

The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, I, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837.

[NO. XVI.]

Original Poetry.

THE PRAYER OF DANIEL.

"And his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did afore time."—DAN. vi. 10.

Softly o'er wide Chaldea lay
The quiet of the evening hour,
And sunset with each lingering ray
Gilt the bright crests of shrine and tower:
Glorious—beyond what mortal dream'd,
Thy kingly domes, proud Babel, gleam'd!

Now softly on the wind swept by
The liquid notes of distant song:—
Now burst the joyous chorus nigh,
As pleasure led each festal throng.
All seem'd as Earth's awaken'd voice,
Her thousand echoes bade rejoice.

Where now was Israel's guardian seer,
The wanderer in the stranger's land,
Amid the regal banquet's cheer,
The revel's maze, or masquer's band?
Hath the lone captive all forgot
His far off home,—his slavish lot?

Within his chamber's still retreat
The Prophet, with his God alone,
Waits up to the mercy-seat
His low-voic'd prayer's beseeching tone:—
Bright words of hope,—each dearest thought
That love had fram'd, that faith had taught.

With soften'd brow, with yearning breast,
Now hath he turn'd his ardent glance
To where yon blue hills of the west
Gleam 'neath the sun-set heaven's expanse;
And visions of a glorious past
Seem o'er his fancy's musings cast.

There was the land his fathers trod,
There his true spirit's cherish'd home;—
There the bright temple of his God
Rear'd high to heaven its worshipp'd dome:
There was each dearest, holiest place,
Where long had bow'd his freeborn race!

Proof to the tempter's deepest art,
The faith his youthful ear had heard,
Still breathed its freshness round his heart
In native strength,—unchang'd, unstirr'd:—
And in the light it shed o'er him,
Earth, and the dreams of earth, grew dim!

Long hath the Prophet pass'd away,
But to his dying glance was given
The star of hope's triumphant ray,
Soft beaming in his native heaven:—
Far through the mists of future time,
The Day-spring o'er his suffering clime.

Oh wanderers in the stranger's land!
For whom the Exile's hours are told,
Have ye unloos'd each gentle band,
Bade every thought of home grow cold?
Or will you turn like him your gaze
Tow'rd the deep joys of other days?

Will life-like forms before ye start
Of grassy haunts, of shrines for prayer,
Of graves where rests each loving heart
'Neath the low turf that swelleth there?
Will early Faith come whispering near
Words of light promise in your ear?

Or will the forms of memory seem
But phantoms for the musing eye;—
Shapes of a soft but empty dream
Of what once was—of things gone by?
No!—they have brighter visions yet
Than shadowy joy, or vain regret.

The Palm that with a pure spirit caught,
Each hope of childhood's sacred time,
Tho' chang'd to wisdom's deeper thought,
Yet lives to soothe your manly prime:
To fan the flame their breathings nurs'd,
To point the Heaven they told of first!

And the same God, whose aid was nigh
The prophet in his fearful hour,
O'er ye may bend a watching eye
To guide ye on with equal power,
'Mid sunny hopes—or skies o'ercast—
On to sinless home at last!

Toronto, August, 1837.

JUAN.

REASONS FOR EPISCOPACY.

(Concluded from our last.)

Mr. Colton's third chapter is devoted to the consideration of certain objections to the Liturgy, and other forms and modes of Episcopal worship. On this side the Atlantic, we have been so long familiar with these notable topics of discontent, that any lengthened discussion of the subject, would, probably, inflict a mortal weariness on our readers. It may, therefore, be sufficient to enumerate the causes of deadly offence which the consciences of Protestant America have discovered in the great work of our Anglican Reformers. First, then, the Episcopal Liturgy is a Roman Liturgy; and can any thing good come from the Seven Hills? Secondly, it contains many tedious and unprofitable repetitions. Thirdly, there is too much getting up and sitting down; too frequent a change of posture, and of topic; too much interchange of different kinds of service, &c. &c. Fourthly, the use of a ritual by all the people is no better than a decent mantle thrown over the apathy, or the hypocrisy, of the greater portion

of them: as if there were some magic virtue in the services of the conventicle, which would strip the covering from the heart of every outward worshipper, and lay it bare to the public inspection. Fifthly, the responses of the congregation are improper, unprofitable, and tend to confusion—a charge from which, alas! most congregations in this country seem (by their careful abstention from all audible manifestation of their own personal concern in the public offices of religion,) most commendably anxious to relieve themselves! Sixthly, the liturgical form of worship is utterly powerless; since, in spite of all its appliances and means, it is notorious that the Episcopalian have no religion; they are mere formalists: an Episcopalian which causes Mr. Colton to blush for the uncharitableness of his countrymen! The seventh objection is, in fact, but supplementary to the first,—the numerous holidays, and saints' days,—the observance of which is either appointed or recommended,—are mere worthless relics of Romish superstition! And yet, how singularly curious it is, that those very persons, who loathe the solemn commemoration of apostles, evangelists, and martyrs, should be absolutely insatiable of certain stated appointments, originating in their own fantastic caprices, and usually known by the name of religious occasions! The list of these occasions, Mr. Colton tells us, is perfectly surprising. They form a calendar, which might emulate that of Rome; and, before which, our own sinks into utter insignificance. And all these holy days have received their consecration within the last twenty years. The original monthly Concert—(for that is the title by which many of the occasions are designated)—on the subject of general missions, has long since attained a very sacred estimation; and so, in its train, have several others of the same class. There are several annual Concerts, to which very great importance is attached; as, for instance, the first Monday in the year, for the world; a day in February, for colleges; another, for the cause of temperance; and various others, each with its specific design. In order to show how easy it is to be originated these occasions, Mr. Colton informs us that the above-mentioned celebration of the first Monday in the year, received its first impulse from the suggestion of a lady! It was a lady who launched it, and, by her personal influence, got it under weigh; till, at last, it sailed onward, with canvas expanded, and colours flying, into the deep and broad sea of the Presbyterian and Congregational communion. It is the same, he tells us, with nearly all the religious and benevolent movements of the day. With few exceptions they have issued forth, not from the reservoirs and fountain-heads of ecclesiastical authority, but from obscure sources, to which it soon becomes difficult, and next to impossible, to trace them.

The effect of these multitudinous, and often long-protracted religious exertions, has been—(to use the quaint expression of Mr. Colton)—the breaking up, and the breaking down, of the clergy of the land. They are broken up,—for the exhaustion of their physical and mental energies, under this excessive and perpetual demand for stimulating religious applications, compels them to seek relief, by incessant change of situation,—a process destructive of their stationary local influence. They are broken down,—because the same demand pursues them into every new locality. "There can be no stability of pastoral relation in such a state of the public mind. And, what is still more melancholy, the pastors themselves cannot endure it—they cannot live. They are, not only constantly fluctuating, literally afloat on the wide surface of the community; their spirits are sinking, and they are fast treading upon each other's heels, to the grave—their only place of rest." All this, while they have but little sympathy from the fanatical multitudes, for whom they are consuming themselves. For truly, the multitudes have, an exceedingly cheap and comfortable anodyne for the sufferings of their pastors,—even the very humane and considerate maxim, that it is better to wear out, than to rust out!

It will not appear at all wonderful, that, in a state of society like that which is here described, the grand accusation of all against any prescribed form of devotion, should be loudly and generally echoed; namely, that it fetters the freedom of the spirit—that it essays to bind the wind which bloweth whithersoever it listeth. This charge very strongly reminds us of the reply of the Jews to our Saviour,—we were never in bondage to any man: (John viii. 33.)—and this, when they were themselves trampled beneath the feet of imperial Rome. Mr. Colton shows (as many have shown before him,) that they who are so disdainful of the tyranny of forms, are, in fact, in an errant bondage to forms, as the unhappy slaves whom they affect to pity and despise. There is no getting rid of forms, in public worship. The hymns of the conventicle are, manifestly, forms. Their prayers, too, are forms. "With few exceptions," Mr. Colton justly observes, "and with little variation, the public prayers, if not prescribed, are set forms." Men of ordinary endowments, who are supposed to pray extemporaneously, do but "run through an accustomed, and, to their hearers, a well-recognized round of thought, from which they seldom depart, week after week, and year after year. Some of them cannot vary from their set phrases." Those who are more amply gifted may appear to be less confined, or, as the phrase is, to have more liberty, in addressing the Lord. "But if their prayers are rich and various, dressing into their drawers will ordinarily discover that this gift is an acquisition, not an endowment; and that this rich variety is the result of untiring pains to commit to writing and to memory, in the same manner as the best extemporaneous preachers produce their discourses. Their prayers are forms, of set sight; but they are no less forms." In fact, prayers, thus elaborately prepared, are merely sermons in another shape; and (with some rare and marvellous exceptions) no human capacity or accom-

plishment can ever be equal to this inordinate amount of preparation. "If prayers are studied, sermons will be neglected. If supreme attention is given to sermons, the prayers will be, not only formal, but meagre. Doubtless, in nine parts out of ten, both in number and quantity, these extemporaneous prayers are mere forms; and these forms—(most common, stale, and low, having all the vices of a form, without the purity of a prescribed and authorized ritual)—are stereotyped in the public mind; in the mind of the leader, and of those who are led."—p. 117.

Having thus laid before us a whole liad of mischiefs, Mr. Colton proceeds to give us the following brief and concentrated exhibition of the evil; to which we earnestly solicit the attention of our readers:—

"Never since the days of the Apostles was a country blessed with so enlightened, pious, orthodox, faithful, willing clergy, as the United States of America at this moment; and never did a ministry, so worthy of trust, have so little independence to act according to their conscience and best discretion. They are literally the victims of a spiritual tyranny, that has started up and burst upon the world in a new form—at least with an extent of sway that has never been known. It is an influence, which comes up from the lower conditions of life, which is vested in the most ignorant minds, and therefore the more unending and uncontrollable. It is an influence, which has been fostered and blown into a wide-spread flame, by a class of itinerating ministers, who have suddenly started up and overrun the land, decrying and denouncing all that have not yielded at once to their sway—by direct and open efforts shaking and destroying public confidence in the settled and more permanent ministry—leaving old paths and striking out new ones—demolishing old systems and substituting others—and disturbing and deranging the whole order of society, as it had existed before. And it is to this new state of things, so harassing, so destructive to health and life, that the regular ministry of this country—the best qualified, most pious, most faithful, and in all respects the most worthy Christian ministry, that the Church has ever enjoyed in any age—were made the victims. They cannot resist it—they are overwhelmed by it.

Doubtless, there is a redeeming spirit in reserve; I could not confide in Providence, if I did not believe it. The clergy of this land are worth too much to be lost—to be sacrificed. I trust it will not be long before they will be able to assert their prerogatives, and recover their appropriate influence."—pp. 133, 139.

In the fourth chapter, the claims of Episcopacy are considered. Of course, Mr. Colton does not attempt to embrace the whole of this high argument. He is content to refer to the great standard works, for a due exhibition of that argument, in all its impregnable strength; and, simply, to point out those more prominent considerations which have, principally, influenced him in the formation of his own opinions. Our space forbids us to do much more than intimate that, in the outset of this discussion, he plants his foot upon very lofty ground. He assumes it to be the design of Christ that there should be a permanent ministry, of some kind or other, over his church; and he argues that a ministry, without authority, is something altogether nugatory and contemptible. Authority is the inseparable attribute of office; nay, its very essence. As for the forms and modes, under which the office is instituted—these, indeed, may be merely accidents; but, even so, these accidents themselves are matters of the deepest importance; seeing that, without them, it is impossible for the world to know what, and whom to respect, as invested with authority. But, further, if such provision was originally needful it is equally needful that it should be continued in uninterrupted succession. If there has, any where, been a chasm, or a break, the gates of hell have prevailed. And the prevalence of the gates must be manifest to all the world, if the chasm should be so vast, the break so wide, that no man can see over it, or tell us what was beyond it. No matter how many may have been the "dark ages," or how dark they were; to admit that the obscurity was so deep as to involve us in utter ignorance on this essential point, is to admit that the ministry, which the apostles set up, has been lost: and with it, the visibility of the Saviour's kingdom. Now, the only definite form of administration which can be distinctly traced back, through all ages, to the apostolic times, is Episcopacy. And then the question arises—was such the polity and government established by the Apostles themselves? If it was, there is an end of the debate. If it was not—if Presbytery, or any other form, besides the Episcopal, were, in truth, the original ordinance of the apostles, then we are driven to the supposition, that the apostolic institution was thrown into a deep sleep, almost as soon as it was born; that its place was seized, and retained for 1500 years, by an illegitimate and usurping power; and that, at the end of that long period, the lawful inheritor suddenly awakened from its deadly slumbers, to vindicate its birthright—an assumption so amazing as to astound the present writer, now that his vision is purged from the dimness which had been clouding it for twenty years.*****

"The principle of Episcopacy," says Mr. Colton, "must obtain; the religious world cannot do without it; it is essential in society for the management of religious enterprises, on any extended scale. I have shown, that it now pervades and governs the American religious world throughout. It is even astonishing with what rapidity it has come over the land. It is the result of necessity in all such great religious efforts, associated and combined, as have characterized this country for a few years past.

"In view of the position which we now occupy in relation to the past and future—the workings of the religious elements in our own land—and of that free and independent thinking which characterizes the public mind, which withal must have its influ-

ence in our public schools and theological seminaries—if indeed, there be any strong claims in Episcopacy, it cannot be matter of surprise, that it should soon obtain a respect even in this country, which it has not heretofore realized. There are, at present, two very influential considerations, which may lawfully constitute a ground for such an anticipation. One is, that the religious extravagances of the country will naturally drive the more sober part of the community to this resort for protection. The other is, upon the premises here occupied, viz. that Episcopacy has strong claims to respect, sober inquiry, candid investigation, and temperate discussion, will bring doubts over the minds of numerous candidates for the Christian ministry, as to the validity of other orders, and compel them in obedience to conscience to resolve those doubts by adopting the only alternative that lies before them. The question in their minds will be reduced to this:—Other ordination is uncertain—unsatisfactory; this is allowed by all to be valid; it has a respect in the conscience, and a currency in the opinion of all mankind. Let us, therefore, adopt that, concerning which there is no doubt.”—pp. 163, 164.

If we understand Mr. Colton rightly, his persuasion is, that the agency by which this stupendous work (of evangelizing the world) is to be completed, is no other than the Episcopal and Apostolic church; which, of late years, has been shaking herself from the dust, and putting on her pure and beautiful garments, and deliberately gathering her might. He does not, indeed, positively declare as much. But we can scarcely collect less than this, from the whole tenor of his speculations. The case which he has presented to us, is briefly as follows:—The whole of American society is pervaded by a most intense religious susceptibility. This mighty principle, however, instead of being duly regulated, and wisely applied, has been suffered to burst forth, and to sweep over the land. “The winds have been united,” and they have long been “fighting against the churches.” They have made wild-work with all the forms of religious organization which stood in their course. They have every where disturbed and dislocated the pastoral relations; and, in many instances, have entirely broken them up. The violence of their assault has unsettled and confounded the public mind, and spread a sort of religious anarchy throughout the Union. But a crisis is now at hand, which must determine whether order or confusion shall have the dominion. There seems to be a formidable and growing combination of all well-disciplined minds against these eccentric and insurrectionary doings. And, of all the communities in America, where is there one so fit to direct and rule the conservative agency, as the Episcopal Church? If we may trust the statements of Mr. Colton, she only possesses her soul in peace, in the midst of the bewildering disorder. The spirit of love she has, in common with all others. But it is scarcely too much to say, that the spirit of power and sberness, rests almost exclusively with her. If, therefore, the facious elements, which are now striving for mastery, are ever to be recalled, by whose voice can this be so potentially effected as by hers? And, if they are ever to be brought into harmony and unison, where is the nucleus around which they may collect themselves, with so fair a promise of permanent and solid coalition? She is conscious of her divine origin; and we are here repeatedly assured that she has shaken off those vile accretions which are supposed to have encumbered her strength, and darkened her beauty of holiness, throughout the European world. She, therefore, of all others is beyond comparison, best fitted to take the lead in any grand development of Christianity,” and to bring it on to a prosperous consummation.*****

In spite of all the strife and mischief which Mr. Colton has so closely witnessed, he evidently has about him not one particle of the proverbial malice of a renegade. On the contrary, he retains the most ardent affection towards the societies which he has quitted, while he bitterly deplures their aberrations and excesses. We may, therefore, confidently rest in the belief that we are in the possession of testimony above all exception. And surely the subject of which he speaks must stir the heart of every faithful member of the Anglican Church; whether that Church is still to remain implicated with the State, or whether she is doomed to a trial of her own inherent and independent virtue.—Besides, a still higher importance attaches to this publication. It furnishes an answer to those who mock at the thought that God doth take care for mere forms of church government. Mr. Colton has shewn that all the tendencies of the Christian world are towards the Episcopal principle of administration; that this same principle is in almost universal activity; and nowhere more active than among those who set their faces, like a flint, against the formal recognition of it. What, then, are we to conclude, but that Episcopacy, under some shape or modification, is neither more or less than the dictate of man's constitution, as a social and religious being; the inevitable result of his necessities? And, if this be so, what marvel is it that the Almighty should stamp it with the express sanction of his own sovereign will? And why should it be thought a thing incredible, that, in this, as well as in all other instances, the voice of Revelation should be in perfect harmony with the voice of Nature?

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

No. V.

THE MORTALITY OF MAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

The mind of man is active and resolute, and will not readily assent to so humiliating a conclusion.—Flesh, it may be apt to say, is grass. The sensualist—the ignorant—the vicious, contented with a gross nature and self-destroying inclinations, may follow the rule of withering plants,—and being no better than mere matter, may to matter return. But all flesh, such may pretend, is not grass. The organs of the body may, with some decay; but the better, the more spiritual part of the individual, will not wither. The virtuous intellect is a glory more imperishable than the glory of the flower, and one which will not—pass away. Here then we come to that which essentially makes the difference between human and all inferior natures,—to that which beams from the eye, though where it is lodged we cannot say,—

to that which actuates the brain, though how, or in what connection we are ignorant,—to that which makes the pulse throb and the heart beat, though past our imagining or comprehending in the manner,—the presiding power, in short, of the man,—which, the more it is exercised, the more it elevates him to something beyond humanity. No, this part of the man dies not the death of mere matter,—but still “all flesh is grass;”—dies (if abandoned to itself) more lamentably. For as the body is nourished by the light of the sun—the air of heaven—the product of the earth and ocean;—so the soul is only nourished and derives existence from the approbation and smiles of God, its Maker and Redeemer. And the man, who depends merely on himself, is as sure of sinking into a worse state than the mere animal death, as the grass is of withering in its season. For the best actions of the most elevated and intellectual man, being scrutinized by the all-searching eye of God, will be found wanting in acceptable particulars:—*imperfection*, the essential of all created beings, and *wilful defect* will, more or less, characterize every act. Such being the character of his actions in the eye of God, he must be regarded with a degree of aversion by that holy and adorable Being, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and must consequently be *punished*, by a *withdrawal* of his favour, his grace, and of his deliverance from the penalties of death. The man, who tries this reliance on *himself only* before God—whether like the benighted heathen from *ignorance* of a better way, or like the modern infidel from *self-conceit*, and *contempt* of the religion of Jesus—will find, in the result, that his supposed stock of merit will be *like the grass*,—that his hopes will *wither* under the influence, and at the hour, of death—and that his *glory* will be like the flower which falleth away.

If all flesh then be grass,—all the glory of man will be like the flower of grass. That is, in the best sense, and that in which the Apostle in my text uses it,—whatever reliance man may have for salvation, or any blessing tending to his well-being, will be a false reliance, if it proceed from man alone.—Even the holy ceremonial of the Jewish worship, though established by Moses under the sanction of God, could be perverted, and indeed in his time was perverted, to the temporal and eternal destruction of individuals. For, setting up the ceremonial above the moral law—setting up the structure and machinery of the law, above the vital and spiritual part, as set forth by the successive schools of the Prophets—and setting up circumcision, the temple worship, and typical offerings above the faith and obedience to Christ Jesus,—they gave a use to these ceremonies, and even better parts, which God did not intend should be given to them,—and, in consequence, so far built on the wisdom of man rather than on that of God, and became sinful and vain as the fruit thereof. Accordingly St. Peter is particular in warning the Jewish disciples thus. “Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.” The glorious stones of the Temple—the rich furniture—the priests that ministered in order—the numerous and costly sacrifices and offerings—the crowds of worshippers,—all these were grand and solemn things. But they had in that day nothing to do with salvation. They were glories, like the glory of a flower which falleth from the withering plant. If, then, the sacred and awful ceremonial of Moses was abrogated, when a better worship came,—if God's own revelation to the Jews was made to give place to that better way, which was pointed out by Christ Jesus,—surely no device, or imagination, that any man among us can entertain, will pass the ordeal of God. The falsehood of any other stay than Christ will soon in every case appear; and whatever a man's virtue and advantages may be, they will be neither virtue nor advantage to him in the end, unless he be a humble Christian, trusting for salvation only in the name of Jesus, and following, as he best may, in his steps.

To that blessed object let me now point your attention. From grass, the beautiful yet most fragile product of the natural world,—from riches, pleasure, wisdom, false religion,—from all that man glories in, to his own loss,—let me turn to shew you the most solid thing, not alone in this world, but in the invisible,—even “the word of the Lord which endureth for ever.”

This word then calls on men to renounce themselves, their own imaginations, and the dogmas and works of their fellow-men; and repenting of their unworthiness, to approach God through Jesus our Redeemer,—he being the only door which openeth into eternal life—the only way to heaven—the only source to man, of truth—the only cause and conferrer of what really deserves the blessed name of life.

Whereas the natural man is haughty—puffed up with vain imaginations of his own wisdom and righteousness—oppressive to his fellow-men—sensual and addicted to selfish gratifications—and wedded to the narrow and murky horizon in which he treads the gross earth,—this “word of the Lord” bids him, on the contrary, to follow the example set mankind by our Saviour Christ;—which, (first acted before a living generation,) comes now down to us in the books of the New Testament, which are much illustrated by the light borrowed from the Old. By copying this all-perfect life, the man becomes so much changed that he may almost be called a new-creature. He becomes as humble, as before he was haughty;—humble I mean, not in the external man, so much as in the deep recesses and habit of his soul: he loves his brethren, as the Master Shepherd loved his sheep—he lifts his broken soul in prayer to God—he renounces unclean and sinful gratifications—and lives a life of faith, looking constantly to another world, and acting as if, in this, the clear, all-judging eye of God was looking constantly on every thought and action.

In order the more effectually to avail himself of the Redeemer's death, he joins himself to some public body of Christians, so that he may, in this world, have the honour to confess the crucified Christ before men,—and also, that he may have the benefit of regular public prayer—hearing the Scriptures read—and a participation in the sacraments. While resolving upon this, one of his greatest trials perhaps comes upon him; for though he may resist the taunts and injuries of open enemies, he finds, within the ranks of the Church visible, so much imperfection at best—

so many ignorant Christians—so many lukewarm—so many insincere—and so many designing and wicked—that the observation becomes a sore trial to him, and he is often staggered in his holy resolve. Nevertheless he determines, by the grace of God, not to add himself as one to that unhappy number; but by duly availing himself of both public and private prayer, he seeks to draw down that grace, which is mighty to save, and that Holy Spirit which is promised to the faithful supplicant. And soon he learns that encouraging doctrine of the communion of the Saints; and though he may doubt the sincerity of this, or that individual, or find faith where he did not look for it, he is cheered by the consciousness that armies of holy men are lifting up constantly on earth hand and voice to God through Christ, in unison with his own. And he is taught to expect that finally there will be a day of most solemn Judgment,—when the faithful and righteous will be separated from the wicked, and blessed everlastingly in a way which no tongue can tell, or fancy.

These are a few particulars of that word of the Lord which is mentioned in my text, and which speaks with *authority* as proceeding from him, who has all power in heaven and earth,—with *kindness* as coming from the Saviour himself,—and which is more *immutable* and lasting than the adamantine hills. Compared with this doctrine of the Gospel, all human pursuits and maxims are contemptible and silly. The only way for man to act *prudently* is to listen reverently to this divine word—and to model his conduct accordingly.

RUFUS.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837.

We have, this week, the gratification of presenting to our readers the concluding portion of the excellent Sermon preached by the Rev. W. Macaulay, Rector of Picton, at the recent Visitation of the Archdeaconry of Kingston. We gladly subjoin it in lieu of any further remarks of our own upon a theme, dear to every member of our communion,—the late beloved Bishop of Quebec; and not least upon a subject which must engage so deeply the anxieties of Churchmen,—the scarcity of spiritual labourers in our vast and ripening harvest.

“Here, my Brethren of the Clergy of this Upper Canadian Church, I should have wished to bring my discourse to a close, were I not reminded by the words, wherewith it is prefaced, of a duty—solemn indeed and sad—which my subject draws me on to perform. I owe it much to myself as an obligation of exacted gratitude—I owe it equally to you, partakers, many or all of you, of similar benefits. It is a matter of debt and respect, which himself, in every consideration, has a right to claim,—to apply the words of my text to a living—I had trusted at least when I began the paragraph that I might have said, *yet living*—though it has pleased compassionate Providence to order the matter otherwise;—but I will still say, a divinely-selected successor of the great Apostle of the Gentiles for these regions. The venerable Bishop of the Diocese—consecrated, now, by the solemnities of the recent grave—sainted, now, with God—and stamped with the true nobility of heaven—rises, in the full worth and Apostolic dignity of his character, on my mind,—such as it was our privilege to know him in this world of his Christian warfare, while he was accomplishing, “as a hireling his day,” as often as I reverted to these applicable words: “Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.” These were the duties, which, in this very edifice, he committed, at no distant date, emphatically to our charge. They were these duties, which he pressed upon our observance, with all the fervour of Apostolic zeal, and with all the authority of a pure and Apostolic character. They were these duties, which, previously, he had himself illustrated in a life of single-minded faith, and laborious love to his brethren of these Western wilds. And indeed there were many striking points of resemblance between him, and that Apostle. The disciple of Gamaliel gave up no brighter prospects of influence in the Church and State of his nation, than our pious Diocesan abandoned among the noble and great of his land, to assume the humble and primitive duties of a Missionary. Committing his ways unto the Lord, he raised, like the Baptist, his first holy call to repentance, in one of the most neglected and untameable sections of the diocese. Thence, after years of self-devotion in the cause of Christ, having brought many, it is trusted, to salvation, he was appointed Visiting Missionary;—in the course of his discharge of the requisite duties of which, he traversed the vast regions irrigated by the St. Lawrence, and planted the Gospel in many a site not before watered by the heaven-descended dew. He took various journeys across the sea, for the purpose of procuring such advantages of human aid to the spiritual wants of the lonely settlers, as his extended and high connections, and still more his energetic piety might be able to procure. And, on the demise of the first Bishop of the Diocese, he was appointed, as to a crown of martyrdom, his successor. I say, my Revd. brethren, as to a crown of martyrdom. For, if the trials and difficulties, that nearly overpower the timid and feeble Missionary are, in your experience in this country so well known,—still more oppressive and thorny were the ways which this saintly Father in God was doomed, during his Episcopate, to tread, and by which his frame of iron, unbroken otherwise by years, had been weighed down. The Church over which he presided, might well say, as the Psalmist expressed it; “Had it been an open enemy, which had done me this dishonor, then I could have borne it. But it was even thou, mine own familiar friend, that hast lifted up the heel against me.” For in the unsearchable ways of adorable Providence,—and with this blameless and unexceptionable Prelate in the front of us,—a new and unheard of thing was witnessed in this Christian land. The rulers forgot their God, and the people forgot their Church—and, with inexplicable infatuation, friends and foes combined alike to oppress the acknowledged disciples of the Lord, and to strip generations, yet unborn, of all provision for the Evangelical ministry. No more flagrant act of injustice—unfeeling and cruel in itself—was ever committed in the annals of Ecclesiastical history, than the robbery of a portion of the salaries of the Missionaries of Upper Canada, and the un-

certainty cast upon the remainder, in a time of profound peace, when the country was in a state of most blessed prosperity, and when all apprehension of such injustice had been dissipated for ever, under the pledges and sanctions, by which these and other sacred rights seemed secured. If that calamity,—ever to be deprecated,—the extinction of our national Church, and the British name—ensue hereafter in these regions, it will, past all doubt, be a divine judgment on prince and people for this dishonor, so gratuitously put upon the name of Christ. Or should the calamity be averted, as we trust in returning righteousness it may, that issue will have been to nothing more assignable, than to the prayers and pieties of this holy Bishop, and of that mystical body of saints, of which in this extensive diocese, he was the example and the head. By the dignity of his sacred character and revered name, he was, under God, to the Church, as a pillar of strength in this hour of her distress. He counselled, consoled, assisted, and directed his Clergy under their difficulties. And so remarkable was the humility and single-mindedness of the meek and holy man, that even the enemies of the Church, struck with unwonted generosity of sentiment, blessed him continually as he past. And yet these benefits cost our Episcopal Father in God many an anxious hour,—many a consuming care.

Much, my Brethren, it was his happiness and privilege to perform. But he failed, apparently, with all his endeavours, in three prominent and essential points. He was not able to rouse the men in power to carry into operation Seminaries and Scholarships, for the education of Students for the Church. He was unsuccessful in teaching the mothers of the present day, in this country, to dedicate their best beloved children to the public offices of God in the Ministry. And, though he could effect much, it seemed past his ability, to excite in the hearts and souls of the youth,—youth, in every other country so amiable and emulous of high design—that desire which the Apostle recommends, as the desire of “a good work;”—viz. of aiming to be admitted to the clerical profession. Unrighteous mammon, and the love and license of pleasure, unfortunately reign too extensively in this country, hardly yet reclaimed from the primeval woods, and the idols of a former race of inhabitants, for the voice of man, or angel, to drive them from the hearts in which they have been enthroned.

And yet the anxious and provident mind of this holy Overseer of the saints, could not but be perplexed, and desponding at the want of the supply of labourers in the vineyard of his Lord. He was obliged therefore, to content himself with urging upon the settled Clergy the injunction of the Apostle Paul to Timothy, in a time of persecution and a similar destitution of instruments, “Till I come give attention to reading, &c.” He thus charged us, my Brethren, in public; and he was assiduous in inculcating the same in private. His language to this effect was drawn from the treasury of Scripture, and the memory of it loiters still sweetly and effectively upon our minds. Or can it, Rev. Brethren, be imputable to ourselves, that the ranks of the Clergy do not faster fill up in this Province? Is it that, by our neglect of duties—by our deficiencies in suitable attainment—by any lack of labour, or of love, or of faithfulness, or of dignity of demeanour in us,—society in all its stages thus seems to loathe or shun the sacred office? that the father—the mother—the son—the guardian—all coincide in turning the steps of youth from the service of the sanctuary and the altar?

But, behold! the harvest, as you see around you, is plenteous, and it is heavy with waiting for the reapers. Why, then, linger the young men from girding up the loins of their mind, and making themselves ready for the service of the Church? Even though a charge and rebuke might be brought against the existing individuals composing the Clergy;—even though some of us, ripe for judgment for opportunities abused, may, in the wisdom of Providence, be only spared, till weapons be provided for a work essential to society, and to the souls of men; still it does seem unaccountable—unless as a presage of the ultimate extinction of the present social state—that, in the hour of need, no stripling champions offer themselves, out of love to God and man, for the noblest—the most ecstatic—the most useful—and the most sublime work, in which they can be engaged.

Alas! if the lawful Episcopal head of the Diocese linger long in his coming, the weary will be worn out. By age and sickness, some,—by sorrow and judgments, others—of the Clergy will be cut off. No sacrifice will rise on the wings of prayer to heaven, for there will be no instrumental Levite to make it ready. No Church will open its inviting doors to the sin-laden soul, for the priest will have perished out of our precincts, and the temple will remain without an inhabitant. On you, daughters of the land,—on you, pious mothers in Israel,—rests the awful responsibility of withdrawing your children from the active ministrations of your God. Trust not—I give you heed—in man, or in princes. And rely not, I beseech you, on the arm of flesh, and resources drawn simply from the natural world. He, who clothes the grass of the field with beauty, and feeds the ravens, will, if you commit them as a loan unto the Lord, proud to engage them in the lowliest offices in his holy house, extend his wing of divine protection over the children of your love. And though He may place them—perhaps, and not improbably—in the ranks of the poor, and the pinched, you have his promise for it—the dearest to a mother's heart—that they will be recompensed; for He will be Himself within them, a well of living waters, springing up into an infinity of immortal joys.

“Till I come—give attendance to reading—to exhortation—to doctrine.” The awful, though desired, annunciation of the approach of the Apostle Paul to impart some farther spiritual benefit to his own son in the faith—renewed to us, as it were, in this our day, and repeated in the affectionate intimation of our Father in God—now at length released from the hands of earthly sorrow, and mortal pain—will yet again present itself with an immense accession of majesty and interest to our minds, when we consider “the coming,” as foretold by angels of our ascended Lord, and as speaking from the high heaven in this volume consecrated to the propagation of his Faith. You rise, my clerical Brethren, from the lowliness of your social position, the moment I advert to this. You start from among the mass of men,—out-lying the great, and outstripping the ambitious,—the moment I couple in mind your *Missionary character* with the *second com-*

ing of your Lord. I view now the whole scope of my text. I am conscious of the importance of your “reading,” intently and perpetually, the sacred scriptures, and applying the medicine you gather thence to the diseased souls of men. The *second coming* of Jesus—in power and great glory—with saints and angels in his train—to reward your patience—to seal the fruits of your obscure and holy labours—to exalt those who for him have been abased—and to crown with an enduring weight of glory those, who, in his cause, have trod the toilsome road of life with a true humility—elucidates in the happiest manner my text. This consideration of the *return* of him, who for us was crucified—preceded, as it so felicitously is, by gifts of the Holy Ghost working within our hearts, as earnest of His coming—reconciles us to submit to our lowly and useful sphere of duty with patience and joy. It is thought becoming in wise men—though the self-taught philosophers of this world only—to moderate their desire for earthly goods. It is the province of labourers, who have such a prospect of a final reward as we enjoy, to disdain the allurements of the passing age of sin, and to be more anxious for the discharge of duty, than for the emoluments of office. If pain, and sorrow and difficulty should be our portion; if the clouds that have been conjured up in the distant horizon by the prince of the air should burst upon us in an afflictive flood;—we can still never be ashamed to *take up the cross of Christ* before men, while we are assured, that so certainly He will re-appear to claim us by that very badge, as his own redeemed ones. All external impressions upon us,—injustice, neglect, nay, oppression, imprisonment, or violence of death itself; should such be ever dispensed, we ought, in this view of my text, cheerfully and with resignation to bear.

But when—as, thanks be to God, the case really exists,—we have a smooth and prosperous way; when we have, notwithstanding all deductions made, a favouring country, and a mild and paternal government; when flowers seem thus scattered over our walk in life;—the principal danger we are to guard against is, that we be not seduced by the fascinations of a tranquil world, from the perpetual duty of the Clergyman, viz. to “*give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine.*”

We have also been favoured with a copy of the charge of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Kingston, delivered at the recent Visitation in that town,—the publication of which shall be commenced in our next.

An able appeal was made on Sunday morning last in St. Peter's Church of this town, and in the afternoon in St. John's Church of Port Hope, on behalf of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, by the Rev. C. T. Wade;—the result of which was a collection of £11 13s. in the former church, and of £2 0 8 in the latter.

DIED.

In Brockville, on the morning of Friday the 22nd inst. SARAH JANE, infant daughter of Edward and Sarah Jane DENROCHE.

“THE PROMISES ARE TO YOU AND TO YOUR CHILDREN.”

We have the greatest pleasure in publishing the following testimonials of Christian regard and affection to the late worthy Rector of Peterboro'. Mr. D'Olier, we would beg to add, left Cobourg by the Great Britain on Sunday morning the 17th inst. on his return to his native land.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

Your retiring from this Country would be a subject of unqualified regret to us, were it not for the hopes we entertain that your health will be benefitted by the change of climate.

We cannot, however, let your departure take place, without expressing those feelings; the event has excited; and in addressing you at such a period in terms of approbation and affection, you must perceive we are not actuated by any object but to discharge a duty we consider we owe you.

The happy intercourse that has existed between us for four years, is now about to terminate; and with pleasure we reflect, that in the doctrines advanced by you, judgment was so combined with truth, as to have ever preserved unanimity among your hearers, and though you abstained from interference in matters not connected with the moral or spiritual interests of your flock, you were ever found administering those comforts a Christian requires, with a mildness and earnestness that gave hope to the weary on their way to the place of rest.

We now, Sir, take leave of you, perhaps for ever: we request your acceptance of this Goblet, as a small tribute to your worth, and to prove we desire to be kept in your remembrance. In you, Sir, we lose a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a truly Christian Minister,—courteous, but uncompromising—a man possessing just and serious views of the responsibility of his calling, but too benevolent and well bred to be uncharitable in thought, word or deed; and our fervent prayer is, that the Master whose Minister you are—the Being whose power and mercy you have taught us to fear and love—may be pleased to restore you to health, and to your useful labours among his people.

Wishing to you, your respected lady, and your young family, a speedy and pleasant passage to your native shores,

Believe us to be Rev. and very dear Sir,

Your ever attached friends,

THE MEMBERS OF YOUR CONGREGATION.

Sept. 14, 1837.

To the Rev. Richard H. D'Olier, A.M.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,

You are pleased this day, on the eve of my departure, to favour me with no ordinary testimony of your affectionate esteem, and it is with more than ordinary feelings of a mingled nature that I receive it;—sorrow at the idea of parting from such friends, whose faces, in this world, I shall probably see no more, gratitude for the cordial expression of the kindly feelings which you have determined should not consist in words alone. A humiliating sense of my own unworthiness and imperfections takes entire possession of my mind, and to reply to such an address and testimony, is a matter of some difficulty to a Christian Minister.

When the Warrior, the Statesman, or the Patriot Citizen, is publicly favoured with the approbation of his fellow men, it is customary for him to express his pride at the honour that has been conferred upon him; but hard as it may be to express this emotion, it is one totally inadmissible for a follower of Christ to indulge in. I can only say, then, if you will not allow me to improve you for being too flattering, that to receive such an address

from my own flock on parting, is an event in my life, which awakens the deepest seated feelings of my heart, and which will ever be remembered by me with emotions of the liveliest gratitude and pleasure.

For your testimony that, while among you, I have endeavoured “to live peaceably with all men;” and that I have not shunned to declare unto you the truth, to which also my conscience bears me witness before God, I thank you;—it is a commendation I cannot prize too highly.

Though silver and gold be ranked by the Apostle amongst corruptible things, I cannot but return my most grateful acknowledgement for this tangible expression of your friendship; but believe me, my dear friends, it is the spontaneous and free will offering of your hearts, expressed in your accompanying address, that stamps it with its highest value in my eyes; and I am sure you will not think I lightly estimate it when I say, that even if it were lost in the depths of the ocean, I would still feel that there was a memorial of your kindness indelibly engraven on my heart.

Brethren, the parting moment between us is to me one of indescribable awe and solemnity. I am about to quit a number of immortal souls, and for my conduct during my sojourn I must render a strict account. Oh! that all my flock may be found hereafter in the number of the one flock, under the one great Shepherd. This is indeed the earnest desire and wish of my soul towards God.

And I thank God that I am about to deliver up my charge into the hands of one who, I am sure, will guide it in the true and only way of Salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I feel deeply obliged by your affectionate wishes for my restoration to health, and for the welfare of my family. I know not what is before me; our life passes away as a dream, and in a few short fleeting years we shall all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Blame me not, Brethren, for a needless repetition on a subject so near to my heart, when I once more express my earnest wish and prayer, that on that tremendous day we may all be permitted to re-assemble on the right hand of God.

Believe me, dearest Brethren,

Your ever truly affectionate and grateful Friend and Minister,

(Signed) R. H. D'OLIER, A.M.

To the Reverend Richard Henry D'Olier, A.M.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

We the undersigned, Members of your Congregation, and Inhabitants of the Town of Peterborough and its vicinity, beg leave to express our sincere regret at your approaching departure from among us. When we look back on the period during which you have resided here, and contemplate the improvement effected in the Mission under your charge, we feel grateful to Divine Providence for having placed such a Minister with us.

We beg to express our sincere thanks for the munificent donation obtained by you from Ireland, towards erecting the Episcopal Church here, and trust that, if you have an opportunity, you will express the same to those who so liberally contributed thereto.

Wishing you and Mrs. D'Olier a prosperous and speedy passage home, and with fervent prayers that the Almighty may long preserve you to your family,

We remain, Rev. and very Dear Sir,

Your faithful Friends and humble Servants.

To the Members of the Episcopal Congregation, and Inhabitants of the Town of Peterborough.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

It is at periods like the present, when earthly friends are about to part, to meet no more until all are re-assembled in an eternal world, that the kindly sympathies of our nature are all called into action, and the intensity of friendship becomes fully demonstrated.

For the very affectionate expressions of your esteem towards me, I feel deeply grateful. Would that it had been in my power more fully to have deserved them. But in this vast and magnificent country, the Minister of the Gospel has many cares and many difficulties to contend with, which oftentimes make “his hands hang down and his knees feeble;” and which compel him to confess that, as a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, he is at best a very unprofitable servant.

For your sake I am also most grateful to Divine Providence, that in resigning my charge, it will be given up into the hands of a beloved brother Minister, whom you already know and esteem; and one who, I trust, will continue to preach amongst you faithfully, the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ. But the bond of mutual friendship having already commenced between you, for me to recommend him to your kind regards is now more than superfluous.

With regard to the assistance given by my relations and friends, towards the erection of your Church, I know that those who contributed feel it an honour to be permitted thus to assist the cause of God. I shall however be most happy, if the Lord spare me, to be the bearer of your thanks to them; and, at the same time, I will have great pleasure in shewing that never was money given for such a purpose more properly expended.

Long may you and your posterity, to the remotest generation, continue to enjoy in that edifice the sound of the pure Gospel, and all the blessings of the Gospel of Peace; and although we may be separated for a time below—that we may all meet where name, sect, party and earthly distinction will all be lost and swallowed up in the divine unity of the Church triumphant above, is the most earnest and ardent wish and prayer of your attached Friend and Minister.

(Signed)

R. H. D'OLIER, Missionary at Peterboro'.

LETTERS received to Friday 29th inst:—
Rev. R. D. Cartwright, rem:—Rev. C. C. Cotton, rem. H. B. is received, and shall have an insertion—as also a “Williamsburg Churchman.”

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XIV. ASA.

85. Whose son was Asa? Was he king of Israel, or of Judah?—(2 Chron.)
86. What was the general character of Asa? and what proofs did he give of his attachment to the Lord his God?—(2 Chron.)
87. When Zera, the Ethiopian, came against Judah, with 1,000,000 of men, what was the conduct of Asa? and what was the consequent issue of the battle?—(2 Chron.)
88. When Obed the seer prophesied for the encouragement of Asa, what further effect did it produce on his mind and conduct?—(2 Chron.)
89. What was the covenant into which the strangers of Israel and the inhabitants of Judah entered, in the days of Asa? and what proof is given of the sincerity of the people on this occasion?—(2 Chron.)
90. Why did Asa degrade Maachah, his mother, from being queen?—(2 Chron.)
91. What did Hanani the seer say to Asa when, instead of relying, as before, on the Lord his God, he formed a league with Benhadad, king of Syria?—(2 Chron.)

CHURCH CALENDAR.

- October 1.—19th Sunday after Trinity.
- 8.—20th do. do.
- 15.—21st do. do.
- 18.—St. Luke's Day.
- 22.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
- 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.
- 29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.

For the Church.

THE ANGRY CHILD.

The following affecting tale is from the "Infant Annual," and ought to be read by the young to shew them the dreadful effects of giving way to anger. See, young reader, to what anger sometimes leads, if you indulge it. It is possible you may not occasion the death of a brother or a friend; but remember that God will not, on that account, forget your sin.

A. E. Y.

Little Harriett M., was between four and five years old. She was in many respects a very good little girl; she was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper: when any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within and her little Harriett's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was in a passion; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriett with her little face swelled and inflamed with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out "I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you, I hate you." She stopped when she saw her mamma;— "What is the meaning of all this, said Mrs. M., to the servant? It is just this ma'm, said Mary, that Miss Harriett kept throwing water about the room out of her little new jug, and when I forbade her, she threw the water in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen. Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriett in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had quite gone. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice desired her to repeat after her the following words:—"Oh my Heavenly Father! look down with pardoning mercy on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such bad feelings, as only the spirit of all evil could put into it.—Oh my Heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon the evil I have done this day for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Harriett trembled exceedingly, but she repeated the words after her mamma, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap and asked if her rage was gone. Harriett answered in a soft voice,—not quite mamma, but it is better.—Very well, said Mrs. M., till it is quite gone, I will tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check, (my poor child,) your bad and furious temper:

Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people; they had only one child and it was a daughter, they were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively and merry and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful, but like you Harriett, she had a naughty temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when any thing vexed her; and like you, would turn and strike whoever provoked her; and like you after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again, but the next temptation, all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever.—When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son, a sweet, sweet little tender baby; her papa and mamma were very glad, and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her by telling her that her papa and mamma would not care for her now, all their love and pleasure would be in this little Brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears and cried bitterly, you are a wicked woman to say so, mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, and she darted out of the nursery and flew to her mother's room. The servant called after her, "come come, Miss, you need not go to your mamma's room, she won't see you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a strange woman she had never seen before. My dear, said this woman, you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now; she was going to say more,—she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma was, because she was very sick and

must not be disturbed, but Eveline was too angry to listen, she screamed and kicked at the woman, who finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down and said to the servant there as she was going away, that she must be prevented coming into her mamma's room. Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage, and then this wicked woman burst out a laughing and said, "I told you that, Miss, you see your mamma does not love you now." The poor child became mad with fury, she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new born baby, the maid whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair;—and Oh Harriett, Harriett, like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it with all her force on the little tender head. It gave one little struggle and breathed no more.—Why, mamma, mamma, cried Harriett, bursting into tears, why did it breathe no more? It was dead, killed by its own sister. Oh mamma, mamma, what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh mamma, I am not so wicked, I never killed a little baby, sobbed Harriett, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. My dear child, said Mrs. M. solemnly, how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? you are more wicked, and but for the goodness of God to you might have been at this moment more miserable. Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little child—you would have killed her; it was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so;—and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed she gave you none,—you were wrong, and she was right,—whereas no one can wonder that Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid: yet you may observe that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love, that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed. And, mamma, what did Eveline's mamma say to her for killing her little baby? Eveline never saw her dear and beautiful young mamma again:—she died that night with grief and horror at hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered,—and by whom. Oh dear, Oh dear mamma, was Eveline sorry? My love, how can you ask such a question? But mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough? Indeed, Harriett, it is not easy to know how she could be sorry enough; all I know is, that she lived to be a great Lady; she lived to be a mother herself, and in her whole life, no one ever saw her smile. And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful, mamma. Yes, my child, it is quite true;—that unfortunate child was the great grandmother of the present Earl of E—. My dearest mamma, said Harriett, once more bursting into tears, let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become miserable. Yes, my love, pray to him for that end; he will hear and bless you;—but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.

This we believe is perfectly true, the unfortunate angry child was Anne, Countess of Crawford and Livingstone, and in her right her son succeeded to the Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing iron which, in her paroxysm of rage, she snatched up, and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family, and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed she had committed, and which was the means of her having attained to so many honors. She was amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young she was married to the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1746;—who, whatever might have been the motive for his loyalty to his King, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent and unhappy Lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is well known.

THIS DAY WEEK.

How familiar is the phrase—of what constant occurrence in our review of the past, in our schemes for the future; and how indifferent the tone in which we utter it; how slight the reflections it brings!

Pause a little longer, reader, on these few simple words.—Many, methinks, there must be amongst the thousand readers of this little work, who cannot see them with indifference. Are you one of these? What has occurred to you since this day week? In that little space, have your riches vanished, has your health been shattered, your prospects clouded, or your circle broken?

If so, reader, turn not therefore away; look steadily, though with tearful eyes on the dealings of God towards you since this day week; bitter the chastisement may have been, unexpected, unprepared for; but if it has humbled you,—if it has led you to the Saviour—if it has shown you the vanity of all things earthly, and the deep, the awful necessity, of making your peace with God; then may you look back with thankfulness, and exultingly, though with tears perchance, exclaim, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But, am I touching a chord which vibrates not? am I speaking of comfort to the tearless, the lighthearted? to one, perhaps, who has measured the past week, not by its trials, but its joys? Do you reckon among your treasures, a friend, a wife, a child, that you possessed not this day week? Rejoice, but rejoice with trembling; look to the Author and Giver of all good things, and search, diligently search out, whether he have the first place in your hearts. And come abroad, ye happy, and at leisure, come to the fields and gardens of our God, and mark what a short week has been doing there. How many a blade of grass has sprung, how many an ear of corn has ripened, how many a fruit been filled with grateful juice, how many a flower given forth its fragrance for you!

Since this day week, how many a bird has gone singing up to heaven, how many an insect burst its tomb and soared away into the sunshine!

All nature has been busy; and what, reader, have you done? Have you been doing the work which God has appointed for you? have you studied the book he sent? have you, in his strength, mastered one evil temper; have you resisted one temptation? have you made the widow's heart to sing for joy? have you cheered the spirit of the fatherless? have you visited your master sick or in prison? have you instructed the ignorant, or soothed the broken-hearted? above all, have you, day by day, sought the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, and placed all your hopes of salvation on the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world?

Christian reader, these are solemn questions that affect us all, and on the answer which your conscience gives, and on the use you may be enabled to make of your remaining days, depend your unending happiness or misery, when weeks, and months, and years, shall be no more for ever.—(Sunday Reader.)

THE BIBLE.

LORD BACON.—"There never was found in any age of the world either philosopher, or sect, or law, or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith."

JOHN SELDEN, (called by Grotius, the glory of England).—"There is no book upon which we can rest, in a dying moment, but the Bible."

JOHN MILTON, the immortal poet.—"There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets, no politics like those which the Scriptures teach."

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—"There is no book like the Bible, for excellent wisdom, learning, and use."

HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE.—"It is a matchless volume; it is impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly."

JOHN LOCKE.—To a person who asked this profound thinker which was the shortest and surest way for a young gentleman to attain to the true knowledge of the Christian religion in the full and just extent of it; he replied, "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament; therein are contained the words of eternal life. It hath God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—"I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

READER!—Oppose these DELIBERATE and DISINTERESTED opinions of some of the greatest men that ever lived, to the flippant sarcasm of free-thinkers, or rather, non-thinkers.—Clasp the Bible to your heart, believe its holy truths, obey its sacred commands, regulate your lives by its precepts, and die resting on that Saviour, whom the Scriptures reveal as having "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Kilkenny Moderator.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

The following Books have been left with the Editor of 'The Church' for Sale, to whom application (post paid) may be made.

Whitby's Annotations, 2 vols. 4to. bound 25s.; Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 4 vols. 8vo. bound 40s.; Butler's Analogy, 8vo. bound 6s.; Locke's Essay, 2 vols. 8vo. bound 12s. Cruden's Concordance, 4 to. bds. 15s. 1/15

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