

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

THE PILGRIM.

"A stranger and a sojourner,
As all my fathers were,"
Good Lord! to thee I turn mine eyes,
To thee address my prayer.

Far from those highly favoured isles
Now ruled by Britain's Queen,
My way has sped, until, alas!
An ocean rolls between.

Now by Ontario's chafed lake,
I wander on the shore;
And ever and anon I hear
Its madden'd waters roar.

Again I look, and all is calm,
The mandate "Peace! Be still!"
Has been obey'd;—for lakes and seas
Fulfill their Maker's will.

With these some sympathy I feel,
By them I love to roam,
Well pleased to drop a tear, and think
That they may bear it home.

—Here as a pilgrim I may stray,—
Alone, my sorrows bear;
A sojourner and stranger still,
As all my fathers were.

No friendly greeting meets my ear,
No cordial smile my sight,
No cheering welcome in the morn,
No happy home at night.

—One house there is, whose threshold, still,
With gladness I've trod;
It is my "Heavenly Father's" house,
It is "the house of God."

Thither my steps with joy I bend,
There feel myself at ease;
For there a feast divine is spread,
Which all may take who please.

'Tis there I sweet communion hold,
With every absent friend;
Communion here begun, but which
Shall never have an end.

There too with angels I unite,
And spirits, perfect made;
To bless the sacred name of Him
On whom my sins were laid.

And there with joy I learn that soon
My pilgrimage shall cease,
When I the blissful choir shall join
In realms of love and peace.

To those abodes my soul aspires,
And trusts she will be blest
To meet her lost companions, where
"The weary are at rest."

Then Lord! to thee I turn mine eyes,
To thee address my prayer;
"A stranger and a sojourner,
As all my fathers were."

Toronto, Oct. 23, 1838.

E. M.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Nov. 11.—Twenty second Sunday after Trinity
18.—Twenty third do do
25.—Twenty fourth do do

[On this latter Sunday, the Collect, Epistle
and Gospel for the Twenty fifth Sunday after
Trinity will be used.]

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. XIV.

DREAMING.

Among the many beauties of Campbell's earlier poetry, and, indeed, in the whole collection of our lighter modern lyrics, there is nothing more true to nature than the little piece called "The Soldier's Dream." So short as to become a favourite song, it contains within it the story of a life; and I question whether among men there is one whose heart's recesses it would not reach. The contrast between present and past is slightly, yet how powerfully sketched! The soldier, who bivouacs

"Where thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die,"
represents himself in a situation that combines as many images of hardship, horror, and peril, as ever were compressed into two lines:

"Reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,"
and then comes the exquisite transition to all that is soft, and familiar, and endearing, in the tranquillity of rural scenery:

"I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning-watch, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung."

This gem of a poem will probably commend itself to the feelings, just in proportion as the contrast is marked, and deep, and striking, between what is and what has been.—The traveller who, from a distant spot, where clouds are lowering and the rough breeze assailing him, looks back to behold the home he has quitted, with all its sweet associations gathered round it, lying just within the range of a slanting sunbeam, and thereby thrown out in warm and beautiful relief from the shadowy region that interposes—such a traveller will linger to gaze on the past with feelings peculiar to the dark and dreary present. Thus it is with the dreamer, who, during the hours of sleep, has been carried back to scenes long lost, and heard the tone of voices long silent.—He cannot recall the sweet vision, but he closes his eye and summons memory to recount to him what memory has recently shewn him. She has, as it were unlocked the casket containing jewels that once were his, but now are her's only; and feasted his sight with what has forever eluded his grasp. And he submits, for it is the universal lot of man; but he sighs over the treasure that never looked so lovely as when for ever lost.

How wonderful is this faculty of the mind! I write under the impression of recent experience, having retraced in a dream the beloved haunts of early years, expatiating, as I thought, to one who had never before seen them, on the various objects, the noble relics of antiquity, and beautiful intermixture of orchard and garden-ground. At one spot I paused—it was an old brick house, placed back in a neglected, overgrown shrubbery. That building I have not seen for nearly a quarter of a century, nor has any circumstance brought it to my remembrance. I never visited the inmates

but merely knew their name as residents there. I had long forgotten that name, and stood, as it seemed, for a few moments, until enabled to recall it. I awoke with a vivid recollection of all the minutiae connected with the old house—never remarkable for anything to me or others—and with the aspect of its former inhabitants portrayed with the liveliest fidelity to my mental view. In all this there was nothing extraordinary, merely because every body has experienced something similar. Yet, among the phenomena of mind, as acted upon by external circumstances, this faculty of receiving the impression of an indifferent object, retaining it through a series of years amid a multitude of after-impressions,—I may say burnt into it, such was the severity of the stamp,—and restoring it on demand, is most wonderful. It is a part of the mystery of our compound being that makes itself felt; it strikes a chord, causing the whole heart to vibrate; it brings home to us the beautiful remark of Chalmers, that every man has in himself his own peculiar and exclusive world, into the recesses of which the dearest, the most sympathising of friends cannot enter.

There breathes not the mortal to whom I could unfold the long chain of recollections revived by the single idea of a passing dream. Some would listen, would try to sympathise, but, except by transferring the feeling to their own bosoms, and connecting with it their individual experience, no sympathy could they afford; nor would that be a real participation of my thoughts, but an awakening of their own. There is only One to whom the desolate heart can turn with the deep and sweet conviction that He knows all. An awful consideration indeed, when we call to mind the innumerable transgressions that stand recorded together with those scenes and events; but to him who is in Christ Jesus, him to whom there is now no condemnation, being redeemed from the curse of the law, and brought nigh to a reconciled Father, it is a thought full of heavenly consolation. The heart knoweth its own bitterness; God is greater than the heart, and knoweth all things. If in his wise dispensations he has seen good to crush the flowers, and to suffer many thorns to remain, he knows the sweetness of the former, the keen points of the latter, and weighs in a just balance the burden that he has laid on his child. He does not, like our fellow-man, make light of the sorrow, nor, like ourselves, view it in exaggerated proportions; but, with the perfection of wisdom, knowledge, and tender compassion, "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are but dust." It is astonishing with what soothing power a dream may come across a harassed mind, blunting the edge of the present with sweet remembrances of the past; and I should be slow to deny to the God of all consolation the praise due for this mercy. Those who from a disordered digestion, or otherwise, are habitually oppressed by gloomy and terrific dreams, scruple not to pray against the visitation; why should they whose bosom is soothed by visions of a very opposite tendency, hesitate to render thanks to the Giver, not only of the staff that supports our pilgrim-step on the heavenward path, but of the little wild-flower that flings a breath of momentary fragrance across it?

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

One bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step, in Piccadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy, had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid, his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim.—His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb. And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life, crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy, cheerful home; and of those who peopled it, and looked to him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him: so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more—voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells; but it was only for an instant.—The rain beat heavily upon him, and cold, and hunger, were gnawing at his heart again. * * * * He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night these dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard, a many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife, to plunge into his own heart; preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering, to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.—He crept softly down the steep stone steps that led from the commencement of Waterloo-bridge, to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life, half so eagerly, as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him; but he remained unobserved; and, after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that formed the landing-place from the river. The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, and all was for the moment still and quiet—so quiet, that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation; while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces—took a short run—a desperate leap—and plunged into the river. Not five seconds had elapsed when he rose to the water's surface; but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life in any form,—poverty, misery, starvation, anything but death! He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own sin rang in his ears. The shore, but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.—Again; he rose and struggled for life: for one instant, for one brief instant; the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the barges thro' which the current had borne him, the black water, and the black flying clouds, were distinctly visible: once more he sunk, and once again he rose; bright flames of fire shot up from the earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes; while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.—Sketches by Bos.

The Garner.

THE REFORMERS OF OUR CHURCH.

Those persons who give to our reformers credit for the courage which they displayed in the flames, and regard their sufferings, as confined to their martyrdom, do them poor justice. To jostle with so many offensive obstacles for so many long years; to persevere unto the end in the midst of so much to thwart, to disappoint, to irritate; to feel themselves earnest, sincere, and single-hearted, and to have to encounter so much hypocrisy, double-dealing, and pretence; to work their weary way through a sordid and mercenary generation, who had a zeal for God's service on their tongues, but who in their hearts admired nothing of heaven save the riches of its pavement; to see the goodly fruits of all their labours likely to perish through sectarian divisions, which might very probably have been healed by timely precaution, and the adoption (at some cost to be sure) of measures which they were the first to recommend; these were trials by that slow fire of temptation which it requires a stout heart and a high principle to sustain, and though there might be many (as Milton ungenerously and ungratefully puts it) who would give their bodies to be burned, if the occasion demanded it, yet there would be few, who, so tried, would find themselves so unwearied in well-doing.

They, however, have their reward; and it was a noble prize for which they struggled. They are themselves gone to heaven in their chariot of fire, and to their country they have bequeathed as a mantle, a free use of the Bible, a reasonable faith, a pure ritual, principles of toleration, liberty of conscience, and that virtue which goeth out of all these things, whereby a nation is made to put forth its otherwise dormant strength in the prosecution of commerce, of manufactures, of agriculture, of science, and of whatever else belongs to inextinguishable enterprise.—Rev. I. J. Blunt.

WANT OF FAITH.

As a want of faith is thus fatal to all goodness; so is it a deficiency far more frequent among men than a careless observer would imagine. I do not mean that many are to be found so fearfully abandoned to themselves and to Satan as to maintain, either with their mouths or in their hearts, that there is no God. I do not mean that in a Christian land, and among those who, from their childhood, have been surrounded with the evidences of the truth, and with the association and example of all which is good, or great, or holy, the number is considerable of those who expressly deny the Lord who bought them. But this I do mean, and this is unhappily proved true both by reason and experience, that there is a great difference between not disbelieving what is related in Scripture concerning God and His Son, and actually and habitually believing it; and that many a man has no genuine faith who never in his life either denied or doubted the Gospel. Believing, it should be recollected, is an act of the mind consequent to attention. We cannot believe that which is not present to our thoughts; we cannot have an habitual faith in God, without habitually retaining His image in our minds as the object of our love and reverence. And when we consider how many men there are who, to all outward appearance, never think of God or His Son at all; and how many more who endeavour to get rid of religious thoughts, whenever they arise, as unnecessary, untimely, and troublesome; we must allow, I think, that a want of faith is at the bottom of the wicked lives of many professing Christians; that some who, when the Gospel is named to them, are very far from doubting its truth, are yet, during the greatest part of their lives, to all practical purposes, unbelievers; while others who, from time to time, may perhaps believe and tremble, are anxious to make still less the little faith which yet lingers in their bosoms.—Bishop Heber.

A PEACE-MAKER.

A Peace-maker is a man who being endowed with a generous public spirit, labours for the public good: and feels his own interest promoted in promoting that of others; therefore, instead of fanning the fire of strife, he uses his influence and wisdom to reconcile the contending parties, adjust their differences, and restore them to a state of unity. As all men are represented to be in a state of hostility to God and each other, the Gospel is called the Gospel of peace, because it tends to reconcile men to God and to each other. Hence our Lord terms peace-makers, the children of God; for as he is the father of peace, those who promote it are reputed his children. But whose children are they who foment divisions in the Church, the state, or among families? Surely they are not of that God, who is the father of peace and lover of concord; of that CHRIST, who is the sacrifice and mediator of it; of that SPIRIT, who is the nourisher and bond of peace; nor of that CHURCH of the Most High, which is the kingdom and family of peace.—Dr. Adam Clarke.

REFORMED CHARACTERS.

Herein God is wonderful, who seizes on some persons in the midst of youthful dissipations, or violent pursuits of the world, and purifies them for himself; makes them not only vessels of honour, but of the first rank, to bear his name to others; makes them eminently holy; gives them great abilities, and, which is the top of all abilities, ardent love, and mighty affection for his service. His spirit, that holy fire, refines gross earth into the pureness of transparent glass, to be the inlet of light to his people.—Archbishop Leighton.

By affliction God separates the sin which he hates from the soul which he loves.

There may be pride in rage, in a solemn look, and lowly demeanor.—Mason.

Advertisements.

TO BUILDERS, AND OTHERS.

OFFICE OF KING'S COLLEGE,
Lot Street, Toronto,
OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE AVENUE.

MINUTE OF THE COUNCIL,
October 13, 1838.

STRONG representations having been made by several persons, inclined to contract for the Buildings intended for the University of King's College, that the First of November was too early a day to afford them sufficient time to form their Estimates—

It was Resolved, to extend the period to Friday, the First of February, 1839, and that this Notice be inserted in all the Journals in which the Building Advertisement has appeared.

(A true Copy.)
19—4w

JOSEPH WELLS,
Registrar and Bursar.

LANDS FOR SALE,
On the most reasonable terms, with Long Credit.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Plantagenet	4th	S. half 11	100
	8th	21	200
Alfred	5th	7 and 8	400
	6th	S. half 1	100
			500

JOHNSTOWN DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Elmsley	1st	15, 18	400
	2d	15	200
Edwardsburg	8th	6 and 27	400
Montague	7th	8	200
Yonge	7th	19	200
Marlborough	2d	Half 9	100
			500

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Portland	11th	1	200
	12th	7, 9, W. ½ 10	500
	13th	5	200
	14th	7, 12, W. ½ 5	500
Pittsburg	11th	16, 17, 18, 19, 20	1000
	13th	17	180
			1180

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Cramahe	6th	29	200
Hamilton	5th	30	200
	6th	23	200
Hope	8th	21 and 22	400
Clark	7th	32	200
Seymour	1st	20	200
	3rd	5	200
	4th	18	200
	5th	13	200
	8th	4	200
			1000

Cartwright	1st	8, S. half 11	
	2nd	5, 14, 20	
	3rd	17, S. ½ 21, N. ½ 24	
	4th	1, 6, 13, N. half 5, E. half 12	
		S. half 15	
	5th	1, 3, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 17, 22	
	6th	23, N. half 20	
	7th	15, N. half 21	
	8th	S. half 15	
	14th	11, 12, 16	500

NIAGARA DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Galshoro	2d	24	200

LONDON DISTRICT.

Township.	Concession.	Lots.	No. of Acres.
Walsingham	6th	8, 16	400
Dorchester	3rd	14	200
	8th	11	200
Southwold	3rd	12, 13, 14	1200
	4th	12, 13, 14	1200
Aldborough,			
Western Div.	3rd	5	200
Oxford,			
Western Div.	2d	N. half 1	100
			2800

Particulars as to terms, &c., may be learned on application to the subscriber, at Toronto.

JAMES M. STRACHAN.
Toronto, 8th October, 1838. 18 3m

EDUCATION.

THE REV. H. CASWELL, M. A. Master of the District School in the healthy and delightful town of Brockville, is prepared to receive into his family a limited number of Young Gentlemen as Pupils. The course of study embraces Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and the usual English branches. Having been engaged for several years as a Professor in a Theological School, Mr. C. would be happy to give instructions in Hebrew and other branches of Sacred Literature to pupils desirous of preparing for Holy Orders.

The Terms are Thirty Pounds for Board and Tuition during the Academical year. Every pupil is expected to be supplied with a bed and bedding, silver spoon, and towels. Letters addressed, (post paid,) as above, will meet with prompt attention. The most satisfactory references can be given, if required. 18—4w

WANTS A SITUATION AS GOVERNESS.

A YOUNG LADY accustomed to tuition, who undertakes to teach Italian, French, Music, Dancing, the use of the Globes, and the other general branches of education. She would prefer the charge of children from eight to twelve years of age. Application (post-paid) to the Editor of 'The Church', will be forwarded and attended to. 21—4w.

CHAMPION, BROTHERS & CO.

TORONTO,

Importers of Hardware, &c. &c.

HAVE on hand a general and well assorted Stock of Shelf Goods suitable to the country trade, which they will sell Wholesale for CASH, or approved three months Paper, at their usual low prices. They have also a large Stock of CHAMPION'S WARRANTED CAST STEEL AXES, made at the Factory originally built by the late Harvey Shepard, and afterwards occupied by John Armstrong. As Shepard's and Armstrong's Axes have been decidedly preferred before any others in the Province, it is only necessary to state that Champion's are made by the same workmen and from the very best material, to insure for them the same continued preference.

C. B. & Co. are agents for the sale (to the Trade) of Joseph Van Norman's well known Castings, a large Stock of which they have always on hand, consisting of

Cooking Stoves,
Six Plate do.
Parlour do.

Sugar Kettles, Pot Ash Coolers, &c. &c. &c.
Toronto, July, 1838. 7-4f.

The Church

WILL for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg, every Saturday;

TERMS.

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COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; Rev. G. Mortimer, M. A. Rector of Thornehill; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. J. Grasett, Asst. Minister of St. James's Church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.