

Poetry.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

Why speak they so lightly when death,
Dishonours man's mortal abode,
Which Jehovah inspired by his breath,
And the Saviour redeemed by his blood?

Though but casket of clay to enshrine
A gem of ethereal ray,
It was framed by a power divine,
And shall last when earth's glories decay.

This fabric so fearfully made,
Shall but shrink in the grave for a while,
To revive in new glories arrayed,
Where no change shall its lustre defile.

It is sown in corruption and shame,
As a seed to decay it is sown;
It is raised where no sorrow, nor blame,
Nor dishonour, nor weakness is known.

It is sown in man's weakness of earth,
It is raised, blessed Saviour, like thine,
With the radiance of heavenly birth—
Immortal, and all but divine.

Then the soul in her deathless behest,
Shall forgive her once treacherous friend,
And again be her tenant and guest,
In a friendship that never shall end.

Dublin Record.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

April 7.—First Sunday after Easter.
14.—Second Sunday after Easter.
21.—Third Sunday after Easter.
25.—St. Mark's Day.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. XX.—THE CANADIAN LAKE.

During a very severe winter in British North America, I was much delighted to trace all the splendid phenomena of frost and thaw. The intensity of the first was inconceivable by any who have not experienced it; consequently a description would, to some readers, be incredible. The beauty and magnificence displayed in many instances through the operation of the latter, were captivating. On one occasion, I was watching the struggle between a full volume of water flowing in from the sea, through the channel of a noble river, and the blocks of ice that, though broken, still disputed the passage; and tracing the process by which, as I knew, the grand rivers of that region were cleared of their obstructions, I called to mind a small, beautiful lake embosomed in the woods a few miles from my dwelling, and so completely land locked, that it was impossible for the broken ice to find an outlet. I also knew the depth and solidity of the congealed mass, and that it must require a length of time to dissolve such a body, where woods and hills overshadowed it from the sun's ray. Mentioning this difficulty to a friend, he gave me the following solution:—

"The lake of which you speak, and others like it, are frozen more deeply and firmly than you suppose; and if no method of removing the ice, except by dispersion or solution, had been provided, the dwellers in their vicinity would be in a pitiable plight. But a most extraordinary phenomenon, such as you would never imagine, is connected with the subject, and I will endeavour to describe it. As the season advances for setting the waters free, the surface of the frozen lake is observed to become porous; and this increases, until it almost resembles a honey-comb. Some indications are then perceived round the edges, so well understood by the surrounding people, that they can calculate with tolerable exactness when the expected event will take place, and many assemble to witness the singular spectacle. It usually occurs in a bright day, when the sun is high. With a mighty crash, the ice at once separates from the banks to which it had adhered, the water bubbles up through thousands and thousands of the little apertures that I have described; and the ponderous mass, thus broken from its hold and overwhelmed, sinks, with a sound resembling no other that I have heard, to the bed of the lake.

"It is a moment of great joy to the spectators, who have suffered many inconveniences from the lengthened frost: and the blue waters dancing freely in the sunshine, seem to participate in their delight. You may imagine what a change passes over the face of the country; and bird and beast hastening to quaff the tide, while the Indian prepares to launch his canoe, and the hunter exchanges his weary circuit for a light paddle across the lake. I have stood for a whole day enjoying the scene,—not one of the least wonderful in this land of wintry wonders." Had circumstances allowed it, I should have been found among the watchers for the enfranchisement of the waters; but I was disappointed. The description, however, made an impression on my mind that I could not afford to lose. Obstructions have often been thrown across my path, as insurmountable by any power of mine as the deep, thick, solid body of ice was unremovable by human hand; and I have looked around, and seeing no way open, have been on the point of yielding to despondency, the offspring of unbelief, when a thought of the Canadian lake has revived my confidence, and enabled me to cast anew all my care upon Him, who has given me proofs, as unnumbered as the sands, that he careth for me. Almighty to deliver and to save there is no restraint with him; but without causing events to diverge from the wonted calm and orderly course of his providential government, he puts aside whatsoever menaces the security of his people; forcing them to acknowledge that glorious proclamation of his name and attribute, "I am the Lord: I change not."

And if in the temporary difficulties of this life, how much more strikingly does the type apply to that which is of eternal moment! Tied and bound in the chains of its sins, the soul lies pressed under that ponderous burden; no way of deliverance open, no hope of casting off the frozen fetter. The sun may shine on all besides, and all other things may fill their sphere of usefulness; but the spirit, conscious of its own hopeless imprisonment, can neither itself rejoice in the light of heaven, nor minister refreshment to those around. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" is a query that could never be answered, had not the Lord provided a way inconceivably wonderful, perfect, and sure. He speaks the word and the fetter falls: the dark and heavy burden of sins is "cast into the depths of the sea," no more to be seen or remembered but in connexion with the stupendous deliverance wrought. The freed spirit swells and sparkles in the gladness of unclouded day; and hastens to glorify the God of its salvation, by communicating to others, as a good steward, the manifold gifts received from him,—this its present and never failing theme of gratitude and confidence: "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?"

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

To the Reformation we owe it, that a knowledge of religion has kept pace in the country with other knowledge; and that, in the general advance of science, and the general appetite for enquiry, this paramount principle of all has been placed in a position to require nothing but a fair field and no favor, in order to assert its just pretensions. We are here embarrassed by no dogmas of corrupt and unenlightened times, still riveted upon our reluctant acceptance by an idea of papal or synodical infallibility; but stand with the Bible in our hands, prepared to abide by the doctrines we can discover in it, because furnished with evidences for its truth (thanks to the Reformation for this also) which appeal to the understanding, and to the understanding only; so that no man competently acquainted with them need shrink from the encounter of the infidel, or feel, for a moment, that his faith is put to shame by his philosophy. Infidelity there may be in the country, for there will ever be men who will not trouble themselves to examine the grounds of their religion, and men who will not dare to do it; but how far more intense would it have been, and more dangerous, had the spirit of the times been, in other respects, what it is, and the Reformation yet to come, religion yet to be exonerated of weights which sunk it heretofore in this country, and still sink it in countries around us; inquiry to be resisted in an age of curiosity; opinions to be bolstered up (for they may not be retracted) in an age of incredulity; and pagans to be addressed to the senses, instead of arguments to the reason, in an age which, at least calls itself profound! As it is, we have nothing to conceal; nothing to evade; nothing to impose; the reasonableness, as well as righteousness, of our reformed faith, recommends it; and whatever may be the shocks it may have to sustain from scoffs, and doubts, and clamour, and licentiousness, and seditious tongues, and an abused press, it will itself, we doubt not, prevail against them all, and save, too (as we trust), the nation which has cherished it, from the terrible evils, both moral, social and political, that come of a heart of unbelief.—Rev. I. J. Blunt.

WINDHAM.

Such is the fate which attends political not less than literary distinction, that the name of Windham, upon whom some of his contemporaries considered the mantle of Burke to have fallen, is rapidly fading from the history of senatorial eloquence. Wraxall says, that while yielding to his illustrious competitor in general and classical acquirements, he equalled him in splendour of imagery, affluence of language and elevation of fancy. When Sir Arthur Wellesley, after the battle of Talavera, had been raised to the dignity of Viscount, Windham observed "that he disapproved of Sir Arthur's being thus elevated over a whole gradation of the peerage, because if he made two more such leaps, the Red Book would not hold him." He was a Canning without the polish. * * *

When visiting Cromer Hall, Wilberforce examined with great interest the books containing the marks made by Windham in the perusal. His mind, he said, was in the last degree copious; the soil was so fertile, seratch where you pleased up came white clover. He added that he possessed many of the qualities of a hero, but that his predominant fault as a statesman consisted in his antipathy to the popular side of a question. He describes him as a most wretched "man of business, without precision or knowledge of details, even in his own measures."

When Wilberforce was at the lakes in 1818, he was shown Dr. Johnson's affecting farewell to Windham:—"May you and I find some humble place in the better world, where we may be admitted as penitent sinners. Farewell; God bless you for Christ's sake, my dear Windham." Johnson entertained the highest opinion of his talents. Writing to Dr. Brocklesby, from Ashbourne, in 1784, he says, "Windham has been here to see me. He came, I think, forty miles out of his way, and stayed about a day and a half; perhaps I make the time shorter than it was. Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is inter stellas luna minores.—Church of England Quarterly Review.

The Garner.

THE GREAT COURT OF INQUIRY.

God hath warned us that the inquiry into every man's conduct will be public.—Christ himself the Judge, and the whole race of man, and the whole angelic host, spectators of the awful scene. Before that assembly every man's good deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins disclosed. As no elevation of rank will then give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition shall exclude the just from public honour, or screen the guilty from public shame. Opulence will find itself no longer powerful, poverty will be no longer weak; birth will no longer be distinguished, meanness will no longer pass unnoticed. The rich and poor will indeed strangely meet together; when all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear, and the conqueror and his captive, the monarch and his subject, the lord and his vassal, the statesman and the peasant, the philosopher and the unlettered hind, shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions. The characters and actions of the greatest and the meanest have, in truth, been equally important, and equally public; while the eye of the omniscient God hath been equally upon them all,—while all are at last equally brought to answer to their common Judge, and the angels stand around spectators, equally interested in the dooms of all. The sentence of every man will be pronounced by him who cannot be merciful to those who shall have willingly sold themselves to that abject bondage from which he died to purchase their redemption,—who, nevertheless, having felt the power of temptation, knows to pity them that have been tempted; by him on whose mercy contrite frailty may rely—whose anger hardened impenitence must dread. To heighten the solemnity and terror of the business, the Judge will visibly descend from heaven,—the shout of the arch-angels and the trumpet of the Lord will thunder through the deep,—the dead will awake,—the glorified saints will be caught up to meet the Lord in air; while the wicked will, in vain, call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover them. Of the day and hour when these things shall be, knoweth no man; but the day and hour for these things are fixed in the eternal Father's counsels. Our Lord will come,—he will come unlooked for, and he may come sooner than we think.—Bishop Horsley.

PATIENCE.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility; patience

governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom.—Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and improves the man; she is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age. Behold her appearance and her attire! Her countenance is calm and serene as the face of heaven unspotted by the shadow of a cloud, and no wrinkle of grief or anger is seen in her forehead. Her eyes are as the eyes of doves for meekness, and on her eye-brows sit cheerfulness and joy. Her mouth is lovely in silence, her complexion and colour that of innocence and security; while, like the virgin, the daughter of Zion, she shakes her head at the adversary, despising and laughing him to scorn. She is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and in her hand she holds a sceptre in the form of a Cross. She rides not in the whirlwind and stormy tempest of passion, but her throne is the humble and contrite heart, and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace.—Bishop Horne (from Tertullian).

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is that light which God hath set up in every intelligent and rational creature to direct them, admonish and censure them; it exercises the office of a lawgiver in directing them; of a monitor and witness to advertise or testify for or against them; of a judge to sentence them. Conscience is the clearest beam of divine light, and of the image of God in the soul of man; it is the purest fountain of morality, and that which most hardly admits of a wrong bias. When men are most corrupt in their judgments, vicious in their wills and affections, debauched in their profane practices; yet their conscience will still check and challenge them.—Conscience is a light which God hath set up in man to be a witness. The malice of devils and men cannot totally extinguish it, but of necessity they must believe there is a God to judge and punish them, notwithstanding all their endeavours to extinguish this light, and of their desires to believe that there is not a God. They may sear, cauterize, and stupify their conscience; yet, as a drunken man, it awaketh out of sleep, though it speak not distinctly and efficaciously. So much, however, shall they know by the voice, and smatterings of it, that it is alive. Conscience is either the best friend, or the worst enemy a man hath.—Archbishop Leighton.

SACRAMENTS.

God did not think it fit that man should be absolutely happy in the state of innocence, without revealed religion and the use of sacraments. For the discovery of what was good and evil was to proceed from a continued communication of divine wisdom, which would have been equivalent to a revelation; and the trees of knowledge and of life were truly sacramental; they were outward and visible signs, and means of grace, which is the true notion of a sacrament. And then judge with yourselves what pride and folly it is for any in this corrupted estate to pretend that they are too spiritual for such, or that they need them not in order to communion with God. Man, in his state of perfection needed them, how much more must we in our present condition of corruption and aversion from God? Let us not therefore despise or abuse them. Death was the consequence of the violation of the sacramental tree, and the same is threatened as the punishment of our abusing the Christian Sacraments; 1 Cor. ii. 29.—He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. The neglecting of them is no less penal; John iii. 5.—Except a man be born of water and the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. And John vi. 53.—Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. These are expressly offered to us in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and we are sure in that the faithful feed on them. And though their feeding may not be confined to the use of the outward elements, yet whoever rejects them, debars himself of the spiritual food communicated by them: for when God has appointed means to obtain a blessing, it is reasonable to believe that he will never grant it to those who neglect or contemn them.—Archbishop King.

MIND AND MATTER.

The superiority of mind to matter has often been the theme of eloquence to moralists. For what were all the wonders of the latter and all its glories, without a spectator mind that could intelligently view and that could tastefully admire them? Let every eye be irrevocably closed, and this were equivalent to the entire annihilation in nature of the element of light; and, in like manner, if the light of all consciousness were put out in the world of mind,—the world of matter, though as rich in beauty, and in the means of benevolence as before, were thereby reduced to a virtual nonentity. In these circumstances, the lighting up again of even but one mind would restore its being, or at least its significance, to that system of materialism, which, untouched itself, had just been desolated of all those beings in whom it could kindle reflection, or to whom it could minister the sense of enjoyment. It were tantamount to the second creation of it—or, in other words, one living intelligent spirit is of higher reckoning and mightier import than a dead universe.—Dr. Chalmers.

TEST OF A TRUE CHURCH.

When a Church records its faith in a short, simple and comprehensive creed, embodies that creed in a living form of prayer, and appeals to the Bible as its sole authority in all things, it deprives itself of the power to cloak an error. It stands forth in the light, that all its deeds may be approved. If it be wrong, if it teach for doctrine the commandments of men, it cannot evade its responsibility; for here is the recorded tenet from which it cannot shrink, and there the standard by which it must be tried. Sure to be assailed with a force and ingenuity which nothing but truth can resist, if it endure the assaults of talent and learning through ages, yet stand in its purity and strength, admired by the wisest, and loved by the best of men, we may be sure that God is with it.—Osler's Church and King.

Advertisements.

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THIS School, agreeably to a previous announcement, will be re-opened on Thursday, the 10th instant, in the District School-house, in this City, under the superintendence of MARCUS C. CROMBIE.

In presenting himself, in his official capacity, to this enlightened community, and in soliciting a share of their patronage, Mr. C. respectfully begs leave to intimate, that he has, for upwards of eighteen years, been an approved and a successful Teacher in Canada,—seven, in the Montreal Royal Grammar School; eight, Master of the Montreal Academic Seminary; and, for the last three years and upwards, Master of the Prince Edward District School.—As soon as the School warrants the expense, competent Assistants, French and Drawing Masters, will be engaged.

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M. C. CROMBIE,	Principal.
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THE REV. R. V. ROGERS, Rector of Richmond, Bathurst District, has a vacancy in his family for another THEOLOGICAL STUDENT, Application, if by letter, to be post paid. Parsonage, Richmond, January 14 h, 1839. 32—1f.

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