

Poetry.

HOLY COMMUNION.

O God of Mercy, God of Might,
How should pale sinners bear the sight,
If, as thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear?

For now thy people are allow'd
To scale the mount and pierce the cloud,
And Faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, his foe, by whom He blest,
May take him for his daily bread.

O agony of wavering thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
"It is my Maker—dare I stay?
"My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

Thus while the storm is high within
Twixt love of Christ and fear of sin,
Who can express the soothing charm,
To feel thy kind upholding arm,

My mother Church? and hear thee tell
Of a world lost, yet lov'd so well,
That He, by whom the angels live,
His only Son for her would give.*

And doubt we yet? thou call'st again;
A lower still, a sweeter strain;
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,
The very breath of Love divine.

Whispering it says to each apart,
"Come unto me, thou trembling heart,"
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,
The precious words are all our own.

Hear them, kind Saviour,—hear thy spouse
Low as thy feet renew her vows;
Thine own dear promise she would plead
For us her true though fallen seed.

She pleads by all thy mercies, told
Thy chosen witnesses of old,
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,
One from the cross, and one from heaven.†

This, of true penitents the chief,
To the lost spirit brings relief,
Lifting on high th' adored name:—
"Sinners to save, Christ Jesus came."‡

That, dearest of thy bosom friends,
Into the wavering heart descends—
"What! fall'n again? yet cheerful rise,||
"Thine Intercessor never dies."

The eye of faith, that waxes bright
Each moment by thine altar's light,
Sees them e'en now: they still abide
In mystery kneeling at our side;

And with them every spirit blest,
From realms of triumph or of rest,
From Him who saw creation's morn,
Of all thine angels eldest born,

To the poor babe, who died to-day,
Take part in our thanksgiving lay,
Watching the tearful joy and calm,
While sinners taste thine heavenly balm.

Sweet awful hour! the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns on Jesus' part
The Cross to every hand and heart.

Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast;
And when thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.

KEELE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

* "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." See the Sentences in the Communion Service, after the Confession.

† Come unto me all ye that travail, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.

‡ St. Paul and St. John.

§ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

|| If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

I. AARON. (Continued.)

8. Why was the Lord angry with Aaron, when he thought of destroying him? and why was his life spared to him?—(DEUT.)

9. What share had Aaron in the transgression connected with the golden calves which the Israelites made during the absence of Moses while on the mount with God?—(EXOD.)

10. Who murmured against Aaron because of his priestly office? and from which of the Psalms does it appear that the opposition originated in envy?—(NUMB. and PSALMS.)

11. On what occasion did Aaron, together with Hur, sustain the hands of Moses?—(EXOD.)

12. What were the ceremonies by which Aaron was set apart to the office of High Priest? and which of the Psalms compares the anointing which then took place to the blessedness of brotherly union?—(LEVIT. and PSALMS.)

II. ABEDNEGO.

13. Who was Abednego? what was his rank in life? and what his former name?—(DAN.)

14. Why was Abednego set over the officers of the province of Babylon?—(DAN.)

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. III.

LONDON; THE POST OFFICE; HOTELS; HYDE PARK, &c.

Our Holyhead mail coach drew up at the Post Office, a most splendid edifice, and of immense extent: 400 feet long and 80 in depth; built upon a foundation of granite, with a brick superstructure, faced however entirely with what is termed Portland stone. In the centre of the front is a magnificent portico, 70 feet wide and 20 deep: consisting of six cut stone columns, resting on pedestals of granite:—and at the extremity of each wing is a portico of four columns of similar construction. I cannot enter into any detail of the internal arrangements, which are on a scale of grandeur and convenience not easily to be conceived, and concerning which it has justly been said, "that the post-office system may well be deemed the proudest of all the peculiarities and improvements of this vast commercial city."

At the Post Office we took a hackney coach, and made for the Tavistock Hotel; but to reach this place through the throng of Covent Garden Market was no light task, and reminded me of the difficulties encountered by Belcour, as described in the play of the West Indian, in his journey from the water side to the residence of Stockwell! We were at times not a little jaded by the crowd, when obstacles to our further progress appeared to be insuperable; but as the alterations were conducted solely, as far as we were concerned, by the hackney coachman, we remained silent spectators of a scene which, though ludicrous enough,—for what more ludicrous than to be literally hedged in by drays and basket heaps of cabbages, carrots and every other garden edible,—was nevertheless a source of some anxiety and no little impatience. We, however, reached the Tavistock at last, and were there amply repaid, by every comfort and civility, for the little roughnesses and inconveniences previously endured. This Hotel, properly speaking, is a sleeping and breakfasting house,—and to these departments the chief care seems, of consequence, to be directed, and in these no care or attention appears to be spared. In the spacious breakfasting room—generally crowded with highly respectable visitors—innumerable tables are spread in every direction, with a cloth of snowy whiteness upon each; the service—on a small scale, suitable for two or four at most—of silver: and the table furnished with every desirable viand, but without that repulsive profusion which a total absence of taste, yes & of economy, sometimes overloads the boards in other countries. Amongst the appendages to comfort on these occasions is not forgotten The Morning Paper,—wet from the press, and often containing a debate in the Lords or Commons which had only been concluded two hours before! At the present moment the all absorbing theme of the daily journals was the Reform Bill and the prospects of its success which the result of the Elections was indicating;—but the shouts of triumph as noted in the great majority of the London press seemed to touch no responsive chord in the assemblage with which The Tavistock Coffee Room was crowded. The morning comforts of this excellent Hotel—now about to be forsaken—were purchased at the moderate cost of half a crown, the fee to the waiter included; for in this, perhaps the only Inn in London, the servants are not permitted to accept a distinct donative.

The fees to servants, coachmen, guards &c. as established by custom in England, have been the subject of much animadversion, and I shall perhaps excite surprise in taking up the side of defence. In the first place, were those fees abolished, you would pay correspondingly higher both for coach fare and for tavern accommodation; since, by the present arrangement servants are procured at very low wages, sometimes without wages at all, and not seldom they pay a large premium for their places; in consequence of all which, the articles for which you pay can be afforded for a proportionably less sum. And when we look at the taxes and various imposts in England—absolutely necessary for the becoming maintenance of the government—the expense of provisions of every description, the high value of property, and the extravagant rate of house rent, it is only surprising that even more is not often paid for travelling, lodging and boarding. In reply, too, to the observation that a settled price—paid in one account—would be preferable to these distinct and never-ending disbursements to servants, I answer that the handing them a fee, great or small according to their attention and services, ensures their greater civility and alacrity in attending to your various wants. The same argument applies, in full force, to coachmen and guards; and although in these donations we are liable certainly to some imposition, custom has so completely established the amount of the fee to be bestowed, that in very few instances need we go astray. I shall only add that whosoever has had an opportunity of contrasting the civilities experienced in hotels and coaches in England with the inattention and rudeness often encountered in other lands, will admit that there are many practical reasons in favour of my side of the argument.

Leaving the Tavistock we proceeded past Charing Cross—designated by a bronze statue of King Charles I. on horseback; and having engaged permanent lodgings in the vicinity, we had occasion to proceed to Whitehall, where, in the Treasury Chambers, it was my lot to have a very short interview with Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer. He is a very stout and rather tall man, with a countenance betokening great good nature, and an eye not deficient in intellectual vivacity. Subsequently I saw his Lordship often in the House of Commons; but there although his character for imperturbable good nature was fully borne out, his promise of any high intellectual endowment was by no means realized.

These visits over, I walked the whole length of the Strand and continuous streets, nearly to the Tower; and certainly the blaze of splendour, the gorgeous evidences of wealth which, on either hand, meet your eye even on so cursory an inspection, is what no fancy could conceive, and what doubtless no other city in the world can parallel. A more minute or extended inspection of London's wonders was necessarily postponed: evening came on; I settled myself down quietly in my comfortable apartments; thoughts rose and fancy was busy; and I felt,—nay, is there a traveller that has not felt,—what that sensation is of overpowering solitariness and gloom, of feeling that in a vast

metropolis,—millions of busy beings all around you,—you are ALONE.

The next morning, a sweet bright day, was Sunday; and at the proper hour I attended church at St. Martin's-in-the-fields. What a delight there is in the thought that at this very hour, 11 A. M. so many churches are open in all parts of the British empire—that empire upon which the sun never sets, and that at the same moment of time prayers are breathing for all sorts and conditions of men in every clime, yes, and for all those who "travel by land or by water," for all those who are far away, whose persons are invisible, but who are borne upon and cherished in the heart! I was much delighted both with the external and internal appearance of St. Martin's; and not least with the impressive and unaffected manner, and the truly excellent sermon, of the respected Dr. Richards the vicar. In the evening I proceeded to dine, according to engagement, with the Hon. Mr. S—, an excellent and pious person, who, by numerous subsequent attentions, greatly augmented my debt of obligation. In order to have a tolerable view of the West end of London, I walked leisurely towards his residence, through Piccadilly, and turned up at Hyde Park corner. In the Park, this being Sunday, I observed the novel sight of thousands of carriages slowly making the circuit of that fashionable place of resort: I stopped perhaps half an hour to watch its living objects of attraction, comprising doubtless in their number, multitudes of the titled, the happy and the gay; and felt the charitable belief that by many of them at least the previous part of the day had been spent in the worship of that God who "giveth richly all things to enjoy." I spent a pleasant evening; and the feeling of loneliness had passed almost entirely away; with the crowding thoughts of home many soothing ingredients were mingled: and I looked forward with hope and satisfaction to the morrow.

(To be continued.)

THE STOLEN NAILS, OR LITTLE SINS.

"When a small boy," observes Mr. Tinker, a Missionary in the Sandwich Islands, "my parents sent me to the store to obtain articles of merchandize. I saw there a cask of shingle-nails, some of them having very sharp points, such as I had been wanting to put into the end of a dart. I had no cent with me to buy with, and I was ashamed to beg; so after some hesitation, I put three or four of them unobserved into my pocket.

On returning home, I informed my brother what I had done; and he said directly, "Mother, R. has been stealing;" she was grieved to hear it. I made the best excuse I could, but she was not satisfied. The consequences which might flow from such a small affair filled her mind. She said, 'How great a matter a little fire kindleth: taking a little at first, and then a little more afterwards is the way to destruction.' She then related the well known story of the youth, who when he stood on the gallows with a rope around his neck, wishing to speak once more with his mother, bit off a piece of her ear, saying, 'If you had reproved me when I first stole little things, I should not have come to this untimely end.' My mother then added, 'I do not wish my child to dishonour God, nor come to such an untimely end, nor to be guilty myself of bringing him there. She conversed with me a long time on the importance of being honest in the smallest matter. She then took the nails and wrapped them in a paper, and laid them in a drawer: and when I went again to the store a few days or weeks after, they were returned and left in the place from which they had been taken.

This transaction has never been forgotten. It occurred about thirty years ago, and many thousand miles from the spot in which this is written; yet I could shew you precisely where my mother stood at the table making bread, and also the part of the room in which I listened to her kind admonitions. She warned me because she loved me. This I knew very well—Had nothing been said to me, I might have been in the State's prison now, or in the prison of despair.

The children who read this will not, I hope, take so much as a pin without the owner's leave. Let them remember that one of the commandments is, "Thou shalt not steal."

"Sandwich Islands, Novr. 27th 1836."—Episcopal Recorder.

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