of state. It was a moment of breathless suspense;—when suddenly there was a buzz of many voices, a waving of handkerchiefs and a clapping of hands—and I looked down and beheld our "ANointed King."

(To be continued.)

BISHOP KEN.

There are certain names which, independent of any literary pretensions, awake sentiments of respect and affection in our hearts and recall recollections full of beauty and tenderness. Such are the names of Herbert, of Ken, and of Heber; men in whom the Poet is lost in the Christian; whose characters shine with the clear and healing lustre of the gospel, and from whose graves there speaks a voice "above all Grecian, above all Roman fame." Ken was acknowledged, even by his enemies, to be a man of unsullied purity; his simplicity of manners, unaffected piety, and unostentatious benevolence won the favour of all. Mr. Bowles conjectures that Dryden, in the exquisite portrait of a Good Parson, enlarged from Chaucer, had a particular reference to Ken; and in the anonymous preface to the Expositio, a similar opinion is expressed. Several singular coincidences will suggest themselves. His age, his abstinence, and the cheerful resignation with which he distributed among his poorer brethren money intended for his own benefit, are all traits which honourably distinguished the friend of Morley and Isaac Walton.

"True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs, but all the public store."

Here, too, we may trace his active visitations of the suffering and the sick:—

"Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night."

That he feared not to

"rebuke the rich offender,"

we know from a circumstance which happened at Winchester. In one of his visits to that city, the king (Charles II.) was accompanied by an individual whose name is not unknown to history, Nell Gwynn; and as he commonly resided, during his stay, at the deanery, apartments at the proband house of Ken were requested for his companion.—"Not for his kingdom," was the brief and energetic reply. But to resume our Parallel of the good Parson; even the expression of countenance will be recognised by those who have contemplated the placid features of Ken in the gallery at Wells.

"Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere;
Nothing reserved, or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity."

As a preacher, also he obtained a high reputation for the eloquence, the animation, and the searching truth of his discourses. "I must go to hear little Ken tell me of my faults," was the saying of England's gayest monarch. And in the Diary of Evelyn, also, we meet with frequent notices of him; and let it be remembered, that this commendation came from no common judge, but from the friend and hearer of Jeremy Taylor. To Ken, moreover, we owe a deeper debt of gratitude; he laboured not only for his own age, but for ours. "I will endeavour," he said "to lay a foundation to make the next generation better;" with this view he exerted himself in the establishment of infant schools throughout his diocese, he composed an exposition of the Church Catechism for their instruction, furnished his clergy with elementary books, and assisted in the formation of parochial libraries. In estimating the worth of Ken, these patriotic and christian labours are not to be forgotten.—Poetry was with him only a relief from graver pursuits; but he has given us two hymns which will perish only with the religion that inspired them. His other compositions are of a very different character. Cowley was the laureate of the age, and Cowley was the model of Ken's imitation; but his glittering fancy, shone only to mislead. A great poet Ken never could have been, but grace and pathos he might easily have attained; for his ear had a lively sense of melody, and his versification is often easy and vigorous. Through many of his poems, rugged and unpolished as they often are, runs a vein of gold not of the purest quality nor sufficiently abundant to reward the toil of searching for it, but enough to vindicate his fancy from the charge of sterility.

There was something in the closing hours of this christian minstrel that resembled the departure of Herbert; the day set upon both with equal serenity and glory. Death he called his final friend, and a little time before his dissolution, he put on his shroud, which for several years he had carried with him in his portmanteau, observing, that it might be required as soon as any other of his habiliments. The chamber in which he closed his eyes is shown at the present day. He was buried, according to his own desire, at sunrise, in Frome churchyard. Some iron railings protect the tomb from injury; and the uncouth carvings of a crosier and mitre, testify that a master in Israel sleeps beneath. Some years ago a few flowers were planted round the grave, a becoming ornament for one who left his most enduring monument in the hearts of his christian brethren—

"To him is raised no marble tomb
Within the dim cathedral fane,
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the winter rain."—Bowles.

[Church of England Quarterly Review.]

The Garner.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

There is an obvious succession in the divine commands to Moses. The first is only to "stretch out his rod over the Red Sea," "that the Israelites may pass on dry ground."—The enemy's attack, in the interval, is baffled and bewildered by the preternatural darkness which envelops them. But all is provided for with the same consummate circumspection. Even the passage of the Israelites by night may have been a precaution against their habitual fears. They follow through the sea-bed, unappalled by those natural terrors of the transit, from which they might have shrunk in the light of day. The same obscurity which precludes the fears of the Israelites, also precludes the caution of the Egyptians. The movement of so vast a multitude could not have been unheard in the Egyptian camp. They instantly follow the sound, and are led into the track of the retreating nation. But, perplexed by the solid darkness of the cloud, and evidently retarded by the slow movement of their chariots, "for they drove them heavily," they labour during the night along the channel of the sea, without being able to reach the Israelites.

At length the morning watch is come: the whole body of the Israelites have reached the shore; the whole body of the Egyptians have poured into the sea bed. The cloud rises, and the entire scene (and surely none more anxious, strange, and magnificent ever lay beneath the human eye) opens to Moses and to Israel: the watery mountains, the solemn and terrible valley, the long array of the Egyptian squadrons glittering round their king: the whole pomp of war, contrasted with the awfulness of nature under the very impress of miracle. Still Moses awaits the divine will; probably to the last moment unconscious of the means by which it was to be fulfilled. The blow does not yet fall; the arrogance of the king and his host is to be humbled to the acknowledgment before they die, that there is no strength in war against the chosen people. At last, they cry out that "the Lord fighteth for Israel." They turn in despair. The command is now given: "And the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians." The destruction was total: "And the waters returned, and covered the chariots and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them. There remained not so much as one of them."—The direct result of the miracle in the chosen people was a change of the national heart—from doubt, mutiny, and despair, to faith, obedience, and joy. "And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses." The mere narration of this mighty mira-

cle is evidence that it was Divine. The simplicity of the means, contrasted with the variety of the objects, the completeness of their accomplishment, and the suitability of both to the true idea of the Deity, as protector and furnisher, place it as much beyond the conception, as the execution, of human powers.—Rev. Dr. Croly.

THE PASTOR'S SURVEY OF HIS FLOCK.

It is recorded of a great monarch of antiquity, that when, on the eve of invading an enemy's country, he beheld the land covered with his forces, and the sea swarming with his ships, he felt a momentary flush of triumph, and magnified himself on his greatness. But within a short space, his joy was turned into sorrow, and he wept. His courtiers, surprised at the sudden alteration, asked the cause. He told them, that he wept at the reflection, that of the myriads before him not one would be left surviving in a hundred years.

Something like this is the feeling of the Christian minister, when he looks round on a numerous congregation. Vast, indeed, as was the armament of Xerxes, his feelings must yield both in depth and intensity, to that of the preacher. His views, we must conceive, were bounded by the present life; and he wept at the sweeping triumph of death only as the last of human evils. But the minister of Christ looks deeper into the abyss of futurity. It is his privilege to know not only that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment." As the illuminated eye of the prophet beheld the countless multitudes of his countrymen as in the valley of decision—that valley near Jerusalem which an ancient Jewish tradition pointed out as the final gathering place of their nation—so does the minister of Christ look forward to the period when he shall meet those to whom he has preached the gospel of salvation, at the time and place of final decision, even before the tribunal of the Son of God.—Rev. P. Kilbert.

READING THE WORD AND PRAYER.

And therefore, dear brethren, if that ye look for a life to come, of necessity it is that ye exercise yourselves in the book of the Lord your God. Let no day slip over without some comfort received from the mouth of God: open your ears, and He will speak even pleasing things to your heart; close not your eyes, but diligently let them behold what portion of substance is left to you within your father's Testament; let your tongues learn to praise the gracious goodness of him who of his mere mercy, hath called you from darkness to light, and from death to life. Neither yet may ye do this so quietly, that ye will admit no witnesses, nay, brethren, ye are ordained of God to rule and govern your own houses in his true fear, and according to his whole word. Within your own houses, I say, in some cases ye are bishops and Kings, your wives, children and family, are your bishoprick and charge: of you it shall be required how carefully and diligently ye have instructed them in God's true knowledge, how that ye have studied in them to plant virtue and to repress vice. And therefore, I say, ye must make them partakers in reading, exhortation, and in making common prayers, which I would in every house were used once a day at least. But above all things, dear brethren, study to practise in life that which the Lord commands; and then, be ye assured, that ye shall never hear nor read the same without fruit. And this much for the exercises within your houses.—John Knox, the Scottish Reformer.

As it was said of Naaman, he was a great man, an honourable man, a mighty man of war, but he was a leper; so whatever other ornaments a man hath, sin stains them with the foulest "but" that can be brought to deprave the fairest endowments—a learned man, a wealthy man, a wise man, an honourable man, but a wicked man. This makes all these other good things tributary unto Satan.—Bishop Reynolds.

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