

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

"UP, LORD, WHY SLEEPEST THOU?"

PSALM XLV. 23.

I.

Up, Lord, why sleepest thou? awake,
And mighty now, as erst, to save,
The weapons of thy warfare take,
And wrest its triumphs from the grave.

II.

Fast bound in sin and Satan's thrall,
The kindreds of the nations lie;
Thy saints on the Deliverer call,
But there is none to heed the cry.

III.

Up, Lord, why sleepest thou? how long
Shall we expect thy promise true?
From day to day, our hopes prolong—
And day by day, our fears renew?—

IV.

Oh, turn thee yet, for Jesu's sake,
And teach us to rejoice in thee:
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
And clothe thee with thy bravery!

G. M.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Nov. 25.—Twenty fourth Sunday after Trinity.
[On this latter Sunday, the Collect, Epistle
and Gospel for the Twenty fifth Sunday after
Trinity will be used.]
30.—St. Andrew's Day.
Dec. 2.—First Sunday in Advent.

THE FIRST MARTYR OF THE REFORMATION. JOHN ROGERS.

The first called to take up his cross was John Rogers.—
He had been brought up in Cambridge, and afterwards be-
came chaplain of the factory at Antwerp, where he fell into
the company of Tindall and Coverdale, and helped them to
produce that translation of the Bible which goes by the name
of Matthew's translation. He thence removed to Witten-
borg, where he had the charge of a congregation for many
years, till Edward's accession having rendered it safe for
those who held his opinions to return to their native land,
he repaired thither with his wife and children (for he was
married) and was soon preferred by Ridley to a prebend of
St. Paul's, and to the divinity lectureship in that cathedral.
Thus was he in a situation to attract the attention of Mary,
and to be smitten by her evil eye. Accordingly, he was soon
brought before the council to answer for his doctrine; and
having been first confined to his house, where he remained
half a year, and from which he took no pains to escape, he
was afterwards, by the tender mercies of Bonner, committed
to Newgate, and lodged among the common desperadoes of
a gaol for twelve months more. In his examinations before
Gardiner and the council, he played his part with the intre-
pidity of one who felt strong in the righteousness of his
cause, and with a force of reasoning which it required the
scoffs and brutal laughter of his judges to smother, for an-
swer if they could not. Kneeling on his knees, he reminded
them of their own acquiescence in the laws of Henry and
Edward; one amongst them, and he the chief, having been
the open advocate of the king's supremacy as opposed to
that of the pope. He defended his own marriage, as being
originally contracted in a country where marriage was per-
mitted to priests; and said that neither did he bring his wife
into England, till the laws of England permitted it too. With
regard to service in an unknown tongue, and the doctrine of
the mass, he stayed himself upon scripture; Gardiner ex-
claiming against him, that "he could prove nothing by scrip-
ture for that scripture was dead, and must needs have a live-
ly expositor." But all was in vain, for they were bent to
have his life; and having been on several successive days
brought before his judges, that some semblance of justice
might not be wanting, he was at last condemned; and on the
4th February, in the year 1555, being Monday, in the
morning, he was warned suddenly by the keeper's wife of
Newgate, to prepare himself for the fire. He had been sound
asleep, but being at length awakened, and bid to make haste
—"Then," said he, "if it be so, I need not to tie my points;"
and so was he had down to Bonner to be degraded, of whom
he craved one petition, that he might talk a few words with
his wife before his burning; but this poor consolation was
denied him; and being led to Smithfield by the sheriffs,
singing the Miserere as he went, his wife and eleven children,
one at the breast, meeting him by the way, his pardon still
offered him at the stake, on condition of his recantation, he
bore himself through this most trying temptation of all with
a stout heart, and bravely washing his hands in the flame as
he was burning, gave up his spirit to God! Notwithstand-
ing the care which had been taken to remove his writings,
during his confinement in prison, he had contrived to evade
the vigilance of his keepers; and it was supposed, that when
he wished to have a word with his wife before he was put
to death, it was to tell her where they were secreted. If so,
however, it was needless; for when she and her son after-
wards visited his cell, and were on the point of going away,
the latter chanced to cast his eye towards a dark corner, un-
der a pair of stairs, and there perceived a black packet of
papers, which on examination turned out to be an account
of his trial, written in his own hand, wherein was contain-
ed, as well as many of the details already given, a very
touching prayer, begging of God to sustain him, and all
others in the like case, through their great need, and impor-
tuning all "to be good to his poor and most honest wife,
being a poor stranger; and all his little souls, hers and his
children, whom (he adds) with all the whole faithful and
true catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and
death, save, keep, and defend, in all the troubles and assaults
of this vain world, and bring at last to everlasting salvation,
the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. A-
men, amen."—Blunt's History of the Reformation.

YOUNG.

Young is almost constantly original; he seems to borrow
little either from his predecessors or contemporaries: his jew-
els come out of his own mine. His reading seems to have
been chiefly confined to the classic poets. His meta-
phors, his similes, his epithets, have all a peculiar com-
plexion of their own. No one looks into his pictures for
"Young Pinnac"; it is impossible to mistake the master—
even that strange mixture of the familiar with the tremen-
dous, which startles us in every page, is quite in keeping
with the character of this poetical Hogarth. But to return
for a moment to the metaphorical manner of Young—who

has ever surpassed the well known description of the silence
of night?—

"Creation sleeps; 'tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause."

Or the vivid portrait of a person terrified at his perilous si-
tuation, where

"—hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down."

Or the good man uplifted above the tumults of the world—a
passage evidently in the memory of Goldsmith:—

"As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander thus augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th'inglorious throng:
Sweet Peace and Heavenly Hope, and humble Joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul."

What can be more beautiful or natural than the comparison
of his own retired situation, where the roar of the Great Ba-
bel dies faintly upon the ear, to a shepherd gazing from his
hut, while "ambition's fiery race" goes by,

"Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all."

Or more impressive than the simile—

"As when some stately growth of oak or pine
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,—
The sun's defrauder, and the flock's defence,—
By long strokes of lab'ring hands subdued,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbring ruin thunders to the ground."

We might continue our selection through several pages,
had we space and leisure for the task. Young's faults, we
repeat, result from an overflow of ingenuity, and a too rapid
succession of thoughts—the ore is precious, but it wants
hammering. There is, however, one characteristic of his
genius which ought to be pointed out and remembered; be-
cause we recollect no poet in whom it is so manifest or so
active in its influence. In all his compositions, one sublime
and tremendous feeling predominates—DEATH; in his trage-
dies, in his satires, in his prose essays, the same thought is
continually present. Like Donne, he looks upon Church-
yards as "holy suburbs," to which the city of everlasting
rest stretches its "utmost gates." There he is always striv-
ing to enter. Amidst the hourly wrecks of every thing
lovely and precious, he points to one Rock, against which
the storm cannot prevail; and along the troubled waters of
human life he is ever, to employ his own beautiful image,
steering to the crystal ports of light. He only proclaims
the vanity of earth, the constancy of heaven. To the youth-
ful and inexperienced reader he will, indeed, appear a me-
lancholy and even a forbidding writer; for who is willing to
be aroused from pleasure, though it be in a dream? But every
step we take in the path of life, and the more we become ac-
quainted with tears, the better shall we appreciate the tone
of his poetry; for then we shall know that the sword with
which he hews down so many branches of golden fruit, in
our eyes beautiful and harmless, is the sword of a protector,
and that it bars our entrance into a garden of temptation,
not of innocence or peace. Then, too, we shall learn that
his strain is too deeply imbued with the sacred light of Scrip-
ture to be gloomy or distressing; for behind the black mas-
ses of clouds, with which he darkens the horizon of this mor-
tal life, the paradise of the blest is shining, where the
spoiler ceases to spoil, and the weeper weeps no more.—
Church of England Quarterly Review.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON & DR. CHALMERS.

The Bishop of London is a great admirer of Dr. Chalmers
and his productions. And yet we know of no two writers
whose tone of language is more totally dissimilar. Both are
men of consummate talents, and masters of composition in
their respective manners; but they are the very antipodes of
style. Dr. Chalmers is seldom contented without setting forth
the same conceptions in a hundred different lights: the Bi-
shop puts his ideas once in a striking point of view, and
leaves them to make their way. Dr. Chalmers sometimes
overlays his speculations with the weight and multiplicity of
magnificent words: in the Bishop all is pith and marrow,—
there is no padding or stuffing—nothing which does not tell.
Dr. Chalmers has more of rich imagery, and minute descrip-
tion and splendid embellishment, tending, however, to that
vicious excess which may afford a false pattern for imitation:
the Bishop, formed upon a more classical model, combines
with the modern range of thought almost the antique simpli-
city of expression. The one spreads himself out as an ex-
panding lake, the mirror of many beauties: the other rushes
forward as a bright and rapid stream; the swiftness of the
course not disturbing the transparent clearness of the waters.
The one reminds us of Venetian painting; the other of Grecian
sculpture. The one has the gorgeousness, the graphic glow,
the picturesque animation, the variety, the blended lights
and shades, which the pencil alone can give: the other has
the severer grace, the statue-like purity, the exact precision
of outline, which belong rather to the chisel. The one occa-
sionally errs by a brilliant superfluity and a florid diffuseness;
the other, perhaps, sometimes just borders upon nakedness,
and coldness, and rigidity of diction.—British Critic.

The Garner.

HOLY PRAYER.

The prayers of holy men appease God's wrath, drive away
temptations, and resist and overcome the devil: holy prayer
procures the ministry and service of angels, it rescinds the
decrees of God, it cures sicknesses and obtains pardon, it ar-
rests the sun in its course, and stays the wheels of the che-
riot of the moon; it rules over all God's creatures, and opens
and shuts the storehouses of rain; it unlocks the cabinet of
the womb, and quenches the violence of fire; it stops the
mouths of lions, and reconciles our sufferance and weak fac-
ulties, with the violence of torment and sharpness of persecu-
tion; it pleases God and supplies all our needs. But prayer
that can do thus much for us, can do nothing at all without
holiness; for "God heareth not sinners, but if any man be a
worshipper of God and doth his will, him he heareth."—
Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

BISHOPS.

The primitive general use of Christians most effectually
doth back the Scripture, and interpret it in favor of this dis-
tinction [the order of Bishops]; scarce less than demonstrat-
ing it constituted by the Apostles; for how otherwise is it
imaginable that all the churches founded by the Apostles, in
several most distant and disjointed places, (at Jerusalem, at
Antioch, at Alexandria, at Ephesus, at Corinth, at Rome,)

should presently conspire in acknowledgment and use of it?
how could it, without apparent confederacy, be formed, how
could it creep in without notable clatter, how could it be ad-
mitted without considerable opposition, if it were not in the
foundation of those churches laid by the Apostles? How is
it likely, that in those times of grievous persecution, falling
chiefly upon the Bishops, (when to be eminent among Chris-
tians yielded slender reward, and exposed to extreme hazard;
when to seek pre-eminence was in effect to court danger and
trouble, torture and ruin,) an ambition of irregularly advanc-
ing themselves above their brethren should so generally pre-
vail among the ablest and best Christians? How could those
famous martyrs for the Christian truth be some of them so
unconscionable as to affect, others so irresolute as to yield to
such injurious encroachments? and could all the holy fathers
(persons of so renowned, so approved wisdom and integrity) be
so blind as not to discern such a corruption, or so bad as to
abet it? How indeed could all God's Church be so weak as
to consent in judgment, so base as to comply in practice with
it? In fine, how can we conceive that all the best monu-
ments of antiquity down from the beginning (the Acts, the
Epistles, the histories, the commentaries, the writings of all
sorts coming from the blessed martyrs, and most holy con-
fessors of our faith) should conspire to abuse us; the which
do speak nothing but bishops; long catalogues and rows of
bishops succeeding in this and that city; bishops contesting
for the faith against Pagan idolaters and heretical corruptors
of Christian doctrine; bishops here teaching and planting
our religion by their labours, there suffering and watering it
with their blood.—Dr. Isaac Barrow.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

Not so with him who has learned contentment in the
school of Christ. The basis of his contentment cannot be sha-
ken. Friends may fail like the summer-brooks; and the un-
kindness and treachery of man may sorely grieve his spirit;
but he has a friend in the everlasting courts above, that
"sticketh closer than a brother." And the storms which
rage without only endear to him more and more the refuge
and sanctuary where he has sought and where he has found
his everlasting peace. The riches which the "rust and moth
doth corrupt" may fail; the costly house must, perhaps, be
parted with; the expensiveness limited; the table curtailed of
its wonted portion. But his heart and affections are already
fixed upon the enduring riches, and what is left is enough
to sustain him in his pilgrimage to Zion. "He eats his meat
with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God;" and
the rich youchsafements of spiritual strength and com-
fort which he receives impart a double relish and sweet-
ness to it. And even should darker clouds gather
round his path; should the prospect of leaving his wife a
widow, and his children fatherless and destitute, awaken me-
lancholy bodings, yet can he trust his God enough to
leave to him his fatherless children and his widowed wife.—
But who, O who "can speak the contentment of his spirit
on the eve of his departure for that scene to which his earth-
ly trials have long since turned his hopes and his fondest de-
sires? for he is on the border of that land where universal
contentment reigns, purer than ever fancy pictured amidst
its imagined peaceful groves, and tranquil vales, and fields of
everlasting repose.—Rev. Denis Kelly.

JUSTICE.

How blessed a thing it is for any nation, that justice is
impartially executed even upon the mighty! A few drops
of blood have procured large showers from heaven. A few
carcasses are rich compost to the earth; the drought and death
remove away with the breath of those pledges of the offender;
judgment cannot tyrannize where justice reigns; as contrari-
wise, there can be no peace where blood cries unheard, un-
regarded.—Bishop Hall.

TRUE MERCY.

Mercy, the choicest flower of the Crown, and which has
the kindest aspect on the subject, may in an ill hand be-
come oppressive to the people; and so it always does when
it is used to countenance or protect the wicked against jus-
tice; and to set those who do not love the law, above the
fear of it; but when the sword of justice is sent forth, not to
execute the will of man, or serve his passions, but to purge
the land from iniquity, and to root out oppression from the
earth; when mercy follows close behind, to screen the igno-
rant, the inadvertent, the unfortunate offenders, who sinned
not out of malicious wickedness, from the vigorous blows of
justice; then may it properly be said, that "mercy and truth
are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each
other."—Bishop Sherlock.

THE GOSPEL MUST BE PREACHED.

It is obvious that there can be no effective results from
a ministry which does not set forth faithfully those vital truths
which lay bare the natural helplessness of man, and shew
him how he may be made wise unto salvation. Mere ethics,
and dry ratiocination, and the inculcation of virtue as its
own reward, will neither make men Christians nor keep
them so. The basis of our preaching must be the doctrine
of the Bible. Our Sermons must speak the Gospel fully, in-
telligibly, unmixedly, uncompromisingly. Christ must be
magnified in all his offices, as our crucified Saviour and
risen Lord—Head over all things to his Church. The work
of the Holy Spirit in conversion, sanctification, and instruc-
tion, must be at the root of all our teaching.—Dr. Sumner,
Bishop of Winchester.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

The Church Catechism, writ in our own mother tongue,
brief, and on the whole, of admirable simplicity; a manual
which, elementary as it may be thought, no competent judge
can examine without seeing that its authors must have been
men mighty in those Scriptures, whereof, indeed, it is the
essence, most patiently investigated, and most skillfully and
scrupulously expressed; this wrought so effectually that 'now'
(says an authority of the second year of Elizabeth, quoted by
Strype) 'a young child of ten years old can tell more of his
duty towards God and man, than a man of their [the Roman
Catholic priests] bringing up can do in sixty or eighty years.'—
Rev. I. J. Blunt.

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The Church

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