

Poetry.

A small Testimony to the worth of JOHN KENT, Esq., late Editor of The Church, and Secretary of the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto.

JOHN KENT, FAREWELL.—(Dreastic.)
J. Carter enjoins on us to own that debt
Of obligation, which we cannot pay;

PAUL OF SAMOSATA:
A TALE OF THE ANCIENT SYRIAN CHURCH.
(By a Correspondent of The Church.)

CHAPTER III.
THE WITNESS TO THE TRUTH IN EARLY TIMES.

The apartment into which the stranger entered was in keeping with the exterior of the humble dwelling. It was neat and commodious; but everything in it was designed for use, and no pains seemed to have been bestowed on superfluous ornament.

"The chamber was lighted by a small lamp, of a delicate Grecian model, suspended from the ceiling over a table at which a young man whose years, to all appearance, numbered not more than twenty, was sitting, engaged in the study of a manuscript before him.

"How is this?" exclaimed the venerable stranger, "I fear that I have been betrayed into some mistake, and have made myself an intrusive guest. He whom I expected to find here is one far advanced in years, and, like myself, a priest of Christ's Holy Church."

"Diastis thy fears, holy and reverend Father," replied the young man. "I was born in the bosom of Christ's chosen family, and each day do I make it my pleasing occupation, as on this tranquil evening, when the heart reposes from the bustle and the strife of earthly cares, to search the Scriptures, in obedience to the command of Him who gave Himself a ransom for all; in whose Cross is my glory, and in whose sufficiency is my everlasting strength."

"Father!" said the young Christian, "thy soiled attire and trembling limbs are signs of a long and galling road. May I ask, from what region you have taken your departure to visit our great Palmyra, and what pressing duty has forced you to undertake a journey for which your strength seems quite unequal?"

"From Antioch, my son. It is the cause of Christ's Church which has led me, enumbered with the burden of many years, to adventure myself on this perilous journey."

"From Antioch, art thou? and on a religious embassy? Thou knowest, doubtless, that Paul of Samosata is here!"

"I do, my son; and it is to watch the movements of that crafty enemy of God's Church, and with the favour of Heaven, to make void his dark and desperate counsel, that I have repaired hither, having exposed my gray hairs to the hot breath of the desert-blast, and my almost naked feet to the serpent creeping over the burning sand."

"Have patience, my son! God in his own good time will restore to his Church the birthright whereof she is now, for a season, deprived. As I strive, through vision weak and obscured, to gaze down the vista of futurity, methinks I behold the happy period not far distant when—as shall be prophesied of far-distant days—Kings shall be her nursing-fathers, and her days—Kings nursing-mothers. But like gold seven times tried in the fire, she will not attain to this excellence but through a fiery ordeal."

"And thy name, reverend Father, is Domnus'! Is that it should recall to my heart so many bitter recollections. He to whom I owe my existence; who trained my childhood in the faith of Christ, was so called. He sank beneath the rage of Pagan persecution. But why should I revive the thoughts of a connexion which death has severed, never to be reunited until parent and child shall stand before the throne of God? But forgive me, Father! I have kept thee hungering to satisfy my own curiosity. Our evening meal is now prepared: will it please you, then, to partake of our humble fare; and when your exhausted strength has been somewhat repaired, you will not perhaps deny me the pleasure of imbibing further instruction from your lips."

The venerable bishop, in compliance with this hospitable invitation, approached the table on which the simple collation was laid out; and with pious gravity pronounced aloud a thankful acknowledgment of the Divine bounty, from which they derived provision for their daily necessities. Those were days in which the goodness of God was a thing that touched the heart, warming it with love, and imbuing its every impulse with deep and lively gratitude; and as the aged prelate, quelling his eyes to heaven, uttered his brief but fervid tribute of praise, it was clear that his whole feelings were concentrated in the offering, and influenced by a due sense of the mercies he was permitted to enjoy. This done, they were on the point of commencing their repast, when the door was opened, and the voice of the cottage entered the apartment.

It was a man more advanced in years than the Bishop of Antioch; but apparently of a stronger constitution. Though his stature was less, his frame was more powerfully knit together, and the wrinkles on his brow were not so deeply impressed as the ravages of sorrow and anxiety on the blanched and furrowed forehead of the devoted prelate. But there were the same mild traits of Christian meekness in the countenances of both; the same serenity and calmness which indicated a mind composed amid change and superior to misfortune; at peace with God, with itself, and with all mankind.

"Domnus, my dear Domnus!" exclaimed he, as he joyfully embraced his long-tried friend, "was it kind to keep me thus in suspense? Your messenger, Alceus, informed me of your intended visit, and told me that I might expect you at least a month ago. But I will not imagine anything unworthy of an attachment which the kindest adversity and trial has never been able to disturb. You must have encountered many unexpected causes of detention at home; and, in addition to these, I fear you must have found the passage of the desert more difficult and protracted than you imagined."

"Both causes, my excellent Polybius, have concurred to prevent our earlier interview. But God be praised that I have at length surmounted all my difficulties, and am now blessed with the happiness of greeting my dearest and most valued friend after an absence of so many years."

"Forgive me, Domnus, if I should have seemed for one moment to entertain you from the society of one who to the ties of long-established intimacy, can add the sacred bond of association in many a hard struggle of our common Christian warfare. But I had almost neglected, in the transport of joy, to notice your elevation to the Episcopate of Antioch. Yet I can scarcely say that the appointment of my friend has altogether gratified me; for if the change bring with it an increase of dignity, it creates like additional solitude and danger. I forget, however, that my entrance has interrupted the repast of which you stand in much need. Rejoiced indeed am I, Domnus, to mark your presence once more at my humble board, and to share with you the shelter of my lowly roof. Callias," continued the kind-hearted man, "you have done well in thus supplying my place; and you will find, believe me, a rich reward in the acquaintance which Providence has this night enabled you to form."

"Callias!" repeated the bishop in muffled tones; "Callias! this is strange at least! His father's name, too, was Domnus—But, no! it cannot be."

"There were no costly viandts nor ingenious delicacies to tempt the paupered appetite; and the cravings of nature were soon and easily appeased. When the meal was concluded, and the usual thanksgiving had been offered up, the couches on which the guests reclined were removed to a convenient distance from the table, and the happy company—the two aged shepherds of Christ's flock, and their young friend, prepared to pass the time until the hour of repose in religious and edifying conversation."

"The object of your mission," observed Polybius, addressing himself to Domnus, "is already known to me. I may spare you, then, the pain of reciting, and myself the distress of again hearing, the disgrace of our Eastern Church and the fall of one of her priests. Why could not heresy abandon the work of division to those whose profession it is to carry it on,—the blinded votaries of Pagan idols and the slaves of lying deities? Is it not enough that the thirsty steel of our Heathen persecutors is drunk with the blood of a thousand martyrs, and that our weaker brethren strike from our midst the tide of life, in defence of their faith, to swell the universal slaughter? Have not the flames of countless funeral pyres executed the task of extermination on their living victims with sufficient torture and fidelity? Shall then the short breathing-time allowed us since the blood-stained shores of the ill-advised Valerian, be spent in bickering and revellings; in blasphemies and dissensions? I could wish with cheerfulness, when called upon to make the sacrifice, bend my neck to the executioner's sword; I could, God sustaining me, resign myself to the maddening pangs of the stake; but the rending assaunter of Christ's most sacred body, as it is in impiety which I would die to prevent, so is it a calamity which it grieves my inmost soul to contemplate."

"Fathers," said the young Callias, "during your long sojourn in this vale of tears, you must both of you have passed through much tribulation and distress."

"Of a truth, my son," responded the aged bishop, "we have both been severely tried in the furnace of affliction; yet I more severely than my friend Polybius, as he himself will tell you. He was alone in the world, when the storm of Heathen bigotry burst over our heads. And, in this manner, though he suffered much from imprisonment and scourging, from hunger and thirst, he escaped the rude shock of lacetted feelings which has shattered my feeble frame, and well nigh brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I had a wife and children; and how dear were to me the voice of nature alone can tell: that wife and those children are no more. It was at Carthage, during the reign of Valerian (who received at the hands of the cruel Sapor a sad retribution for his own misdeeds) that they were torn from my arms. In that city I was serving at God's altar in the capacity of a Presbyter, and there—to remove from sight for a time my own domestic woes—I saw the illustrious Cyprian surrender his spirit for the faith which he nobly refused to betray. His execution it was, that paved the way for the massacre of his inferiors; but the example of their bishop confirmed more waverers in the Church over which he presided than the malice of the adversary succeeded in driving from their duty. No one thought of relinquishing his trust when I was in battle; and, after exposing him to many indignities, rated his vengeance by this horrible atrocity."

He was felled alive by the Persian tyrant; who had taken him prisoner in the day, and, after exposing him to many indignities, rated his vengeance by this horrible atrocity.

the father of the suffering family led the way, though but a bitter death, to the mansions of bliss.

I was present at the examination of this great prelate, which was conducted by Galerius Maximus, then Proconsul of Africa. I felt I deplored the inevitable fate of the holy man, I felt within me a kind of inspiration when I beheld his unshrinking heroism before the Roman tribunal. "Are you 'Thascius Cyprian?' inquired the magistrate. He answered "I am he." "Are you the man," pursued the Proconsul, "who claim to be bishop of this sacrilegious seat?" "I am indeed the unworthy successor of the Apostles in the Church of Carthage," was his meek but resolute reply. "The Emperor of Rome commands you to sacrifice to the Gods." "Proconsul! I dare not do it." "Think well on it, Christian," rejoined the Roman magistrate. "Execute your commands," replied the undaunted soldier of the Cross. "in a case so clear there can be no room for hesitation." The Proconsul, having taken the opinion of his council, then proceeded to declare the sentence, conceived in these words: "During a long period you have been living in the indulgence of a sacrilegious spirit, and have been in the habit of frequently assembling large numbers of profligate characters (for thus our enemies loved to stigmatize our contumace because it rebuked their own licentiousness) together in unlawful conspiracy. You are an avowed enemy of the Roman Gods and our most holy laws; and our great Emperor Valerian has not been able to make you participate in the sacred ceremonies which he of his sovereign power, has been pleased to authorize. On this account, being convicted of crimes so pernicious, you will serve for an example and a warning to those whom you have associated with yourself in your iniquities; the power of justice shall be established by your blood." Having thus spoken, he read aloud the sentence written in the criminal catalogue: "It is determined that 'Thascius Cyprian shall be beheaded.' 'God's will be done,' exclaimed the prelate with pious and cheerful resignation. From the judgment hall he was forthwith conducted to the place of execution—a plain surrounded by trees, into which many had climbed to take the last sad view of their faithful pastor; and here he suffered the harsh edict of the law, manifesting in his death the same unwavering firmness which had sustained him during his trial, and which, indeed, during his whole career, he had struggled successfully to preserve in the most perplexing circumstances of his episcopate."

But I have digressed from the subject before us—the history of my own adversities. You will pardon the digression, however, for it sets before you the bright example of a great and good man, whose glorious martyrdom, every child should command the veneration of all ages in every land where the Gospel of Christ is preached, was especially advantageous to myself, in serving me to meet the anguish and the disasters which were soon to succeed. I have told you that I had a wife and children; they ascended to heaven some by the fire, and some by the sword; there shall the persecuting emperor and the wretched father both meet them on the great day of account,—but with what different feelings! I need not renew the misery which time has now in some measure soothed and subdued, by telling you how each endured the scourge, the rack, and the final agony; how the scoffing Heathen exulted in their sufferings, and blasphemed the God for whom they were content to die; and how for cursing they returned blessing, praying for their murderers even with their latest breath, and breathing not a murmur of complaint or remonstrance. One by one they were torn from my bosom. I strove to shelter them as long as I could; but each act of concealment was soon detected by the evil ingenuity of those who hated the Christian name. I tried to flee; but my flight was unavailing, and my attempt to escape was a mere mockery. I offered my life for theirs; alleging that if the Cross of Christ were an offence, I was the chief offender; but the monsters laughed at me in decision. "They were not sufficiently my friends," said they, "to shorten my torments." And yet even in these trials I felt that I could live for the service of my God. When I reflect on the accumulated woe I was then called upon to endure for Christ's sake and the Gospel's; and how the burden of my distress was augmented by the strength of my own naturally sanguine disposition, I no longer doubt—though when my soul sickened with the bitterness of successive bereavement I might have believed myself forsaken of Heaven—that a solace not of this world sustained my sinking energies and allayed the anguish of my bursting heart.

Vial after vial of Pagan wrath was poured on my innocent head. Not one impulse of compassion—Not one emotion of mercy, was mingled with the vindictive and exhausted hatred of the enemies of the living God. Long familiarity with murder had hardened the idolaters; and what they had connived at a mistaken conception of reverence for their fallen deities, they pursued afterwards for pastime and recreation. All the sweet companions of my clouded pilgrimage, which cheered me with their affection and inspired me with courage by the pattern of their constancy; all, save one, had perished. My youngest was still spared; a happy, smiling boy, who had seen but eight summers and was scarcely weaned from his mother's breast when that mother breathed out her soul in the flames; a fair and lovely child he was, with soft blue eyes and flaxen ringlets; his sweet exterior exceeded only by his sweeter temper and engaging manners. He was called by the name, Callias, and would have been such as you had he lived to bless the declining years of his aged father. Him the last link that bound me to earth, my sympathy, the sole remaining object of parental sympathy, that now wreathed itself around my aching heart,—him I made an effort to save. But Providence, to disengage me from even that perishable treasure, which perchance I loved too dearly, had otherwise ordained. A fisher's boat (this frail conveyance, a dangerous resource even for the simple navigation of the coast, I had chosen to escape detection) lay waiting for me at an unfrequented part of the shore; a faithful friend, the worthy Polybius now reclining by my side, who had promised me his assistance in managing the little craft, was in it; the father, with the child in his trembling arms, had already reached the shore in safety; a few minutes more and we should have been clear of that pestilent and gore-drenched city—but it was too late: the famished blood-hounds of legalized violence came down upon me, and, with more than brutal ferocity and savage triumph, snatched the shrieking child from my arms. I gasped for breath; for breath to implore mercy; but the tongue refused to perform its office. I can remember nothing more: nature, enfeebled by former convulsions, sank beneath the shock; and I fell senseless on the sands with the howl of the captors ringing in my ears. Many days, I have since been told, were passed by me in the ravings of phrenzy; but when reason returned to her seat, from which she had been well-nigh expelled forever, it supplied me with consolation which contributed much to the gradual relief of my wounded spirit to learn, upon inquiry, that even in the hours of delirium I had not arraigned the justice or the mercy of my God.

When I awoke to consciousness I found, from my many comforts around me, that the hand of friendship had not been backward in its kind attentions. The dwelling I immediately recognized as the residence of Polybius: to him I am indebted for a prolonged escape. Life was indeed preserved; but my recovery was very slow, and subject to so many vicissitudes as to make my affectionate protector despair more than once of my ultimate restoration to health. So soon, however, as I was raised from the bed of sickness, and had regained some what of my former strength, my first movement was to quit for ever the scene of my misery.

By Henry Evans, Esq., Kingsey, C. E.
The author having dedicated the profits of the above Work, to the compilation of which has occupied much of his time for the past three years, to aid the completion of a Church now erecting in his neighbourhood, trusts that any lengthened appeal to his brethren of the orthodox faith, in enabling him, by subscription to the above, or by donations to the nearly exhausted building fund, to carry a much required object into effect will be unnecessary. The work will contain nearly 400 pages, 8vo., and will be sold to Subscribers at 6s. 3d. per copy.

Reference to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Cobourg; the Rev. John Butler, Kingsey, C. E.; the Rev. Mr. Fleming, Melbourne; the Rev. Mr. Ross, Drummoleigh; the Rev. Mr. Londell, Danville; the Rev. Mr. King, Robinson, C. E. The Postmaster, will receive Subscribers' names, and will thankfully acknowledge any contributions addressed to him.

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November, 1843.

utterable wretchedness. I was accompanied hither by Polybius; and leaving him in this city, after he had exacted from me a promise of maintaining with him as frequent an intercourse as our circumstances should permit, I travelled onward to Antioch, where, abstracted from the world, I have since given myself up, body and soul, to the cause and the religion of Him who made me, and of Him who had redeemed me from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

"Let my eventful life, young man," continued the good old bishop, addressing himself to Callias, whose face, now bathed in tears, was bent in dejection over his bosom—"Let my life be a warning to you, just entering on the world and scarcely yet introduced to its changes and its temptations, to sit loosely to its vain pleasures and empty enjoyments. Yet I would not that the sad narrative which you have heard from my lips should infuse a gloom of bitterness into the cup of your youthful happiness; only let it prepare you to meet with courage, and to sustain without repining, the tribulation which in this evil world is the inheritance of every child of Adam. But his address is rigid!"

The holy father paused in his hitherto rigid word with astonishment and alarm the strange appearance of the youth to whom he was speaking. The countenance of Callias betokened the utmost perturbation; floods of tears were streaming from his eyes, and his deep and frequent sobs seemed to threaten suffocation. By an exertion, however, he recovered himself sufficiently to rise from his seat, and to enter an adjoining apartment. In a few minutes he appeared again, bearing in his hand a small square piece of Damascus crimson cloth, used as a covering for the manuscript which lay on the table. On it were neatly embroidered in dark letters the three words,

"Ad mortem fœdibus."
The young man rushed trembling to the side of the aged prelate, and exposing the simple specimen of workmanship, exclaimed, "Knowest thou this?" "Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the old man, his face covered with an ashy paleness and his bloodless lips quivering with emotion, "it is his sainted mother's gift; the manuscript, too; the manuscript!" He almost shouted as he rushed to the table to inspect it, "it is the very copy I purchased at Carthage; the very one to which my dear departed wife adapted this precious case just before her martyrdom: it was in my child's bosom when he was torn from my grasp. Oh! Heavenly Father! he is ejaculating, raising his eyes to Heaven, "can it be that this is my son; my youngest son; my dearest Callias!"

"Even so, my beloved Father," exclaimed the youth, throwing himself into the arms of his recovered parent, "I am thy son Callias. Owing to the intercession of Christian friends, favored by a monetary remittance on the part of the Roman proconsul, my life was spared; but on the severe conditions that no intimation should be conveyed either to you or to your friend Polybius of my safety, and that I should be immediately removed from Carthage to Alexandria. There the religious principles implanted by you were perfected and matured. It was reported through Carthage, and the rumor reached us at Alexandria, that both Polybius and yourself, attempting to escape in an open boat had perished in a storm; and the secrecy of your preservation and subsequent departure confirmed the suspicion. The persuasion that you were no more in the land of the living, and the lapse of fourteen years, will account for my not knowing either my father or his Polybius when I saw them. My visit to Palmyra, which brought me into contact with your long-tried associate and my esteemed counsellor, was ordered by Providence who, after testing the faith of his servant and finding that it had endured the dreadful scrutiny, restores to his bosom, though at the eleventh hour, his long lost and loving child."

"God! I thank thee," was the fervent thanksgiving poured forth from a full heart by the pious bishop on his benedicted knees, his son and his friend prostrate at his side—"This my son was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

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AGENCY OF THE CITY BANK, MONTREAL. THOMAS D. HARRIS, AGENT, 4, St. James's Buildings, King Street, Toronto. 341-1f

MR. W. SCOTT BURN, CONVEYANCER AND ACCOUNTANT, LOT STREET, NEAR CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. DEEDS, BONDS, LEASES, &c. PREPARED. States of affairs examined and drawn up. Merchants' Books posted, and Accounts made out. RENTS, NOTES AND BILLS, COLLECTED. 339

EDWARD GEORGE O'BRIEN, GENERAL AGENT, No. 4, VICTORIA ROW, KING STREET, TORONTO: OPPOSITE WELLINGTON BUILDINGS. 332-1f

FOR SALE, BANK STOCK, LAND SCRIP, &c. BY EDWARD G. O'BRIEN, No. 4, Victoria Row, King 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

MR. J. D. HUMPHREYS, (FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC) PROFESSOR OF SINGING AND THE PIANO FORTE. Toronto, Oct. 7, 1843. 330-1f

MR. HOPPER MEYER, ARTIST, HAS REMOVED TO 140, KING STREET, FIRST WEST OF YONGE STREET. Toronto, June 24, 1842. 314

DR. C. F. KNOWER, DENTIST, ALBION HOTEL, COBURG. 210

A. V. BROWN, M.D. SURGEON DENTIST, No. 6, BAY STREET, Toronto, December 31, 1841. 264

MR. S. WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, KING STREET, Toronto, February 5, 1842. 31-1f

DR. HAMILTON, (LATE OF QUEENSTOWN) Bay Street, between Newgate & King Streets, TORONTO. 326-6m

DR. HODDER, (LATE OF MADRAS) York Street, Two Doors North of King Street, Dr. Hodder may be consulted at his residence from Eight until Eleven, A.M. 326-6m

DR. PRINROSE, (LATE OF NEWMARKET) OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DURE STREET, Toronto, 7th August, 1841. 7-1f

J. W. BRENT, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, KING STREET, KINGSTON. PHYSICIAN'S AND FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUND. July 14, 1842. 262-1f

MESSRS. BETHUNE & BLACKSTONE, BARISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c. OFFICE OVER THE WATERLOO HOUSE, No. 124, King Street, Toronto, AND ONE DOOR EAST OF RIDOUT, BROTHERS & Co. December 1, 1842. 282-1f

J. HOLMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, KING STREET. (Opposite Mr. J. Vance Rowell's Store.) Cobourg, January 18th, 1844. 340-3m

RIDOUT & PHILLIPS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, AND DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS, Opposite the City Hall. Toronto, February 2, 1843. 291-1f

SMITH & MACDONELL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND GROCERIES, West End of Victoria Row, Toronto. May 25, 1843. 307-1f

FOR SALE, IN THE Township of ENNISBORO, Colborne District, Lot No. 3, 7th Concession, 200 Acres, and Lot No. 8, 5th Concession, 200 Acres. Apply (if by letter, post-paid) to the Editor of The Church, Cobourg, or to J. C. BETHUNE, Cobourg, January 18th, 1844. 341-1f

FOR SALE, IN the village of Grafton, a Village Lot, containing One-fourth of an Acre, with a Cottage erected thereon, nearly opposite the Store of John Taylor Esq. Apply to WM. BOSWELL, Solicitor, Cobourg. 313

BUILDING LOTS. FLEVEN splendid BUILDING Lots for sale, containing about half an acre each, beautifully situated on the East Bank of the River Don, about a quarter of a mile from the Bridge, and well adapted for the erection of Rustic Cottages with urban turrets, several of the lots front on to the river, the soil is excellent, and the price extremely low. For further particulars apply to Mr. J. G. HOWARD, Architect, 4th Street, between the Lake and Harbour, TORONTO. Toronto, October 27, 1842. 277-1f

TO BE SOLD OR RENTED, THAT delightfully situated COTTAGE, residence, on Division Street, one mile from the Church and Post Office, now occupied by Mr. Neville. The house contains Dining and Drawing Rooms, a good Bed Room, China Closet, large Kitchen, Wash House, a Bath Water Cistern under, which holds six months' supply, with Pump attached a very extensive Wood House adjoining Wash House a capital Well of Water, Cellar under