

Poetry.

"SPEAK KINDLY TO THY FELLOW MAN."

"Speak kindly to thy fellow man, who has many cares thou dost not know; many sorrows thine eye hath not seen; and grief may be gnawing at his heart-strings, which are long will smother him. Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his clouded heart, and make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one who may be. It is enough for thee to know that he belongs to the brotherhood of man, and needs thy sympathy."

JOSEPH HADLEY.

CHURCH CLAVERING, OR THE SCHOOL-MASTER.*

BY THE REV. W. GRESLEY. (Continued from our last.)

In our last we gave Mr. Primer's three divisions of the subject-matter of education and his views relative to the first—viz. the acquisition of knowledge: we will now proceed to his opinions concerning the remaining two very important branches—the development of the faculties, and the formation of the moral habits.

Concerning the former, he says, "If education be supposed, from its etymology, to consist in any one branch more than another, it is the drawing out of the faculties; the development, for instance, of the judgment, the memory, the power of reflection, observation, reasoning—not the mere filling the mind with knowledge, but enabling the youth to analyse, sift, weigh, distinguish, and apply it. Let it suffice to understand that it is the object of this branch of education to develop to the full extent the powers and capabilities of the human mind, and prepare it for the business of life, so as to enable man so trained to do his duty to God and his neighbour in the best and most effectual manner. This you will acknowledge to be a very important branch of education. It is a great thing to have your child's mind well stored with knowledge; but then you want him also to have his wits about him, to be able to make the most of his knowledge. You want to see him furnished with good sound sense, with accuracy and precision of thought; the power of application, so as to bend his mind at will to what is necessary to him to undertake; a retentive memory, so as to store up for life all the knowledge he has gained, and to be able to add continually to his stock; with readiness and presence of mind to bring it out and apply it as occasion serves; discrimination to discern between good and evil, truth and falsehood, and to detect the numerous fallacies which too often pass current in the world. You would also desire to see his taste and imagination improved by such means as are suited to his station in life. The appreciation of moral and natural beauty, and an ability to discern the fitness, order, and harmony of things, is closely connected with real goodness of heart and propriety of conduct. Nor is there any station so humble, in which the pure and more refined tastes may not be so drawn out as to take the place of the more gross and vulgar. The poorest man may have his mind imbued with a sense and feeling of what is beautiful in nature and refined in morals; nor has an inconsiderable step been gained where a poor man has been taught to despise the gross and carnal pleasures in which too many are sunk, and delight more in his flower-garden than in the beer-shop. But here we are approaching the limits of the third and most important branch of education, namely, the formation of the habits, which, however, is essentially distinct from the development of the faculties, though the distinction may not always be plainly marked; the one being almost entirely intellectual, and having reference to the improvement of the mind, the other moral, or relating to goodness or badness of character. And what after all is knowledge and information, what is quickness and ability, what is the cultivation of the mind, or the enlargement of the faculties, in comparison with the moral character? What good will it do our children to have their heads crammed with all the knowledge in the world, or their wits as sharp as needles, if at the same time they are proud, self-willed, unruly, sensual, and wicked? Where in the world will you find a more pitiable object than a clever rogue? To a man of irreligious principles and licentious habits his information and cleverness are only so many additional means of doing mischief in this world, and heaping to himself endless misery in the world to come."

"This, then, is the ultimate object of education, to train up youth in the ways of virtue, and in the fear of God; and surely I need not remind you, as a Christian, that the only power through which we can subdue evil habits, and cherish those which are good and excellent,—the only power by which we can rightly exercise our faculties, and apply our knowledge to God's glory, is the controlling and directing power of religion, as manifested in the blessed Gospel; and hence it is manifest that that body to whom God has committed the teaching of religion, must either directly or indirectly have the control of education; not the actual task of instructing youth in arts and sciences, and other branches of knowledge, but the superintendence and control over the moral and religious part, which is in truth the infinitely most important, and enters into every part of what deserves the name of education."

Having thus philosophically given the three great objects of education, the story goes on to shew the methods and proceedings adopted by Mr. Primer in the ordinary management of the school. This part contains many very important hints on the management and development of different dispositions. Our worthy Schoolmaster thought it very desirable that a boy on entering school should be as nearly as possible on a level with those of his own age. He says, "If he is backward, he gets the character of a dunce; and, from having to submit to contempt, he often loses that proper respect for himself which urges on to excellence. If, on the other hand, a boy is much forwarder in his acquirements than his equals in age, he is led to associate with boys who are bigger and stronger than himself, which is often of infinite injury to his character. The boys in the same form

are apt to be jealous of him, and to tyrannise over him; and the price he pays for his forwardness is the loss of that feeling which is best acquired in the society of equals."

If a boy was strong and big in proportion to his superior ability, Mr. Primer moved him into a higher class; but if, as it often happens, a sharp lad was of a delicate frame, he preferred to occupy his leisure hours with some other branch of study. For instance, if a boy finished his exercise before the rest, he had the privilege of borrowing any book he fancied from the school-library, so that while he went on with his class, at the same rate as slower boys, he did not lose any thing, his spare time being devoted to other branches. Some boys he encouraged in drawing during their leisure-school-hours, or in making maps, plans, and other mechanical works, which might be useful in after-life.

We would wish, did our space permit, to give the whole of Mr. Primer's powerful argument in favour of teaching the classical languages to boys, even should their future pursuits never require them to open a classical work. A few brief extracts, however, we will give, though at the risk of marrying the force of the argument.—"In teaching Grammar in English, there is this difficulty to begin with. A boy does not perceive what you are aiming at. He understands what an English sentence means, without being able to say, this is a noun—this is a verb; and the mere technical knowledge of the construction of a sentence, does not give him the sense of what he knows very well already, has no interest for him. But when you put a Latin sentence before him, he perceives at once that he cannot make it out at all without the help of Grammar. Hence he sees the necessity of it, and what it really is; and sets about it with greater spirit, and consequently learns it better."

The classical languages still live in the writings of those poets, philosophers, and historians, whose works are extant, as models of composition, amongst us; and, what is more, they live in the spoken and written languages of half the nations of Europe, of which, in fact, they form the base; so that when a youth has mastered Latin, he has half-learned French, Italian, or Spanish, and may with very small difficulty understand or read them all. You will observe, also, that when a boy learns Latin, he does at the same time learn English too; and, as I conceive, much better than if he learnt English does, though, for example, when he says doceo, I teach; the English teacher; it is evident that he is learning the English verb as well as the Latin. So that it is not a question whether he shall be taught English or Latin, but whether he shall learn English only, and that imperfectly, or both."

The study of language, especially of the more perfect languages, will open the way to all the variety of human thought. His intellect will have been enlarged, and adapted to close, steady, and discriminating application; and he will have gained, not only a valuable fund of actual knowledge, but a power of acquiring any other sort of knowledge, especially of languages; or engaging with advantage in any other pursuit, to which his energies may be afterwards directed."

Many persons, and especially parents who do not intend that their children should follow any of the learned professions, think that a classical education is thrown away on youth intended for business pursuits. They consider that the time given to the classics is utterly lost, and that it might be much more advantageously devoted to other matters. The fallacy of this opinion has been lately shewn very satisfactorily in this city. In Upper Canada College, an institution which has done invaluable good to the Province by raising the Canadian literary standard, and by infusing sound British principles and feelings into the minds of hundreds now scattered through the length and breadth of the Colony, there once existed what was called "the Partial Form." This form was believed established in order to meet the prejudices of those who desired to exclude the classics from their sons' education, and it was supposed that, the heavy clogs of the Latin Grammar and Delectus being removed, the boys would attain a very great proficiency in the English branches of instruction. The theory sounded as well as such theories generally do, but, in its practical working, it was found that the boys educated in the old system had through it attained such a discriminating precision and vigour of mind that they almost invariably distanced their less-worked companions whenever there was any competition between them.—When this failure became apparent, "the Partial Form" languished, and we understand that it is now altogether discontinued. Certainly, its extinction will by no means detract from that well-established reputation which its present popular and talented Principal so ably sustains.

Mr. Primer expatiates feelingly on the great difficulty which schoolmasters have in doing their duty to the boys and at the same time pleasing the parents. "Parents are too apt to be impatient, and expect the structure to be reared before the foundation is laid.—And schoolmasters are sometimes too ready, say, almost obliged in self-defence, to yield to this feeling of the parents. They will send the children home with strings of hard names of places, and a smattering of two or three sciences, and a number of specimens of fields measured, and maps copied, and account-books with swans, and stags, and German-text flourishing all over them. This is all very well; but it is no real criterion of progress. When a boy is really able to do his sums, there is no reason why his account-book should not be finished off in a neat and ornamental manner; and when he has mastered the art of land-surveying scientifically, he may make as many maps, and measure as many fields as he pleases. But what I object to, is the loss of valuable time in mere outside show."

(To be continued.)

DR. ARNOLD, OF RUGBY. (From Fraser's Magazine.)

The late Dr. Arnold took public favour by storm. Between the infancy of his popularity and its efflorescence there was no intermediate stage, and he seemed to step at once from privacy, if not obscurity, to the highest point of literary celebrity. This is not a common case, but it may be explained. Dr. Arnold was a highly endowed man, and the times in which he lived were favourable to the development of his peculiar powers, and to the dissemination of the knowledge which he had acquired. He was able, earnest, and zealous, and devoted himself with stern diligence to the duties of his personal and public offices. As a matter of course success followed his exertions. This is the reward of sincerity; and he reaped it in a full, if not in a prodigal measure. His fame as a mere scholar and as a classical critic he must divide with others who have achieved much less notoriety, and who were infinitely beneath him in general intelligence; but what really distinguished him, and what attracted towards his writings the regards of his countrymen, were his love of truth, the fearlessness with which he prosecuted any inquiry upon which he entered, his open disregard of consequences, the rashness of his logic, and his somewhat haughty contempt for the sacredness of established opinions. These are all striking qualities, and it was not his custom to let them wane for want of exercise; but the rapid evolution of society during his day probably stimulated his ambition, and certainly gave a more definite aim to his controversial excursions than they could have obtained in quieter times. Such a man could never have been a literary adventurer. The severity and faithfulness of his nature forbade it, and when he emerged from his retirement he

came forth armed at all points, prepared to vindicate his claims to the respect, if not to challenge the confidence, of his contemporaries.

The infirmities of this remarkable person had, perhaps a similar origin with his virtues. His love of truth was intense, nor shall we for one moment doubt that he pursued his search after it with as much honesty of purpose as zeal; but he forgot that it assumes various shapes—in other words, that its complexion and character will necessarily depend on the temper of the mind which perceives it. His code of moral and intellectual law was eminently unaccommodating, and failed consequently to command that universal obedience which he required for it; and possibly to this, more than to any single circumstance that could be named, may his numerous disappointments and the petty vexations that followed them be attributed. His own nature was energetic, but with him it was the type of all other natures; nor could he, apparently, understand why this should not be so. He had more passion than feeling, and whatever he did or thought was marked by keenness rather than by tenderness. Of imagination, properly so called, he had none; while of neutrality upon any subject whatever he would seem to have been incapable, the result is, an absence of philosophical repose where that repose is most needed.

Dr. Arnold, with all his gifts, was pre-eminently a parochial sage. While gazing on the universe and contemplating its past and present progress, he seems to have been spell-bound by the local influences which surrounded him. His school was a miniature world, whence he drew his pictures of human passions and affections, and he the king, who presided with despotic authority over the unruly microcosm; and when he went abroad into life, or attempted to delineate the great world without, we at once recognise the hastiness and the intolerance of one who was a stranger to contradiction, and whose confidence in himself was to those around him rather than of a fair comparison of himself with his equals. This peculiarity is remarkably conspicuous in some of his professional writings. For example, when he says doceo, I teach; the English teacher; it is evident that he is learning the English verb as well as the Latin. So that it is not a question whether he shall be taught English or Latin, but whether he shall learn English only, and that imperfectly, or both."

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is crude and unsatisfactory, and displays the activity rather than the compactness of his mind. We should also fear that his political and ecclesiastical heresies would find more admirers than his solid virtues, and that Dr. Arnold will be often quoted than imitated. "Cunctis deus vitium natura creavit." The rule of universal application, and his prominent infirmity was a contempt for the opinions of others, and a too exclusive confidence in the soundness of his own. With less of this haughty self-reliance and more humility, what might he not have accomplished, for Dr. Arnold was both an accomplished and a good man?"

GENERAL COUNCILS. (From a Sermon by the Rev. S. F. Jarvis, D.D.)

In the Catholic sense, Councils are the solemn witnesses of antecedent faith; in the Roman sense, they are infallible agents of the Holy Ghost, whose decrees are as much inspired as the Bible itself.—The Roman theory has, in the language of Lord Bacon, in its "very body and frame of estate a monstrosity," which shakes all sober thought, and is contradicted by all history; the Catholic theory carries truth upon its face, is supported by irrefragable testimony, and therefore commends itself to the enlightened judgement of all sober minded and reflecting men. The Apostles planted the Church as Colonies in the several provinces of the Roman Empire. For nearly three hundred years after the personal descent of the Holy Ghost, there were no other Councils but Provincial; and even when the Emperor Constantine brought together the delegated Bishops of these several Provinces, and so, for the first time formed a General Council, they only testified to the fact that what is now called the Nicene faith had been always and all received in their several Provinces. And here comes in the admirable rule of Vincent, of Lerins, which defines the Catholic faith to be that which always and everywhere, and by all provincial Churches had been received as the faith once delivered to the Saints. It was as if the several Colonies had sent messengers to one general Assembly to declare how they interpret the laws of the Heavenly City. The proceedings of the Council of Nice were received everywhere and by all the Provinces, as the just exposure of the Catholic faith; and Arianism, though supported by imperial power, and using for the first time among those who called themselves Christians the weapon of persecution, fell after forty years of precarious establishment, and now, among all the primitive Churches is known only by the history of by-gone ages.

Keeping in our view the Catholic sense of a Council, as the solemn witnesses of antecedent faith, let us now ask if the Council of Trent can properly be considered as Catholic or general? During its interrupted sessions from 1546 to 1564, it was held in broken sessions from 1546 to 1564, it was composed almost entirely of Italian Bishops and Deputies, with a few other stragglers to swell the pageant, and under the assumption of Catholicity, and the Frenchmen, and Spaniards, and Germans, who were there, struggled manfully, on several occasions, against the overwhelming force of Rome; and for this, by her tender mercies, the Spanish Bishops were afterwards incarcerated in the dungeons of the Holy Ghost, the profane and bitter sarcasm that the Holy Ghost was conveyed from Rome in a volute, exhibits forcibly the arts and machinations then used. Happy we have the letters and memoirs of Vargas, a learned lawyer and canonist, sent by Charles V. to the Council, which contain many interesting particulars, as recounted by Fra Paolo or Pallavicini. He tells us that while there were great professions of entire liberty, the Pope's Legate did everything in his own way, that this was confessed with secret murmurings to the Italians themselves, most of whom were the Pope's pensioners; that there were not twenty Bishops in the Council capable of examining a point of Theology that sensible of this, the ambassadors proposed a renunciation of many points to the Theologians of Louvain and Cologne, and in fact many gross errors committed by the Council through ignorance were afterwards silently corrected by those learned faculties; that the whole Council was divided into three classes or congregations over which the Legate and the two Nuncios presided; that in these the members were asked to express their views, ostensibly under pretence of liberty, but in reality, to learn who were for, and who against the views of Rome; that if against, they were constantly interrupted, severely censured, and made to understand that they would suffer for their tenacity; that when the minutes of the Notaries who were appointed, not by the Council, but by the Legate, and the decrees, prepared by him and the Nuncios in secret, were ready, they were instantly sent to Rome by a courier, to be revised by the Pope and his Consistory; that on the return of the courier with secret instructions, the three classes were called together with indecent haste, and required to give their assent or dissent, and then a general congregation to pass them with only yes or no, Placet or Non placet; that if they said Placet they were sure of favours and honours, and if Non Placet of suffering from the implacable resentment of the Court of Rome; in a word that the Council was in reality held in Rome, while for form's sake its decrees were promulgated at Trent. To crown all, at the end of the Council an act of excommunication was passed, (and we all know the terrors of a Roman excommunication at that period,) against all who did not sign the decrees. All these particulars show most clearly the anti-Catholic character of that celebrated assembly.

Let the Council of Trent, then, be taken exactly for what it is worth. Let us not be unjust, nor reject indiscriminately all that was said and done. It represented the Medieval faith and practice of the Roman Communion; but has no claims to be considered as Catholic or general. It tried a mill-stone about the neck of that unhappy Church, which has ever sunk her deeper and deeper in the quagmires of heresy and schism.

NON-CONFORMISTS AND COVENANTERS. (From "Letters on the Church," by the Rev. A. S. Theobald, A.M.)

I am by no means prepared to justify all the measures taken after the Restoration with regard to the Non-conformists. I think that the calm and Christian dignity which belongs to the Church of England was in several respects sadly forgotten; and that the natural expiation which the conduct of her adversaries, from the time of Elizabeth downwards, had been too much calculated to excite, was suffered to influence too far both men and measures. Our Crammers, Parkers, Grundals, and Jewels, would have shewn a different spirit; and I cannot doubt, at such a period, a great blessing to the Church and to the country.—Still less am I disposed to say one word in excuse of the cruelties and atrocities which were perpetrated in Scotland during the reign of Charles II, they were alike abhorrent to religion and humanity. But I am not least discussing the conduct of men, who had not the least pretensions to religion: I wish to speak a little of those, who not only made a very high profession of it, but have been highly commended and extolled as Christian Confessors and Martyrs. When so high a claim is advanced on their behalf, it is necessary to try them by the highest and purest standard; and the conduct which might pass without remark or censure in all ordinary cases, may well be subjected

to the severest scrutiny, in reference thereto. For as it has well been said,

A Christian is the highest style of man, so also, with equal truth it may be said, that a Martyr is the highest style of Christian. The brightest example that can be proposed to us in any mere man, is that of Christian Confessor and Martyr, rightly so called; and we are called upon to examine, with the strictest regard to Scripture, the claims of those on whom so high a title is bestowed, and who are thereby so prominently held forth for admiration and imitation.

Very great and various mistakes have been made by those who are disposed to regard in that light, either the Non-Conformists in England, or the Covenanters in Scotland. It is not suffering for conscience's sake, but suffering for Christ's sake, which makes a Martyr. The man who suffers and dies for firmly maintaining his own opinion, may expect and receive the meed of human praise, from those who are content to consider him as a merely natural character; and those who inflict upon him sufferings and death, may be wholly inexcusable; but to give such a man a Martyr's praise, is altogether overlooking or confounding the real nature of things;—for in a Christian point of view such a man deserves not praise: not even excuse, but deep and solemn condemnation;—for self-opinionatedness and obstinacy are awful characteristics of the rebellious children of fallen Adam; and he who dies for his own opinion, is not so much a Martyr as a suicide. But when a man under teaching and influence from on high, has utterly renounced his own wisdom and his own will; when he has trampled in the dust all his own opinions, to sit as a little child at the feet of Jesus;—when simple and unfeigned love to that blessed Redeemer, (whom having not seen he loves, and in whom, though now he sees him not, yet believing, he can rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; 1 Pet. i. 8.) and love to his revealed truth, and love to his Church and people, makes him willing and ready to "suffer all things for the elect's sake, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." (2 Tim. ii. 10.) and then to lay down his life for his Redeemer's sake,—then it is, that he may be considered, honoured, and loved as a Martyr. The true spirit of a Martyr therefore is not a spirit of pride and obstinacy, nor of martial courage; but a spirit of profound humiliation, of utter self-renunciation, of thankful resignation and submission, of tender love and meekness. Nor let me forget that which is so strikingly set forth in the brief, but most instructive and affecting account, which is given us in Scripture, of the first Martyr of the Christian Church. He followed the example of his master, in praying for his murderers; (compare Acts vii. 60. with Luke xxiii. 34.) And when it was commonly said of Crammer, "Do but my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and he is your friend forever," we see in that eminent man a plain indication of a truly Martyr spirit. Many beautiful examples of the same spirit are to be found in Fox. And it may be truly said, that he who has not learned to obey that difficult but sublime and blessed precept, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matt. v. 44.) is ill prepared to strive for the Martyr's crown. It is love which makes him firm and courageous, which inspires him with zeal and fortitude: "For the love of Christ constraineth him."—(2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) And not his own opinion, nor the opinion of other men, but the plain word of God, is the rule and warrant of his conduct. Therefore he does not submit to a contest for things indifferent, but for substantial and soul-saving truth.

Here then is the great deficiency of the Non-conformists and the Covenanters. I can make all allowances and excuses for them, as men who, in many cases, were most cruelly and unjustly oppressed; I can well understand how human feeling will rise against such unjust and cruel oppression. But I am called upon to consider them as Christian Martyrs; and, with the help of God's word to weigh their conduct in the balances of the Sanctuary. Then I see them sadly and bitterly contending, not with the hosts of hell, and the servants of Anti-christ, but with their brethren;—I see them contending for things indifferent, to the unavoidable dishonour and neglect of essential and saving truth;—I see them contending for things which have no certain warranty in Holy Scripture, (to say the least);—and if, on calm and full investigation, they are found to be things contrary to Scripture, how sad and awful to contend and to suffer for such! for then it is contending and suffering merely for their own opinion, in opposition to God's word. I see too that (looking upon them as a body, and with only a few honourable exceptions) the principles of willing submission to constituted authorities in Church and State are totally wanting;—and their political principles are unscriptural and awful in the extreme; such as could only be drawn from the arrogant schools of king-dethroning Popery on the one hand, or from the polluted fountains of Infidelity on the other. I see them, with the Bible in their hands, and the highest profession of religion in their mouths, lifting up their hands in rebellion against their lawful king, deposing him from his throne, sitting in judgement against him, and embracing their hands in his sacred blood! And alas! those who could tamely say, and suffer such things, without rising as one man in his defence, by sinful connivance were accessories to the crime. I see too a sad want of the meekness and gentleness of Christ in their conduct towards their brethren who differed from them; and the spirit of schism among them, rending the Church to pieces on account of things non-essential or indifferent,—even while they could not, and did not deny, that abiding and essential truth was maintained by that Church from which they separated.

These last remarks apply chiefly to the Non-conformists in England. I have not had such ample opportunities of information respecting the Covenanters in Scotland; so that I do not well know how many bright exceptions to my statements might be found; but looking partly at the obvious facts of history, and partly at the writings of some of their defenders and apologists, which have fallen in my way, I fear that what I have said applies with still greater force to them. It is sad to see men so fiercely and pertinaciously contending, not for the essentials of Christianity, but for the mere forms of it;—and those (I am fully satisfied) forms of man's invention and device, contrary to Scripture and the customs of the Primitive Church. And when I read of those, who considered themselves as persecuted for the cause of Christ, meeting to hear a discourse, not on the love of Christ, and the saving truths of the Gospel, but against "the execrable evils of tyranny."—(I quote alas! not from an enemy, but from one of the apologists)—and prepared to follow up the principles to which they were listening by an immediate appeal to the sword,—whatever excuses I can make for men almost driven mad by oppression, and merely considered as men,—every Christian principle and feeling within me is revolted and deeply wounded; I can here discover no trace of the conduct and character of Christian Martyrs. I should be very sorry to make too sweeping assertions, and can truly say, it will do my soul good to hear of multiplied exceptions; but among the Scottish Covenanters, I discover many instances of furious and even murderous fanaticism,—and a fearful taint of such a spirit seems to me to have been very widely diffused among them. Therefore without all intending to question their soundness as a body upon vital points, or the vital religion, and various

graces which adorn the character of the true believer, which appear in many of them; and certainly without all desiring even to extenuate the conduct of their persecutors and oppressors, I can (upon Christian grounds) by no means defend or justify them. Instead of awarding to them the praise and honour that belongs to the Martyrs of Jesus, it is my duty to warn every real Christian, most earnestly and affectionately against the spirit which they manifested, as evidencing sad deficiency in some very important and lovely points of the Christian character. And what shall we think of them, upon whom the meekness and love of the apostolic Leighton could not make the slightest impression! I cannot wonder that he should say at length, "would they have held communion with the Church of God at the time of Council of Nice, or not? If they should say not; he would be less desirous of entering into communion with them; since he must say of the Church at that time—Let my soul be with theirs."

In speaking of the spirit of those whom I am here constrained to censure, I should be quite willing to argue the point upon the supposition, that their adversaries were as much in the wrong as they themselves seem to imagine. Still, when I compare their conduct and spirit with that of the Reformers and Martyrs towards Popish persecutors and inquisitors, I cannot but see and declare, that it was not the spirit and conduct which we see and admire in them, or which we could propose to others as consistent with the high and holy standard they have set before us. Those that humbly desire the Crown of Martyrdom,—yea those that only desire to hold communion with such, and to be gathered with them hereafter,—have need to cultivate a very different spirit; which may the God of peace and love pour out abundantly upon all his people!

THE LORD'S SUPPER FOOD FOR THE SOUL. (From "Lectures on the Church Catechism," by the Rev. A. O. Fitz Gerald, M.A.)

Among the acts of God's providence and provision for the wants of His creatures, which are enumerated in the hundred and fourth Psalm, it is said, "He bringeth forth grass for the cattle, and green herb for the service of men; that he may bring food out of the earth and wine that maketh glad the heart of man; and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, and bread to strengthen man's heart." God does not dole out his gifts with a scanty hand; he does not give just so much only as is sufficient to satisfy the absolute necessities of the beings, whom he has made. But he is bounteous and liberal. He delights to see his creatures merry and joyful, and therefore he filleth them with good things. He is not such a Father that if a son ask of him bread, he will give him a stone.—Man, however, consists of two parts: of body and soul. There is the outer man, so to speak, and the inner man also; a distinction which St. Paul makes in his second Epistle to the Corinthians, where he writes, "For which cause we faint not; but through our outward man perish, yet the inner man is renewed day by day." Now the bountiful provision, which the Psalmist speaks of in the above-mentioned words, relates entirely to the body or outward man. The thought may therefore occur to some, whether the soul has any necessities which require providing for; and if so, what provision has been made for it? For surely it were reasonable to suppose that He, who has so bountifully provided for the wants of the body,

Lord himself argued, "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" So we may conclude, if God feed the body that perisheth, how much more shall he not care for the soul that endureth unto everlasting life? The inward man requires support, but cannot provide it for itself. The question then is, What provision has been made for it? and where is it to be found? God has provided different kinds of nourishment: such are prayer, and the study of his holy word. But the more abundant store is in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here, in an especial sense, he gives bread to strengthen man's heart, and wine and oil to make him a cheerful countenance. For he has given to us his Son Jesus Christ; and he is bread indeed. Himself declared, "I am the bread of life;" "the true and living bread which came down from heaven;" and again, "the bread that I will give is my flesh." And when he appointed this holy Sacrament, on giving the bread to the disciples after supper, he said, "Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you." Now as our Lord spoke of the sacramental bread as his body, and declared himself to be the bread of life, it is not incorrect to say that bread, meaning thereby the broken body of Christ, is provided for the wants of the soul. And as on another occasion he spake of himself as the vine, whose juice and liquor are made wine, we may fitly say that he has given to us wine also, meaning by the expression his precious blood shed upon the cross. Here, then, in the same manner as our bodies are chiefly strengthened with bread and refreshed with wine, our souls also are revived and supported by eating of the body and drinking of the blood of Christ. Here Christ is present in this Sacrament, and cries as the Prophet cried before him; "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—He looks around him and sees a body of his faithful followers pursuing their heavenward journey with flagging wearied step; he sees them sinking beneath an intolerable load, and he has compassion towards them. He calls to them and says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." They hear the call; and with fainting but gladdened hearts they approach the sacred table.—They there partake of the heavenly feast set before them. They eat of the body and drink of the blood of Christ. Afterwards they withdraw full fed and satisfied, and go on their way rejoicing. With new spirits, with new energy, they follow their onward course; in the strength of the meat they have received, they go forwards, braced, and strengthened, and refreshed. But after awhile they again begin to grow weary and faint-hearted. Hungry and thirsty their souls faint within them. And again they hear the gracious invitation; again with joy and gladness they draw near to the heavenly feast and eat of the spiritual meat, and drink of the spiritual drink. And thus by partaking of the holy communion as oft as they may, they are strengthened with might in the inner man, and enabled to prosecute and complete life's journey with good success. These are the benefits of worthily partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; namely, health and strength to finish our Christian course with joy, and finally to obtain the golden crown of glory. And would that all of you knew these benefits by your own experience! Again let me assure you that the holy communion is not intended for the aged only, or for the more advanced in piety. Do not the young and healthy require meat to nourish and strengthen their bodies? Can the full grown man in the prime of life, hale and hearty as he is, do his daily work without eating and drinking his proper food?—Does he ever think of getting up and leaving his house just when his chief meal is placed before him? Remember it is only the sick and feverish invalid, who turns from his meat with loathing nausea. When the usual appetite fails, it is a sure symptom that something is wrong in the constitution of the body. And it is precisely the same with our spiritual health.—

* Church Depository, pp. 267. Boards, 5s. 6d.; cheap edition, 2s. 6d.

It would be an easy matter to extend our remarks on the fact that the school-teaching associations...

THE MARCHING GANDS.—The Sheriff has received communications from the Provincial Secretary's Office...

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THE LATERAL CANAL.—To the Editor of the Niagara Mail. Sir,—The fifth remark, under the Editorial head...

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HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH.

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

LXIII.—THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. S. M.

GRANT TO US, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God; by GRACE ALONE Can we Thy Law fulfil; Then, Grant us help "to think and do" "According to Thy will."

Lord; make "this present world" So serve "the world to come;" That Death may find our souls prepared, And Grace receive us home.

O God; on Carmel's height ELIAH sought Thy face— Like him, we kneel; and wait in prayer "The pouring forth of grace."

From out the sea of love Haste, Lord, a hopeful cloud! "Shed forth" the SPIRIT'S Power; and show "That none in vain have bowed!"

Oh, may we use aright The grace for which we call, Lest we, of grace unmindful prove; And, like "OUR FATHERS," fall!

To them a "Cloud" and "Sea" Of Gospel glory spoke; They All did eat "of heaven's" Bread, and drink "of CHRIST—the ROCK!"

But, Most, o'ercome by sin, Within the Desert fell; Their dying groans, to God's Elect "A Tale of warning tell."

Let All, who think they stand, From them take earnest heed, To use aright His holy help; And serve the Lord indeed!

The Collect.—"The Gospel—(Luke xvi. 8, 9). First Morning Lesson—(1 Kings xviii. from verse 40 to the end), Acts ii. 25. The Epistle—(1 Cor. x. 1). The Epistle—(Verses 2, 3, and 4). The Epistle—(Verses 5, 6, and 7). The Epistle—(Verse 12)."

NOTE.—In the second verse of Hymn XCI. (St. James the Apostle), published in The Church of July 24, for "LORD" by James, read "LORD" to James.

The Author gratefully acknowledges the remarkable correctness with which these Hymns have been printed.

OLD ROBERT GRAY.

There were two long graves which lay along under the north side of the village-church; and if you had waited in the churchyard when afternoon-service was over, some years ago, you would have seen a little boy, as regularly as the Sunday came, run up to these two long graves, and put a little nosegay of flowers on each, and then run back to the churchyard-gate, where an elderly man was waiting for him, leaning on his stick, and watching the little lad running up the churchyard-path, as if he loved him; and then you would see them walk home along the lane together—the child picking the hedge-flowers, and the man walking quietly under the trees by himself. The little boy was Charlie Lee, and the long graves were a father's and a mother's.

The old man was the uncle of Charlie's who had no children of his own, and stood godfather to Charlie when he was baptized; and since the lad was an orphan, he had taken to him, and let him live with him, loving him as his own child; and as he used to say, "besides loving his kin, and the poor lad being an orphan, he was bound to see him taught when he made the promise for him at his baptism." And very kind had Charlie's uncle been to him. No father could have been more careful of the little boy, or loved him better: his name was Gray—Robert Gray. He was well known all the village round for his kindness to every one he knew: he was better off than many, and kept a small farm in a green lane, which lay away from the other houses. All the neighbours knew Gray and the little lad. They were always seen in their own places in church on Sundays; and whenever the service was, the white head of Robert Gray, and the pale hair of Charlie the orphan boy, were seen in the old oak-seat next the chancel as regularly as the Sunday came round. In years gone by, Robert Gray had been brought up himself in a parish where the clergyman was one of those who loved the Church, and observed all her holidays by having service in the church, and catechising the children on the holy lessons of the day; so that Gray himself had always loved the Church and knew how beautiful all her orders and rules were. Charlie had been taught all this himself; often he and his kind godfather were seen walking together over the fields on a summer's evening, while Robert told the little lad stories of other days.

Robert was almost an old man when Charlie was left an orphan. He had always been a good-living man; and when he became sponsor, he did not just stand because he was asked, but he weighed it well, and thought that he soon should have to fulfil the duties of the sponsor. As Charlie's mother was a weak and sickly woman when the little boy was born, and his father was dead already, old Gray prayed earnestly to God that he might be serious about his solemn charge, and really do his best to bring Charlie up—to see he was taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and he was bound to see him taught.

He was quite young when he came to live at Gray's house—so young, he was scarcely able to fret about his mother; and he was so kindly taken care of by his uncle, that the child soon felt quite at home in his house.

One of the first things Robert taught the boy was to know and love his mother's grave—to speak about her and his father in his daily prayers; that he might feel as if they were still his father and mother, though they were gone from this world, and he was still left in it to follow them. The lad always said his prayers at morning and evening before his uncle. A beautiful sight it was to see the child, tired out with his day's play, resting his head on old Gray's shoulder, to go to sleep when his evening-prayers were done. There was a school near the church, where the clergyman taught the baptised children of the Church, and Charlie went there to school: because, as old Robert said, the Church had told him to take care he should be taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and this did not mean he should teach them himself, as this was only the work of God's minister, so of course he sent him to the minister's school.

Robert Gray's life was as regular as clockwork, and so was Charlie's; for the old man always said, that being regular saved time; and we have only so much time to prepare us for the other world; it was so dreadful to waste any; and we should be sorry for it when the doctor should tell us we had not above a few days to live. Charlie was up at six in the morning helping his uncle to feed the cattle. He spent the evening, after all the work of the farm was over, and the farm-yard closed up for the night, in walking through the green lanes and along the shady woods, talking; and Gray seemed to be living his life over again for the sake of his little charge. When he was

ill, and he often was so, Charlie nursed him as well as the child could; and his kind uncle cared to take his food from no hand so well as from his nephew's. In the winter nights, when the fire blazed on the broad hearth of the old kitchen of the farm, and shot his bright cheerful blaze over the shining pewter-plates and brown oak-shelves at the further end of the room, and the snow was drifting against the door outside, you might have seen the old man, with his eyes fixed on the fire, and the little boy, with his eyes fixed on the old man, listening to the stories of old days; and they would talk on till the old kitchen-clock had ticked away many a long hour after five; and though it had struck ever so loud, Charlie had scarce heard it strike, he was so taken up with what Robert Gray had told him.

"Oh, do go on—please do, uncle; tell us another story by the fire-light, it is so snug, and the wind blows so cold."

The little boy would draw closer to his uncle, and look down, half frightened, towards the far end of the room, where only the fire-blaze shone on the shadowy corner.

"My dear lad—my dear Charlie," the old man would say, and stroke his hair; and folding his hands on his stick, would begin, in his quiet way, to tell what Charlie called a story, but which very often was scarcely more than good lessons kindly told.

There did not seem so happy a house all the village over as Robert Gray's; and the neighbours said, "There was not a civiler, merrier little lad than the orphan Charlie. His old godfather did do his duty by him. It would be a good thing if all who stood sponsor would take the same pains. Charlie did credit to his uncle. It was a shame godfathers didn't attend more to their children, when they were bound to see them taught."

One thing his uncle constantly talked to the boy about was, the day when he would be confirmed, and particularly when he should take the Holy Communion; for that day was the most blessed day he looked to, for that day he would be allowed to look to, to receive his precious Body and Blood, by whom alone we have everlasting life.

Charlie had so often heard his uncle talk of this blessed day, that it was the great day of his life he most looked forward to; and he always thought the people who stayed in church after the sermon, on Communion-Sundays, must be such good people, and was almost shocked to see any of them laugh or speak loud, if he saw them in the village that afternoon.

"My first Communion, uncle; what a blessed day that will be for me—won't it?"

"It is—my lad—it will indeed; God grant it; but it is almost to solemn for you to talk of yet. You must try and get ready for the blessed day."

"And can I get ready for it now, so young as I am, uncle?"

"Yes, Charles, by being an obedient little lad to me and your schoolmaster—by minding your prayers to God."

"Then I will try," said the little boy, casting his eyes on the ground, and thinking it such a wonderful thing that he should be able to prepare already for that blessed day.

Old Gray always made him pray about his first Communion in his morning and evening prayer, that if the kind God would let him live till that, he might be ready to take it by leading a holy life; and often, often, old Robert used to pray, while the tears ran down his face, that God would let him live to see his Charles, his own dear boy, receive his first Communion. So, by degrees, the little lad had such holy ideas of the first Communion, that some people in the world would have thought him simple, because he made so much of a day which they had thought nothing of. It was the great day of Charlie's life which he looked to.

Old Gray was always very careful of what he did one great way he should fulfil his duty as a sponsor was by setting a good example; for how was Charlie to learn what promises he had made at baptism, if he heard his sponsor use light words, or not seem to fear and love holy things? There were four things old Robert Gray always minded for his little lad, if they would be well if all sponsors would attend to it, which they could, for their children:—To hear that he said his prayers night and morning, and knew them well; to take him to church regularly; to see he went to the minister's school; and to speak to him often about his Confirmation and his first Communion.

Every thing about the old farm was mixed up with Charlie's mind with such things as these:—the wicket-gate they always went through on Sundays when they went to church; and the long boughs which hung at the window when Charlie said his prayers, and waved about like dark clouds in the summer's evening over him when he knelt or shaded his pale hair as he rested at old Robert's knees before he went to bed; and the lane which he always came along from school, down which his kind uncle met him. And there was the seat under the oak where Charlie always looked, to see his dear gray head leaning on the stick, as the old man sat waiting for his little lad; and Charlie would go so blithely down the hill, shouting and gay, as if he had never seen his uncle before, though he saw him in the morning; and there was the field-path which led to the hills where old Robert and Charlie Lee had walked so many Sunday evenings talking of his Confirmation and his first Communion. Every thing about him told Charlie a good lesson. There was scarce a thing in the old farm which had not a lesson for Charlie Lee. Then the boy had his garden, which he dug and took care of, and gave his uncle a nosegay out of it every Sunday morning. So the time went by. Old Robert had one thought only—the bringing up the little lad, and the wish to live to see him at his first Communion. He constantly remembered the solemn promise he had made to see Charlie brought up "as the child of God." He always thought, it so said, that men should ever make this promise, and not try to fulfil it; and soon the old man's duty became his great pleasure and delight; for his soul became wrapped up in the little boy; and never having any of his own, he spent all a father's love on him.

Charlie was not a pretty boy; he was thin and hollow in the face, and his hair very fair, almost white; his eyes were of a pale blue. The child was delicate, and his high spirits often seemed to much for his frame. He loved old Robert Gray; and Robert would often sit and look at the pale face of the little lad, while the boy looked up, listening to his stories, till the tears would trickle down his wrinkled cheek; and few things by which the old man loved better than to sit by his farm-door, on a summer's evening, and watch the quite movements of Charlie's thin figure as he would play about till he was weary in the farm-yard and up the narrow lane.

One of old Robert's plans was to join certain lessons to certain places in his little farm, that Charlie might remember holy lessons when he looked at them. When he passed by the garden-wall, and saw the fruit hanging high, he called to mind the commandment, that he should not steal. Old Robert's clock, when it struck the hours, reminded him of how quick eternity was coming on. When Charlie lay down to sleep in his little cot, he was reminded of its likeness to a grave, and his lying down in it to a day when he should lie down in that resting place. How often Charlie used to kneel by the bed side, and think of dying! He awoke at night to hear the clock strike, and would think about "for ever and ever." So careful old Robert was to make the lad feel what a solemn life he had entered on at baptism. But, above all, the lesson of all which the orphan learnt was about his first Communion. Whenever the old church-bell rang it was calling him, and bidding him to get ready, by leading a holy life, for his first Communion; so that Charlie scarcely ever heard it sound but what that came first to his mind.

"How sweetly the church-bells ring this evening, Charlie boy, over the green fields! do you hear them?" said the old man, as he sat on a gate one Sunday evening talking to Charlie.

"Oh, yes, so pretty, uncle; they call me to my first Communion—eh, uncle?" said the little boy, looking wistfully up in his face.

"Dear lad, may the kind God prepare you for it! and may He spare my old eyes and white head to see my dear boy kneel at his altar, and I shall die happy!" said the old man, wiping away a tear which was running down his cheek.

"Don't talk so, uncle. Charlie doesn't like to hear you talk so. I'll try and be a good lad, and do all as you tell me," said the child, lifting up the corner of his blue pincloth to wipe away old Robert's tear.

"That I may only bring my boy to the Bishop to be confirmed by him, as I have promised, and see him take his first Communion in God's church, where his father and mother lie beneath the turf, then O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace," continued old Gray, not seeming to heed the little boy, his eye fixed on the church-tower, as if he were reading stories of days gone by.

"Why do you think so much of my Confirmation and my first Communion?"

"Because, my boy, I promised I would bring you to them, with God's help, when I stood sponsor to you, Charlie Lee. I should like to live to keep my promise, and bring my boy with my own hand to the Bishop."

The little lad took the old man's hand, and buried his face in it; for he was a loving little lad as ever was.

Old Robert walked slowly home, as the sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the cool air hissing up. He wandered on with the help of his stick, and thinking on all he had been saying, he left the boy to himself. Robert Gray reached home after dark, and sat down in the porch to wait for Charlie. But the minutes went by—the boy never came—the old man grew uneasy—he walked out into the lane—he called the boy, but no answer came; he listened attentively, but there was not a sound, not a footstep; every thing was still around him. He almost heard the air move; but not a note of Charlie's voice—not a step of Charlie's foot. Robert Gray grew very uneasy and went strolling back, expecting at every turn to see his child. The twilight had quite faded away behind the hills, and the stars were coming out quickly. The lad flapped his swift wing by Robert's face, and the old man growing frightened, turned back to the farm, thinking Charlie might have returned another way; but all was still within doors as it was without. Oh, what would Robert have given to have heard once cry of that dear voice, or one sound of his light potstep, which had so often gladdened his old heart: the silence of the house was dreadful to him, so he went out to rouse some neighbour to go in search of him.

It was a long night to Robert Gray. He sat by the chimney-corner listening to every sound; walking backwards and forwards to the fire and to the door, and looking up at the old clock. There stood the little lad's three-legged stool, and upon the peg-hook Charlie's Sunday hat; and the old man's heart beat as if it would break. Meanwhile the neighbours sent far and wide to look for the little wanderer. But he could nowhere be found or heard of; and when the cold gray light of morning broke out over the wet fields, they came to old Robert Gray's house, and told him they could find Charlie nowhere.

"Oh, my boy; my poor orphan Charlie; what shall I do without you? Where shall I go? What will the poor old do? Oh, Charlie Lee, Charlie Lee!" and the poor old man fell on the ground like one dead. The neighbours lifted him up and tried to comfort him; but it was in vain; his soul was wrapped up in Charlie: he had lived for him, and he would have died for him—he had been his one thought.

Months passed away, and no sign of the little lad. The old man lived alone; the neighbours said, that day after day they saw the figure of the old man leaning against the paling, looking out for Charlie; and that he would go to the garden-gate, and up the narrow lane, and stand and listen as if for his boy's footsteps; then coming back again, he looked so sorrowful as he sat down all alone at the desolate fireside. Charlie's little cot was always set by his own bedside; and the old man always knelt down beside it to say his evening prayers, in order that while he prayed he might ask the kind "God to take care of the little orphan, wherever he might be in the wide world." On the table in the bedroom, the Bible he had given Charlie always lay—taken such care of—the same Bible he had given him the day of his baptism, because he was the little lad's sponsor. Neighbours said, "It was so unkind-like to see the poor old man walk alone each Sunday morning to church, and the little boy not turning at his side. Many's the boy who would have gladly gone and helped the old man along the road, only old Robert said, "He would rather have no one, as his Charlie was away;" and then to see the old man's white head bow in church, and the little lad's fair hair not by his side, it was very sad. Sometimes, they say, he would wander for miles alone; and if any one met him, the old man would start up as if he had been lost in thought, and say, "Eh, Charlie boy, don't tear your smock—there's a good lad!" Or, sometimes, he would tell any one he met, "he was looking for the lad."

The garden was taken care of; but Charlie's little bed had always the earliest and latest flowers, and was called Charlie's garden.

Time passed away, and old Robert Gray heard nothing more of the little orphan boy. But he never forgot him; he thought just as much as he did the day he was first lost; and though ten years had gone, he often had to wipe the tear that would trickle down his cheek when he had to go to bed, because the little lad's stool had stood empty all the evening.

And where was Charlie?

His grandfather had gone home—as we said—and the little lad had wandered on without thinking, picking flowers all the way into a wood. The dark had come up; the sun had long set; a tall dark woman came from behind the trees with a red cloak on, and a bundle of sticks under her arm. The boy trembled all over; he tried to scream, but was too frightened to do so.

"Hold your tongue, boy!" said the woman, doubling her fist in his face. "Hold your tongue, or I'll stop your tongue as you won't like!" and the woman dragged him away, over the fern and thistles into the dark wood. She never stopped till they came to a small tent, which was pitched against a pond: a fire was burning to ashes on the ground, and behind sat a band of rough-looking men and children, with dirty grimaces, and filthy clothes—their curly eyes looked so fierce from their shaggy eyebrows, on poor little Charlie, as he was pushed into the circle.

"There for ye," said she; "there's a prize!"

"I want to go," cried the little boy.

"Where to, child, at this time o'night?" said the woman.

"To uncle; he'll be calling Charlie," said the poor child, sobbing out, and putting the pincloth up to his eyes.

"Then he may call, and long enough too," said a man with a gruff voice. "No more uncle for you—no father either."

"I have no father, sir," said the little lad. "Uncle was a father to me; do let me go! I know old uncle'll send you a silver fourpence to-morrow for taking me home."

"We'll get more for you than that," said the man, laughing, and whispering to his neighbour.

The boy cried and begged; but in vain, of course. The gipsies talked on without minding him, till at last the poor boy fell fast asleep on the fern, under the starlight; for he was but a child, and troubles do not so heavily on children.

When Charlie awoke in the morning the gipsies were all astir; and the tall dark woman stood near him, under a tree looking so fierce. The little lad started up. "Coming, uncle, coming," said he; "I'll find the old cow."

Poor child; he thought he was at home, and he did cry so when he found he was not. He knelt down under the tree, and joined his little hands together to pray; through all the while he tried to speak, the tears fell and choked his voice.

"See the new boy's a-saying his prayers!" cried the gipsy children. "Who taught you to say your prayers, little fool?" said they.

"Uncle told me," said the poor child, looking up timidly. They laughed loud, and told him he must not say his prayers among them.

Days passed away, and Charlie the orphan led a wandering life with the gipsies; he cried a great deal; but, like a child, he played with the gipsies' children, and laughed with them; and then a few minutes again they would find him crying under a tree, because "he wants to go to uncle—what would his old uncle do without him, and how would the cow be fed?" He again cried himself to sleep, always dreaming about home. But he soon got used to the gipsy children, and looked something like one of them, by degrees learning their ways; and though he always felt frightened, nothing could stop his doing that, for he said his uncle had taught him so.

When they went through towns or near them on Sundays as he heard the church-bells ring, the little lad always got up to go to church; and it was not till he had got many a hard blow and sharp word that he could be persuaded to give it up, as he said "uncle always went, and he knew he ought."

He led a wretched life; he saw nothing but lying, stealing, and swearing all around him; the gipsy children were set to teach him the same; if he didn't do it well, he was beaten; and what chance was there for a little lad with such odds against him?

These gipsies travelled all the country over, and taught children their wicked trade; and then sold at a price as great as robbers, in great towns and cities they went through. What was poor Charlie likely to turn out, for he was only a few years old when he strayed from his uncle? But old Robert Gray had taught him well, acted towards him as a sponsor ought; and as the good seed sown, who could tell how soon it might spring up to good fruit? It did lie in Charlie's heart—many and many were the good words of Robert which came back over and over again to the mind of the poor orphan.

(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

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Six lines under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 1d. each subsequent insertion. Ten lines and under, 3s. 6d. first insertion, and 1s. each subsequent insertion. Above ten lines, 4d. per line first insertion, and 1d. per line each subsequent insertion. The usual discount is made where parties advertise by the year, or for a considerable time.

Advertisements, without written directions to the contrary, are inserted in this paper, and charged accordingly.

From the extensive circulation of The Church, in the Province of Canada, (from Sandwich to Gaspe) in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in the Hudson's Bay Territories, and in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as in various parts of the United States, it will be found a profitable medium for all advertisements which are desired to be widely and generally diffused.

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DONE IN A SUPERIOR MANNER, AT THE OFFICE OF "THE CHURCH," No. 5, KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

ALSO, BLANK DEEDS, MORTGAGES, & MEMORIALS, WITH AND WITHOUT BAR OF DOWER, KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND, Handsomely printed on superior Paper and on Parchment.

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GRATEFUL to the Gentry of Canada West, for the distinguished patronage which he continues to receive, and respectfully intimates, that he has received, per Great Britain and other vessels, a very superior assortment of the best West of England Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best possible styles and qualities; and would particularly ask the attention of Gentlemen to his very complete assortment of Patent Cashmeres, French Elastic Cloths, &c., for Summer Clothing, in qualities which cannot be surpassed.

The want of an Establishment where Gentlemen can at all times depend upon being supplied with a first-rate article, in Scarfs, Stocks, Gloves, Suspender, Collars, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c. &c., has induced the Subscriber to be particular in his selection of Goods for that branch of his business.

The Tailoring Department will continue to be conducted on those principles which are calculated to give satisfaction to a discerning public.

N. B.—Clergymen and Barristers' Gowns, &c., made in the most correct manner. 46s-1f

NEW SUMMER GOODS.

J. HOLMAN, TAILOR AND DRAPER. HAS just received a large and choice assortment of SUMMER GOODS, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public generally. They consist of the best WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD CLOTHS, Plain and Figured Cassimeres, Gold and also, a large assortment of Washing Satin and Figured Vestings, Caps, Gloves, Cravats, Stocks, Ties, Linen Collars, Suspender Drawers, Lambwool Vests, &c. All of which he is prepared to dispose of on unusually favourable terms. 46s-1f

COBURG, June 10, 1846.

RICHARD SCORE,

No. 1, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, TORONTO. FASHIONABLE TAILOR, KEEPS constantly on hand a supply of WEST OF ENGLAND BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, and RICH VESTINGS, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support.

N. B.—UNIVERSITY WORK done in all its different orders; also, Judges, Queens' Counsel, and Barristers' Robes, in the most approved style, and on moderate terms. 41s-1f

Toronto, July 14, 1845.

JOHN C. BETTRIDGE,

YONGE STREET, TORONTO. HAS just received from the English, French, and American Markets, an extensive Stock of GENUINE, PATENT AND OTHER MEDICINES; Drugs, Perfumery, Dyestuffs, Oils, Colours, Varnishes; GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS; AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE USUALLY KEPT BY CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, AND GROCERS. All of which is prepared to sell, Wholesale and Retail. On all Liberal Terms as can be obtained in Canada West. 41s-1f

An able ASSISTANT has been engaged to superintend the Drug Department. 41s-1f

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FOR SALE, the South-East quarter of Lot No. 17, in the 4th Concession of the Township of Hamilton; 40 Acres of which are cleared. The Land is well watered, and in a high state of cultivation. For terms of payment, &c. enquire of the Subscriber on the premises. THOMAS CROSSAN. 41s-1f

TO LET.

THOSE elegantly situated Premises in King Street, three doors west of the Montreal Bank, consisting of a commodious and very convenient Dwelling House, with Store underneath, fitted up in a superior style with Show Windows, Glass Cases, &c. &c., and well adapted for general business, with a Counting House off the Store, and a large Warehouse in rear. Early possession can be had; and the House and Store let separately or together. For particulars apply to the Proprietor, D. E. BOULTON, Esq., or to the Subscriber. PETER MORGAN. 44s-1f

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THE FOLLOWING LANDS are offered for sale by the Executors of the late J. S. CANTRELL, Esq., viz.:

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