

## Poetry.

## SPIRIT OF LIFE AND LOVE.

Thou hear'st the rustling amongst the trees,  
And feel'st the cool refreshing breeze,  
And see'st the clouds moving along the sky,  
And the corn-fields moving gracefully.

'Tis the wind that whistles amongst the trees,  
That comes in the cool refreshing breeze,  
That drives the clouds along the sky,  
And causes the corn to wave gracefully.

The wind is something thou canst not see;  
'Tis thin air—and a source of life to thee—  
And it teaches that something may really be,  
May exist, and work, which thou canst not see.

And those who are under the Spirit's control  
Perceive in their minds, and feel in their soul,  
That the Spirit of Light which comes from above  
Is a Spirit of Life, and a Spirit of Love.

[Communicated.]

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

June 24.—Second Sunday after Trinity.  
“—St John the Baptist's Day.  
29.—St. Peter's Day.  
July 1.—Third Sunday after Trinity.

## THE BAPTIZED FAMILY.

[The following narrative is extracted from Clark's "Walk about Zion," and is founded, the author asserts, upon facts which either fell under his own observation, or have been derived from a source that ensures their correctness. Its object is to show, that children, when given up in covenant to God in faith, and educated as though they were his children, will earlier or later become subjects of his regenerating grace; and it serves most powerfully to prove what the author asserts, that it will be difficult to produce a single instance where children, who have been really given up to God in faith, and have been truly reared "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," have failed ultimately to become pious and holy.]

Twenty-five years ago, in a retired village in the eastern states, there stood amid a cluster of pines a small neat Georgian edifice, where the worshippers of the Most High weekly assembled to offer up their devotions. It was in the lovely month of May, on a sabbath morn, while all nature was radiant with the beams of the great luminary that hung resplendent in the heavens, that there might have been seen moving to that edifice, two parents with five children. The two elder boys were bounding along with all the buoyancy of young boyhood, full of life and spirits. The hand of the mother was leading a little one about two years old, while that of the father was guiding the steps of another that might have been twice that age. A domestic, bearing an infant neatly clad, and that was sweetly smiling, as it gazed around upon the new scene amid which it was borne, brought up the train. They entered the house of God. The service proceeded. At length a call was made, that the children which were to be baptized, should be brought forward.—This family then rose and approached the baptismal font, to enter into covenant with God.

The scene was one of deep and absorbing interest. The parents felt that no transaction in which they would ever be engaged for their children could be more solemn or momentous than this. They fully realized that they were in the presence of Jehovah. They believed what he had spoken by the mouth of his holy prophet,—“the promise is to you and your children.” They considered that that promise did guarantee to the infant children of believers, who were rightly given up to God in covenant, all the blessings of the covenant.

This act, therefore, of dedicating their children to God, was with them no empty, thoughtless ceremony. For weeks they had prayed over this subject, and entreated God to prepare them rightly to offer their children to him in the way of his appointment. And now, as they stood before the Lord with their little infant band around them, overshadowed by all the solemn considerations which the occasion was calculated to awaken, and presented one and another of their dear offspring to the man of God, to be sprinkled in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, they fully believed that God would bless and save each one.

When they retired from the house of the Lord, and at nightfall gathered their little group around the family altar, they felt that their whole household had now been given up to God, and that they must live as a family that were preparing to dwell forever in his holy presence. With them religion was the main business of life. They now felt that they were under the most solemn obligations, to rear up their offspring as God's children. Had the child of a nobleman been committed to their care, to bring up, they would have endeavored to bring it up as a nobleman's child. And now that there had been committed to their care five of the Lord's children to bring up, they determined to bring them up as the children of the Lord.

At the time to which reference has just been made, these parents had four sons and an infant daughter. The Lord subsequently blessed them with five other children, four of whom were daughters, and the youngest a son. These were all successively offered to the Lord in baptism. Perhaps the members of no family were ever happier in each other than were these. Naturally amiable and sweet tempered, religion was the great bond which united them by its sacred influences in harmony and love. Every day was begun and ended with God. It could hardly be conceived, that in such a soil, and under such benign and heavenly influences, there could spring up rank immorality, or open vice.—There were, indeed, no indications of this. The children were strictly moral in their external deportment, but still none of them evinced as yet any evidences of decided piety. When, from day to day, this happy family assembled around the domestic altar, an occasional cloud of gloom would come over the parents' hearts in relation to their offspring; for they believed that their children must be regenerated with the Holy Spirit in their moral nature before they could be truly the children of God. At such times, however, they would take hold of the divine promises, and stay their souls on the pledged word of the Lord.

These parents not only felt it their duty to pray frequently for, and with their children—not only to set before them a uniform example of piety, and give them pointed and practical instruction upon all the great truths of the Bible, but also to remind them of the relation in which they stood to God, as given up in covenant to him. In illustration of this, I will here insert a note which I received from Mr. R.—, one day after having conversed with him, in relation to the blessing of God upon his offspring, and the manner in which he viewed the subject of infant-baptism. He fully believed that God would regenerate all children who were given up to him in faith, and were reared “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” This idea he expressed fully in the conversation just referred to. Alluding to this,

in the letter, he remarks: “With the views I have entertained respecting the rite of infant baptism, I have considered it an important duty, when my children have attained to years to understand the subject, to explain to them as clearly as possible the nature of the ordinance, as respects both parents and children. I have instructed them to consider, that they were made members of the visible church, and that there were great and precious promises made to them as such. I have taught them that it was a great blessing to be brought into the fold of Christ, and, instead of being strangers and aliens, to be made partakers of children's blessings. But I have warned them of the danger of forfeiting all the blessings of the covenant through unbelief and disobedience. I have particularly, at such times, alluded to the confidence with which parents, who had so consecrated their offspring to God, could present them at the mercy-seat in prayer; but I have warned them that no external rite, no prayers, no tears, could save them without repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.” There is another fact in this case, which I deem important.—In these views and endeavours, there has been a perfect agreement between myself and Mrs. R.—. And I doubt if we have, either of us, at any time, lost our hold upon the covenant, with respect to our children.—We have, without doubt, had seasons of darkness, when faith has been very weak, but I believe it has never been extinguished.”

HENRY was the fourth son. It was he whom we described as being led at the time of his baptism to the house of God, by the hand of his mother.—He had now reached his fifteenth year. Through the admonition of a young friend, his mind seemed suddenly awakened to a deep sense of his guilt as a sinner before God. For many days he was greatly bowed down with the weight of his exceeding sinfulness.—Notwithstanding the apparent blamelessness of his past life, he felt that his heart had been so turned away from God, that he could adopt as his own the lowliest expressions of confession, and say with one of old—“O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, for my iniquities are increased over my head, and my trespass is grown up into the heavens.” But there was help in Israel concerning this thing. There was, indeed, found in his case, balm in Gilead, and a physician there. The light of God's reconciling countenance was made to shine upon him, and he was enabled to rejoice in the Saviour's pardoning love, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Pious parents who have seen a family of children growing up around them, without a single individual of them evincing any decisive evidences of being reconciled to God, and then have witnessed, when they least expected it, one of their number coming over to the side of the Lord, and exhibiting unequivocal manifestations of renewal of heart, can enter somewhat into the feelings of parents on this occasion. Their hearts were indeed filled with joy and gladness, and the voice of thanksgiving and praise went up before the Lord, as incense, from the family altar.

Nearly three years had elapsed since the conversion of young H.—, and during all this time, he had manifested continual and multiplied evidences, that he was truly born of God. I ought perhaps to have mentioned before this, that Mr. R.— in his earlier days had commanded a vessel, which, in its various voyages, had visited almost every port, and circumnavigated the globe. He had, however, of late, retired from this business, and his sons were now coming forward to take his place. The eldest had already become the commander of a vessel. On a certain occasion it was so arranged that Mr. R.— and young H.— were going as passengers in his vessel on a short voyage. Some of the incidents of the voyage are alluded to in the following letter written by Mr. R.— to Mrs. R.—, the beloved mother of his children:—

“Beloved wife,—

“You have, undoubtedly, through Mr. S.—, heard something of our situation after the hard gale, which we had on Nantucket Shoals. I shall only briefly state what occurred. After leaving G.—, we had, almost continually, a gale of wind for twelve days. And at the end of fifteen days we left N.—, and in just three weeks, we arrived at this place, without any damage, but with much hardship.—Two nights and a day we were at anchor on the shoals, during which the wind blew so hard that we had great fears of losing our anchor, but with little prospect of saving our lives. A great deal of the time, the vessel plunged the end of her gib-boom in the water. After that wind abated, we got up our anchor, which was the next Monday after we left G.—. The morning was pleasant, and we hoped for a pleasant voyage, but oh! how fleeting are all earthly promises of good! In a few hours, another gale from the south-west attacked us far more violent than the former one, and attended with much more danger. We were about half way over the shoals. To proceed was impossible, and to return nearly so. If the vessel had struck, we must have perished. But God had mercy on us, and found out a way for us to escape. To give you any correct idea of our situation is impossible. I thought we might say with the Apostle, “a night and a day we were in the deep.” After getting safe at anchor, we had a head wind all that week, since which our voyage has been pleasant.

“But I know that you feel anxious to know the state of my feelings and hopes, during that dark season. And I can speak to you on that subject, in more intelligible language. When we commenced our voyage, it was with prayer. I thought I could commit my all to that merciful Being, who had all my life watched over me, with more than a parent's care, and who had so recently granted me the quickening influences of his Spirit, and by this, a new hope in my soul. I did feel in the darkest hours a hope that we should make our voyage in safety. I did not for a moment doubt that it would end in the glory of God. I could not but hope that my ship-mates, especially my children, would receive some good impressions. At one time, I thought it might be the purpose of God, that my life should terminate there. And in that view, I could not but magnify his goodness, in so turning my thoughts and affections from earth to heaven. I could easily perceive that God might make my death the means of quickening my Christian brethren in N.—. I could hope that it might prove the salvation of some, or all of my children.—With such considerations, and with most appalling danger all around us, I could not but think it probable that my time was short. But you wish to know how I supported my hope in this trying hour. I hardly dare answer this solemn inquiry, for I know how easily one may be deceived in such an alternative. But I think it was made the occasion of much searching of heart to me. I think I was prepared to say Amen! to the determination of my Judge. My thoughts and my anxieties were, in a measure, turned away from myself, to those who were alike exposed to danger without a hope in Christ. I do not know that I can say any more.”

On the occasion alluded to in the preceding letter, it might be well said that the whole ship's crew “saw the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy winds arose, which lifted up the waves thereof. They were carried up to the heaven, they went down again to the depths: their souls melted away because of trouble. They reeled and to, and staggered like a drunken man, and were at their wit's end.” The tempest swept over them with tremendous fury, and the breakers were at hand. Destruction seemed stalking through the deep in a thousand hideous forms.

“But they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distress. He made the storm to cease, and the waves thereof were still. Then they were glad because they were at rest, and soon were they brought unto the haven where they would be.” As soon as the storm had subsided, and all again was calm, Mr. R.— seized upon the earliest opportunity to have a private interview with his two sons who were on board.—He begged them to consider what a deliverance had been vouchsafed to them.

“What,” said he, “would have been your probable doom, had God seen fit to have permitted the vessel to have been lost, and you to have gone down to the bottom of the sea? Had he seen fit to have summoned you to his bar amid the wild howlings of the storm, and the angry surges of the deep?”

H— replied: “My mind was upon this very subject. I was led to close self-examination, and when there seemed no possibility of escape, I felt that I could say, ‘Lord, here am I, I give myself up into thy hands, I hope in thy promises.’ And immediately the words of the prophet came to my mind, ‘Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by my name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.’”

This was indeed remarkable. But it was like a cordial to a Christian father's heart. It was the last conversation that Mr. R.— ever had with this son on the subject of religion. In a few weeks, H— went out in another vessel to the West Indies. And the first intelligence the parents received in relation to him, was, that strangers had closed his dying eyes, and that he was buried in a foreign land. It seems that in a short time after his arrival, he was seized with one of the fevers incident to the climate, and lived only a few days.—The bereaved parents, however, had every reason to believe that God had fulfilled his promise in reference to this child, and that he had died, being “regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ.”

They now viewed him as garnered up in glory, and safe within the chrysolite walls of the New Jerusalem. And now their thoughts turned with increased solicitude to their surviving children, and their prayers were offered with more fervency, that they also might be brought in, and “saved with the remnant of the true Israelites.”

(To be continued.)

## THE JEW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

As I was going through the western part of Virginia, (says an American writer,) an old clergyman gave me a short account of a Jew which greatly delighted me. He had only lately become acquainted with him. He was preaching to his people, when he saw a man enter, having every mark of a Jew in his face. He was well dressed, and his looks seemed to tell that he had been in great sorrow. He took his seat, and listened in a serious and devout manner, while a tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After the service, the clergyman went up to him and said, “Sir, do I not address myself to one of the children of Abraham?” “You do,” he replied. “But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian Church?” The substance of his account was as follows:—he had been well educated, had come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fruitful banks of the Ohio. He had buried his wife before he left Europe, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. Her mind was well-informed, her disposition amiable; she could read and speak with ease various languages; and her manners pleased all who saw her. No wonder, then, that a doating father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this lovely child. Being a strict Jew, he brought her up in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick.—The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed; and it was soon too certain that death was creeping upon her frame. The father hung over her bed with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often tried to talk with her, but could seldom speak except by the language of his tears. He spared no expense or trouble in getting her medical aid; but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a wood near his house, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber. He was now to take a last farewell of his child; and his religion gave him but a feeble hope as to meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. “My father, do you love me?” “My child, you know that I love you; that you are more dear to me than all the world beside.” “But, my father, do you love me?” “Why, my child, will you give me pain? have I never given you any proof of my love?” “But, my dearest father, do you love me?” The father could not answer.—The child added, “I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me; you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you; will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter: will you grant it?” “My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every farthing of my property: whatever it may be, it shall be granted: I will grant it.” “My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth.” The father was dumb with surprise. “I know (added the dying girl,) I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour; for he has made himself known to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, though I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him, that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray that you may know him: and when I am no more, you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine.”

The labour of speaking here overcame her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and ere he could recover his spirits, the soul of his dear daughter had taken its

flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured.

The first thing the parent did, after he had buried his child, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered amongst the meek and happy followers of Christ.—Church of England Magazine.

## THE SUN AN EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.

When I see the heavenly sun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to find resurrection to his glory, why, think I, may not the sons of heaven, buried in the earth, in the evening of their days, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past day's funeral, and the morning his resurrection; why, then, should our funeral sleep be other than our sleep at night; why should we not as well awake to our resurrection as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day than a deprivation, and death rather borrows our life of us than robs us of it. Since, then, the glory of the sun finds a resurrection, why should not the sons of glory? Since a dead man may live again, I will not so much look for an end of my life as wait for the coming of my change.—Warwick's spare Minutes.

## MAN'S MORAL INABILITY.

Man is now, what he ever has been since the fall, a feeble being; ignorant by nature of his God and of his duty; living daily in trespasses and sins. While he remains unenlightened by the communications from on high, darkness encompasses his mind. When this darkness is dispersed, and the points of true excellence are clearly revealed, to raise himself to them by his own strength is not in his power. It is with anguish and humiliation, that, in proof of this, I point you to the heathen sage, perceiving, admiring, celebrating the virtues which in the practice of life he abandons. It is with fear and trembling, that, for the same purpose, I point you to the arduous struggles, and the many defeats, by which the Christian, in endeavouring to maintain his heavenly course, is taught his dependence upon some superior strength. Man's moral powers are so weakened by corruption; his affections are so prone to evil; the holds which temptation has in him are so numerous and so deep; his spiritual life is so far gone,—that, in sacred language, he is represented, with awful emphasis, as dead while he liveth. And as soon may he raise himself from the iron slumbers of the tomb to the life and glories of immortality, as rise, by his own strength, from the moral decay and corruption of his nature, to the purity, spirituality, and holiness of the new and eternal life.—Bishop Dehon.

## HOW TO KNOW THAT THE HOLY GHOST IS IN US.

“O, but how shall I know that the Holy Ghost is within me? some man perchance will say.

“Forsooth, ‘as the tree is known by his fruit, so is also the Holy Ghost.’ The fruits of the Holy Ghost, according to the mind of St. Paul, are these: Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance, &c. (Gal. v. 22, 23.) Contrariwise, the deeds of the flesh are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, wantonness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, debate, emulation, wrath, contention, sedition, heresy, envy, murder, drunkenness, gluttony, and such like. Here is now that glass, wherein thou must behold thyself, and discern whether thou have the Holy Ghost within thee, or the spirit of the flesh. If thou see that thy works be virtuous and good, consonant to the precept rule of God's word, savouring and tasting not of the flesh, but of the Spirit; then assure thyself that thou art endued with the Holy Ghost: otherwise, in thinking thus of thyself, thou dost nothing else than deceive thyself.—Homily for Whitsunday.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

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