

Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N. B.—These Hymns are fitted to the Tunes used in Churches, being of the same Metres with the received "Version of the Psalms of David."

XXV.—THE SUNDAY CALLED SEPTUAGESIMA, OR THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee favourably to hear the prayers of Thy people; that we, who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by Thy goodness, for the glory of Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

With favour, Lord, regard our prayer; From Truth descend "Thy people" spare! The chast'ning hand we own is just: But—God doth know that man is dust.

O God, that make'st both "Heaven" and Earth! Thou Source of Life—of Second-Birth! Great God! renew, we humbly pray, "The inward man" from day to day.

Lord, Grant "Thy people" constant grace To "run" with hope a patient race; And ever keep in due control The fish, compell'd to leave the soul.

If Thou, O God, our efforts bless, We'll "run" and "strive" with good success: The Victor's crown shall thus be gain'd; The Race be won—"the prize" obtain'd!

Within the Church, with all our might, Through grace we'll "work" while spared the light; With grateful heart, at close of day, "The gift of God" we'll bear away.

GOTTFRIED; OR, THE LITTLE HERMIT. CHAP. VI. THE CAVERN.

Gottfried, no longer tormented by the want of provisions, or the fear of being without food, longed more and more to be restored to his family. Every day, at every hour, he looked round him in every direction, still hoping to see a vessel approaching.

One morning, when he had perceived a large vessel about a mile off. His outspread sails were tinged with red by the golden rays of the rising sun. Poor little Gottfried was transported with joy; he trembled with hope and fear; his eyes were fixed upon the vessel, which was still coming on and making direct for the island.

Gottfried followed the vessel with his eyes till it was out of sight, and threw himself on the rock, sad and despairing. Having wept bitterly for a long time, he recollected what his father had said to him one day, when he had been disappointed: "Often, in adversity, God's help seems near us, and yet suddenly disappears; but we must not on that account, lose our courage: it is a trial by which God proves our trust in him, and by which he puts our patience to the test; and he helps us afterwards all the more strikingly. Yes, if he should even leave us to perish in our distress, our confidence in his paternal tenderness should be unshaken; for every thing that God allows to happen to us is for our good, if not in this world, yet in the next."

These words of his father comforted the boy, and gave him fresh courage. Neither was he without hope that another vessel might near the island and take him off.

The weather was growing daily more severe: the end of autumn arrived, and brought with it almost incessant rain. The leafy boughs of the fir, which had hitherto afforded him shelter from the rain, were no longer sufficient for protection; on the contrary, he was, as it were, beneath the spout of a gutter; and the ground got so thoroughly wet, that there remained not a dry spot in the whole grove.

These heavy rains were not, however, of long duration, but winter was drawing near. The gusts of wind which now visited the island were cold and biting, and the little fir-wood was not thick enough to bear their force. Gottfried shivered with cold all night long, and thought within himself, as he lay on the cold ground, "If this severe weather be but the beginning of winter, what shall I not have to endure when it is well set in? If I have to sleep in the wood on the frozen ground, I shall certainly be frozen too."

He then set himself to work without loss of time, to find out a shelter such as he required. There lay between the highest rock on the island—the one which Gottfried scaled every day—and another which was nearly as high, a small green valley. He had often looked down into it, and admired it from the top of his favourite observatory; but he had never been able to make out a way into it. It was impossible to get into it by sliding down the face of one of the rocks, so he tried again to find out an entrance into it. After considerable examination, he perceived, about a hundred paces off, a rock which was cleft, as it were, in two from top to bottom: he succeeded in getting it, and, passing through the opening, he reached the narrow valley in safety, and perceived in one of the rocks that surrounded it, a cavern, whose mouth was overshadowed by two old fir-trees. He entered the cave, which was roomy enough, and exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy, "It is made for me! I can easily here shelter myself from the rain and freezing winds. Thy solicitude extends over every thing O my God. Ever since I have been here thou hast provided me with food. Thou hast pointed out a spring to me in which I may quench my thirst; and now, also, I am furnished with a protection against the cold. Great, indeed, as is the trial to which thou hast subjected me, I still recognize thy fatherly tenderness in it, and cannot sufficiently thank and praise thee."

The grateful and now happy boy set to work to collect a heap of moss, which he dried in the sun; for, though the nights were cold, the sun still gave out some heat during the day. And when, by evening time, the heat was well dried, he carried it to his cave; and in this his new abode, on this soft bed, he spent his first night most comfortably. He made the best arrangement he could of his hermitage; carried thither his pitcher, his iron pot, his porringer, and all his tools; and, remembering the near approach of winter, he also removed into it all the wood he had already cut, and prepared more pieces, and heaped

them up against the rock. He tried to make a fire in his cave, but the smoke having nearly suffocated himself, he was obliged to give that up, and to content himself with protecting the entrance to it from the harsh winds. For this purpose he wove a kind of door of the willow branches which yet remained, using the trunks of the young firs for stakes, which he hammered into the ground, close to the mouth of his cave. In the place of iron hinges, he substituted osier twigs, so that the door opened and shut with perfect ease. He stopped up all the chinks with moss, and left only a small opening, through which the light might enter. He then chose for his fire-place a dry corner, which he found at one end of the valley, under a jutting rock; and there he always contrived to keep a few live embers, by means of which, and some dried branches, he could make a fire whenever he pleased, and use it for the purpose of cooking his fish, boiling his pot, or warming himself. He could not use his flint and steel but in the last extremity; and as for his matches, he looked upon them as treasures which no amount of gold would have tempted him to part with. "Without these matches," said he, "I should have been forced to eat my fish raw; yes, without the little bit of sulphur, no larger than a barley-corn, I should perhaps, have died of cold long ago. My steel and flint have also been very useful to me."

Winter came. Gottfried perceived, on going out of his cave one morning, that he had snowed: another time he saw the rocks and trees covered with a white hoar-frost, and felt the more thankful to God that he had a fire to warm himself by.

When, during the long winter evenings, Gottfried was seated by his fireside, and watched the sparks as they flew upwards, or the smoke ascending towards the sky, while the rocks and trees, covered with icicles, sparkled around him like diamonds, but remained ever cold and impenetrable, how he could look back with regret to his father's hearth! His eyes would fill with tears at the recollection of the happy moments he had spent in the bosom of his family, when his father was wont to tell his little stories to them, as he wove his baskets; while his sisters, seated round him, were busily spinning the hemp, from which his mother made the fishing-nets, and while she herself was preparing their frugal supper of nuts or baked apples. "O, I would give a finger of my hand," he would say, "for the pleasure of being amongst them again, were it but for one hour!"

He tried his hand, during the winter, at various little works. He manufactured a small table and bench, from the remains of his boat, without much difficulty. He placed them both, as well as he could, against the outer edge of the wall of his cave; and then roofed it over with planks, that he might, on rainy days, without fear of getting wet, sit there, and play his fish-lines, sharpen his hooks, take the scales off his fish, and busy himself in other occupations, or else take his meals there.

When the spring returned, and the meadow and sea-birds began to lay their eggs amongst the rocks which were nearest the sea, he succeeded in taking a few of their eggs; and they appeared to him as delicious as they were rare. Wild cress, and the tender leaves of the chain-flower, formed his salad; and the roots of these plants were an agreeable food. The sea-salt, which he found on the sea-shore, came very opportunely to give flavour to his food; and he daily grew stronger and stouter. "How little is necessary for man!" would he often say, "to keep him in life and health!"

When he was neither fishing, cooking, cutting wood, nor doing other things of the kind, Gottfried employed himself in collecting, along the sea-shore, those shells which contained pearls, and which the waves threw up on the beach. As no one came near the island, and amongst them he found them in great numbers; he also made a great collection of corals of all kinds; and, to keep them and his pearls in safety, he wove little rush baskets with close-fitting covers, to put them in. "I hope," said he, "that God will some day take me back to my parents: then I will give them my little treasure, which will be quite a provision for them in their old age: it will also help to establish my brothers and sisters honestly. How I should like to assist them in all their work, now that I am tall and strong! But, alas, I am too far from them! Perhaps, however, I am useful to them in collecting these pearls and corals: I am still labouring for them; and there is no occupation more agreeable for a child than that of labouring for his dear parents."

CHAP. VII. THE FRIEND IN SOLITUDE.

Gottfried lived in his rocky island as contented and happy as so lively and intelligent a child could be, in such complete solitude. Thanks to his constant occupation, the time never seemed to long. Now and then, indeed, when the rainy weather forced him to sit under his wooden shed, or when the furious tempests, frost, and intense cold, obliged him to shut himself up in his cave, he would say, with a sigh, "Alas, it is indeed sad to have no one to speak to! How happy was I at home with my dear parents! He would even see them sometimes in his dreams." Once his father appeared to him in a manner that strongly awakened his feelings: an affectionate smile played over his venerable features; with indescribable tenderness he called him his dear Gottfried, and stretched out his arms to him. Gottfried awoke, and finding himself alone in his cave, began to cry so bitterly, that the tears streamed down his cheeks. "O my kind father," said he, "how much he always loved me so affectionately, and was so good to me. How sad it is to be now so far from him, no longer to see his beloved face! and how painful the fear that he shall never meet again in this world! Alas, he does not even know that I am still alive! But he soon remembered that, though far from his earthly parent, he had still a father in heaven; and, remembering this, he was comforted."

Gottfried said his daily prayers with much devotion, as well as those before and after his solitary meals; and he thanked God for every gift. His solitude was so complete, and there was so little to engage his attention, that he examined with more particular care the few objects that surrounded him, and thus learned more and more to know the Almighty by his works.

He often climbed the summit of the highest rock, to see the sun rise. Then the sky and sea appeared, as it were on fire, and the clouds radiant with gold; and when at length the sun rose in the air like a flaming globe, his heart would swell with pious joy. He fell on his knees and addressed his prayers to the Author of so glorious a spectacle. Could it have been possible to paint the pious child in this attitude, whilst kneeling on the rock, with the golden rays of the rising sun shining brightly on his face and hands, it would have made a lovely picture. He often said his evening prayer whilst gazing on the setting sun. "My heavenly Father!" he would exclaim, "it is thou who commandest the sun to rise and set, in order to supply light to men, thy children, and to give every thing that breathes, blossoms and buds, heat, growth and vigor."

He also frequently contemplated, with secret delight, the soft and peaceful moon, whose increase and decrease interested him the more as he had formerly paid little attention to it. On clear nights when there was no moon, he found great pleasure in observing the twinkling stars, and often climbed his favourite rock, the more easily to contemplate the studded sky. Now that his attention was more awakened, he perceived that some stars rose and set, and ran as wide a course as the sun, whilst others rolled in an orbit of slight extent, and never set, and that the entire starry vault seemed to revolve round one fixed star. He further remarked that each day the stars

rose a little earlier, and that, from month to month, new ones arose, which he had not before noticed, and also, that at the end of a year the first appeared again. All this gave him infinite pleasure. It was especially on nights clear and sparkling with constellations that he would contemplate with holy reverence and profound awe the heavenly vault, flickering as it were with sparks of fire. "How true it is," he would say, "that 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work!'"

The earthly works of the Almighty, such as Gottfried beheld with his wild and sterile island, tended to excite in him holy thoughts, and to awaken religious fervour. "Even as above, the sky is spanned with stars," said he, one spring day, "so the verdant grass, which extends to the entrance of my cavern, is spanned with beautiful gold-coloured flowers, whose leaves resemble rays of light." Often, in his early childhood, Gottfried had amused himself with his play-fellows in making long chains with the stalks of these flowers; often, also, with infantine pleasure, he had blown up the light, feathery balls, which succeeded them, and danced with joy to see the little tufts fly off and flutter in the air. But now his mind was filled with other thoughts. "I see," said he, "even in these despised flowers, the wisdom and goodness of God. Each of these flakes contains a little seed: and each of these seeds is, as one may say, a bark furnished with sails, which leaving the main land, has floated thus far through the air. And the ease with which the wind bears them along accounts for the circumstance of the steep sides on these rocks being covered with similar flowers; and it is in this way that, long before my arrival here, flowers have been almost everywhere sown, whose stalks and roots now serve me for food."

The fir-tree, the only kind he found on the island, pleased him extremely. "Without these trees," said he, "my kitchen would be badly provided with fuel, and I should never be able to survive the severities of winter." An attentively examining the brown, scaly polished cone of the fir-tree, which had often been his infant toy, he found that beneath each scale, which he detached with the help of his knife, were two grains of winged seed. "These seeds," said he, "have likewise been transported from the main-land by the wind, and lodged on this island; the fir which clothe these rocks have been planted in the same manner as these yellow flowers, otherwise the seeds would never have been wafted to such a height; their roots are also admirably suited to cling to the hard and naked rocks. They often wind to a distance, and, as though gifted with intelligence, seem to look on all sides for some split or crevice in which to fix themselves firmly. The trunks of the fir-tree rise tall and tapering, and are so flexible that they bend to the storm, but seldom break; which is just what is wanting to give them firmness and solidity at such a height. Their boughs and branches are green, even in the depth of winter; and when all other trees are stripped of their foliage, they offer a shelter to thousands of little birds. Besides, the fir is a very handsome tree, either when its young stem is crowded with fresh leaves, or when it towers tall and straight to the very heavens. And, when I stand before my cave, and look upward through the dark green leaves of the fir-trees, the sky seems to me to assume a deeper blue." Gottfried, therefore, spared the two fir-trees that grew near his cave, and went to a little distance to fetch his wood.

The soft green moss, which in former times Gottfried had scarcely looked at, became now an object of minute examination. "Ah," said he, "how wisely God has disposed everything! Even the smallest scrap of moss is a marvel, showing forth his wisdom and goodness. It resembles a tiny fir-tree; and the leaves, when examined in the light, are exquisitely firm and delicate. The finest tissue formed by the hand of man would appear rough in comparison." Observing the little cases enclosing the seeds, he exclaimed, "what pretty little boxes! They are like the minutest cups covered with lids; and the seed may be compared to the finest dust. The lids fall off as soon as the seed is ripe, and the wind carries them away. What a countless multitude of little branches of moss it has taken to form my bed! Had it been less abundant, how many wretched nights I should have spent on these rocks, and how difficult I should have found it to protect my cave from the biting cold! Yes, beautiful God! all, from the tall fir-tree to the creeping moss, from the sun to a grain of dust—all announce thy power. The whole world is filled with thy glory, the heavens and the earth are, so to speak, the temples of thy greatness; and my heart shall be an altar dedicated to thy service!"

Although Gottfried looked upon the heavens and the earth as temples of God, yet this was not enough; it was not without much sorrow that Gottfried found himself unable to attend any church.

Gottfried's parents, however, had stored his memory with a variety of short but beautiful prayers, which happily, he still recollected and repeated daily. He found that they filled his mind with good thoughts, and helped, as it were, to wing his soul toward heaven. "Without doubt," he would say, "when God grants us special favors, or we are in any great danger, we do not require to know prayers by heart; distress or emotion will at such times teach us to pray. But there are many other times when we are neither suffering from peculiar afflictions, nor transported with excessive joy, that we shall find such little prayers very serviceable. These prayers, which I know so perfectly, I may consider as a book of devotion which my parents have given me on my pilgrimage. I have it always about me; and I cannot lose it."

He had, also, by his parents' desire, committed to memory a great number of passages of the holy scripture: these, especially such as relate to our Lord Jesus Christ, he frequently repeated, in order to prevent his forgetting them, knowing that he had no book from which to refresh his memory. He meditated on the sentences, which both instructed and consoled him. "To me," he said, "they are a casket of jewels, causing me infinite delight, and possessing a value which no one can take away."

In this seclusion, Gottfried often thought of St. John the Baptist in the wilderness. "It was surely," thought he, "thy God's will that John, who was to become a saint, and perform much good amongst men, spent his youth in the desert. Solitude, then, has its advantages; so it is certainly not without some motive that God has placed me here." And, in truth, his solitary life was to him a blessing; and, even in this silent and desert island, he grew in wisdom and piety.

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LANDS FOR SALE. The Subscriber offers Lands for Sale in the following Townships in the Newcastle and Colborne Districts, on advantageous terms, on receiving one-third or one-fourth of the purchase money down, and the remainder in annual instalments. The prices and numbers can be ascertained at his Office:—

Maver's, District of Newcastle 10,000 acres. Mariposa, " " 1000 " Hamilton, " " 1200 " Cranlake, " " 600 " Percy, " " 800 " Murray, " " 2000 " Seymour, " " 1100 " Hope, " " 200 " Clarke, " " 200 " Darlington, " " 100 " Cartwright, " " 150 " Cavan, " " 410 " Emily, District of Colborne, 500 " Opa, " " 600 " Verulam, " " 600 " Ennismore, " " 700 " Smith, " " 550 " Otonabee, " " 700 "

The Subscriber has also Lands in the Eastern, Johnstown, Bathurst, Midland, Victoria, Home, Simcoe, Gore, London, Talbot, and Western Districts, which he would sell on the like terms as the first mentioned.

He has several fine Farms for Sale, with extensive improvements thereon, in the Townships of Hamilton, Halton, Murray, Cranlake, Hope, Otonabee, Smith, Emily, and Opa. He has likewise for Sale several hundred

TOWN LOTS in Cobourg, a few in Port Hope, Grafton, and Colborne, besides a number in Bond Head, on Lake Ontario, for which latter Land application is to be made to Wm. B. ROBINSON, Esq., residing in Bond Head.

G. S. BOUTRON, Cobourg, 25th Nov., 1845.

Farm for Sale. FOR SALE, the South-East quarter of Lot No. 17, in the 4th Concession of the Township of Hamilton; 40 Acres of cleared Land, on which is a well watered, and in a high state of cultivation.

For terms of payment, &c. enquire of the Subscriber on the premises. Hamilton, 12th June, 1845. THOMAS CROSSAN.

NOTICE. I S hereby given, that D'ARCY E. BOUTRON, Esq. of Cobourg, Canada West, is sole Agent for the general management, superintendence and sale of all Lands in this Province registered in the name of JACQUES ADRIAN PIERRE BARRIE, Trustee of EUPHRASIE BARRIE; and that no sales will be recognised, or payments upon mortgages acknowledged, that are not effected personally with Madame Barrie, or this her Agent, Mr. Boutron. And all mortgages, or persons indebted for payments on sales already made, will please communicate the particulars of their debts forthwith to Mr. Boutron, who is authorized to collect and receive the same.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC. THE Sale of the Eleven (say sixteen, as per hand-bills) BUILDING LOTS, on the East bank of the River Don, near the City of Toronto, advertised in the fourth page of this Journal, will be sold by AUCTION, on TUESDAY EVENING, the 11th day of June next, at Eight o'clock precisely, at Mr. Walker's Auction Room.

TERMS—Only £2 10s. on each lot required down, the remainder can be paid in four equal instalments.

NOTICE. These Lots are larger, (being from one-fourth to three-fourths of an acre each) cheaper, (as hand-bills), and upon easier terms than any lots now offered for sale. The soil is well adapted for Pasture, Orchard, or Garden; and those lying at the Margin of the River, are well adapted for the erection of any kind of Machinery propelled by Steam, and would answer well for a Brewery, Distillery, or Tannery.

N. B.—Purchasers wishing to have a Deed at once, can have one, by giving a Mortgage. It may be well to remark, that such a Deed will entitle the holder to a Vote in the First Riding of the