

Poetry.

A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

I.

Mothers in his love confiding,
Brought their babes to Jesus' hand:
Some would stay their zeal with chiding,
But were check'd by his command.

II.

Christ the Children took, caress'd them
In his arms with fond embrace:
Laid his hands upon, and bless'd them,
Bless'd them with a father's grace.

III.

Lord, hast thou no other blessing?
Bless us also,—us who sing!
Lo! we bend to thee, confessing
Thee, our Saviour—these our king!

IV.

Yes, we doubt not thou dost hear us,
When thy praise our bosom warms;
Lord, we know thou'rt ever near us,
To protect us with thine arms.

V.

We are taught the way to heaven:
Christ for us the ransom pays:
He for us his life has given:
Still for us our Saviour prays.

COTTAGER'S MONTHLY VISITOR.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

V. ABRAHAM—CONTINUED.

36. What are the three passages where Abraham's faith is said to have been accounted to him for righteousness?—*Rom. Gal. James.*
37. What was the conduct of Abraham with respect to the religious instruction of his household?—*Gen.*
38. On what occasion did he shew his noble indifference to the spoils of war?—*Gen.*
39. Of whom did Abraham buy the field for a burial-place for Sarah and his family? where was it situated? and for what sum did he purchase it?—*Gen.*
40. What was the name of Abraham's son by Hagar the Egyptian? and how old was Abraham when he was born?—*Gen.*
41. What was Abraham's age at the birth of Isaac?—*Gen.*
42. Who attended the funeral of Abraham? where was he buried; and what was his age?—*Gen.*

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.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. II.—THE BALLOON.

Quietly seated near the window, on a clear evening, very lately, my attention was attracted to an object floating far aloft, which I knew to be a balloon. Recent events had attached a painful interest to the scene; and as my eye followed the receding speck, and imagination pictured the aerial voyagers looking down from their dizzy height, I fell into a train of thought, founded on the query, whether such perilous exploits can bear the test of scriptural examination,—can be lawful to a Christian man.

The precept was forcibly brought to mind, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." I can well conceive that I eat and drink to the glory of God, when I desire, by due sustenance, to render my bodily powers more active in the duties of my particular sphere and calling; and, in like manner, a blessing may be conscientiously asked on many actions that have apparently no immediate connexion with the glory of God, but to which, under right government, they ultimately tend. I cannot, however, think thus of the desperate venture made by those who commit themselves to an element in which they are not fitted to move, and where they cannot for an instant sustain themselves, but by the aid of machinery, that may fail them in the moment of greatest need. The same objection may, in some measure, be advanced against a sea-voyage, but there is this material difference, that, formed as our globe is with intersecting oceans, the great command of Christ,—*"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,"* cannot be fulfilled without the aid of navigation; and whatever conduces to the exercise and improvement of that art, is, in the eye of a Christian, "to the glory of God."

But who can, in the act of stepping into a balloon, utter from his heart the prayer, "Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins?" Who can persuade himself that such wanton hazarding of life and limb, will, directly or indirectly, promote "the glory of God?" Is there any spot of earth otherwise inaccessible, but to which the Gospel may be carried in a balloon? Is there any warrant in Scripture for expecting that the providential succour continually afforded those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," will be extended to such as, for the gratification of idle curiosity, or the pampering of their boastful vanity, essay to "mount up with wings as eagles," in a sense and a fashion that God never intended or authorized man to mount in? No. Assuredly, thought I, as the balloon gradually disappeared from my sight, those poor people are doing nothing to the glory of God at this moment, unless their presumption should be overruled to the permanent humbling of their high aspirations. High!—The black speck had floated off towards the west, and in the dark, cool blue of the eastern sky, a brilliant star had already become visible, twinkling with liquid lustre through the air. Alas for the height that our ballooning brethren, with all the powers of gas, can aspire to! That little star had thrown open the illimitable, unfathomable ocean of space; and

the idea of a balloon, at its utmost attainable distance from earth was that of a buoy bobbing about in seeming independence, under the bows of its own ship. Man is so very little, at the tip-top of his self-invested greatness, so very earthy in his most aerial flights, that, until he becomes, by regenerating grace, a temple of God, he can excite no admiration unmixed with pity, in a breast where the law of truth is written.

That twinkling star had cast a sad cloud on the achievements of the aeronauts. They had not ascended high enough to add a hair's breadth to the apparent diameter of any heavenly body; but they soared at a fearful altitude as regarded their own safety. The question forced itself on my mind,—Are they now, with adoring thankfulness, acknowledging the hand that upholds them in their giddy course, and looking to that hand alone for a safe return to earth? Have their souls risen heaven-ward, even in the small proportion in which their bodies have ascended; and do earthly things appear as little in their estimation as to their visual organs? do they consider that, fly where they may, their destination is fixed beyond recall,—*"To dust thou shalt return;"* and that, after a while, the globe from which they have wantonly started off for a small season, shall in turn glide away from them, and for ever? They must yet again be launched forth on space; but whether caught up to meet the Lord in the air, or borne away to regions of eternal woe,—I greatly fear this all-important question is not the subject of their converse, under circumstances so strikingly calculated to force it on them. And why not? Because I have come to the conclusion, that no man who holds his life and faculties as a trust committed to him for the glory of God, will, without any adequate motive, place them in such manifest jeopardy. Surely he would, through grace, be enabled to think of his Master on the pinnacle of the temple, and answer to the presumptuous suggestion, in the words of that Master,—*"It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."*

EARLY PIETY OF A CHILD IN INDIA.

[FROM THE "DIARY OF A TOUR THROUGH SOUTHERN INDIA."]

On arriving at my esteemed friend's, the chaplain's house, I found it likely to become, ere long, the house of sorrow and mourning, from the following melancholy circumstance.

On the 10th October 1820, his only son John was playing with a little dog belonging to his father's coachman; when suddenly the dog, without being at all provoked, (for the child was too kind-hearted to tease even a dog,) bit him twice in the arm. Poor John ran into his father's bungalow, (a gentleman's country-house in India,) crying a little, as the bites caused much pain, but not making much noise lest he should frighten his mother. Mr. S. as soon as he saw the arm, sent for a surgeon; who, when he came, dressed the wound, but thought there was no other apprehension to be entertained, than that of a trifling pain and inflammation.

Nearly two months passed away without John's feeling unwell, and the bites in the arm were apparently quite healed; when on the 8th of December, he began to appear quite shy and uneasy, never lifting his eyes from off the ground, or venturing to look any one in the face; as yet, however, he complained of nothing. On the 9th he continued to appear uneasy, and loathed his food, shewing an especial dislike to any thing liquid. The doctor was again sent for, and administered some trifling medicines, but still thought it was only a slight bilious complaint. At breakfast the next morning, which happened to be the Sabbath, I sat next him, and offered him a saucer full of tea, when a sudden convulsive shuddering seized him, and tears started into his eyes; but with a strong gulp he swallowed down the tea, as he saw his mother looking anxiously and sadly towards him. The nature of his disease, the dreadful hydrophobia, was become too evident for concealment. John was put to bed, and his mother remained with him, while I accompanied Mr. S. to church. The congregation knew not what had happened, and were astonished at seeing this excellent man's eyes filled with tears, when, in the course of the sermon, the subject turned on the dreadful sacrifice by which Abraham, in the strength of divine faith, offered up at the command of God, "his son, his only son Isaac, whom he loved." Our pastor's voice became at last almost inarticulate; but a strong sense of his sacred duty, and the never-failing support of Him in whom he trusted, enabled him to complete the divine service of the day; and we returned from it together, in melancholy foreboding of the dreadful spectacle that would present itself to us on our arrival.

Slight convulsions had seized John, before our return, and we found with him,—besides his mother,—three physicians, and a kind-hearted indefatigable lady, the wife of one of them, who was a native of India. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the convulsions became stronger, and all power of swallowing medicine was lost; a cure was clearly hopeless; but, with a view to diminish the violence of the paroxysms, the patient was bled, and a warm bath prepared, into which he was plunged; though, the instant he saw it, he screamed most violently, struggled, and shook with extreme terror. After having been immersed for a short time, he was taken out, laid upon his bed, and not again removed from it, as it was thought useless to attempt any further remedy. Nothing was done from this time, but the occasionally wiping from his mouth the foam which collected there during the violence of the paroxysms. To these were now added a sense of oppression on the chest, and a painful difficulty of breathing, which denoted the further progress of the disorder. All this time, during sufferings which I have rarely seen equalled in a man, and never before in a child, John only once permitted a word of complaint to escape from him. He said, "It is very sore to die." In moments of intermission from acute pain, he sometimes begged his mother to read to him out of a little book containing stories from the Bible; at other times, he wished her to sing some of his favorite hymns. His poor mother, being, as may be supposed in such circumstances, quite incapable of singing, now and then repeated to him the words of a hymn, to which he listened with evident pleasure. When sorrow overcame her, and tears flowed down her cheeks, he would say, "Don't cry, dear mamma, I am quite happy;" but when the sacred spirit of a Christian silenced in her for a time the anguish

of a mother, and she once asked him, "whether he did not know that he had often been a great sinner, in the pure eyes of Almighty God?"—"O yes, mamma," said the little sufferer, "but Jesus Christ died on the cross for me." "But, Johnny," she added, "do you feel a firm hope of going to heaven?" "Yes, mamma; and when I am a little angel, I will attend on you and take care of you."

The mother could hear no more, and few who were present were able to restrain their tears. At the time when his paroxysms were most violent, he would never suffer his mother to come near him; lest, as in his momentary madness he snapped at every thing within his reach, he might by chance do it even to her. He never would confess to her that he was in pain, but always maintained that he was "quite willing to go to heaven." By degrees nature, exhausted by suffering and agony, began to grow feebler and feebler, and the spasms were proportionably less violent; but his ideas wandered; and after two hours' unquiet slumber, his soul, without any apparent pain or struggle, left its earthly prison, and flew to join the ransomed thousands of those innocents whom Jesus loved, and to chant with them the "New Song" of the Redeemed of the Lamb. It was about ten o'clock at night, when he ceased to breathe; and, to my astonishment, no mark of the agonies he had endured was visible on his lovely and placid countenance,—it was beautiful even in death. The corpse, having been washed, and dressed in a long white robe, was laid out on the bed on which he usually slept; and the attachment of the poor Hindoos covered it, on the following morning, with sweet fresh flowers. Scarcely a word was spoken, which had not some reference to the virtues of this pious and amiable child. His little sister told us a thing, of which his father even was as ignorant as we were, of no common nature. For a long time past, every Sunday on returning from church, he was accustomed to seek out a retired corner of the house, where no eye could see him, but that of his heavenly Father, and there pour out his little soul in earnest prayer. We learned from his father, that, whenever he had any pocket-money, he used to visit the huts of the poorer natives, and relieve their wants, as far as his means would extend.

Such was John S. at the age of six years and a half, for he was no more when he died! His funeral was attended by the general, and most of the officers of the garrison, who knew and loved him, young as he was; but that which stamped on the melancholy procession a more peculiar interest, was the number of poor natives who accompanied it with tears, and who, at the moment of committing the corpse to its last earthly home, pressed forward to throw each his little handful of earth on the coffin, which held all that now remained of him, who once enjoyed amongst them the blessed title of "The poor man's friend."

A small monument has since been erected to his memory, on which are simply recorded his name, age and death; together with the words of Jesus when he took up a child in his arms,—*"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."*

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.

Chatham, U. C. July 1st. 1837.

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