

Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

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

THE SECOND OF THE FOUR "PARTICULAR SERVICES" DATA, TO WIT: "THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY; BEING THE DAY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE BLESSED KING CHARLES THE FIRST." (L. M. AS PHALM LIVE.)

Dead Heaven! We own the Judgment just That humbled Zion's heart in dust: A NATION'S sin, a long-suffering God! Arouse Thy Wrath,—provoked the Rod.

For this, did Heaven allow a Crime Bowed'd through the succumbing Time,— Did suffer Faction's rebel Horde, To rise and slay their Sovereign Lord.

No salute were they:—For sake of Thee O "Thy Saints" revolve:—"The Pow'r that he" Because their Lord and God they fear, "The Lord's" anointed they revere."

With FAITH and TEARS, O Most Holy God! We deprecate "that sacred blood" Lord, charge not us, nor yet our race, With guilt of that most heinous Deed!

"The Blessed King," in memory borne,— The Martyr Prince, whose Death we mourn, For TRUTH stood firm and undim'd; And, like the Lord, for murderers pray'd!

If call'd, for truth and conscience sake, To yield our life at Cost or Stake, May we, Great God, all humbly try, To follow CHRIST,—like HIM to die.

As Morning Prayer, or Collect instead of First Collect at Morning Prayer. (1 Peter II. 13 to 23.) In Communion Service, First Collect after Prayer for the Church Militant:—"Thou anointed blessed King Charles the First," and Morning Lesson—(2 Sam. I. 14-16.) Title of this "particular service" is:—"A PRAYER WITH FASTING," and also, the Collect introduced in the end of the Litany.

XXIII.—THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY. P. M.

O God, who knowest to be in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Without Thine aid, like some frail bark, THE CHURCH, O God, Thy storm-tossed Ark, A Must sink beneath the boiling Deep: Alas! She rides a raging sea: The railing of our frailty, O God, Yet Thou the wild sea dost to sleep!

The whirling waves yawn wide, and swell; O God, our Strength! Thy fury quell; Still bear Thy Church above the World! That "troubled sea," that "cannot rest," e Hath e'er, Lord, Thy Church distress'd, And all its storms against her burst!

Help, Lord! or—!—Thine Ark is lost:— O God, protect of the tempest-toss'd! Around our path wild Passions rage; Wake, Lord, awake! The Storm is high; Awake and save, or—!—we die!

Securely still, through dangers dark, A PRESENT GOD sustains the Ark! His word rebukes the wind and wave! The Church's Hope! shall never fail; It "entrench'd" in, "within the Veil," An Anchor,—"sure," and strong to save.

"Increase our faith"—Thou Mighty God, That sitest "on the water-land" O! Be it ours, to trust Thy Name! "Thine to still the World's" wild wrath— The Waters, fold with mercy's froth— Waves, "foaming out" their depth of "shame."

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LXXXIII.—THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

(COMMONLY CALLED, THE PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.) D. S. M.

Almighty and everliving God, who humbly beseech Thy Majesty, that, as Thy only-begotten Son was with us, so Thy grace be present in the temple in substance, and the parents were obliged to redeem their children at a price set by the Almighty.—See Numbers xvii. 16, 17, 18, and xviii. 16.

The Virgin's "first-born Son," "The Christ,"—the Holy Seed, Was once "presented," Lord, to THEE! Was once by Roman freed! "The parents" paid the price, & Through God's own Child was free, e For Christ doth rule His Father's House; d The Temple's Lord is He. e

With joy that Holy Pair Did own the Paschal grace, Presenting Christ—the first-born Son, Within the Holy place, To THEE, O God, the Church Would now present, in faith, The souls by "blood of sprinkling" saved, Redeem'd from Sin and Death.

The Church of Heaven's first-born, f Redeem'd through God's "good" "dear Son," Her OBLIGATIONS to Him doth give,— Her OBLIGATIONS to Him doth give,— Her OBLIGATIONS to Him doth give,— Her OBLIGATIONS to Him doth give,—

Both "day and night," let all Bow down before Thy throne! "In fastings oft,"—in watch,—in prayer,— Let saints await the Son. Like them of old, may we Frequent the Holy Place Thy PEOPLE'S Glory hail in heart! THE NATIONS' LIGHT embrace!

May Jesus now present To Thee, the only God, Our ransom'd hearts, made "pure and clean,"— Made white in precious Blood! Then we, when Jesus comes To claim His own Elect, Shall all, like purest molten Gold, The Father's face reflect.

CHAP. V. THE SCARIFICE.

Gottfried supported himself upon the small quantity of bread that he still had, together with his walnuts. Day after day, seated on the top of his rock, he looked for the arrival of a merchant vessel or a fishing-boat. He watched so closely as almost to impair his sight; but he could not perceive a single vessel upon the whole surface of the sea, and he became fearful of perishing with hunger on this desert island. He felt the necessity of managing his provisions with care, in order to make them last as long as

GOTTFRIED; OR, THE LITTLE HERMIT.

CHAP. IV. THE EXCURSION.

Gottfried being very tired, slept all night long as soundly on his hard bed as he would have done on a bed of down. It is true that at first he was troubled with distressing dreams: he still thought he heard the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the sea, and felt as if he was tumbling about in his boat. At times he thought he was being engulfed in the roaring waves. Again he thought he saw his boat breaking against the points of the rocks; while he vainly endeavoured to save himself from destruction, by climbing up the steep shore. But towards day-break he had a very agreeable dream. He fancied he was returning to his father's house. His parents, his brothers and sisters, were in the garden. The trees were adorned with tender foliage, with rose-cheeked apples, and golden pears, more lovely than any he had ever seen. His father was sitting on the branch of an apple-tree, busy in shaking it. The apples were falling from the tree, and he was carefully collecting them into pretty baskets: as soon as they were gathered they received him with inexpressible joy. His father descended hastily from the tree, and folded him in his arms with the greatest tenderness; his mother offered him the finest of the apples that were heaped up in the baskets.

Just as Gottfried in his pleasant dream, stretched out his hand to take an apple, he awoke, the scream of the sea-birds flying round the high rocks, as day approached, roused him from his slumber. When he opened his eyes and saw the rocks hanging in a threatening manner over his head, when he cast his eyes over the boundless expanse of ocean, where nothing was to be seen but the sea and sky, he shuddered, and he so deeply affected that he began to cry bitterly.

A flock of sea-birds flew off towards the main land, with shrill but joyful cries. "O dear birds," thought Gottfried; "how I wish I could see a greeting to my parents through you! If you could but tell them that I am still alive, and that I am here, surrounded with the sea, my kind father and godfather would, in spite of danger, hazard their own lives to come and seek me out."

However, he summoned up courage, and said his morning prayer with great earnestness, then ate a few walnuts and a bit of bread, for breakfast; after which he resolved to examine minutely the island on which he was cast. "Perhaps," said he, "I shall find some fruit-trees, or some bushes, by the help of which I may be able to live till God pleases to send me help. Nor is it impossible that there may be some men here; they may be acquainted with sailing too, and perhaps, he compassionate enough to carry me back to my home."

He put some bits of bread in his pocket, and placed them carefully so as to turn the buttered side inwards, and added to them as many nuts as his pocket would hold, taking care to get rid of the rind, in order that he might carry the more. After which, he chose a strong willow branch, cut it to a proper length with his hatchet, and began his journey, with his stick and provisions.

It was a dangerous and toilsome journey: he had to scale many a deep rock and often to descend into deep gulches. The whole island indeed, was composed of enormous blocks of a blackish rock, which rose out of the sea, and became steeper and steeper, as they approached the centre of the island: their fearful aspect made his heart beat. He was oftentimes at the bottom of a ravine, without being able to imagine how he should get out, and at last, found himself obliged to retrace his steps. Often, in attempting to climb the rocks, he found them so perpendicular that he could not mount higher; and he ran the greatest risks in getting down again. No traces of human footsteps were to be seen, nor even the marks of any animal's feet. He looked in vain for fruit trees and bushes: nothing was to be found but moss, with which many of the rocks were carpeted. Every here and there he saw some clumps of fir-trees, mere shrubs, which hardly grew on this stony soil. "O God!" said he, shuddering, and looking sorrowfully up to heaven, "if I stay longer in this frightful desert, without doubt I shall die of hunger."

Nevertheless, he continued his laborious exertion, hoping that things would improve. The sun darted its rays upon the rocks with great force: the perspiration ran down from his brow, and he began to be tormented with thirst; while the dry and barren rock seemed scorched with fire. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "perhaps I shall perish by thirst before I die of hunger. Have pity upon me, O God!" A few steps further he heard the murmur of a stream, and ran towards it immediately. The spring was scanty, but the water was pure and as clear as a crystal. He sat down to it, to rest himself, and then drank at his ease. He ate some of his slices of bread and butter, with a few nuts, and then took another draught: he had never thought before that water was so great a blessing—water, of which we think so little, because we are so abundantly provided with it. "Great God," said he, "how good thou art! how I thank thee for this delicious drink! However long I may be here, I shall not want for something to drink. But will my bread and nuts last long? Yet thou, who hast not allowed that I should die of thirst, will keep me from dying of hunger. All the helps thou hast hitherto given me, as my mother used to say, an earnest of fresh blessing." He then walked up the stream and found a small wood, whose trees were fresh and in good leaf: it was there, out of a rock, that the clear spring issued. The rock rose to a great height and it took Gottfried, a good half-hour to reach the top of it; and, when he had accomplished the ascent, he found that he was on the highest part of the island. He shuddered at seeing an immense extent of sharp-pointed rocks at his feet, varied only by patches of fir-trees, and entirely surrounded by water. "I am, then, quite alone here," said he, "separated from all men by these waves, which spread themselves out farther than I can see. I am, so to speak, an exile on this wild and barren island; but I will not despair. The God who snatched me from the sea, which the tempest raised, is able to save me now. I will make my bed down there by the spring, and I will carry my provisions and my tools thither; but every day I will come and sit on the top of this rock, and will look out for a vessel which chance may bring this way, and which may carry me back to the main land."

The setting sun lit up the distant horizon. Gottfried thought he saw the mountains of his native land, shining like gold and purple. He gazed at the prospect, with his eyes filled with tears, and said, "Thou my heavenly father, who hast cast me on this island, far from my own country; that who in spite of the storm hast conducted my boat hither, thou canst easily direct the course of the largest ship in such a manner that the crew would come to my relief, even though they know not of my existence, and carry me back to my own dear land. To thee nothing is impossible. I put my confidence in thy mercy."

He left the rock with a calm mind, entered the thicket, lay down among the fir-bushes, on some soft and tender moss; and his eyes were soon closed in peaceful sleep.

possible: he took his knife, and cut his bread into slices; one of which was to be his daily portion.—Each piece he ate was stale, and hard as a stone; and he was obliged to soak it in the stream before he could eat it. He counted over his walnuts with more care than a miser would his gold; and he ate very few a day. He never ate enough to satisfy himself, and yet his bread and nuts diminished visibly by day. At last the day came, on which he was forced to eat his last nut and his last bit of bread. That night he went to sleep in tears, and awoke the next morning suffering from hunger.

He began to search all over the island for roots and herbs fitted for satisfying his hunger; but, as the soil was rocky, he found but few; only near the spring he found a little water-cress. He eagerly ate up the green leaves and the juicy stalks, and gathered all of the sea that he could find, from the head of the spring to the sea; but the whole was insufficient to appease his hunger. Exhausted from want of food, he sat down on a rock by the sea-shore, and looked across towards the main land. "O God!" exclaimed he, "how many blessings did I receive from thee on that shore, without being grateful for them, without thinking thee for them from the bottom of my heart! There, bread, that precious gift, proceeds from out of the earth. There are found trees which bend down their branches, laden with dainty apples and delicious pears, offering themselves, as it were, to our reach. There, rivers of milk and honey flowed for me. Forgive me, if I have not thanked thee as I ought to have done! I have, we do not feel the value of our blessings until we have lost them!"

Whilst he thus spoke, he perceived, through the transparent sea-water, a number of small fish, with red scales and black eyes, swimming gaily. "Ah," said he, "how I wish I could catch some of these, to appease the hunger which torments me! But I have got no nets, and it is impossible to catch them in my hand." It was a great grief to Gottfried to see these fish so close to him without being able to catch them, as he only knew how to fish with nets.

At this very moment a little bird alighted on a fir tree, which grew out of the rock near the spot, and was reflected in the sea. This little bird had a small worm in his beak. "Heavenly Father," cried Gottfried, "thou feedest the birds of the air, even as thy Son hath said, and as I see now with my own eyes.—O do not let me, a poor helpless child, die of hunger." The little bird took the writhing worm against the branch of the tree, but the worm fell into the sea: the fish immediately ran in shoals up to it, and one of them devoured it. "Well," said Gottfried, "if a worm were fastened to a thread, and a fish swallow it, I might, perhaps, by means of the thread draw the fish out of the water." His straw hat was lying by his side: Gottfried unravelled the riband that his sister had fastened round it, formed a long line of it, looked about for a worm, tied it to the line, and threw it into the water; but the fish were not in too great a hurry to seize upon it. He then fastened it to his stick, and let the worm down into the water: a fish darted forward immediately, and swallowed it; but Gottfried pulled back the line without either worm or fish. "I see this will not do," said he: "I must put a hook to the line, and then perhaps the fish will come up hanging to it." He took a pin with which the riband had been fastened to his straw hat, bent it, tied the string tightly round its head, put a small worm on the hook, and then threw it into the sea.

A little fish swallowed it directly. Gottfried pulled it out quickly; and what was his joy at seeing a little silver fish struggling at the hook! He took this one off, and tried again, but without always succeeding; however, he had soon caught about half a dozen little fish, and his happiness may be imagined. Amongst the utensils that had been in the boat was a tinder-box, a flint, and a tinder: he collected some dry sticks and kindled a fire, in order to broil his little fish; and, after having suffered from hunger, he was able once more to appease it: he fell on his knees and thanked God for it. Gottfried was delighted with this discovery, now and fished every day.

From the top of the rock, where he sat, he saw some larger fish swimming in the water. "O," said he, "if I could catch one of those, I might live upon it several days." He was quite aware that such fish could not be caught with so weak a line and so small a hook as his, and he pondered on the means of getting a stronger hook. After a little while he recollected there were a great many long nails sticking in the planks of the boat. So he ran down to the remains of the boat, drew a nail from one of the planks, sharpened it carefully on a stone, bent it into a hook, placed a line with the threads of his linen handkerchief, fastened the hook to it, stuck a great worm on the hook, and, to his great joy, succeeded in catching a large fish.

But Gottfried soon saw that his invention was far from being complete: it often happened that a fish, though drawn out of the water, would struggle so successfully as to get back into it again. Having from his infancy been eager to learn, and observant of things around him, he remembered that he had once seen an arrow in the hands of a sportsman, and that he asked him why it was provided with a barb; and the sportsman had told him that it was for the purpose of keeping the arrow in the wound, as the barb prevented it from falling out; so Gottfried tried to barb one of his hooks: his two hatchets served him for hammer, anvil, and pincers. It cost him infinite pains and labor to fashion his barbed hook; but, having at last succeeded in so doing, it rarely happened that he lost a fish he had once hooked.

Many defects remained, however, to be avoided: it was very inconvenient for the little fisherman to keep his line always at the same height, and to give all his attention to see whether the fish took the bait, and then to withdraw the line immediately. One day it so happened that a bit of wood got under his line, and he found that he was not then obliged to hold his arm up at the same height, because the bit of wood prevented the hook from touching the ground; and he also saw that the wood made known to him, by its motion, the very moment that the fish bit, and he could then withdraw his line at the proper moment; so he tied a little bit of wood to his line, and, from this time, fishing became a real amusement to him.—Experience and reflection taught him many other things besides; and he thanked God for having given to men such intelligence as to make them capable of inventing such useful things.

Nevertheless, Gottfried again suffered from want, and was greatly tormented with hunger for several days. The sea became so stormy that it was impossible for him to angle. The waves rose into the air with such a noise that he was even afraid of coming down to the shore: he then began to consider how he might guard against such scarcity in future, and it came into his head to make a little enclosure for his fish. He found, at no great distance from the spring, a hollow, formed by the rocks, into which he carried the stream to flow; and the pool was soon full of water: he put the fish that he caught into it; and he soon made considerable store, so that he no longer feared being short of food. "O how happy I am," said he, "now that I am not afraid of dying with hunger. How I thank thee, most merciful God! I shall now remain willingly in this island as long as thou dost order it; when thou in thine own good time, wilt use the proper means of delivering me from my captivity!"

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LAND SCRIP

FOR SALE BY A. B. TOWNLEY, Land and House Agent, 130, KING STREET, TORONTO. [423-1] BANK STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD BY A. B. TOWNLEY, Land and House Agent, &c. 130, KING STREET, TORONTO. [423-1] WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS. DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS, Wellington Buildings, CORNER OF KING AND CHURCH STREETS. Toronto, February 9, 1845. 391-1f

G. & T. BILTON, MERCHANT TAILORS, NO. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING STREET, TORONTO. [LATE T. J. PRESTON.] 397 OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, COACH BUILDERS, FROM LONDON, CORNER OF PRINCESS AND BARRIE STREETS, KING ST. TORONTO. 399-1f A. McCORPHEE, UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER, AT MR. ELLIOTT'S, KING STREET, COBURG. Sofas, Couches, and Chairs, stuffed and neatly repaired; Mattresses and Pillows always on hand; Curtains and Carpets cut and made to order. 391-1y

FOR SALE, BANK STOCK, LAND SCRIP, &c. BY EDWARD G. O'BRIEN, CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. Current Prices of Bank and other Stocks, as well as Rates of Exchange, &c., may be ascertained on application to the above. 339-1f

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:—

Manvers, District of Newcastle 10000 acres. Mariposa, " " 10000 " Hamilton, " " 12000 " Cranberry, " " 6000 " Percy, " " 8000 " Murray, " " 20000 " Hope, " " 11000 " Selkirk, " " 3000 " Clarke, " " 3000 " Darlington, " " 1000 " Cartwright, " " 1500 " Carleton Place, " " 4100 " Emory, District of Colborne, " " 8000 " Ops, " " 6000 " Verulam, " " 6000 " Ennismore, " " 7000 " Smith's, " " 5000 " Onondaga, " " 7000 "

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 same terms as the first mentioned.

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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names and partial advertisements.