

The Church.

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

[WHOLE NUMBER, CCCCLXXVIII.]

VOLUME X.—No. 10.]

Poetry.

FINE CLOTHES.

(From Keel's *Lyræ Innocentum*)

"And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way."

Look westward, pensie little one,
How the night hues together run,
Around the world, like the setting sun
Saw it in his evening cloud.

Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

Then, when it is time to screen
A fluttering leaflet, hang between
Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
A veil too near thine eye.

One finger's breadth on hand would mar
A world of light in Heaven afar,

A mote eclipse a glorious star,

An eyelid hide the sky.

And while to clear the view we stay,
Lo! the bright hour has passed away;

A twilight haze, all dim and grey,

Bethat'quen' the living glean.

Remember this, thou little child

In hours of prayer, when fancies wild

Betwixt thee and thy Saviour mild.

Come floating on life's stream.

Oh shame, O grief, when earth's rude toys,

An opening door, a breath, a noise,

Drive from the heart's eternal joys,

Dispose the Lord of Love!

For half a prayer perchance on high

We soar, and heaven seems bright and night,

But al! too soon frail heart and eye

Sink down and earthward rove.

The Sunday garment glittering gay

The Sunday heart will steal away,

Then haste thee, ere the fond glances stray,

Thy robes unfold,

And stand before the Lamb's feet;

Him spare not thy best to greet,

Nor dread the dust of Sion's street,

"Tis jewels all and gold.

His voices shrill, this week of woe,

Will stir thy rich attire, and show

As numerous as the stars then to go,

In glad and festive wise,

Yea, when the funeral days are o'er,

And altars shine in gold ones more,

I bid thee lavish all thy store

In fearless sacrifice.

The generous hues by sinners worn,

Obey the voice of the Angel's scorn,—

His payment let the blood-blend,

His palace court hath order blast,

When from His throne of earthly rest

In glory beams thy immortal Guest,

We to the dust descend.

THE PARISH.

(From *The Surplice*.)

Of all the difficulties of a Parish Priest, perhaps none is greater than that of adapting the truths he has to convey, to the various capacities and prejudices of his charge. Some appear to view them from a totally different point from his; others seem quite incapable of attaching any ideas at all to his words. It is the same in private conversation: he sees they do not understand him; the countenance is vacant; their replies, when they do reply, are so wide, so out of all bounds, that he feels humiliated and depressed; and yet he has no other words: theology has supplied no others. The words "sinner," and "saviour," for example, belong, in their minds, to a class of ideas different from that they are associated with in the minds of a religiously instructed people. The words "grace" and "faith," belong to an unknown tongue. The whole Theological vocabulary is either not understood at all or misunderstood. If any one doubts these statements, let him enter into conversation—not with any of the hangers-on about the clergy, as is too frequently done when educated people condescend "to men of low estate," but with some groom or stable-boy; some ordinary labourer, whom his master and every one else has overlooked in religious matters. There are thousands of such. I say let him begin to talk, not to, but with one of these—not talk religiously, after the ordinary fashion, for then he will not be answered; or if he is, it will be an attempt to talk in his way—it will be all assumed; but let him speak in his own ordinary style of talking. I know it is difficult, very difficult, to do this, and that is the reason it is seldom done; but it is worth the endeavour. You will find him a man; say, he is a Christian—and this is the most perplexing, the most awful view of the matter; it is an anomaly of which anything was ignorant—a Christian knowing nothing whatever of Christianity. We are shocked at the idea of baptising heathens in the East; but what shall we say to them in our own parishes?

We are now, of course, speaking of the poor; and it will be evident that what we say has reference to such poor as have been what is called neglected—though, as the word is very often used, it means neglected of a very different kind. Lest, however, any one should imagine the poor here illuded to, are only to be found in low districts, crowded with the most abandoned characters, in some large town: or in some wild dell, remote from the neighbourhood of churches, and even from the sound of their bells: lest any one should thus imagine, be it known, that we are now speaking from actual knowledge of an agricultural parish, where there is now a resident curate, where the population is not large, where the services are regularly celebrated, and where the children are now taught. It has not always been thus, however, and it is necessary, perhaps, to state this: still for many years it has possessed these privileges; it is also what would be generally considered a quiet, orderly, civilised, nay, we might say, *Christian* sort of parish; it may very fairly stand as a specimen of country parishes.

The following story may illustrate what has been, and suggest much that has not been said. The occurrence it narrates, took place in this said quiet little parish.

About 10 o'clock one fine morning, a labourer's wife made her way to the Curate's kitchen. She wanted him to hasten to the house of a labourer who lived near her. She said he was dangerously ill; and, in answer to the Curate's inquiries, informed him that he had been ill several days, had been delirious at least two or three, and that on that morning the medical attendant had expressed a fear that he could not survive the day. This was discouraging enough, for the man was not a communicant, and had never been regular in his attendance at Church. For many years, indeed, he had quite neglected it, but he had, during a few months before his illness, been present on several Sundays. The Curate's heart sunk at the prospect of a conversation with him. The regular "visitation service" seemed quite inappropriate; and he knew not what to substitute, nor did he dare to substitute. With a heavy heart, therefore, he walked down to the house. He had often called, but this man had generally avoided his visits, and left his wife on the Curate, who seized the opportunity to open a conversation. "You are very ill, Edwards," he said. He knew him at once, and answered quietly, "I am very ill." "Have you much pain?" "Yes, a

little; but I am well again."

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

"I am great deal, especially in my side and head." "I am sorry to see you so—but I have come to pray with you." "Well—if you please." "I hope you pray, Edwards." "I can't say I do—I can't talk much." "But you may pray when you cannot talk, God regards 'the sighing of a contrite heart,' and 'the groans of them that are sorrowful.'" To this the Curate offered no answer. The Curate then endeavoured to point out the importance of improving the little time he might have; reminded him that the issue of all afflictions was in God's hand; that we could not know what it could be, yet it was very clear that God meant the time of sickness to humble us, to remove our affections from the world, and fit us for His presence. He again gently hinted a question or two as to his thoughts of his former life; for he knew, as did all his neighbors, that it had been a "godless one."

To these he answered at some length, "that he had not thought much about such things;" "that he did not owe a penny, nor yet a half-penny;" "that no one had ever seen him get the matter of four pence or beer at a time at the public house, he knew;" "that he had paid every body his own;" "that he had always done his duty so that he was not afraid of nobody following him nowhere;" and much more of the like kind. All this was said in a collected manner. How difficult it was to lead an aching and uncertain head, a fevered and distempered brain for the first time, perhaps, to thoughts of Him who is ever near.

"To soothe and save

"To lay us gently in the grave,"

"To close the weary eye, and bade the parting breath,"

Let those judge who have tried. The attempt was made, with what success the "day will declare." At length the Curate said, "Let us pray," and the attendants knelt down with him. The sick man threw off the clothes, and made an effort to rise; sunk back, and looked perplexed, saying, "I cannot kneel." He was told to remain quiet and join us in the prayer as he lay. He attempted to follow the Curate as he prayed, "Remember not, Lord, our iniquities," but failing, said aloud, "I cannot—I cannot understand—I cannot talk." "Do not talk then," they whispered, "let your thoughts join them, and say Amen." He was still, and when the prayer was ended, said distinctly, and with energy, "Amen." To our astonishment, he marked the close of every prayer as they followed, and exactly where he ought, responded with a hearty "Amen." The prayers ended, he was admonished to pray as he could, in his thoughts; to ask for "true repentance and the pardon of his sins," in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ. To those exhortations, as to several preceding, when requested to join us in prayer, he replied, "I never did such a thing, but I'll try." By this time he began to wander in his talk, and the Curate, thinking it better that he should rest for a time took his leave, promising to return in the afternoon. He did so, and the afflicted man became more attentive, more Christianlike in his behaviour and joined heartily in the responses. But his time was very short. The day following he sank fast, and wandered still more. Through the succeeding night he struggled on fitfully till, at day returned to the earth he had gazed upon so many years, his eyes closed, and his soul fled, we hope to the society of the thief whose dying prayer was "had in remembrance before God;" who, without sacraments, without the usual time and aids for "dressing the soul," yet, on the wings of one last earnest invocation, reached his soul to Paradise and the society of his Lord. May he rest in peace!

Now, does not this furnish food for melancholy reflections? This poor man was baptized—was a Christian; yet is it too much to say that he knew nothing of Christianity? And our parishes abound with such men.

Some appear to view them from a totally different point from his; others seem quite incapable of attaching any ideas at all to his words.

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little; but I am well again."

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

(From a "Diary in France," by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.)

The French Legislature and Government have, in the opinion of the Clergy, abandoned religion altogether; and the idea of endeavouring to infuse a Christian spirit into them through the Church, was one which they cannot be induced to consider as at all practicable; indeed the Clergy, as far as we have seen and the Catholic laity also, seem, if we may so express it, to have abandoned the State as reprobate, and given it up as incurable.

The argument which they generally employ, is, that the experiment has already tried without success in one of the most vital questions, that of *National Education*; that the *Charte* of 1830 promised Liberty of Instruction to the Clergy as well as to all other classes of the community; that since 1830—that is for a period of fourteen years—the Bishops of the Church had been petitioning and expostulating with the Government in the hopes of obtaining by gentle measures the exercise of a right which belonged to them by Divine as well as human law; but that all their endeavours have been fruitless, and that the state to which they are reduced is this, that the Bishops have no control over the National Education as administered in any schools of their own dioceses (except the clerical seminaries); that they have no power of inspecting these schools; and that the appointment of schoolmaster is entirely a secu-

lar one, without any license or approval from the Bishop; that the Curé cannot open a school for the poor in his own parish, and cannot instruct a class of more than three children together in his own house; that what is true of the education of the poor is equally applicable to the children of the middle classes and of the rich; that the license to open a boarding-school can only be derived from the secular power: that even the chaplains of these schools are appointed by the State; that the inspection is administered by the University, which is entirely under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and which is so deeply tainted by the spirit of scepticism and infidelity, that it is better that the Ecclesiastical Students of the Seminaries should be altogether excluded from University honours and degress than be submitted to an examination before an academic tribunal.

Hence, upon this question of *Education* the efforts of the Church for fourteen years have proved abortive for the attainment, by *temperate* means, of a recognition of its rights; they declare that there has now come *cavil*, and the communication which is to follow is the *cause* of their failure.

On the *very next day* after these memorable words were spoken—on the 21st October, 1835—the united navies of France and Spain were destroyed by the arm of Nelson; the maritime war was finished by the thunderbolt of Trafalgar; and "ships, colonies, and commerce," had irrevocably passed over to his enemies.

Whether these marvellous coincidences were the result of accident; of that accumulation of great events in the years of the Revolution, which rendered almost every day prolific of historic incident; or formed part of the general design of Providence for the more striking manifestation of its judgments upon the world, they are equally worthy of attention.

Whatever may be thought of the coincidences of days, it was no accident which directed the march of events; it was no casual combination of chances which led revolution to expiate its sins on the Saxon plains; which let fall in due season the sharpened edge of German retribution; and at the darkest period of the contest, sunk the fleets of infidelity in the deep, and righted

against the waves the destined ark of Christian civilization.

It must, I think, be confessed that in their dealings with the State, the Clergy have not always been animated with a right spirit. They have suffered much unjustifiable ill-treatment from it, it is true; but they have not received it in a dignified manner.

They have not, as Christian teachers, endeavoured to recall the State to a sense of its duty to the Church, nor have they reminded it of its need of a Church as a *National Institution*, for the preservation of public peace.

Nor have they discharged their duty to a higher Power by boldly declaring to the State its own

obligation to maintain true religion, as the only means of securing His favour and protection.

They seem to have forgotten the precepts of Almighty God in Holy Scripture, commanding His Ministers to proclaim in season and out of season, to kings and rulers,

the truth of their Christian responsibilities; and they have not imitated the examples of His prophets in the old Testament, calling on princes and people, in their royal capacities and *public character* to repent and to amend their ways, whenever they have swerved from their religious duty to Him.

The Clergy of France has not discharged this *practical* character, in an age

THE CHURCH.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

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THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO has authorized the publication of the following list of appointments for Confirmation, East of Toronto:

CONFIRMATION APPOINTMENTS BELOW KINGSTON.	
Wednesday, Sept. 23.—Bytown.	11, A. M.
Thursday ... " 24.—Richmond.	2, P. M.
" 25.—Merrickville.	2, P. M.
Sunday ... " 26.—Kemptville.	11, A. M.
" 27.—Prescott.	11, A. M.
Monday ... " 28.—Cornwall.	11, A. M.
Matilda.	3, P. M.
Tuesday ... " 29.—Williamsburgh.	11, A. M.
Osnabruk.	3, P. M.
Wednesday ... " 30.—Cornwall.	11, A. M.
Friday ... Oct. 2.—Hawksbury.	11, A. M.

THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO requests that the next Collection on behalf of the Incorporated Church Society of the Diocese, be made in the several Churches, Chapels, and Stations thereof, on Sunday, the 18th October next, in aid of the fund for the support of the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS of Clergymen in the Diocese.

THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO will, with the Divine permission, hold his next General Ordination in the Cathedral Church of St. James, at Toronto, on Sunday, the 25th October next.—Candidates for Holy Orders, whether of Deacon or Priest, are required to present themselves to his Lordship's Examining Chaplain, the Rev. H. J. Gisbet, M.A., on the Wednesday preceding, at 9 o'clock, A.M., furnished with *Si Quis et* the usual Testimonials.

THE name of the London *Record* is, we believe, familiar to most of our readers, as having acquired no inconsiderable degree of notoriety in what is called the "religious world." That the *Record* should be, as it is very generally admitted, the organ of a party, in contradistinction to the broad and comprehensive teaching of the Church,—must, at the outset, expose to suspicion; and when a periodical is thus professedly the echo of a party, it must be expected to partake of the very limited character of charity and the very marked distinction of selfishness which the adherents of a party, whether in or out of the religious pale, are wont to manifest.

Not, however, as respects the act of preaching, it matters in the least which vestment be worn: what we have stated is merely in the way of information, not for the purpose of argument. We have no desire, in things indifferent, to recommend any contradiction to long-established customs, or to urge any unnecessary or unessential change.

As for the attacks of this gentleman upon the venerable Society and the no little amount of unchristian acrimony which he exhibits towards its diligent and efficient Secretary, it cannot be deemed our province to remark very specially upon them; nor shall we occupy our room in exposing,—what, in other quarters, have already been sufficiently exposed,—his partisan efforts to uphold the virulence of faction in opposition to the broad and comprehensive arrangement of the services of the sanctuary, and the generally imposing aspect of the "holy place." The manner in which the "services of the sanctuary" are there performed, would impress a charm to the humblest edifice.—The skill and taste, and the religious fervour with which the services are chanted, and that without the assistance of an organ, render them much superior to the performances of any of our cathedral choirs; while the devout effect, both congregational and church, exceeds anything which is to be met with in English churches of much higher pretensions. Every one who takes part in the services must be deeply impressed with purity and beauty; and its daily performance will exert a powerful influence in the religious culture of the students, at the same time that it offers the "means of grace," with more ordinary incidents, to the whole neighbourhood around.

The Chapel service at St. Mark's College, which commenced on Sunday, the 7th of May, 1843, has from the first excited considerable attention. On this subject we may quote the Report of the National Society for 1844. This attention may be attributed partly to the interest naturally excited by a congregation of young persons assembled under such circumstances for a purpose, partly to the effect of the music, and of the architectural arrangement. It is to show in what light these subjects are regarded, that we may be enabled to come to a fairer judgment of the institution, that the following account is put forth. Let me anticipate (says the Rev. Derwent Coleridge) the conclusion by stating, that while nothing connected with the worship of God is deemed unimportant—while it is held that the outward form cannot but react, however gradually, upon the inward life, of which it is the exponent, so that it ought, as far as possible, to be made, what when left to itself it naturally becomes, appropriate and expressive—yet that the reality is constantly and carefully distinguished from the appearance, the teaching of the college being a continued warning against the danger of formalism, and a continued protest against the wickedness of falsehood.

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The service, as is generally known, is performed in the choral manner, but without an organ. It is with a reference to the uses and capabilities of a church chapel, in which the students and school-children form not necessarily a full and efficient choir, but a principal feature of the congregation, that the author has been induced; the probable destination of the young men as teachers, in connection with their other duties, of sacred music, furnishing an additional motive. It will thus be seen that the ground taken is partly general—the chapel of a college, with such facilities for the performance of choral music, being judged to be one of those "choirs or places where they sing," in which a chanted service is authorized by the ritual, and recommended by the practice of the English Church; partly special, having respect to one important purpose of the institution—the improvement of church-singing in the country at large. No opinion is expressed or conveyed as to the mode of conducting divine worship proper under other circumstances. The students are taught to appreciate the inherent beauty of the English liturgy, and the reverential performance, through the accompaniments to which they have been accustomed. They are reminded that what is fit and becoming in one place, may be not merely inappropriate, but unsightly in another; and that, as the humble village church has a beauty of its own, not less affecting than that of the stateliest cathedral, so the simple arrangements for divine worship which may alone be desirable in the one, may be not less touching than the austere solemnities which may properly be demanded in the other. Above all, they are impressed with the duty of conforming to the circumstances under which they may be placed, as in all other things, especially in whatever regards the celebration of public worship. If, indeed, any slight injurious effect were found to result from this mode of solemnizing the worship of God in the country—It is felt, however, that the expense of less spiritual, less instructive, than the ordinary parochial service, it could not be tolerated for a moment, whatever educational purpose it might be calculated to serve. On such a subject it is well to be slow in forming, and cautious in expressing, an opinion. Appearances may be favourable, yet deceptive. When, however, they come in support of a reasonable anticipation—when that which is believed to be good in principle is perceived to be useful in practice, we have no surer guide. I may say, then, that whatever opinion I had been led to form, as to the desirability of a choral service for young persons and children, has been strengthened by the appearance of facts. Of the advantage of a daily service (not to speak of its propriety), I have already spoken elsewhere. I have said of school-chilren, especially, with increased force to the number training. I have only to add, that the difficulty of keeping up attention, or even of securing decorum, in such a congregation, which has to many seemed insurmountable, is all but removed, when, instead of having to join in the service silently, or to take part in the harsh, jarring scream which is heard from the organ loft of some churches, in which the responses are made by the children, every individual may "lift up his voice" in a manner agreeable to himself, and inoffensive to those around him. I will not deny, though my experience does not enable me to affirm, that a middle course is open, and that a full and animated response may be made by an entire congregation in the ordinary volume of voice, without causing any disturbance. This, however, I have done, and that others have perverted the doctrine and overlaid it with novelties." (Jan. 24, 1843.)

This extract, however, occurs in an article which we transferred to our columns from the *Primitive Standard*, an American periodical, which we have always understood to be highly esteemed as a sound and able conducted paper.

The extract which next follows one would also suppose, from the manner of its introduction, to be the composition of the Editor:

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—So studiously have the Romanists arrogated to themselves the use of this term, and so tamely have Protestants yielded to this perversion, that it is sometimes a source of serious misunderstanding, &c. Where a valid Episcopacy is found, there is a portion of the Catholic Church. Hence there are Syrian Catholics, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Scotch, and American Catholics, all entitled to the name of the term, though not on the same ground, since some have continued in the Apostle's doctrine as well as fellowship, while others have perverted the doctrine and overlaid it with novelties." (Jan. 24, 1843.)

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The extract which next follows is from Ignatius, to which, with an unusual candour, the name of that Father is affixed. Of course, we are meant to be blamed for publishing such a paragraph from Ignatius; but unless reasons can be given why his writings are to be suppressed in a Colonial Diocese, while they

have a free circulation in the Mother Country, we shall be held excused for this extract. Without professing to adopt, or approve of, its phraseology, we may certainly be regarded as justified in adding so important a testimony as that of Ignatius to the fact, that, in the age next to the Apostles, there were three orders of Ministers in the Church, and that of these the Bishop had the pre-eminence. Moreover, the extract, in question was not selected by ourselves, but occurs in an English publication entitled "Primitive Episcopacy," a portion of which was transferred to this journal about two years ago.

The following language, adduced by Mr. Carus Wilson we presume for our condemnation, is our own:

"PUSEYISM.—The Christian world—the sincere and honest portion of it at least, may be quite tired of the application of the term of 'Puseyism,' to so large a class of characters as it is usual to include under that designation."—And they will be the more wearied at the common use of this insulting application, when it is notorious (which had heretofore been honoured and respected as far back as to the celebrated nations of antiquity) as immoral and hostile to the working classes, and indeed that almost starts credibility. The great master manufacturers having latterly perceived their vast establishments were more than equal to the supply of Great Britain, her extensive dependencies and foreign trade, and that something approaching to an *actual monopoly* of the manufacturing trade of the world would be created on the platform of the Corn Laws, which did not create it) to fasten upon the landed interest the most odious charge of having created a grinding monopoly in the necessities of life, and to represent this important interest (which had heretofore been honoured and respected as far back as to the celebrated nations of antiquity) as immoral and hostile to the working classes, and indeed that almost starts credibility. 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The Church.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE. SEVENTEEN OR EIGHTEEN LIVES LOST.—An event of a most melancholy nature occurred on Saturday evening last, the particulars of which, so far as we have been able to learn, we will lay before our readers. For some time past a large number of masons and labourers have been employed on Cedar Island, in the construction of one of the redoubts intended for the defence of the harbour. Some of the men had temporary shanties on the island and resided there, but the greater portion daily crossed to and from the city. On Saturday evening, immediately after closing work, twenty-three or twenty-four of these crowded themselves into a row-boat, for the purpose of crossing the channel to Point Frederick, there to land and come across the bar to the bridge. There was rather a heavy sea setting down the channel, and it appears that some were expressed by the men in the boat that they could not cross it, as they could not cross in safety—several who were experienced but too fully relaxed. When about mid-channel, a wave struck the boat and threw a large quantity of water, drenching several of the men, who, entirely forgetting themselves, suddenly rose up, and the boat immediately upset. A terrible scene ensued. Some of the men were able to swim, and endeavoured to save themselves, but were grappled by others, and thus sunk beneath the waves. Six more only out of the number succeeded in clinging to the boat until assistance arrived. The remainder, seventeen or eighteen in number, perished. Nearly all of them were inexperienced men, some having large families dependent upon them for support. Seven or eight were widows, and their own son is missing, but it appears doubtful whether he entered the ill-fated boat. We have as yet been unable to obtain the names of the unfortunate men who have been thus suddenly called to eternity. The extent of the calamity may be estimated when we mention that seventy-two children have, by the catastrophe of Saturday evening, been deprived of paternal protection and support.

The condition of the bereaved constitutes a strong claim for the sympathy of the citizens of Kingston, and we are pleased to observe that many are in progress to relieve them of a portion of the pressure of their affliction. The Worship the God Prince of Sandwich, C. W., on Spar Island—the Queen and Lake Superior Mining Association, located with the two Montreal Companies at Mamainee, Michiganian Island and St. Ignace.

The rich mineral discoveries on Lake Superior are beginning to attract the attention of English Capitalists, and a few such men as Col. Duran, President of the Canadian and Lake Superior Copper Company, are here for their success.

This good man came from England early in the spring, and was gratified with his great practical experience.

Three of our Companions are:—The British North American Mining Company, on a location made by Col. Prince of Sandwich, C. W., on Spar Island—the Queen and Lake Superior Mining Association, located with the two Montreal Companies at Mamainee, Michiganian Island and St. Ignace.

We think that—*W. H. G.*

We read in the American papers that Mr. Secretary Bancroft has gone to Minister to England, to succeed Mr. MacLane, John Appleton, Esq. of Maine, will probably be the Secretary of Legation—Montreal Gazette.

H. M. line-of-battle Ship *Belleisle*, arrived on Sunday last in 7 days from Quebec, bringing the 60th Rifles and the remainder of the 14th Regiment. The troops disembarked yesterday at 4 o'clock at the Dock-yard wharf, and marched to their respective quarters. The 77th Regt. and the right wing of the Rifles Brigade will embark on the *Belleisle* for conveyance to Quebec to-morrow.—Halifax Times.

H. M. S. *Belleisle* arrived at Quebec on Thursday, having on Board the 77th Regiment of Infantry and the remainder of the reserve battalion of the Rifles Brigade. The *Belleisle* will carry back to England all the detachments of invalids from the different regiments in colony. We understand that the 77th regiment will quarter at St. John's. There is a rumour that two Regiments will be detached from this colony, one from either section of the Province, in order to reinforce the garrisons at the Cape of Good Hope.

Since writing the above, we have learnt that the first division of the 77th arrived from Quebec on Saturday morning, and at once proceeded to St. John's, via Longueuil—the lawless of the Prince Albert to Lepage—Morning Courier.

We observe that Lord Clive has postponed the consideration of the Welsh Bishoprics bill till next session. Lord John Appleton, Esq. of Maine, will have his best attention to the preparation of a general measure for the extension of Ecclesiastical supervision. It is an alarming announcement, that the暮 at present in power, live by Church spoliation, should express their intention of meddling in any further of their revenues.

Connected with this subject, we observe that Mr. Frewen and Colquhoun call themselves Churchmen, but are at a loss to know how they can reconcile such a course to the ends of public subscription; at least a subscription list should be opened to the citizens of Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers—and the aid of the Government might be solicited through the Legislature, on this subject. We shall probably again return to this subject, and will give, as far as our capacity will permit us, a description of the River St. Maurice; and those who are interested in the welfare of the Church, merit the attention of the legislator.

We think, then, that the citizens of Three Rivers should devise some method of opening a road to these falls, by the side of public subscription; at least a subscription list should be opened to the citizens of Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers—and the aid of the Government might be solicited through the Legislature, on this subject. We shall probably again return to this subject, and will give, as far as our capacity will permit us, a description of the River St. Maurice; and those who are interested in the welfare of the Church, merit the attention of the legislator.

The present position of the Establishment in England, and Ireland is of intense interest to all her command, and we therefore give in another column the heads of this bill—which is withdrawn only for the present session.—Toronto Patriot.

GROWTH OF LONDON.—We are apt to imagine here in the United States, that the growth of our towns and cities greatly surpasses in rapidity and extent those of any part of the old world. Some facts about London would seem to contradict this notion. It is stated, for instance, in a recent report to the Government, that in a little more than twelve years, twelve hundred new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of one hundred acres per year. These twelve hundred new streets contain forty-eight thousand houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superb "row comfort." With all this wonderful increase, it is said, that the demand for houses, instead of diminishing, continues to increase, and that, while in many towns of the interior the means of giving increased efficiency to the Church; but we earnestly protest against effecting this by clipping and paring down existing revenues. We presume that Mr. Frewen and Mr. Colquhoun call themselves Churchmen, but are at a loss to know how they can reconcile such a course to the ends of public subscription; at least a subscription list should be opened to the citizens of Montreal, Quebec, and Three Rivers—and the aid of the Government might be solicited through the Legislature, on this subject. We shall probably again return to this subject, and will give, as far as our capacity will permit us, a description of the River St. Maurice; and those who are interested in the welfare of the Church, merit the attention of the legislator.

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FACILITIES FOR MANUFACTURE IN CANADA.—(From the Dundas Warden.)

We have in a few last numbers been directing attention to the Agricultural and Manufacturing interests of this country. We now think it necessary to claim any indulgence for those attempting to induce enquiry into subjects so important to our attention, as to public interest, as the manufacture or sale of houses on the part of individuals, or for themselves on the consideration of every intelligent and patriotic man, if it be not safe to fall back while others progress in human and commercial improvement.

We have already, we think, shown that the mere export of produce must not be considered as indicative of colonial prosperity, and that the immense difference which exists between what comes in and what goes out ought to convince every unprejudiced mind, that an annual drain of three millions will soon leave us destitute of the smallest means for turning to account the natural products or other natural advantages which now so abundantly exist.

The drought which has prevailed, this season is noticed by every paper in Canada, but at Baytown the extreme effect of it has been strikingly shown on the Ottawa. The *Packet* says,

"All the small streams have dried up long since, and the farmers in the inland townships are suffering much for water for their cattle. The Ottawa is lower now than in any part of 1842, when it was lower than ever it was previously known to be. This great river is actually fordable at the rapids above Chaudiere—in fact, a boy, with safety, can wade across the river."—*Toronto Herald.*

Lake Superior Miners.—We find the following interesting letter in the columns of the Montreal Herald.

Sainte-Marie, C. W.
August 14, 1846
To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

Sir.—Since arriving at the foot of Lake Superior, I have had time to visit both sides of the Seul, and have eaten a string of fifty speckled trout, to run the rapids in a bark canoe; and now I have time to give you some account of the peculiarities of this little place.

From Detroit there are two routes to the Seul; by one you may come direct, on the beautiful little steamer *Detroit* by the other you may come every day as far as Mackinac, on the Upper Lake steamer, and then cross over, three times a week, a small steamer that plies between Mackinac and this place. I chose the former. For one whole day, the voyage was dull and uninteresting—first across Lake St. Clair and up the river of the same name, and then, almost the whole of our steamer shot among the ten thousand islands at the entrance of St. Mary's River. It has, however, none of the appearance of a river, but rather of a lake of islands and it is as beautiful a water and island scene as the world affords, though the "thousand islands" of the St. Lawrence do not exceed.

In a few minutes we came in sight of the noted Major Rains' residence, situated on the lower extremity of St. Joseph Island. Every body in this part of the country knows Major. He has claim to the whole of St. Joseph Island, which is some thirty-six miles in length, and seems quite in width.

The scenery on the river, from this place to the falls, is of the most varied and beautiful character. It differs from that of the St. Lawrence in that it is perfectly wild, with no cultivated spots, no habitations, if I except a chain of houses at "Sailor's Encampment," twenty-five miles below the Seul.

The steamer landed us at the American side, just at the foot of the beautiful rapids. Nearly all the business of the Lake Superior region, is done on that side, and quite a town is derived our support and enjoy many privileges within her borders.

Many instances have been afforded us of the success which has invariably attended efforts for the promotion of manufactures in Western Canada. In this town, decidedly a manufacturing one, we have never heard of an attempt failing—and confidently assert that any business not yet attempted and requiring water power, could not fail of success.

In Paris, a few days ago, we were told the same, and saw proof sufficient to what we have repeatedly asserted, that to succeed they need only be started. We observed an old gentleman, engaged in the portage of a ton, from the State of New York, a manufacturer of Steel Yards and Weighing Scales, whose

distance across the portage is not as great for a canal as on the other side, and it can be built at much less expense.

Its existence the principles are those that we have seen in the much winter. Time of the different views and satis-

factory proper source

and are undoubt-

edly the faults of

the iron trade have all that could be desired. Mate-

A gentleman on board, who had visited about him, informed me that he had always been uncomfortable about him. He cul-

tivated a farm near by, delighted to see visitors and to treat them with the fruits of his own labour and the choicest Mon-

ongahela. He has a good and well-worn library, and, accus-

ed to me as he long had been to the highest and gayest society of Europe, seems perfectly contented and happy here in this out-

landish place.

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On the 20th instant, there were here, French and

half-breeds, but for want of business, they do all their

trading with the Americans. Our Government, however, is

beginning to see the importance of this point, and the survey

of a town plot, that was ordered is now nearly completed, and

it is expected that a survey for a ship canal around the rapids will be made this season.

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Original Poetry.

Carmina Liturgica;

OR.

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

N.B.—These Hymns are "lifted to the Tunes used in Churches, being of the same Meters with the received Version of the Psalms of David."

LXIX.—THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. P.M.

The Collect.

Kerr, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy; and because the frailty of man without Thee cannot but fail, make us by Thee fail from all sins, help us to amend, lead us to all things profitable to our salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen.

I. a

O God, our Help, on Thee we call,

For without Thee we must fall;

We therefore pray—Thy Church defend!

Thine Heritage—Thy helpless sheep

From ev'ry ill we chuse to keep,

And lead in paths that he'sward tend.

II. b

Dear Lord, Thy Cross doth point the way;

Dear Lord, Thy Grace doth yield a stay;

Thy blessed SELF our only trust;

The Cross, that makes us dead to sin;

Death crucify the world within;

Thy glorious Cross is all our boast.

III. c

Since God for us did give His Son,

Henceforth by us His Will be done!—

O Father, grant us hearts of grace,

That we, when tried, may still obey,—

May do Thy Will and keep Thy Way—

Obedient, found like RECHAB'S RACE!

IV. d

On God, saints, cast all your care,

The Lord from anxious thought will spare;

And draw your mind to things above;

Your ev'ry want will Heav'n supply,

For no good thing will God deny.

To them that walk in filial love,

v. e

Then why give way to faulter gloom?

"The grass" is clothe'd, "the illing" bloom;

God's own land the little birds feed!

O why "take thought" what Man must eat?

"The life" itself "is more than meat,"—

"Our Father" knows his children's need!

a The Collect.
b The Epistles—Gal. vi. 11, to end of chapter.
c First Pet. Less.—Jeremiah xxxv. especially verses 16, 17, 18,
d The Gospel—Matt. v. 24, to end of chap.
e Ps. cxvi. 11.
G. The Gospel.

THE PREVAILING FORCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

(From "Stories of the Primitive and Early Church," by Sophia Woodroffe.)

The great Ambrose of Milan was slowly descending

the steps of his Basilica after the conclusion of Divine Service, wrapped in devout meditation upon the text

which assures us: that *The Lord turneth him unto the prayer of the poor destitute and despiseth not their desire.*

"Verily," mused the good Archbishop, "God is a God that answereth prayer: therefore unto him shall all flesh come." When was he known to reject the humble petition of the believer? Ask; and ye shall have: seek; and ye shall find; knock; and it shall be opened unto you. So spake the Saviour of mankind: and had his promise ever failed his people?

That great luminary of the Western Church was thus musing, when the course of his thoughts was suddenly interrupted by the voice of a female half choked with sobs, who besought his advice and consolation. She was of middle age: but sorrow had already crewed upon her head the blossoms of the grave. Yet, both from the sober decency of her dress and from the superior tone of her manners, she was evidently a person of rank, and not one who wished to solicit alms from the archbishop.

"My daughter," said Ambrose, "the public street is not a fitting place for our conference. Accompany me home: and, in the privacy of my oratory, I will hear thy story, and afford thee such advice and comfort as the Lord shall enable me."

The lady thankfully assented: and we may behold them, ere long, seated in the oratory of the archiepiscopal residence.

"And now, my daughter, open thy mind freely—Reveal as much or as little, as thou mayest think expedient. We force not an unwilling, and therefore bootless, confession of particulars. We solict only the Christian confidence of our people so far as they may esteem a special disclosure beneficial to their souls' health. Some heavy sin, I fear, oppresses thy conscience: yet, peradventure, I may as much mistake thy real case, as Eli of old did that of Hannah."

"Truly, reverend father, I may well answer in the words of that afflicted wife of Elkanah: *I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit; but no peculiar sin of my own, sinner as I am both in thought and in word and in deed, hath brought me to thy presence.* I have followed thy lips in the service of the Church: and I have poured out my soul before the Lord. But count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial. Out of the abundance of my complaint and grief have I hitherto spoken."

"Say, then, daughter, what is thine affliction?"

"I was born of Christian parents: and, through the inestimable favour of God, like Samuel, I delighted in the Law of the Lord from my very childhood. At an early age, I was given in marriage to a nobleman of Carthage; but, for a long season, our union was most unhappy. My husband was at once harsh and unfaithful to me. He was not even a Christian: though he had been persuaded to become a catechumen, in order that he might learn the doctrines of the Gospel, and so be fitted to receive baptism. At length, he was baptised and admitted into the communion of the Church: but his heart was unchanged; and, though nominally a Christian, he was in spirit and in practice a Pagan. My prayers perpetually ascended to heaven on his behalf; and God was gracious. The unbelieving husband, as the Apostle speaks, was sanctified by the fire of thy love. At the end of twelve years, the Lord looked upon the humility of his hand-maid: and heard the silent voice of her tears. Marvellously did he change the heart of my husband: so that, in God's own time, he died in peace."

"Where, then, lady, is thine affliction? Thy husband is, indeed, removed: and here I can afford thee no aid. But died he not in the faith of Christ?"

"True, my father: but I have a son. Like the rest of my children, I strove to bring him up in the fear and admonition of the Lord: but evil and profigate are the courses, to which he hath taken. I will not shock thine ears by a detail. Rather would I seek thy spiritual aid and counsel!"

"My daughter, what better counsel can I give, than that which is furnished by thine own story? How didst thou gain thy husband? Was it not by fervent wrestling with God in prayer for him? Even so must thou gain thy son."

The lady departed: but, after the lapse of a year or two, she again presented herself before Ambrose.

"Well, my daughter, hath the Lord been gracious and heard thy prayer?"

"Alas, my father, I am plunged in even yet greater affliction. To carnal wickedness, my lost son hath now added spiritual. In the pride of his heart and in the blindness of his vain speculations, he had rebelled against the alone sovereignty of the Supreme Lord of heaven and earth. A plausible sophist perplexed him with thorny questions touching the origin of evil; and then proposed a solution of them by recommending the eastern doctrine of two Independent and alike Eternal Principles of Good and Evil. From the Good Principle, who is *Eternal Light*, he taught, springs all that is good: and, similarly, all that is evil springs from the Evil Principle, who is *Eternal Darkness*. Hence, as we may learn from every passing event, glazed this minister of Satan, there must needs

be two Gods, who wage everlasting war against each other. Their strength is equal, so that neither can absolutely subdue his rival. Where the one prevails, we perceive moral and physical good; where the other prevails, we are encompassed by moral and physical evil. As this war has been eternal retrospectively, so will it be eternal prospectively. Thus discoursed the subtle tempter. Seduced by these sophisms, and deeming them the very height of true knowledge, my unhappy son has eagerly adopted the groundless fancy of the Manicheans: and so infatuated is he with this vain philosophy, that he is zealous in proselyting his friends, in order that with them he may practise all the impieties of the sect."

"The blasphemous error," said the Archbishop, "has no claim to modern originality: neither has it but lately been taught in the East. It was the ancient dogma of the Persians: and, from them, Manes had laboured to engrave it upon the Gospel; insidiously remarking, that by the confession of Christians themselves, the existence of a powerful Principle of Evil is expressly declared in their own Sacred Books."

The wretched man was not careful to add, that God

Scripture does not describe Satan as *eternal* and *independent* and in power equal to Jehovah. In times of pagan ignorance, God might wot at the monstrous dogma, which involves a plain contradiction; but nevertheless when in prophecy he called Cyrus even by his name, he himself, through the mouth of Isaiah, contradicted the blasphemous plausibility; and declared, that, so far from the Evil One being his co-equal and co-creator fellow, he himself, the sole monarch, had created that miserable being, who, by a mysteriously perverse exertion of his own free will, had fallen from the region of light and holiness and happiness. *I am Jehovah, and none else: beside me, there is no god.* I will gird thee, though thou hast not known me: that they may know, from the rising of the sun and from the west, that there is none beside me. *I am Jehovah, and none else: forming light, and creating darkness; making peace, and creating evil.* *I, Jehovah, am the author of all these things.* (Isaiah xlv. 5—7.) But the origin of this fable matters not: neither, with God's word in our hand, are we called upon to perplex ourselves with the origination of that evil, the *existence* of which we know by bitter experience. Suffice it for us to read, that there is no God beside Jehovah. But thou art troubled for thy son. Hast thou still faithfully persevered in prayer? God only can change the heart. We, his ministers of mere clay, can do nothing more than point out to our people the way of salvation, calling upon them to repent, and aiding them with our prayers at the throne of grace. My prayers thou shalt have, and hast had: but dost thou thyself persevere in prayer?"

"Ye, holy father, I pray without ceasing; and still no answer is returned."

"Man's time, it is impatience, is ever the present time: God's time is that which best suits his own eternal, though often inscrutable, purposes. Your son, at present, is inflated with vanity; and a consciousness of the superiority of his talents inclines him rather to puzzle others with captious questions, than to listen honestly to fair argument. Let him alone, in the way of disputation: but be instant in prayer. He himself, in the course of his studies, will discover his error; and that fearful pride, to which our fallen nature is so inconsistently liable, will be less disposed to resist his own convictions than to yield to the arguments of others."

"Alas, my father, I am not satisfied. God rejects my prayers. My faith fails me. Hope delayed maketh the heart sick."

"Retire, lady, retire. Such language is unfit for you to utter, and for me to hear. Yet go in peace, and with the fervency of a Bishop's blessing. It is impossible that a son of so many tears should perish."

The lady withdrew, abashed by the rebuke which she had received. Yet, as she afterward declared, the answer of Ambrose was impressed upon her mind like a voice from heaven.

Years again rolled on: and again the lady presented herself to the holy Archbishop. But her face was no longer that of a mourner. It was radiant with joy: which assures us: that *The Lord turneth him unto the prayer of the poor destitute and despiseth not their desire.*

All persons who are friendly to the object contemplated, are solicited to provide such articles as are usually made for a Bazaar, and to transmit them by private hand as early as convenient to any member of the Female Committee.

He had no doubt whatever that such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearances which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours, There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher—Why had this devastation been? It might be further inquired—Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Analogy might suggest the question—Had it met the fate which Scripture told us was reserved for our world? It was obvious that all this was mysterious conjecture.—Dr. Scoresby's Lecture on Astronomy.

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