

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE LAST CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

Farewell, my young blossom!
The fairest, the fleetest:
The pride of my bosom,
The last—and the sweetest!
On thee my heart center'd
All hopes earth could cherish:
The spoiler hath entered,
And thou, too, must perish!

I see thy bloom wasting,
And cannot restore it;
The end now is hastening—
'Tis vain to deplore it.
Could prayers detain thee,
As pale thou art lying,
I would not enchain thee
To live ever-dying!

To linger—to languish—
That life may be sorrow:
Through the night pain and anguish;
No rest on the morrow.
Oh, soon may deep slumber
In mercy steal o'er thee!
Earth can but encumber,
And Heaven is before thee!

O lovellest!—O dearest!
When anguish oppress'd thee
My arm still was nearest,
My prayer still hath blessed thee.
But now all is ended:
How welcome that sighing!
My prayer hath ascended,
'Tis heard!—She is dying!

My God! I adore Thee!
Receive the freed spirit
In gladness before Thee,
A crown to inherit;
Take the gem that Thou gavest;
Take the flower Thou dost sever;
Take the soul that Thou savest:—
It is Thine—and for ever!

Christian Keepsake.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

VI. ABSALOM.

43. Who was Absalom?—2d. Sam.
44. What were his personal attractions?—2d. Sam.
45. By what means did he steal away the hearts of the people from his father David?—2d. Sam.
46. When Absalom conspired against his father, who was his chief councillor?—2d. Sam.
47. Why was the impolitic advice of Hushai suffered to prevail over the admirable counsel of Ahitophol?—2d. Sam.
48. What was the charge given by David, respecting this his unnatural son, to Joab and his other captains, previous to the battle?—2d. Sam.
49. What was the cause of Absalom's being taken in battle? and by whose hands did he meet with his death?—2d. Sam.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

JULY 30.	10th Sunday after Trinity,	
AUG. 6.	11th do.	do.
13.	12th do.	do.
20.	13th do.	do.
27.	14th do.	do.

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR,—Having been much interested in the perusal of a "Remarkable Dream," which appeared in the first and second numbers of your useful and valuable paper, I am induced to send you for publication—should you deem it worthy—an account of another very remarkable dream, which a dear friend, now no more, had a short time before I left the Old Country, and the perusal of which may, I trust, prove as profitable to your readers, as the narration of it by my friend proved to myself.

I am not one of those who place any confidence in dreams in general. I am well aware that during the hours of sleep airy Fancy often usurps the throne of reason, and plays off her gambols. But at the same time we must admit, if we believe the Scriptures, that God has been pleased very frequently from the earliest ages of the world to speak to his people in "the visions of the night;" and although we who live in the clear light of his revealed will, and are favoured with "fine upon line, and precept upon precept" in his written word, have no right to expect that God will step out of his ordinary course to visit us with any peculiar manifestations, yet we do know, on the most undoubted human testimony, that He is still pleased from time to time—for he is sole arbiter of His own ways—to make impressions in the night season upon the human mind, either in the way of reproof, or comfort, or encouragement, as may seem to him most needful. And if ever Divine admonition were given in a dream, it was most assuredly given in the one which I am about to relate, and the account of which (that your readers may be satisfied of its authenticity) I received from the lips of my friend the very morning after it occurred, and when every circumstance was vivid in his recollection. I write altogether from memory, for so far as I know, this dream has never before been committed to paper; but the impression which it made at the time upon my mind was so strong, that I have never forgotten it, and am therefore enabled to give a tolerably correct narration of the whole.

In order to the better understanding of it, however, it may be necessary to premise a few remarks respecting my friend, whom I shall now designate as Mr. M——. He had been for

many years a professor of religion, and was married to one of the most devotedly pious women it has ever been my privilege to know. Whilst she lived, such was the powerful influence of her example, his Christian walk was steady and consistent, and it was truly delightful and edifying to behold them both, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless" in the sight of man. It pleased God, however, to remove her out of this world at a time when typhus fever was raging violently in the part of the country where they resided, and she died as she lived—a happy Christian. They had no children, and Mr. M—— was now left a sorrowing and lonely mourner. His situation may be better imagined than described. He had lost his dearest earthly friend and counsellor, his home its greatest and fondest attraction, and all around appeared dreary and sad. Time, the great soother of sorrow, however, gradually allayed his grief, and home no longer possessing the darling object on which his affections had for so many years centred, he was insensibly led to mix with worldly company, and seek abroad, alas! for that comfort, which he should have sought, and would have found, in the retirement of his closet. Being of a very social turn, the love of company—not always the most select—gained upon him; and having once given way, he was often induced to yield to solicitations which he should have firmly resisted. But his moral courage was gone, and he now felt by bitter experience that, the devious mazes of sin once entered, it is easier to take ten steps forward than to retrace one,—so precipitate is the way which leadeth unto death. Still Mr. M—— was not abandoned by his Heavenly Father, who yearned over him with the tenderest compassion. He had times of deep compunctious visitings, and often and often, as he sat at his lonely parlour fire-side, did the tears run down in streams from his eyes, while he contrasted his present unhappy with his former happy life, when "his peace flowed as a river," and the blessing of JEHOVAH rested upon his head. It was after one of those evenings of sorrowful and lonely meditation that he retired early to rest, and had this remarkable dream, which I shall now relate without any further preface.

He thought he was seated on an eminence in the centre of a large and populous city, from which he had a clear view of the busy tribes of men as they hurried to and fro about their worldly affairs, and of the splendid equipages of others as they passed and repassed before him; and while he sat meditating on the vanity of all these things, and their utter insignificance when viewed in the light of eternity, it was impressed upon his mind that he had an important journey to take, and that it was improper for him to remain in this scene of bustle any longer. In obedience to this impression he left the city by one of the great roads which issued from it, and after pursuing it for a considerable distance, he arrived at a spot where the great road was crossed by another road, thus forming four roads. Being ignorant which was the right one for him to take, he stopped for a few moments, and while in doubt as to what he should do, he perceived an old Gentleman standing at the corner of one of the roads. This venerable person had all the appearance of a Clergyman; he was dressed beautifully in black, wore a clerical hat, and his silvery locks flowed in graceful ringlets on his shoulders. Mr. M—— thinking he might be able to direct him, approached and thus addressed him,—“Sir, I have a long journey before me, and am at a loss which of these roads I should take, perhaps you can direct me.” The old Clergyman looking most benignantly at him, replied,—“Among the many travellers that have passed to-day, I have been anxiously looking for you. And now allow me to tell you that you have too long walked in the road in which I find you; you must instantly leave it, and enter upon this, (pointing to a narrow road enclosed on each side with a beautiful quickset hedge, such as is common in the Old Country, and branching off from the main road to the right,)—you must enter upon this, and after you have walked some miles, you will arrive at a delightful village where every thing will look inviting, and where you will be strongly solicited to remain; but as you value your happiness and the safety of your soul, resist every solicitation, and steadily pursue your way. When you have got some distance beyond the village, you will come in sight of a large building on a hill; proceed direct to it and you will there be told what to do.” Mr. M—— cordially thanked his venerable guide, bowed, and immediately entered upon the narrow road; but he had not proceeded far when the old Gentleman called him back, and said to him with much emphasis and feeling,—“Remember, my friend, the direction I have given you, for it is the last warning you will ever get!” Mr. M—— again thanked his venerable friend, and accordingly resumed his journey. He soon reached the village mentioned by the Clergyman, and found it as beautiful as it had been described. The Cottages were all as white as snow, surrounded by the most delightful gardens, which abounded with grapes, (an inordinate love for the juice of which was his besetting sin). There were also several handsome houses of entertainment most attractive in their appearance. As soon as Mr. M—— entered the village, he was met by several of the inhabitants, who spoke to him in the kindest manner, invited him to their houses, and intreated him to remain amongst them. They descanted upon the beauty of their village, the sources of amusement it enjoyed, in fact, every argument to induce him to prolong his stay. But he remembered the warning he had just received, strength was given him to resist, and despite all their pressing solicitations, he pursued his journey. A few miles more and the lofty building before mentioned appeared in sight. He now felt encouraged, and pressed on with vigour. When he arrived at the foot of the eminence on which this Temple (for so it might be called) stood, he was lost in admiration of its beauty and magnificence. He was unable to describe it, for it would require, he said, a correct knowledge of all the technicalities of Architecture to give even a faint idea of its beauty. He now ascended the eminence, and as he approached one of the large windows—of which there were a great number all round the temple,—an angelic being, in size taller than any parson he had ever seen and splendidly attired in purple and linen robes, advanced towards him, holding in her

hand something like a placard, edged with blood, and on which was inscribed in letters of gold the following portion of Scripture,—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Having given him time to read it she withdrew, and he passed on to the next window, at which appeared another celestial being similarly attired. She presented another placard, edged with blood in like manner, and with the following scripture in large golden letters,—“And the Lord said, my Spirit shall not always strive with man.” Mr. M—— having read it, she also withdrew, and as he advanced to another window, a third female (for so they all appeared to be) stepped forward and presented a placard like the rest, with the following scripture,—“Quench not the Spirit.” At the next window a fourth female presented the words “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” And last of all a female of most angelic appearance came forward with those delightful words in the third chapter of the first Epistle general of St. John,—“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!”

All these beings appeared in equal splendour. The blood which edged the placards might be intended to denote the blood of atonement, and the golden letters the importance to be attached to the several portions of scripture which were offered to his notice. After Mr. M—— had read the last portion of scripture, all the angelic messengers approached him in a body, and asked if he were pleased with what he saw. He was so overpowered with feelings of delight, mingled with awe and wonder, that he was utterly unable to make any reply, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, they commenced singing over him in strains of the most delightful harmony, the following appropriate lines:—

Henceforth may no profane delight,
Divide this consecrated soul!
Possess it Thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

And with the heavenly music still sounding in his ears he awoke!

The next morning I happened to call upon him, and found him sitting alone at a little work-table, at which his beloved wife used often to sit, and his head reclining on his hand, in deep thought. I asked him what was the matter. He replied, sit down here, drawing a chair close to him, and I will tell you. He then related to me the remarkable dream that is now before your readers. “Surely” said I, “this is a voice from heaven,” and I left him to ponder over it myself.

He is since dead; and I was happy to be informed by one who visited him in his last moments that he appeared to be truly penitent, and that there was hope in his death.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,

VERUS.

WANTED,—To take charge of a select school; to lead the singing in the Church, and to instruct in singing the youth of the congregation,—a person fully adequate to each of these duties. He must be a truly correct, pious person, and a communicant of the Church of England. Good recommendations founded upon personal knowledge of character, from a clergyman of the Church will be required. A liberal salary will be given. For further particulars reference can be had (if by mail, post paid) to the Rev. T. B. Fuller, to D. M'Gregor, or T. M'Crea Esquires, Church Wardens, Chatham, U. C.

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