

WEEKLY CALENDAR.

Table with columns: Date, Day, Lesson, and other liturgical details for the week of Dec 12-19, 1852.

TORONTO VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

Regular practice every Wednesday, at Eight P.M. Terms of admission, Performing Members 20s. per annum; Non-performing 12s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will the Rev. T. Bousfield kindly favor us with the copy of the Dublin journal to which he refers?

Canadian Churchman.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1852.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.

We have this week transferred to our columns a letter addressed to the Times, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of York, relating to Canadian Church property in general, and the Clergy Reserves in particular.

Lengthy as the document is, we feel assured that our readers will thank us for laying it before them, not only as emanating from one who stands deservedly high in the estimation of the Diocese, but because it gives a lucid exposition of questions vitally interesting and important.

The information contained in the Archdeacon's letter, will come peculiarly opportunely to the members of the British Senate. From a conversation which took place between Lord John Russell and Sir John Pakington shortly after the meeting of Parliament, it is plain that the Clergy Reserves will in some shape or another engross the attention of the Imperial Parliament this session.

THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

Having on former occasions alluded specially to the commencement of the ecclesiastical year, and being unwilling to repeat ourselves, we gladly transfer to our columns the following Advent article from our excellent contemporary the Calendar.

"It is well for us that the Church has set apart a season when we are solemnly admonished of Christ's Second Coming. How near at hand it may be, no mortal can tell. But the fact of his so coming is attested by the most clear and striking predictions in the Old Testament we hear the word of prophecy saying: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.' (Job. xix. 25) Do these words refer to Christ's first coming? Certainly not, for Job immediately connects them with his own resurrection: 'And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eye shall behold and not another.' And it is with this clear reference to Christ's second coming, that the Church uses these words with such impressive effect in her Burial Service. Again on our Lord's ascension, the angels assured the disciples, 'this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.' (Acts. i. 11.) Again St. Paul says, 'the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.' (1 Thess. iv. 16.) And in another epistle, 'the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire.' (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.)—And, once more, in the closing book of Scripture we read, 'he shall be clothed with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.' (Rev. i. 7.) Some of the attendant circumstances are also described. The dead are to rise, and the living to be changed; for 'the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.' (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.) The world is to be consumed by fire: 'in that day, the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat;

the earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up' (2 Pet. iii. 10)

Can any one doubt that all this will be accomplished to the very letter? Can any one doubt that he will have a personal interest in this great event, when it does take place? Let it be born in mind that "every eye shall see him." There is no inherent improbability in supposing that that dread day of doom may come even in our time. And wherever it shall come, it will take the world by surprise. But it is the divinely ordered plan of the Church to keep her children ever warned and watching for the coming of their Lord. And what does it concern us whether He come to us in the splendor of the clouds of Heaven, surrounded by angels in glittering array; or amid the stillness of the chamber of death, broken only by the overpowering sobs of sorrowing love? In either case, Christ comes to us. But we are to remember that, when Christ shall come in great majesty to judge the quick and the dead, we shall be judged according to our deeds. It will be according to what we have done in Christ's name and for Christ's sake, and Christ's cause, that we shall be judged. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." Personal holiness—supreme consecration of ourselves to God, as living temples irradiated with the light and love of the Holy Ghost, is the first thing. But there must be a ceaseless outgoing of these divine energies in good works, in behalf of those for whom Christ died, so that at His second Advent he may say to each one of us, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done unto Me."

THE NEW YORK "CHURCHMAN"

A change has taken place in the editorship of this able and excellent journal. The Rev. Dr. Walton has vacated the chair in favour of the Rev. H. N. Hudson, who professes his determination that the Churchman "shall be held true and firm to its old principles." In his introductory article he well remarks:

"In times past, this paper has stood fast to the united service of the Gospel and the Church, whose interests we can scarce conceive of otherwise than as being forever one and inseparable. Here we can well afford to stand on the profound and comprehensive maxim of Coleridge, that 'a Christianity, without a Church exercising spiritual authority, is empty and dissolution.' Which manifestly implies that the Church is to be regarded as an institution, and not merely as a theory—and in virtue of its reality, her claim is not only to the assent of our minds, but, which is of far deeper consequence, to the loving, trustful, honest allegiance of our hearts. And, surely, every thoughtful man will perceive how the sacred and venerable doctrine of Christ to have its proper virtue, had need to be built and organized into institutions, instead of being left in the mere propositions. Propositions alone cannot direct and give it to us as matter of science, and the ends of speculative and sentimental education, but as for institutions, for the body which is to be a local habitation and a name, we must direct and discipline it into our lives and conduct, and incorporate it with the very existence of our spiritual being.

Such, then, is our conception of the matter in hand. So that, touching the united service of the Gospel and the Church, we would say with all our might, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

Whilst evoking for Mr. Hudson every success in his new and arduous field of duty, and praying that his labours may be blessed to the edification of Christ's Church militant here upon earth, we must express our regret that Dr. Walton has withdrawn himself from the post which he has so long and so ably maintained. When we say that under his editorship the Churchman suffered no deterioration of usefulness or character, we can add nothing higher in the way of eulogy. Never truckling to expediency, that moral ulcer-spot of our day and generation, he has from first to last advocated firmly, fearlessly, and consistently, the Catholic principles which he professed. To use the words of the Banner of the Cross, "we sincerely wish our brother all prosperity and happiness; a wish more likely to be realized by one who is happily delivered from the cares and trials of an Editor's experience."

CONVOCATION.

The English Churchman of the 17th ult. contains a lengthened report of the proceedings of Convocation. We regret that we cannot this week lay any portion of it before our readers, but in our next publication we shall give the more prominent points thereof. The proceedings are deeply interesting. As the journal above mentioned observes—"they are a great fact," and the opponents of Convocation are fully aware of it."

THE BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

Ten numbers of this Periodical are now published, and having examined their contents, we can certify that they are entertaining and free from any objectionable matter. Though making not the slightest pretension to originality, the British Colonial Magazine is judiciously edited, and merits, as we hope it will obtain a respectable circulation.

THE COMMON SCHOOL QUESTION.

Our readers will find elsewhere another able communication by our friend "A. T." on the subject of the Chief Superintendents' educational sophisms and heresies. To this series of letters we would direct special attention, replete as they are with necessary arguments, and the soundest Christian philosophy.

Our present sheet contains likewise a communication from Dr. Ryerson, which, to a great extent is disposed of by anticipation in the communications above referred to. We may, perchance, notice it on a future occasion, though it hardly merits a formal refutation.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE.

On Thursday, the 18th of November, the mortal remains of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, were committed to the dust, with all the honors which a grateful and sorrowing nation could bestow. Most graceful was the tribute paid by Great Britain to the illustrious Captain and Statesman, and perhaps the annals of history do not record obsequies more stately and appropriate.

The Times contains an admirable account of the proceedings, which we regret our inability to copy entire. We make room, however, for the most graphic portion of the article, and which is conceived in a style of rare artistic excellence. The reader, we may premise, is supposed to be standing in the gallery outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, just above the western entrance.

"There is a stir among the soldiers; they are getting into order. The Life Guards ride into the churchyard from Dean's-yard. There is a slippery bit of paving at that gateway, and one of the horses falls; the rider has a narrow escape, but, though evidently much shaken, he is not materially hurt, and like a soldier, he mounts again and proceeds upon his duty.

A host of infantry now approach, advancing up Ludgate-hill in single file, one file on each side of the street. The train seems interminable. They pass the church, and clear oil in an easterly direction.

It is now 11 o'clock. These files of infantry have ended, and after an interval the procession comes. It is still military. Sometimes there is a succession of guns, sometimes dense masses of Guards. At intervals are the bands of various regiments. They are striking these successive bands; as they pass by the church, and the music upon the ear, the notes of the next band to be heard, taking up the wail. Major-General his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who commands the troops engaged in riding about, and giving the requisite directions. Now come the 83 Chelsea Grenadiers, wearing their medals; it is a company that seem to excite general interest. The soldiers went past the church,—the Grenadiers go in. Next, the "one soldier very regiment"—an interesting group.

The procession now begins to be one of wailing and mourning coaches; and the mourners consumed in setting down their occupations at the door, making this part of the proceeding rather tedious. The Sheriffs' approach, but they are hardly in keeping with a funeral procession; their gay decorations require some signs of mourning about them in such an occasion. The Speaker is there in his quaint State carriage; and the Lord Mayor in that capacious vehicle of his, which, after all, the citizens have seen in procession in November before. Now come three Royal carriages, with those noble horses which it is a treat to see; the third carriage brings Prince Albert. We cannot see him, but the salute as he passes the troops proclaims his presence. We miss the foreign battalions, but it is because they are carried in closed mourning coaches. All eyes watch for the funeral car. It is drawn by 12 black horses, three abreast, and covered with velvet, presented such a dark foreground that we can hardly see whether the car is drawn by horses or not. The car is driven in at the churchyard gates, and drawn up in front of the great western door; and the relations of the Duke are set down at the side entrance.

After them follows that touching sight—the horse led after the bier of its master. There still remains a very interesting passage. Officers and men from every regiment in the service march past. The churchyard from the entrance up to the car is cleared; the coffin is there before all eyes; the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander, stands at the gate with his sword drawn in his hand, and the men who represent the whole army of England march slowly and sadly by. There has not been a more striking or effective circumstance in the proceedings of the day. The soldiers seem to be impressed with the situation. It is the final token of reverence for their departed chief. It is rendered in solemn silence. It closes the procession, with the exception only that the carriages of the Sovereign here most appropriately follow.

From the time the doors of the Cathedral were opened—about 7 o'clock—the numbers continued to increase very rapidly, and as the arrangements for setting down the visitors, excellent and extensive as they were, did not meet their eagerness many of them left their carriages and walked to the cathedral. The old generals, with true military punctuality, were among the earliest arrivals, and the quarter of the area appropriated to them was filled very speedily. The old admirals were equally exact, and every eye in the cathedral was soon directed to that quarter where orders, stars, ribands, and crosses, glittering on bright scarlet and blue, told of men who had served their country and had fought by the side of the great warrior whose remains were approaching their last home. Sir C. Napier, with his eagle face, moving stilly along from the effect of his old wounds—his brother, Sir William, with a frame, if possible, still more shattered by ball and perforated by bayonet,—Lord Gough, with his noble soldierlike bearing, Lord Seaton, Lord Combermere, Sir James M'Donnell, Sir A. Woodford, Sir W. Cotton,—

About 10 o'clock the Duc de Brabant and the Comte de Flandres, sons of the King of the Belgians, entered the cathedral. They were dressed in the uniform of their respective regiments, the Guides and Lancers, and were attended by Colonel le Comte de Morkerke, Comte de Briey, and Sir R. Carswell. The young Princes, who attracted a good deal of attention, took up their places in the left amphitheatre.

At 11.35 the military bands outside the western entrance struck up a dead march, which they played at intervals till the procession approached, and the funeral bell tolled solemnly, blending with the strains of the music in mournful unison. At 11.35, also, the 83 Chelsea pensioners, having black wands on their hands, marched into the nave in two lines, and, wheeling round, sat down on the seats beneath the rows of officers. They are followed by the men selected from every regiment in the service which had taken part in the procession. In quick succession followed in groups, the various bodies assisting at the ceremonial from the Horse Guards to the cathedral. Officers of the army, of the navy, of various foreign services—the great Ministers of State, and the judges, moved slowly onwards, filling up the nave with a rich stream of colour on which the eye rested without fatigue, while every accession added to the interest of the scene. The procession entered in the order which had been observed throughout. As each flag and guidon was carried to the area of the place whereon the coffin was to lie it was planted in due order, by the bearer.

The Commons, headed by the Speaker, moved to their places;

Next came the Lords, preceded by the Lord Chancellor, in state. Then came the marshals and generals of Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands, and Hanover, in their gorgeous uniforms, moving slowly onward towards the area, amid the strains of sad music, till they formed in two glittering columns around the restingplace of the bier. At a quarter past 12 the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, heading the clergy and the choir, proceeded slowly up the nave from the organ to the entrance to receive the remains of the great Duke. Clothed in white, with black bands and sashes, the procession, thus headed, moved in two streams of two and two through the dignified and richly attired assemblage till they halted at the door where they drew up in column four deep. At length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread as they chanted the beginning of the burial service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in, the wind stirred the feathers of the Marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without as they saw their last of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of our church sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gailant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knoll of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of banner and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon and device,—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At 1.10 the coffin was slid off the moveable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which, as our readers have been informed, was placed almost di-