

# The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U.C., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837.

[NO. VII.]

## Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH.

'Twas the soft sunset hour;—  
On a low couch of pain a suff'ring lay  
In death's last agony,—a fragile flower,  
Whose latest fragrance breathing to decay,  
Yet lingered on the air; death had no power  
O'er her; her life had, like a summer-day,  
Passed on in loveliness without a cloud,  
Undimmed in purity; yet now she bowed  
Her soul before the storm without a sigh,  
Nor deemed it hard that one so young should die.—  
The friends she loved were round her: not alone  
She sunk, like those who on a foreign shore,  
No kindred near, have breathed their dying moan,  
Unwept, unheeded; in sweet broken tone,  
Her inward peace on all she sought to pour.

"Mother," she murmured low, "for me weep not;  
His spirit hovers o'er me; he who died  
Upon the cross a sinful world to save,  
Shuts out from me the terrors of the grave;  
His hand is with me now,—the love, the pride  
Of life and earth, are both alike forgot.

"Father, turn grief to joy, and cease to mourn.  
Wouldst thou rejoice to see the grov'ling worm  
On radiant wings, a new-born creature, borne,  
And yet lament for me, when, passed my term  
Of earth's probation, I spring up a germ  
Of Paradise? Father, kneel down and pray;—  
What God has given God may take away.

"Brother, thy heart is full, now turn to Him  
In this thine hour of woe, and he will shed  
Light on thy soul,—a light no time may dim;  
Unquench'd the flame from whence its torch is fed.

"Sister, (her voice grew weak) lament no more,  
My spirit's speeding fast to that bless'd shore  
Where grief shall never come: on earth my race  
Is nearly run; no more our steps shall trace  
Their path together in the wood and field;  
But let His hand be still thy guide and shield,  
And pray to Him, whose Love His words attest,—  
'Ye weary come and I will give you rest.'"

There was a gentle sigh, as though her life  
Were loth to leave its tenement of clay,  
So pure and beautiful, without a strife  
For mastery with death. The fading light  
Of the sun's radiance beamed upon her brow,  
And then she smiled,—a smile serenely bright,  
As though that light had signified that now  
Her peace was made with God. The sunset shed  
Its softest hue upon her dying bed,  
And when the latest ray had crowned the hill,  
Her spirit passed, and all around was still.

J. C.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. 1.

THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.\*

A Saint unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life.—*Izaak Walton.*

The Church of England has been singularly fortunate in the Bishops selected for the British Colonies. In India they have proved a succession of Martyrs.—the high-minded and intrepid Middleton, who laid the foundation stone of Episcopacy in the East—the refined and amiable James, discharging his sacred duties on his knees, when unable from excessive exertion in his holy calling, to stand upright.—the classical, the eloquent, the self-devoted Huber, the second delight of mankind,—the fervent and evangelic Turner,—all have been consigned to that early tomb which experience bade them anticipate, but from which duty forbade them to shrink. Daniel Wilson occupies their seat; and, whether Providence consigns him to a premature grave, or prolongs his life beyond the short number of days allotted to his predecessors after their arrival in India, we may confidently anticipate, that the bright career which he has hitherto run, will set in the full effulgence of Christian Faith. Sad as it may be to mourn over the bereavement the world has sustained by the loss of these Apostolic men, their heroic and calm devotedness has probably rendered as much service to Christianity as they themselves could, had Providence suffered them to fulfil the ordinary term of human existence.

Sad as our reflections may be, when we read of the benevolent labours of these standard-bearers of the establishment being abruptly cut short by sudden death, it is some consolation, in contemplating the future, to know that the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay have each a Bishop of their own; that a Robinson and a Carr will share the toil and burden of the day, with a Daniel Wilson at Calcutta; and that, in all probability, the division of labour will in some degree diminish episcopal mortality in the East.

Though the name of Bishop Stewart be not so widely known, as that of any one of the deceased Prelates of the Indian Hierarchy; though it be not conspicuous in the annals of Theological Controversy, or rendered memorable by literary labour, or scholastic achievement, yet, wherever it is known, it is held in respect and veneration, and adds to the lustre of the Colonial Bench. The Bishop of Quebec is emphatically a good man. He stands forth to the world, a primitive, apostolic Bishop, who derives no false, fictitious reputation from qualities more dazzling than

\*This Brief Sketch first appeared in the *Toronto Courier*, 21st November 1835.

useful; and whose mitre, as unsullied as that of Hough, is ever surrounded by a bright and steady halo.

Many men have revelled during their youthful days in the gratifications of sensuality, and at last, having exhausted every refinement of vice, and wearied and nauseated with a surfeit of pleasure, have by a sudden transition, become metamorphosed into harsh and ascetic bigots, denying to others a healthful draught of those pleasures, of which they themselves have quaffed to a hurtful excess. But the piety of our Bishop was not put on after he had flung off the garments of unrighteousness. It was a clothing he had assumed from his earliest youth; and the whiteness of his Christian raiment has not been sullied by the hot passions of youth, the ambitious schemes of manhood, or the grasping avarice of old age. Of noble birth, and connected with the first families among the aristocracy, he has ever been distinguished for real unostentatious humility, priding himself more on his Christian badge, than on his long line of ancestry. Hannah More, writing of him to Daniel Wilson in 1831, says: "I have had a visit from my valued friend Dr. S. (Stewart) from Canada. It was pleasing to hear a man of his birth speak of it, as a great advancement, that he was now appointed to be a travelling Missionary instead of a local one! I find him much improved in spirituality; but, as employed by the Society, he must of course be discreet. He has been the honored instrument since we last met of causing 24 churches to be built."

Though long since called to the Legislative Council, he has never entangled himself in party politics, or incurred this censure, applied by Burke, "that those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume." Yet tho' our Bishop forbears to embroil himself in the political heats which inflame this province, he strenuously upholds the interests, and the Establishment by Law of the Church committed to his care. Every society tending to relieve the distressed, to reform the wretched, to propagate the gospel, or to benefit mankind receives his ready and benevolent aid. Like Bernard Gilpin, he has raised from a lowly state, more than one young man, in whom he has perceived the germ of a spiritual nature, and the promise of fitness for the ministerial office—defrayed the expense of his education—and sent him forth to labour in the sacred vineyard. His private charities flow in a wide and never-failing current. No vain pomp, no superfluous luxuries, no costly furniture, no extravagant banquets exhaust his income; but on the widow, the orphan and the fatherless, his bounty silently and unceasingly descends.—His luxuries, are almsdeeds; his walks, are visits to the house of mourning; and his banquets, are those exquisite and incorruptible viands, which a pure and Nathaniel-like life administers to him who leads it.

In the pulpit Dr. Stewart delivers plain practical discourses, strongly imbued with Evangelic doctrines. He is more remarkable for earnestness than eloquence, and cares more to render himself intelligible than admired. He seeks to win souls in preference to courting human applause by well rounded periods, or flowery declamation.

Bishop Stewart has sustained many severe privations and fatigues, in travelling through the almost impervious woods, during the early period of his ministry; at which time, it ought also to be added, he devoted the whole of his private income to acts of charity, and the wants of the Canadian Episcopal Church, then in its infancy. These journeys, and the labours and hardships encountered in the course of them, have rendered his lordship prematurely aged. Though born in 1775, and consequently only 60 years of age, he bears the appearance of being at least 15 years older. If the hoary head when found in the ways of righteousness, be a crown of glory, how much more honored, must that head be, which age has not silvered over, but which has been blanched by missionary toil, by many a weary travel through the tangled wilderness, and by a constant endurance of personal fatigue in the discharge of the most sacred duties. In his gait he rather stoops; and though venerable and dignified in aspect, is plain and almost homely in his manners. He is a son of the seventh, and late Earl of Galloway, by a daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Baronet; and is connected, by marriage, with the noble houses of Marborough, Donegal, Anglesey, Darnly and Feversham; he has also the gratification of being maternal uncle to one who has proved faithful among the faithless, the high minded and conservative, SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

The Church of England may rejoice in prelates more learned, more eloquent, more celebrated than Bishop Stewart. She cannot, however, exhibit one, who better merits the title of 'Good.' Such is his absence of guile, his single-hearted benevolence, his lively faith ripened into works, his practice of Apostolical Christianity,—that in after years, when the subject and writer of this sketch shall be crumbled into dust, he who contemplates the excellencies of this amiable Bishop, will be involuntarily led to exclaim, in the words of the Popish Priest over the grave of an Irish Prelate, "*O! si anima mea cum Bedello.*"

[Since the preceding sketch was written, the health of Bishop Stewart has gradually declined. About a year ago his Lordship found that,—not only by reason of his own exhausted strength, but of the growth of population, and the immense territory included within the ecclesiastical province of Quebec,—the division of the Diocese, and the appointment of an additional Bishop, could no longer be deferred, without vital injury to the welfare and usefulness of the Church. Under these circumstances, he renewed his hitherto fruitless applications to his Ma-

esty's Government, and with what success they met, will be learned from the following extract from a letter addressed by the Bishop to the Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove, of Beacon Grange, Hexham, one of the warmest friends in England of our Colonial Church. The letter has been published in that valuable periodical, the *Church of England Magazine*:—

QUEBEC, 28th March, 1836.

"My sacrifice of £1000 per annum of my income to pay the salary of the new Bishop of Montreal, (which you are aware was the only step by which I could obtain from Government that absolutely necessary assistance,) increases my obligations to yourself and friends for all the help you give me. I am often sadly overworked; but, through the mercy of God, sleep has proved to me a great restorative and good sign; yet I feel very uncertain of future health and strength."

It must be in the knowledge of every one who feels an interest in following the career of this venerable Prelate, that the 'uncertainty of health' just alluded to, has not been succeeded by convalescence. In the same year his Lordship was compelled to return to the less severe climate of England, in which country he still labors for the church which his own exertions have mainly contributed to build up, and, utterly regardless of 'husbanding out life's taper at the close,' still yearns in his heart to resume the ministrations of his office, and die with the crozier in his hand.

A society for the assistance of the Church in Upper Canada has been formed in London, chiefly thro' his instrumentality, having for its President his nephew, the Earl of Galloway.]

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 7th July, 1837.

## HORA BIBLICA.

No. IV.

### THE PATHETIC.

In order to call into exercise the finer feelings of the human heart, it is necessary, that an author should on proper occasions be *pathetic*. I design now to shew, that the sacred volume is not defective in this species of composition; or rather, that it possesses some of the finest strokes of feeling that ever commanded the sympathy of the soul of man.

As the *pathetic* has more to do with the *heart* than the *head*, it must not be the result of manifest labour and contrivance. It is the child of simple nature; of nature in peculiar circumstances, overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, pouring out its feelings in strong yet simple language, bursting occasionally into expressions, which even the urgency of the case itself would hardly justify, if the mind were not so abandoned to sensations of grief, as to be incapable of rightly attending to the dictates of the understanding.

The History of Jacob will furnish us with a passage or two illustrative of this subject. When Joseph, the son of his favorite Rachel, to whom the aged parent had ever shown a most decided preference over all the rest of his children—when this son was sold by his envious brethren, and the report was brought home to the afflicted father—*Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.* (Gen. xxxvii. 34, 35.) How simple and natural in every word! And how impossible is it attentively to read the passage, without sympathizing with the bereaved parent! His immediate conduct on the receipt of the distressing intelligence—rending his clothes: his refusal of the officious and hypocritical consolations of his wicked sons; and his concluding rash resolution, which in a moment of calm reflection, he would have spurned as sinful;—all serve exceedingly to touch the heart; and the effect upon the mind of the reader is greatly increased, by his knowledge of the circumstance, of which Jacob was ignorant, that the sons, who were attempting to comfort him, had actually inflicted this wound upon his peace.

The next example to which I will allude, is one of the happiest illustrations of the pathetic that history has recorded, or imagination feigned. It is the speech of Judah before his unknown brother Joseph, for the purpose of rescuing Benjamin, his youngest brother, from captivity.

Instead of bringing forward illustrative observations on this passage, I have endeavoured to make some of its beauties more obvious to the mind of the general reader, by throwing the whole transaction into somewhat of a dramatic form. I am aware, that, while I have greatly lengthened the conversation, I have added nothing to its beauty. Nor did I expect, by any feeble effort of mine, to do justice to one of the most touching narratives that ever was related. But the knowledge of the cursory way in which scripture is often read, and the imaginary dulness with which the minds of most persons generally invest the sacred volume, suggested to me, that perhaps, by modernizing the form of the story a little, some might be induced to attend to it more willingly, and might determine to search the sacred writings for beauties such as no uninspired composition can furnish, such as no human hand can touch without injuring them.

The scene begins where the brethren of Joseph are brought back into his presence, and Joseph reproaches them with their dishonest and ungrateful conduct.

JOSEPH.

Basest of plunderers!  
Who, not content with common pilfering,  
Have come, and feasted at my piteous board;  
Then robb'd the friend that saved you from the jaws  
Of greedy famine, waiting to devour you!