

Poetry.

THE OLD CROW.

(From the Newhaven Church Chronicle and Record.)

The following stanzas were reflections on an old crow, who was seated upon a tree during one of our late snow storms.

Why sit you there my dusky friend / Mid the fierce driving snow? / 'Twill force, me thinks, ere long, to bend / Thy stout old heart! yet slow / Thy measured "caw" booms bravely by / As if you laughed at us.

High up on yonder oak's strong arm, / Right sturdy you stand; / Feeding and caring naught for harm, / From hunter's treach'rous hand; / Thy bearing could would tell us thou / Art Lord of this whole land.

Thy crest of jet is waxing white, / Art prematurely old? / Have sorrows and fate found thee right? / Are friends and fortune cold? / And art thou bearing bravely up / 'Gainst evils manifold?

And canst thou see thro' this wild storm / The bright and sunny spring? / And does the sight thy bosom warm, / And nerve thy ailing wing? / All thy old fears thoughts forgot, / Make thee rejoice and sing!

Art thou left all alone, old crow? / Where is thy noisy crew? / That in the summer months agone, / Here in this old wood flew? / For southern elms and southern corn / Have they forsaken you?

Thus on the summit, seated, and bare, / Of this old world we stand; / And hopes like withered leaves—once fair— / Lie strown on every hand; / And clouds and storms around; and gone / Our once true-hearted band.

But we beyond life's wintry day / Can see a fairer shore; / Where earth-born sorrows fade away; / And vexing thoughts are o'er; / Where Heaven's eternal spring-time reigns, / And joy for evermore.

Thou hast no store of daily food; / But fixed on Heaven thine eye, / Where be the fountain of all good / Heals the young ravens cry; / If this wild storm is pelting thee, / He will not see thee die!

And why fear we to trust that hand— / Forever open wide— / Which made, preserved, and makes us stand / Whatever ills betide? / Will He not care to feed and clothe, / Who for our souls hath died?

Sing on old friend! tho' rough thy voice, / It cheers my spirit so; / To hear thee sing thy noisy joys, / While storms around thee blow, / Thou hast a strong and valiant heart, / Tho' but a bird, old crow!

And thy deep lesson to my heart / I shall not soon forget; / When from all earthly friends I part, / And joy's bright sun grow dim; / How with firm soul and manly brow, / Life's woes are to be met.

I thank thee for thy lessons all; / And, years to come, old crow, / When storms of sorrow on me fall— / Of pains and griefs aloud / I'll think I hear thy mighty voice / As in this storm of snow.

A CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES OF WICKLIFF.

(From the New York Churchman.)

It was not many years before the death of Edward the Third, that there resided in the city of York, a famous master of handicraft—one Walter Gower by name, and a sculptor in wood and stone by profession.

A cheery, pleasant man was Walter Gower. His artistic skill no man could gain say; whilst all his neighbours proclaimed him a frank-hearted soul and a good citizen.

Particularly cheerful and merry was Walter on the present occasion. It was a bright, fresh morning in December, a day or two before the festival of Christmas, and he had walked out into a neighbouring forest, to gather some branches of ivy and holly to decorate his dwelling. He had accomplished his task, and was returning homeward, laden with an armful of glossy ivy and green holly, humming, as he walked briskly along, the burden of an old Christmas carol.

In the midst of this glee and good humour, his ear was suddenly awakened by the sound of something approaching his path. It was the quick patter of tiny feet, together with a childish voice, beseeching him to stay his footsteps "for mercy's sake!" He looked around, and saw a young girl, whose face was as white as paper, and whose hands were as cold as marble.

"What do you desire of me, my little maiden; what do you seek at my hands?" said Walter, with his wonted kindness and frankness of speech, and with more than usual interest depicted in his honest face. "What is it you are so importunate about?" "Some holy father to shrive my dear mother ere she die," replied the child. "I am no priest," answered Walter. "Nay, if you be not one, come but with me to my dying parent, you can minister some herb or healing potion that may compose her sufferings," was the continued entreaty. "Again, I say I am neither priest nor leech; nevertheless, I will see to my mother—mayhap I can render some service." And so saying, Walter threw down his armful of Christmas greens, and bade the gipsy child "lead on!"

Our chance companions then set out together. Their path lay beside the skirts of the neighbouring forest, now leafless, yet made vocal with the solemn anthems of the December wind, as it sighed through the short and gnarled branches of many an ancient oak. Passing out of these forest glades, they entered into—what in summer time would have been—a secluded dell. At the termination of a devious foot-path, they came to a rude, constructed little hermitage, surmounted by a stony cross, which was overgrown with emerald-looking moss and green lichens. This singular structure had been the comfortable abode of a harmless anchoress for many years; but since death had been deserted and was fast going to ruin.

I know not who this reverend father may be," she continued, addressing herself to the child, "who came so readily and graciously at a poor outcast's bidding; I met him journeying on the road to Beverley."

"Then I can tell you," said Walter, who had been listening most intently during this conversation. "I can tell thee who is within, now that I hear that familiar voice; and you need not be surprised at this act of kindness when I tell thee, thou hast brought hither Master John Wickliffe."

"God reward him!" exclaimed the gipsy woman. "May the gipsy's God bless him!" "Amen to that prayer," again responded Walter. There was now a silent interval. The speakers embraced it, and entered noiselessly into the cell together.

The interior of the cave presented a scene both remarkable and impressive. In a corner of this cheerless apartment, upon the cold, damp earth, with nothing to lie upon, save a few dry leaves and rushes, and a fragment of coarse frieze, lay the dying gipsy. A handfull of brands were blazing in the centre of the apartment, which threw a lurid glare upon the ghastly countenance of the death-stricken. Close beside the woman, and in the attitude of prayer, was seen the form of Wickliffe, habited in the clerical costume of the time. His robes were ample, and flowing in their fashion, which imparted a singular dignity to his figure. But his countenance—how expressive and characteristic of his benign soul! and, lit up as it now was with mild serenity, whilst assuaging the bitter pains of dissolution, it seemed truly to indicate and reveal the just and righteous Reformer.

A most thrilling scene was this to the silent spectators. The child had now overcome the awe and terror which had started her at beholding death for the first time; she approached the side of the dying woman. The wretched gipsy stretched out her feeble arms to embrace the child. This seemed her last effort; she gazed wildly at the serene countenance of Wickliffe, who seemed to comprehend that anxious look, whilst he uttered, audibly, the words, "God speed thy soul, daughter!" A faint smile for a moment kindled up the rigid countenance of the woman—a convulsive shiver shook her frame—her eyes glared with unearthly vividness around, then closed again. A feeble shriek startled the little group assembled near the departing one, whose troubled spirit, in another moment, fled from this fleeting world for ever.

It was not until that moment that Wickliffe's eye met that of Walter Gower, but it was at the same time a look of kind recognition. They were no strangers to each other. Both were born in the same place, not far from Richmond, in Yorkshire. They had been playmates in infancy, and had passed the days of boyhood together. Boyhood sport and boyhood adventure had at length given place to other views and prospects. Events had separated, and made their paths in life as opposite as their respective dispositions and characters originally indicated.

Walter was placed with a cunning workman in art, whilst Wickliffe's ardent desire was to covet book-craft. He became a student very early in life, and his parents subsequently sent him to Queen's College, Oxford—a seminary then recently founded by Queen Philippa, wife of Edward the Third. Here he soon distinguished himself by his indefatigable application to study. The two friends had frequently met, however, in after-life. Their respective pursuits, diverse as they were, had nevertheless brought them constantly into contact; whilst neither party had ever forgotten their boyhood fellowship and acts of mutual assistance when they had been in perils, whilst sporting together in the river Tees. This explanation will account for the quick recognition of Wickliffe by Walter, already noticed. The latter individual was at this time engaged in executing some embellishments for the choir of York Minster; indeed, his skill had been found indispensable in the decorative part of that edifice. Wickliffe's professional duties had made it necessary for him to be at Beverley during the festival of Christmas, and thus it was that the friends met at this moment. It is not therefore surprising that they greeted each other with pleasure, whilst Wickliffe thus addressed Walter:

"Good Walter, thou wast but this instant in my thoughts. I need thy services; wilt thou aid me in protecting this child?" At the same time Wickliffe laid his hand upon the head and thick clustering locks of golden hair, which fell over the shoulders of the little messenger, who had conducted Walter to the abode of death. "But before I ask so important a matter of thee," he continued, "let me put thee into possession of my reasons for requesting this charitable debt at thy hands."

So saying, Wickliffe revealed to Walter the dying confession of the gipsy woman—that the beautiful child, on whose slender hair his hand rested—was stolen!

"I thought as much!" exclaimed Walter. "There can be no gipsy blood in so fair a brow! But whence and from whom was she stolen?" "That I am unable to answer," was the reply of Wickliffe, who stated, that when he arrived at the hermitage he found life fast ebbing from the woman; that she spoke very intelligibly; all he could glean was, that the child had been stolen by her. She had doubtless thought she had made him understand from whom; but it had not been possible to hear anything distinctly. She had succeeded, however, in making him comprehend that it was her last wish that the stolen child should be restored. This she had engaged to do, if it were possible or practicable. At the same time he exhibited a very curious amulet, attached to a golden chain, which he said the woman put into his hands, and intimated that it belonged to the little girl.

"This may possibly lead to the discovery of the parents; therefore I place it in thy keeping," said Wickliffe. "In the mean time wilt thou cooperate with me in rescuing this little one from vile degradation and a gipsy life? Afferte Domino—bring unto the Lord! Verily, by so doing, thou shalt have thy reward in this world; and in that which is to come recompense shall not be wanting."

"Reward! recompense! good Master Wickliffe?" replied Walter, with energy; "I may well light upon the head of the catfish who looks for reward or recompense, when his own heart and good Master Wickliffe teaches him his duty! Reward, recompense, for this small matter?—never mind! I am well content in protecting the friendless."

"Be it as thou wilt," replied Wickliffe; "nevertheless, I tell thee thou shalt assuredly have thy reward." And with these words the conversation ended. The attendant gipsy woman made no objection to the present disposal of the child. The deceased was removed and interred by her tribe, and the little *dées* or disciple of Wickliffe, whose name was Edith, quickly constituted one of the family of the worthy Walter Gower.

Often would the passing pilgrim, or the straggling forester, as he returned through this secluded dell, stop and accost the little maiden, and inquire what mysterious page could so interest a child. Her answers were always so winning and sweetly expressed, that the traveller would lay aside his staff, the forester his tough-strung bow, or perchance throw down his burden of noble deer, and listen to Edith, as she read a page from this wonderful book—a chapter from the Gospels, Wickliffe had given her. Her auditors, in their simplicity, would hardly know which to wonder at most, the marvellous words of Holy Writ, or the female prodigy who was thus able to understand that of which, it was then thought, only learned clerks and divines had any knowledge. Walter Gower would thus frequently find Edith engaged and surrounded, as he sought her in the evening, often with quite a group around her, composed of pilgrims, rangers, and foresters.

But soon were these pleasant moments disturbed. An edict from the ecclesiastical tribunal was proclaimed: it declared it heresy to read the Bible!—Edith and her simple audience no longer met together in public. The reading of Holy Writ was now done stealthily and in secret. But the edict fell heavily upon Walter Gower. It had been ascertained that he had long aided and abetted others in disseminating the translations of Wickliffe. From that moment he was an attainted person, and held in secret mistrust. He resolved, therefore, to leave York, and seek an asylum elsewhere. This, through the kind influence of Wickliffe, was easily effected.

Some years had passed, and Walter was quietly settled in London, pursuing his usual avocations. Edith had reached womanhood, but nothing had yet transpired to reveal her parentage. She was not only remarkable for the usual accomplishments which adorn her sex, but she might be considered a learned woman, possessing very rare gifts and endowments. One of these unusual talents was her superior knowledge of the penman's art. No clerk nor monkish scribe in London could excel her in the beauty of her manuscripts. She could also illustrate, embellish, and decorate them with wonderful designs. Many of her countrymen were indebted to her art and industry for the reading of the Bible; for Wickliffe at this time was busied engaged in disseminating his translations of the Scriptures, in fragments or portions, and Edith was of great assistance to him in making these copies—thus repaying, in some degree, the deep obligation she was under to her kind benefactor and friend.

But a fearful storm was now gathering over the devoted head of that undaunted champion of light and truth—the good and great Wickliffe. Stratagem, menace, and art, severally and ceaselessly, were employed for the purpose of intimidating this fearless and intrepid Reformer. The heresies of Wickliffe, as they were then called, had aroused his enemies, and made them numerous, subtle, and formidable. The numerous swarms of mendicant friars against whom he had waged incessant war, preached against and defamed him. The power was only wanting, to treat his quick and animated body with that fiendish contumely with which the Council of Constance, more than forty years after his death, thought to dishonour his quiet remains, by burning, and then casting them into the brook Swift. His followers, under the name of Lollards, were every where held traitors to the Church and State; until at length the intrepid Reformer himself was cited to appear before the Convocation of St. Paul's, on the third of February, 1377, and answer to certain charges preferred against him.

The result of that celebrated attempt to crush Wickliffe is well known. It terminated in the suspension of the civil and ecclesiastical process against him at that time; he retired unhurt. The excitement then existing, however, was terrible.

The work of reform commenced by Wickliffe against the mendicant friars—the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular tongue, together with his unflinching attack upon the abuses of papal domination, excited the wrath and indignation of the emissaries of Rome. But the good work had been committed to a potent and intrepid spirit—a spirit unquenchable—it could not be put down. The translations of Wickliffe were every where proclaimed "A new revelation of the Word of God!" His remarkable, nay, extraordinary career—when the times in which he lived are considered—raised for him a host of foes; but, at the same time, his friends were potent and numerous. Those friends exulted in being called Wickliffites. Many were powerful and influential noblemen; and it was to a prominent one amongst those distinguished men that the early Reformer was indebted, under God, for that sustained strength which enabled him to breast and buffet the waves of those tempestuous times. And he had great need of all the support that friends and good counsel could command. Those were indeed perilous times—times fraught with imminent danger to the life and doctrine of the great Reformer of his age.

Tumult and disorder followed the breaking up of the celebrated council at St. Paul's. The friendly offices of a noble earl had served Wickliffe on that occasion; nor did he desert him when he left the Cathedral and his witty and subtle judges.

The intense anxiety of Walter Gower and Edith, during the pending difficulties of their good friend may readily be imagined. It absorbed all their thoughts, and awakened their most anxious solicitude; whilst their fervent prayers were continually wafted to heaven for his deliverance. Wickliffe speedily left London to resume his interrupted studies and labours. Whilst thus occupied, several months had rolled by, until the festival of Christmas was once more approaching. A messenger from the brave earl, already alluded to, now found Wickliffe at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. His presence was requested by the earl at his castle in Northumberland, for the purpose of consulting him upon some arrangements connected with a chapel he had just completed. Wickliffe immediately set out upon his visit to his tried friend. After inspecting the interior of this new and beautiful chapel, and giving the desired advice, the Reformer drew from beneath the ample folds of his robe, a superb looking book, and at the same time presented it to the earl as a suitable thank-offering. The earl received the book with many grateful acknowledgements. It was the Gospels, translated by Wickliffe; and most surpassingly beautiful was this rare tome. It was bound in purple velvet, having golden clasps and bosses, highly chased and decorated by some very cunning artificer. It had also the arms of the earl upon the cover, exquisitely embroidered. But if the costliness of the exterior surprised the earl, how much more was he charmed and delighted with the emblazoned manuscript itself. He could not refrain from expressing his wonder and surprise at its rare beauty.

"Whence obtained you this most cunning of all penmen, whose skill surpasses all that my eye ever beheld?" asked the earl. "It is not the work of a man," answered Wickliffe, "but of a woman." The earl was now perfectly amazed. It seemed to him quite a miracle that so exquisite a piece of penmanship could have been done by female hands. "I will give you the history of this rare scribe," said Wickliffe; "it is quite as curious as the written text itself."

Then relate it at our dinner, when my good lady can also hear it; it may serve to divert her melancholy. So saying the earl marshalled Wickliffe to the great hall, where the dinner was at that moment smoking upon the ample and festive board. At the proper time, Wickliffe commenced the history of Edith—for it was her hand, pen, and needle, which had prepared this costly book. During its recital, however, the earl's lady was observed to turn pale, and finally swooned away. The earl, much alarmed, informed Wickliffe that the present illness and long standing melancholy of his lady, was caused by the loss of their daughter when a child; she had been stolen whilst he was absent in the Holy Land. No traces of her had ever been discovered, and she was supposed to have perished long since. This was no rare thing, however, in those days. A light now broke upon the mind of Wickliffe. His dearly cherished *dées* could be no other than the earl's stolen child—the age and other circumstances, all confirmed it. Nay, if anything were wanting to corroborate the fact, the amulet was accurately described, and was at once proof, strong as Holy Writ. There could be none other like it in all England; the earl had obtained it at Jerusalem, to decorate the child. Beside, Wickliffe testified to a slight scar upon the arm of Edith, when he first met her; but it had disappeared with time. This had been caused, it appeared, by a favourite dog, who was wont to be the playmate of fair Edith.

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Thus, in a most extraordinary manner, were the parents of Edith discovered. And quickly did the good earl set off for London to conduct his child to the ancient halls of her ancestors. And never had that banquet-hall witnessed so thrilling a spectacle, as it did on the ensuing Christmas day, when the earl's kindred and friends sat at the festive board; and the health and long life of the recovered Edith—as it was proclaimed—shook the rafters of the oaken ceiling.

It was at this high period of mirth and rejoicing, that Wickliffe left his seat and approached Walter Gower, who was also present at that memorable feast, and thus addressed him. "In times past, I assured thee, thou shouldst have thy reward. Behold, I am commissioned by our host, the noble earl, thus publicly to bestow a gift of land, and other possessions, upon thee and thy ever—'Take thou the deed, and may God's blessing go along with it!' So saying, he handed the legal document to Walter, whilst the old hall rang round with the exclamations of the delighted guests and spectators. And thus endeth the Chronicle. D.

Advertisements.

THE ANNUAL JUST PUBLISHED, and Practice Courts for the year 1842. By JOHN HILKARD CAMERON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. For sale, price 2s. 6d., by the Publishers, H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto, January 24, 1842.

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DR. PRINCE, (Late of Newark). OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DURE STREET. Toronto, 7th August, 1841.

MR. S. WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, KING STREET. Toronto, February 5, 1842.

A. V. BROWN, M.D., SURGEON DENTIST, No. 6, BAY STREET. Toronto, December 31, 1841.

MR. HOPFNER MEYER, AUSTRIAN, HAS REMOVED TO 140, KING STREET, FIRST DOOR WEST OF YONGE STREET. Toronto, June 24, 1842.

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON & JOSEPH WILSON. THE Subscribers desire to their Friends and Customers, as well as the Public generally, to inform them, that the establishment in Toronto; and conveying it mutually advantageous to themselves, they have entered into Partnership—and now offer themselves, under the firm of HAMILTON & WILSON, to execute any work in the Painting, Glazing, Carving, and Gilding, CABINET MAKING, UPHOLSTERY, OR PAPER HANGING BUSINESS.

CABINET-MAKING, UPHOLSTERY, AND PAPER-HANGING. THE Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to the Gentry and Public in general, for the kind support he has received from them for the last twenty-two years, and begs to inform them that he is still carrying on the above business at his old stand, No. 2, Yonge Street, Curled Hair Mattresses, either in Linen or Cotton Ticks, warranted of the best English Curled Hair, at 2s. 8d. per lb. Best price given for live Geese Feathers. Toronto, April 13, 1842. EDWARD ROBSON. 41-1y.

JOHN HART, PAINTER, GLAZIER, GRAINER AND PAPER-HANGER, (LATE OF THE FIRM OF HART & MARSH). RESPECTFULLY returns thanks to the kind support he has received while in partnership, and desires to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. T. FORTY, and begs to inform them, that he is still carrying on the above business, in the most extensive and complete manner, and is determined to continue it, with the same attention and liberal terms, as he has heretofore done. Toronto, 25th May, 1842.

ENGLISH BOOTS AND SHOES. JUST RECEIVED, by consignment, nearly 4,000 pairs of the above articles, made to order, and of the best materials in Europe, and which the Subscriber feels assured require only to be examined to be pronounced the largest, most varied and elegant assortment ever imported into this country.

TO BE SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. A City Building, Situated at the Golden Boot. N.B.—A separate Warehouse is fitted up for the use of Ladies. Toronto, 20th Sep., 1842.

SADDLERY, HARNESS, & TRUNK ESTABLISHMENT. THE Subscriber begs leave to offer to the Gentry and Public of Toronto and its environs every article connected with the various branches of the above business, upon most reasonable terms. J. G. has just arrived from England with an elegant assortment of new patterns, and of the best manufactured Bits, Bridles, and Whips, and also a well selected stock of Saddle and Plain Gigs and Chariot furniture, which he feels confident cannot fail of every satisfaction.

TORONTO AXE FACTORY, HOSPITAL STREET. THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public for past favours, and would respectfully inform them that in addition to the articles of Work, he has purchased the above Establishment, formerly owned by the late HARRY SHARP, and is now manufacturing CAST STEEL AXES of a superior quality, under the supervision of the Factory, or to his Store, 122 King Street, will be thankfully received and promptly executed. Outlery and Edge Tools of every description manufactured to order. Toronto, October 6, 1841.

OWEN MILLER & MILLS, Coach Builders, King Street, Toronto, and Store Street, Kingston. All Carriages built to order warranted two months. Old Carriages taken in exchange. N.B.—Sleighs of every description built to order. 47-1f.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT. ROBERT HAWKE, in tendering his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally, begs to leave to inform them that he has removed his Tailoring Establishment, from his old stand, East side of the Market Square, to WATERLOO BUILDINGS. FOUR DOORS WEST OF THE CHURCH OFFICE, and solicits a continuance of that support which he has heretofore received. His constant study shall always be to give to his customers general satisfaction, in the most judicious manner.

N.B.—Well made Farmers' Harness on hand, and the trade supplied with Saddle's Ironmongery, &c. 281-3m.

THE CANADA GAZETTE. PUBLISHED BY H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto. Subscriptions, 5s. per annum. Payment to be made yearly, or at least, half yearly, in advance. The Post Masters, 7s. 6d. per annum. Terms, 7s. 6d. per annum. Payment to be made yearly, or at least, half yearly, in advance. The Post Masters, 7s. 6d. per annum.

GLOBES FOR SALE. A PAIR of Globes, fitted up with Compress &c., complete. Price 25s. CASH. Apply to H. & W. ROWSELL, Toronto. October 26th, 1842.

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