

# 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, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1838.

[NO. XLIX.]

## Original Poetry.

For the Church.  
THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A YOUTH OF MUCH PROMISE.

"IS NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH."

Weep!—for the angel of the Lord  
The ear, still tender reapeeth;  
Full sudden falls the rip'ning gourd,—  
Parent with parent weepeth!

The spirit, summon'd of the Lord,  
From fleshly rampet leapeeth  
As leapeeth from its sheath the sword,—  
Behold, the father weepeth!

The mother's soul that piercing sword  
In bitter anguish steepeth;  
Acknowledging—"It is the Lord"—  
She prayeth while she weepeth.

They weep, yet "not as without hope,"  
But as the Christian weepeth,  
Of over grief not swallowed up;  
Their child's not dead, but sleepeth.

Should fell Despair insinuate  
(For still the serpent creepeth.)  
This charm doth seal the viper's fate—  
"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

God trieth sore with sudden death—  
Grief upon grief He heapeth,  
Yet, giving grace the while, He saith—  
The child's not dead, but sleepeth.

Both—flesh dissolv'd and spirit fled—  
The God of Abraham keepeth,  
"God—of the living, not the dead"—  
Thy son's not dead, but sleepeth.

Thus, through affliction's wat'ry cloud  
Hope's hallowed sunbeam peepeth,  
And writeth on the Christian's shroud—  
"HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

Oct. 19, 1837.

E. D.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. XII.

### THE WANT OF A BISHOP IN UPPER CANADA.

Whatever may be thought of the claim of Episcopacy to be considered as the only Apostolic system of ecclesiastical order; one point, it is presumed, will be accorded to by all. It is this; that among those who hold to its propriety and necessity, there should be no unnecessary delay in furnishing to a distant church an officer so important as a Bishop. A community of Episcopal churches without a Bishop to preside over them, must be viewed, upon the system of Episcopacy, as a body without a head.—*Dr. Hauck's History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia.*

That system which places a living centre as the personal object of reverence and love in the room of a presbytery, or a convocation, secures an advantage which, so long as human nature remains what it is, ought to be esteemed of the highest price. It is granted indeed that ecclesiastical business may be managed efficiently, and economically, and equitably, by a Presbytery; but it is affirmed, on the strength of the known motives of our nature, that such a management foregoes benefits of a refined sort, which spring up around a patriarchal chair. Let all the abuses and corruptions belonging to the history of proud prelacy in all ages be summed up, and they will fail to invalidate the assertion that a paternal sway vivifies the system over which it is exercised in a manner not to be attained by the government of a corporation.—*Spiritual Despotism* (by a Dissenter.)

The tendency of man is to look upwards, as well with his mental, as with his bodily eye: and from this root springs that reverence for rank, which all the republicans in the world will never be able to eradicate from the human breast. It is a great mistake to suppose that the noble in birth, the gifted with intellectual or moral superiority, or the favoured with wealth, are enviously regarded by their remote inferiors and far less fortunate brethren. A person one step higher in the world than his neighbour may be looked upon with jealousy, because moving, as it were, in the very next orbit, and yet not touching, he possesses a greater share of good fortune, without exhibiting that commensurate proportion of excellence, with which, imaginary or real, we invest men, between whom and us there lies a gulph-like distance and disparity. But high station, whether it be conferred by legal enactment, by personal merit, or the accident of birth, will ever command the respect of the majority of mankind; and that such should be the case, is one of the wisest ordinations of Providence; for were there no social inequalities in the world, men would quickly forget their allegiance to God, and seeing no one in their pilgrimage below uplifted beyond their own level, would rebel in their hearts against the majesty of heaven. Thus, in civil polity, man may be considered as a monarchical,—and, in ecclesiastical government, as an episcopal,—being. Shape a commonwealth how you will, you can never reduce it into the form of a circle. It must have a head. If you erect a republic you must, as in the United States, surmount it with a President, or, in other words, an elective sovereign. If you resort to democracy, the most adroit intriguer, or the noisiest brawler of freedom's cant, attracts the eyes of all observers, cozens them out of their suffrages, and gains a temporary influence over the unwieldy mass, greater than an hereditary and law-bound monarch exercises over his subjects. In ecclesiastical affairs the bias is the same. You may call your polity Presbyterian,

Congregational, or Independent, but some one man or other, either pre-eminent for talent or worth, or formed for a successful pursuit of popularity, takes the lead of all his nominal equals, and becomes, though not a Bishop in name, more than a Bishop in pride, power, and influence. Did not Calvin and Knox rule with a more arbitrary and irresponsible domination over the churches which they founded, than either Cranmer or Laud over the Church of the Reformation? Is not Dr. Chalmers in ecclesiastical influence,—and fortunately, we will add, for the Kirk,—as much the Primate of all Scotland, as Dr. Howley of all England? Wesley, the autocrat of the Methodists, impressed more of his own individual character and opinions on the sect of which he was the originator, and exercised more real and substantial authority among his followers, than ever was assumed, or attempted to be enforced by any Bishop of the English Hierarchy. Go where you will, into a private company, or a public meeting—into a Methodist conference, or a Presbyterian Synod, you will find one individual acquiring an influence and supremacy over the rest, and spiriting the doctrine advanced by the philosophical author of *Spiritual Despotism*, that "monarchy and episcopacy may be considered as the forms into which the social system will spontaneously subside." There may not be a person bearing the title of King or of Bishop, but there will always be found one exercising the power attached to the sceptre and the crosier.\*

Such is the tendency of the human mind, even in those ecclesiastical systems which do not formally recognize any gradation of rank, and thus indirectly does the Episcopal principle work out its way, and elude every attempt to thwart the course of nature, to destroy the analogy between the moral and external world, and to introduce an equality which we are not led to expect even in a state of immortality. In Episcopacy, instead of counteracting, we wisely follow the guidance of this principle. We not only conform to the rule of Scripture, and the apostolical practice, but we act in accordance with the laws of nature herself. We admit in effect, what none will deny in the abstract, that there is a diversity of gifts among men,—that some are born to command, and others to obey;—that as, in the scale of creation, there is a descending link from man to the most sagacious and semi-human of the irrational tribes, and from thence downwards to the scarcely animated zoophyte, so among men, even in a state of refined civilization, there exists a variety of intellectual gifts which can only be brought into full and beneficial operation by a corresponding diversity of situations, each ranking below the other.

Admitting then that we have faithfully adhered in theory to the directions of Holy Writ, and the dictates of nature, in maintaining Episcopacy, we cannot deny that we are practically deprived of all its benefits, since our Church in Upper Canada presents the anomalous spectacle of an Episcopal polity without a Bishop, of an ecclesiastical monarchy without its head, and lacks that perfect organization which can alone ensure its efficiency. We are even in a worse position than that in which the Province would be placed, were it suddenly deprived (*quod Deus avertat*) of its Lieutenant Governor; for in such a case the presiding or Executive Council would instantly assume the reins of Government, whereas there are several acts of the highest importance both in a spiritual and temporal point of view which none but a Bishop can perform. It is a mockery to say that there is a Bishop in Lower Canada, and that he can occasionally visit the Upper Province, and discharge those functions which he cannot delegate to another. Did the insignificant revenue attached to the Episcopate of Montreal furnish pecuniary means, or the cares of an extensive and scattered diocese permit the time, the duties of a Bishop could never be satisfactorily fulfilled by a hurried and occasional visit. "I dwell among mine own people," is the motto of every true Bishop; and the responsibilities that his name "overseer" implies, can only be discharged while he resides and moves frequently among his flock. The diocese is the parish of a Bishop, and non-residence, in his case, injuriously affects, not only a single limb, but the whole body of the church from crown to sole.

If therefore the Episcopalians of this Province wish the church of which they are members, to flourish, they should bestir themselves immediately in a spirit of earnestness and zeal, and make every attempt to procure the appointment of a Bishop, whose labours should be exclusively confined to Upper Canada. If they look to the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, they will find how it languished for many a weary year without the superintendence of a chief shepherd,—how mischievous were the results of the lax discipline to which the clergy were subject,—and how, from the want of an "overseer," lukewarmness and irregularity prevailed, where a vigilant and patriarchal bishop might have called forth zeal, and maintained uniformity and propriety. From the days of Laud down to the consummation of Independence in 1783, attempts were frequently made in America to obtain, and in England to send out, a Bishop to the Colonies; but always ineffectually: had they succeeded, how different might have been the workings of government in

\* "Christianity fully brought to bear upon human nature, and allowed to sprout into its service all gifts, and talents, natural and divine, will spontaneously tend to the Episcopal model."

"We may decry Episcopacy: but the Lord sends us bishops, whether or not we will avail ourselves of that boon."

"We may stop short in a government by a council, or committee, or presbytery. But we do better in following the indication of nature, and the analogy of civil affairs, and in placing the supreme administrative power in the hands of a Father and Shepherd. Such, as we cannot doubt, was the practice of the primitive Church." *Spiritual Despotism, Section IV.*

the adjoining republic at this present moment; nothing, it is probable, would have prevented the Revolution, and its successful termination; but had the Episcopal Church obtained the same, or even a less stable footing in all the other colonies that it did in Virginia, and had there moreover been two or three Bishops, endowed, like Berkeley, with "every virtue under Heaven," it is no rash conclusion to arrive at, that a large proportion of the colonists would have become members of the Church, and that their adherence to Episcopacy, involving, as it ever must, a theoretical attachment to the principle of monarchy, would have prevented the democratic element from entering so largely into the composition of the federal Constitution.

At last, however, the time did arrive when every obstacle to the appointment of American Bishops was removed, and Doctors White, Provost, and Madison, the two former in 1787, and the latter in 1790, were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. From that era the American Church received an impulse, and has never since slackened in its onward progress. In 1801 the number of Episcopal ministers in the United States was 192—in 1820, 310—and in 1837, 893. Altogether it may now be said of our sister communion, that while, in regard to the number of its clergy, it ranks fourth in the list of religious denominations in the United States, it is second to none in the intelligence, virtue, and wealth, that it embraces within its fold. As other sects are weakened, it gains strength. Many a minister, like Mr. Colton, whose feelings and education as a gentleman, and whose conscience as a Christian, will not suffer him to bend beneath the inquisitorial despotism of a thousand self-constituted masters and mistresses, has of late transferred his valuable services to the cause of Episcopacy, and gladly taken shelter beneath the paternalism of the Church. "In the early history of New England," (I quote from Mr. Colton) "a non-conformist minister from the old country is represented to have said, after a little experience on this (the American) side of the water, 'I left England to get rid of my Lords the Bishops; but here I find in their place, my Lords the brethren and sisters; save me from the latter, and let me have the former.'" A republican writer of the present age, in remarking on Lord Clarendon's assertion that the Scotch (Presbyterian) pulpit was "a tribunal the most tyrannical over all sorts of men, and in all the tribunals of the kingdom," admits the truth of it, and deduces this corollary that "a democratic clergyman from the common people will far exceed in spiritual pride and arrogance the most lordly bishop."

There may be some members of our own communion, who, after all that has been here advanced, do not fully estimate the benefits which Episcopacy affords, particularly, and the Province at large, would derive from the appointment of a Bishop in Upper Canada; and who, if they do not conjure up visions of ecclesiastical courts and spiritual encroachments,—"the weak inventions of the enemy,"—are but little aware of the political, as well as religious, blessings which we owe to the English Hierarchy. If any such there be, let them cast a glance at the annals of our Episcopacy, and a cursory view will suffice to show how great a debt of gratitude we owe to a long and unintermitted line of apostolical prelates. From the infancy of our Reformed Church down to the present period, the Bishops, as a body, have stood true to their God, their country, and their Sovereign.—They shrunk not from the fires of persecution, and abandoned not their standards in the hour of trembling and fight, for five of them suffered death during the brief and bloody reign of the Bigot-Queen. When brighter days returned how many of them, like Jewel, sunk beneath a premature old age, in resisting the sacrilegious attempts of rapacious courtiers to despoil the Church, in defending Protestantism against the incessant attacks of Jesuits and Romanists, in traversing the country, cleansing the remaining stains of a foul superstition, and in leading the people into that safe and happy path, that lay between the old corrupt faith and the new-fangled doctrines of the Puritans! Here and there a servile, or an unfaithful, or a domineering prelate brings disgrace upon the mitre, and exposes his order to contempt; and the most is made of the dark spot by a historian like Hume, indifferent to all religions, or by other writers inimical to the Episcopal form of church government. Take them, however, as a body and the lasting obligations that we owe to them, greatly counterbalance the transient ill that a few neglectful or wicked brethren may have wrought in their generation. In the stormy times of Charles I. they faithfully clung to the tottering cause of monarchy, and deserted not this saint-like master "in his utmost need." When his profligate and heartless son disgraced the nation by his unbridled licentiousness and profusion, and sold the liberties and glory of his country for French gold and French pleasures, the Bishops nobly stemmed the tide of corruption and infidelity, that drew down vengeance from heaven in pestilence and conflagration. When James II., aided by Papists and Dissenters banded in one common league against the Church of England, had almost succeeded in reinstating his banished faith in our Colleges and Cathedrals, and in trampling the power of Parliaments under royal dispensations, the opposition to his arbitrary and rash proceedings arose, not from the ancient peers of England, not from the sturdy Commons, the middle classes, or the bulk of the people,—but from the bench of Bishops. There is not a page in English history so attractive to the true Episcopalian as that which narrates the magnanimous and Christian bearing of the Seven Bishops, when compelled to resist the unconstitutional mandates of their Popish King. Thoroughly was their devotion to the doctrines of the Reformation and the liberties of the nation appreciated by the lowest classes of the community, and in the most sequestered districts of the kingdom! As they landed from the barges that conveyed them to the Tower,

thousands thronged around them with a mingled homage of compassion and veneration, and they entered the prison gates, as martyrs, not criminals, amid the prayers and blessings of kneeling multitudes. When the tidings of their acquittal reached the camp at Hounslow Heath, a shout of gratulation rung in the ears of James, that proclaimed to him in a knell-like tone, "Thy kingdom is departed." Even had the Jury been base enough to find these venerable persons guilty, all England would have risen as one man:—

And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why;

is the remnant of a song that was generally sung at this period; and, as ballads are said to give the truest indication of popular opinion, (and I think they really did before the age of newspapers) furnishes ample proof, that Bishop Trelawney, and his six brethren were looked upon by the people of England as champions of the laws and religion of the land. During the reign of William whether as conscientious nonjurors, or as supporters of the Protestant Establishment in Church and State, the Bishops maintained the high and holy character of their sacred order. While the two first Georges were constantly menaced by invasions from the successive Pretenders, and their foreign allies, a Horring or a Secker was never wanting to rouse the country, and prevail on the wealthier classes, by example as well as precept, to rally round the Government with moral influence and pecuniary contributions. Full many a change has been rung on the *Vicar of Bray*, and democratic Jacobins have immemorably designated a Bishop as a waiter on Providence, or, in other words, a truckling parasite to the ministerial dispenser of ecclesiastical patronage. But let Lord John Russell, the scion of a family, that raised its fortunes on the iniquitous plunder of Church-property, and who would fain follow in the wake of his sacrilegious ancestor,—let him bear reluctant testimony to the falsehood of the charge. In a recent debate in the House of Commons, on Dr. Lushington's motion for depriving the Bishops of their seats in Parliament, his Lordship admitted that time-serving and venality could not, with justice, be charged upon the Right Reverend Prelates, for he had ever found them consistent and unchangeable in their opposition to the ministry of which he formed a part.

It may be remarked, and perhaps with some truth, that the passages in the history of the Church to which I have just adverted, do not sufficiently show the *direct* benefits that we in Upper Canada should receive from the appointment of a Bishop. I will therefore endeavour to bring the argument more nearly home, and to prove the palpable and immediate advantages that we should derive from the erection of this Province into a separate diocese.

Think of a family without a father, a monarchy without a king, an army without a general, a fleet without an admiral, or a legislative body without a speaker, and then we have a pretty accurate notion of the state of an Episcopal Church that has no Bishop at its head. The authority of a Bishop, residing in the Lower Province, when exercised here, is weakened by distance; to his person we are strangers, and consequently, however much he may live in a good repute, he cannot, being absent and unknown, inspire us with any personal affection. We want the "living centre, as the personal object of reverence and love," to dwell among us. We have the form and shadow, but we require the substance. As Loyalty is a compound of attachment to the kingly person, and of devotion to the monarchical principle, without reference to the individual in whom it may reside, so attachment to Episcopacy can only flow from a living centre—an embodied representation of the Episcopal principle. Enough, it is hoped, has been adduced to prove that a good Bishop wins a personal regard, and a reverence of affection, that men, in a corporate capacity, are incapable of exciting. A Bishop, in Upper Canada, would, for half his time at least, be a Missionary Superintendent. In his visitations he would become familiar with the remotest settlements, and his steps would be welcomed by the rejoicing of the backwoodsman, destitute of spiritual food.—Wherever he went, the settlers would eagerly press around him, and make known their wants; and their yearnings after the ministrations of the Gospel; and he, in return, exhorting them to hold fast the faith, and as the best human means of doing so, to remain steadfast to their own communion, would leave an impression behind that, if opportunely renewed by succeeding visits, would create a strong and abiding feeling in favour of the Church. Though, out of the many cases of religious destitution that it would be his painful lot to encounter, he would find it impossible to render assistance but to few, yet his elevated situation in society, and the respect in which he would be held by the ruling powers, would enable him to obtain some aid from the richer classes, and to call the attention of government, in a tone of solemnity and weight, to the lamentable want of Christian instruction, that has already produced such fearful and wide-spread mischief. Thus beneficial, and thus endeared to the Laity would a Bishop become; and thus would the Church, watered by his toils, and revived by his ceaseless care, lift up her drooping head, and put forth new branches, to bless and fertilize the land! The effect on the clergy would be equally salutary and immediate. To their Chief Shepherd they could always appeal for a solution of their doubts, and counsel in their difficulties. His frequently recurring visits would rouse them, if sluggish and Laodicean, to exertion; and, if earnest in the discharge of their solemn duties, would encourage them to strive after still greater usefulness and holiness. His presence over the deliberations of the Church, as a clerical body, would give unity to their purposes, and vigour to their execution. His exercise of hospitality,—for that, on scripture warranty, is a truly episcopal virtue,—would furnish him with frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with his Clergy, of ascertaining their peculiar gifts and abilities and directing them in the right and most suitable channel. Thus lived a Bedell, in the wilds of Ireland, a Wilson in the Isle of Man, a Heber in India, and a Stewart in the two Canadas; and wherever a Bishop has thus demeaned himself, have Episcopacy and Christianity flourished hand in hand. Let us take the expected preservation of the ancient Bishopric of Sodor and Man from being merged into the see of Carlisle, as an augury of bet-

ter days,—as an admission on the part of the Imperial Parliament, that loyalty, morals, and religion are fostered by the residence and active superintendence of an English Bishop! Let us hence borrow a hope that the Church in Upper Canada may not much longer languish for want of an "overseer;"—and whoever may be selected, as the depository of the arduous and responsible trust, may be tread in the footsteps of our late apostolic Diocesan!

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 10th April, 1838.

To the Editor of the Church.

QUEBEC, May 2nd, 1838.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I cannot agree with your correspondent 'Ambrose' in thinking that the Proclamation to which he refers, called upon "pious people to be thankful for what did not exist." The insurrection had certainly been crushed: not a rebel but had succumbed, or fled the Province—unwonted declarations of attachment to the Queen and Her Government were pouring in from every quarter; nor have subsequent events belied the disposition of the French Canadians to submit to the powers that be.

I am not well versed in the news of the day; but to the best of my knowledge, there have been no intestine commotions since the date of the Proclamation—no predial outrages committed—no lives lost in conflicts of party:—there has been nothing in short to interrupt the prevailing tranquillity, with the one solitary exception of a mad and abortive attempt on the part of Dr. Nelson to invade the Province,—an attempt, which though it entailed anxious and harassing duties on the settlers in the frontier counties, could hardly be said to have materially affected the general aspect of affairs.

No doubt there was need of unabated precaution; and no doubt serious apprehensions were entertained by many of impending danger—but from another quarter. It was naturally feared lest the angry collision between the Canadian and American borders might end in a rupture between the Governments of the two countries. And as might have been expected, there were still some passing rumours of war within our own territory, and preparations for war were still on foot; but there was no actual strife of war—and the question to be considered by those who desired to recognize God's mercies, was not whether we were in the full and uninterrupted enjoyment of *all the blessings of peace*—but whether there were not reasonable grounds for believing that the scourge of civil war which we deprecated in the day of humiliation, had not been removed and peace restored to us.—And if so, then what more seasonable time for a public recognition of the Divine favour than when the hearts of men were yet warm with a sense of the late mercies vouchsafed unto them! The Christian recovering from sickness does not wait for a restoration to his former strength—an event which may never take place—but considers the season of convalescence as the *convenient* season for devout acknowledgment. Had we waited until all need of precautionary measures had ceased, *when* (within what reasonable compass of time) should we have had a thanksgiving at all? Those who were inclined to cavil, would still have said "What talk of peace in the presence of an increased military force?"—In all probability, occasion of offence would then only have been removed, when the rebellion itself had become *matter of history*.

I am well aware that some pious persons did entertain the same objections, which your correspondent advances. I had myself occasion to speak to some such persons on the subject, but I had also too much reason to know that *sensitive* piety was not the only or the chief objection. There were not a few cavillers whose scruples resolved themselves into a distrust of Lord Gosford and of any measure which seemed to emanate from him, and who waved their scruples when informed of the real state of the case. The fact is, that the *initiation* in this obnoxious affair does not rest with Lord Gosford but with the Bishop of Montreal. It was in deference to His Lordship's wishes that the Governor brought the subject of a Proclamation under the consideration of his council; nor do I think that in acceding to the Bishop's request, Lord Gosford could have gratified any *political* bias, or that it could have been very agreeable to one who had been so slow to believe in the existence of any thing more than a *partial outbreak*, a local *ebullition of feeling*, thus publicly to declare that there had been a rebellion under his own administration, the credit of quelling which, would, under God, be attributed to the energies and skill of another.—Your correspondent thinks differently, nor do I quarrel with his opinion; but I do quarrel with the *ungenerous inference* that Lord Gosford's conduct in this matter is to be ascribed solely to motives of state policy. I do protest against the *gratuitous assumption* that His Excellency was *not* actuated by a sense of religious duty.—Oh surely Mr. Editor, Christians and Churchmen ought to be careful lest they lightly speak evil of dignities! If what your correspondent asserts be true, then of what a flagrant abuse of prerogative—of what a wanton, deliberate outrage upon all that is high and holy in principle, does Lord Gosford stand arraigned and convicted! Then has he employed the power vested in him for the welfare of the Church of God, to the promotion of his own selfish interests:—then has he proclaimed a solemn day of jubilee, that under cover of zeal for the Lord he might advance his political credit, or retrieve his political errors! Such baseness would only be exceeded in degree by that of the minister of Christ, who should have lent himself to this wicked design, and who to "please Lord Gosford" should have said "peace, peace, where there was no peace."—But I will not hug a grievance when I would fain believe that no offence was intended, but will rather hope that it was for the sake of rounding off a period with an apposite quotation that 'Ambrose' unwittingly impeached my honesty—and may I not add your own also.

Believe me,

Your's faithfully,

GEORGE MACKIE.

One capital error in men's preparing themselves for the sacred function, is, that they read divinity more in other books than the Scriptures.—*Bishop Burnet*.

## THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1838.

With reference to the subject of the foregoing letter, from the Rev. G. Mackie, we are authorized to state that the proposal for the Thanksgiving in Lower Canada *originated*, as we had already intimated our belief, with the Lord Bishop of Montreal; and we think that the subjoined extract with which we have been favoured from a sermon preached by his Lordship the day before the Thanksgiving,—in which the subject was incidentally noticed,—will satisfy most of our readers not only that there were sufficient grounds for the proceeding, but that the omission of it would have been decidedly reprehensible.

In the Proclamation itself there were certainly expressions not in accordance with the intentions of the Bishop, but with the facts of the case: but for these there can be no reason to suppose that Lord Gosford was answerable. The utmost which can be said is that His Excellency did not bestow such close attention, as might have been desired, to the agreement of the Form issued in his name with the actual state of things in the Province. The functionaries who drafted it, perhaps followed other Forms to which they referred without particularly examining the difference of circumstances.

In the Form prepared, however, for public worship, the case was not so. It was stated in the title, to be a Form of Thanksgiving for the signal instances of protection and deliverance experienced in the Rebellion which has been raised in this Province, and the success of Her Majesty's arms within the same; and for the exemption with which we have been since blessed, from violence and bloodshed. It was guarded throughout from conveying any intimation that the elements of Rebellion had ceased to exist; and in directing the use of the Forms of Thanksgiving in the Book of Common Prayer for peace and deliverance from our enemies, and for restoring public peace at home,—both which were strictly applicable to the occasion at the date of preparing the Form,—a particular direction was added, that the latter should be omitted, if the disturbances which had been suppressed should have been previously renewed.

We are glad of this opportunity of shewing that the Public Thanksgiving in question was suggested in the very quarter from which it is natural to suppose it would emanate; and we feel a confidence, from the general tenor of his communication, that none more than our correspondent 'Ambrose' will rejoice to be undeceived as to the erroneous impressions in respect to this Proclamation under which he appeared to labour.—

EXTRACT from a Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Quebec by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, on Sunday the 25th Feb. 1838.

"The doctrine of Divine Providence is one which our own recent and present experience as a community, ought most deeply to impress upon our hearts. In the Rebellion which lately blazed among us, and of which we dare not hope that the smothered embers are perfectly extinct, the hand has been made so visible of that Power which controls the operations of nature, and directs the issue of human enterprise, that we may apply to the case the words of Deborah, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." I shall not, however, anticipate the subject which will be specially brought under your consideration in the observance of to-morrow; nor should I have noticed it at all, but with the hope of correcting a feeling which prevails in some quarters, that this observance is premature. What?—if, when the tempest broke upon our heads, we experienced protection and deliverance in marked and signal instances, are we to refuse to acknowledge this mercy, because the rumbling of the thunder may yet be faintly heard in the distance? If we have had cause given us to joy in the God of our salvation, and to believe that the Lord of Hosts is with us, shall we refuse to express a grateful sense of this comfort, because,—more on account of our own sins than upon any other ground,—it is still with trembling that we must rejoice? The whole question resolves itself into this, Have we, or have we not, *cause to be thankful* for what has thus far happened? If we have, ought we, or ought we not, to *manifest our thankfulness*? If we stand upon the precedents of authority, let it be remembered that in times of war with foreign powers, *particular successes, while the war is still continuing, and the issue is still doubtful*, are made the subjects of National Thanksgiving by Proclamation: and it has occurred within the memory of a great portion of this Congregation, that in this as well as other parts of the Empire, we have had two public thanksgivings in the same year."

We understand, although we are not in possession of the particulars of the case, that the expected division of the Diocese is an arrangement not likely to take place at least during the present year. Under these circumstances, we are authorized to state that it is the purpose of the Lord Bishop of Montreal, with the permission of Divine Providence, to perform the Visitation of Upper Canada in the course of the ensuing summer and autumn, and that Circulars will shortly be issued to that effect. We are informed, however, that his Lordship will forbear from the execution of this purpose, if it should turn out that the arrangement in question should be carried into effect more speedily than there is at present reason to anticipate.

We understand that his Lordship will hold an Ordination at Quebec at Whitsuntide; another probably at Montreal in the month of August, and a third at Toronto in the autumn;—from which we make the cheering inference that a considerable addition to our spiritual labourers is, during the present season, about to be made. While, however, we have to deplore a deficiency of pecuniary means for supplying the ministrations of the Church in every quarter where they are so anxiously called for, we are constrained, at the same time, to lament a dearth of candidates for the sacred ministry. A few—but only a few—within the Diocese are preparing themselves for this holy office; and through the exertions now so happily making in the mother country to supply religious instruction, according to the rules of the Establishment, in places where it had been most inadequately fur-

nished, the services of many pious and devoted young men are called into exercise at home, which otherwise would have been gladly transferred to this country. As it is, we are indebted to the exertions and influence of that unwearied friend of the Missionary cause in Canada, the Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove, for the recent arrival of two young gentlemen of great promise, who are about to undertake the arduous duty of preaching the Gospel to the remote and destitute within our bounds.

We should be rejoiced to see—more than is at present the case—the youth of the more wealthy and respectable families of our communion turning their attention to this important subject, and entering upon a course of preparation for gathering in the spiritual harvest which calls for the services of so many additional labourers. We believe that when the University of King's College shall get into full operation, and a Divinity Professorship be there established, we shall observe a rapid increase of candidates for the ministry amongst the youth born and trained up in the country. While such cannot by any means surpass in zeal and efficiency those faithful and devoted servants of the Cross who emigrate from the mother country, they would possess at least that advantage of local knowledge and acquaintance with the habits and genius of the people, which would in many cases facilitate the success of their ministrations. Besides, this augmentation of candidates for holy orders from amongst the youth of the country would serve to establish and to spread, in a very important degree, an interest and an attachment for the cause amongst the native-born inhabitants of the Colony at large.

While upon this subject, we are happy to annex the letter of a correspondent, bearing upon the point in question, the insertion of which has been perhaps delayed too long. We are very sure that no difficulty will be experienced in ensuring to candidates for the ministry every assistance which the Clergy can give them in prosecuting their course of preparation; but it strikes us, at the same time, as highly important that means should be supplied of affording some annual pecuniary aid to such aspirants to the ministry as, with the zeal perhaps of a Heber or a Henry Martyn, are not in circumstances to bear the expense attendant upon the prosecution of their studies for this object. But to expand the hint of our correspondent,—while the Clergy would cheerfully give their time and pains to this preparation of candidates, perhaps amongst the more wealthy of the laity of our communion some are to be found who would aid in supplying that lack of means by which so many promising young men are deterred from engaging in this holy work.—

To the Editor of the Church.

Rev. Sir,—In perusing your valuable journal, I have been much struck with the alarming state of religious destitution in Upper Canada; which surely it is not possible for any true lover of the Church to read without feeling his heart burn with zeal for the cause of Christ. Can we, indeed, who enjoy these blessed privileges, remain unconcerned for the spiritual condition of so many of the members of our communion? What, we might ask, is become of the zeal which our martyr-fathers exhibited; and is there no spark of it left in the hearts of the young men of the present day? We cannot think so, but will hope for better things.—I am of opinion that if some method was adopted for training up young men for the ministry, many would be found that would cheerfully devote themselves to the work, precarious, in a worldly sense, as are the prospects of those who engage in it in these Provinces.

The method I would propose, is, that the Clergy in the different towns should select one or two young men of unblemished character,—shewing some signs of a work of grace having begun in the heart,—and who would be willing to direct them in a course of study, and assist them with such instruction as would qualify them for Deacon's orders; for in contrasting the services of such with those of the pious and exemplary Catechists who are now employed, I am struck with the force of the observation made by the Bishop of Montreal in one of his letters, that "the people do not derive that satisfaction from a printed sermon, that they would from the lips of a living teacher." Were some such plan proposed, I doubt not that it would receive the ready co-operation of his Lordship, and prove the means of drawing into the ministry many a youth of promise, who would become ornaments to the Church.

I do not wish, Sir, to take up the room of your valuable paper by publishing this letter, but shall feel content to observe your views upon the subject to which it refers, in some future number. Any suggestion as to the means by which young men, anxious to be engaged in the service of their Lord and Master, may, in the absence of a University, obtain the necessary instruction to qualify them for Holy Orders, will confer a favour upon

Rev. Sir,

Your obt. humble servt.

A TRUE EPISCOPALIAN.

Lower Canada, Feb. 1838.

That portion of our observations in 'The Church' of the 5th inst. which related to the Archbishop of Canterbury, was not gotten by any remarks in the 'Christian Guardian'; nor did we say, or mean to say, that in that paper any imputation of unfairness had been cast upon the venerable Archbishop. They were called forth by certain reflections in the 'British Colonist' upon that most reverend prelate;—reflections which struck us at the time as not having been indited in peculiarly good taste, especially in the sneer which they contained even at the lawful titles of the Archbishop.

Our respected contemporary of the 'Christian Guardian' seems to think that a defence of the petition in question would imply a departure from that prudence which he is kind enough to say marks our ordinary editorial conduct. Not having a copy of the petition at hand, we cannot speak particularly as to its phraseology; but we believe, as to its principle and purport, it contended for nothing more than is reiterated in 'The Church' every day,—namely, the legal and constitutional right of the Church of England, and of that Church only, to the Clergy Reserves. From this ground we are not aware of any thing that can induce us to recede.

We ought to add that if, in the petition alluded to, there was

any thing extremely reprehensible, many individuals who term themselves members of the Wesleyan Methodist connexion must bear their share of the blame in having supported the prayer of the petition by the subscription to it of their names. And not only so, but some of our Wesleyan friends used considerable exertions in procuring signatures to this petition; and they are individuals who, so far from having been induced by any persuasion to yield their services in its behalf, freely and cheerfully tendered those exertions from a simple regard for the venerated church from which they have sprung. At this moment, too, we are acquainted with a considerable number of persons in the same connexion who are advocates, as earnest as ourselves, for the maintenance by the Church of England of this her rightful property, and who heartily concur in the views we advance of the ultimate benefit to the great cause of christian truth which would result from placing the Church of England in this Colony upon her proper and constitutional footing.

We cannot see that we are chargeable with any inconsistency in those views of this litigated question, upon which, at the close of his remarks, the editor of the Guardian animadverts. If her Majesty's government should persist in leaving the adjustment of this matter to our local legislature, we affirm now, what we have asserted before, that the most feasible plan for bringing about such an adjudication of the question, would be the re-investment of the Reserves in the Crown. But at the same time that this is a measure in which, for the sake of a settlement of the question, 'the best friends of the Church' are disposed to acquiesce; we do by no means concur in the abstract propriety of such a proceeding, nor do we think it either the most simple or most constitutional method of terminating the discussion. As is recommended in the able Report of the Legislative Council, published last winter, the legitimate course would be a reference of the question to the proper judicial tribunal,—to ascertain, before proceeding to any legislative enactments, whether or not, by any sound construction of law, the claims of any others than the Church of England are admissible. In such a consideration of the subject would probably also be included the question—the importance of which, we doubt not, will soon be more generally apparent than it is—whether or not the power vested in Parliament to 'vary or repeal' the provisions of this Act, was intended to apply solely to changes in the manner or amount of future reservations, and to have no reference whatever to appropriations already made and identified with every other grant of land from the crown.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BROCKVILLE.

We are gratified to learn that through the well-directed zeal of the ladies of this congregation, a sufficient sum, as the proceeds of a Bazaar, has been raised to defray the cost of a fine-toned Bell, recently imported from England, and weighing upwards of 1600 lbs., designed for that handsome and commodious Church. We understand that the amount raised by this means has served, in addition to meeting the expense of the Bell, to pay off the remnant of a debt incurred in previous improvements to the church. This liberality is the more praise-worthy on the part of the ladies of that congregation, as it was only during the previous year that, through their means, a carpet for the church was provided, as well as hangings for the pulpit, reading desk, &c. We have pleasure also in being authorized to state that no charge has been made by Messrs. H. & S. Jones, forwarding merchants, for the freight of the Bell up the river to Brockville.

CHURCH AT FENELON-FALLS.

A new church has recently been erected at this interesting and romantic spot in the Newcastle District, which, we are informed, was opened for Divine Service on Sunday the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. T. Wade, Rector of Peterboro'. Although the weather proved very unfavourable, which, in the present state of the roads and other difficulties of communication, operated seriously against a good attendance upon the occasion, the congregation was considerable and the number of communicants 13.

Much anxiety, as in other parts, has been expressed in that neighborhood for a resident clergyman, whose charge would for the present comprise several adjacent townships; and we are informed that the inhabitants are willing to contribute liberally towards his support. We trust that so important a portion of the Lord's vineyard will not long remain without the services of a zealous pastor.

A POOR CLERGY A NATIONAL EVIL.

(From M. Marmier's Letters on Iceland.)

While we were encamped in the middle of the valley, we saw a man approach us whose clothing and exterior had the stamp of misery, and who asked us, in a jargon compounded of Latin, Danish, and Icelandic, if we wanted to purchase milk or fish.—This was the priest of Thingvalla. The lot of the clergy in this country is lamentable, much worse than that of the Irish clergy, who have been the objects of so much pity. They get nothing from government; their whole dependence is on the enjoyment of the farm belonging to the Church, and a fourth of the tithes payable by their parish. They are bound to support the widows of deceased incumbents, and, when disabled by old age or infirmities, they are obliged to share their slender revenues with assistant chaplains. Small fees, also, for the performance of certain rites, are paid to them by the peasants in fish and butter. There are some churches, the whole revenue of which, tithe, farm, and fees taken together, does not exceed from three to four pounds sterling per annum. The parish of Thingvalla is one of this description. Unable to support himself on such slender resources, the priest is obliged to work like the poorest peasant in his district. He cultivates his farm, shoes his horses, fishes, and is, during six days in the week, a fisherman and peasant;—on the seventh he puts on the surplice, and preaches to his parishioners. The worst of it is, that with this life of labor, the priest at last comes to resemble exactly the boatmen, with whom he spends most of his time. As he works like them, so he also learns to drink brandy like them; he forgets the dignity of his cloth, and if on a Sunday he preaches patience and sobri-

ety, it is hard to say how his hearers can keep their countenances.

The dwelling of the Priest of Thingvalla was more filthy and wretched than any of the peasants' dwellings which we had hitherto seen. We spent the night in the church, which is the usual place of refuge for travellers who, in bad weather, cannot sleep under a tent. The church, besides, is considered an appendage of the priest's farm; thither he goes when he wants to write; there his wife hangs her yarn, and whatever trifles strangers pay for leave to spend a night or two under its roof is his emolument.

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Bombay arrived here from England late on Thursday evening in Her Majesty's steam-packet *Vulcano*, from Gibraltar. His Lordship landed on Friday morning, and paid his respects to his Excellency the Governor, and the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Naval Forces; and in consequence of a request from the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately made preparations for holding a confirmation. In the evening divine service was read in the Government Chapel by the Rev. John Cleugh, after which the Bishop addressed the candidates for the holy rite. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning a very respectable congregation was present to witness the ceremony—the first of the kind performed by a Protestant Bishop in Malta. Considering the very short notice, it was gratifying to find that 119 persons were presented for confirmation. The Right Rev. Prelate, after the laying on of hands, delivered to them an appropriate and impressive discourse. His Lordship was assisted at the altar by the Chaplain to Government and the Chaplain to the Forces, as well as by the Chaplains of Her Majesty's Navy belonging to the ships now in port. Immediately after the ceremony the Bishop of Bombay embarked, under a salute from the batteries, on board Her Majesty's steam packet *Firefly*, for Alexandria, on his way to his distant diocese.—*Malta Gazette*, Jan. 17, 1838.

EARL FITZWILLIAM'S LIBERALITY TO THE CHURCH.

Earl Fitzwilliam is at the present moment most liberally assisting in the building and enlarging no less than six churches in this neighbourhood, viz.—a subscription of £500 towards the erection of a church at Thorpe; a liberal sum for a new church at Kimberworth; £500 in aid of the rebuilding of Rawmarsh church; and the entire cost of enlarging the churches of Tinsley, Wentworth, and Tankersley, for the accommodation of the poor in their respective parishes. In addition to this munificence towards the church, we may add, that within the last few years his lordship and his revered and venerable father have expended many thousands of pounds in the erection of the churches of Swinton, Hoyland, and Gressborough.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

Great exertions having been made by the Rev. John Davies, Rector of St. Clements, in the city of Worcester, for the religious instruction of the bargemen, fishermen, and others, connected with the canals, and river Severn, the Bishop of the Diocese has been induced to license the Rev. Frank Hewson, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, and late curate of St. Mary's Birmingham, to act as a *Home Missionary* among this hitherto neglected and consequently depraved class of our fellow-creatures. It is hoped that the attention of the religious world will be turned to this important undertaking, and that those who have the means will open their purses in aid of so good and so needed a work.

The pages of scripture, like the productions of nature, will not only endure the test, but improve upon the trial. The application of the microscope to the one, and a repeated meditation to the other, are sure to display new beauties, and present us with higher attractives.—*Hervey*.

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all; the mind will contract a rust, and an unfitness for every good thing; and a man must either fill up this time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst of waste—to sin and vice.—*Bp. Burnet*.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE EASTERN CLERICAL SOCIETY,

Reverend Brethren,

You are hereby notified that the next meeting of the Association, will take place (D.V.) on Wednesday, June sixth, at the Rectory of Cornwall.

Your faithful Brother,

H. PATTON, SECRETARY.

Kemptville, May 9th, 1838.

DIED.

At Fenelon Falls, on the 2nd inst., after a protracted illness which he bore with Christian resignation, W. Langton, Esq. aged 67.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Penitent's Death Bed' is a pleasing and touching poem; and shall be inserted as soon as possible.

The communication of 'Zadig' in our next.

The interesting tale by 'Unus', as soon as our limits will allow of its insertion in consecutive portions.

LETTERS received to Friday May 18th:—

Rev. R. F. Campbell, rem. in full for vol. I and add. sub.:—J. L. Hughes Esq. rem.—Rev. H. J. Grasset, with rem. from Rev. G. Graham, and Rev. V. P. Mayerhoffer;—L. Moffatt Esq.—Rev. W. M. Herchmer;—Rev. C. T. Wade;—Rev. H. Patton;—P. M. Georgina;—Rev. G. Archbold;—Rev. G. Mackie, [his second letter is received];—Rev. S. Armour;—Rev. H. Scadding;—J. Kent Esq. (2) with enclosures;—Mr. Robert Maxwell;—J. White Esq. P. M.—Rev. W. M. Harvard;—Rev. A. F. Atkinson.

In consequence of the seasonable arrival of our expected supply of paper, we are happily able to issue this number at the usual time.

## Poetry.

## THE VERNAL STORM.

The vernal storm hath rent the trees,  
And strewn the tender foliage wide;  
And we reproach the cruel breeze  
That pitied not spring's youthful pride.

Unthinking mortals!—in that vale  
Myriads of blighting insects die,  
That else had blackened grove and vale  
With poison-breathing progeny.

And when affliction's awful power  
Scatters the joy of our young May,  
Repine we that the chastening hour  
Tears the gay hopes of life away?

Short-sighted creatures! did we know  
The thousand plagues that pleasures raise,  
Our hearts would fly to meet the blow  
And mingle every tear with praise.

British Magazine.

I. H. B. M.

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

May 20.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.  
24.—Ascension-Day.  
27.—Sunday after Ascension-Day.

## SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XXIII.

YORK; STAMFORD; HUNTINGDON; CAMBRIDGE.

To one who has explored the pride of York,—its ancient and noble Minster,—there is not much in that city to engage the particular attention of the visitor. In the rear of the stupendous cathedral, the grounds are tastefully laid out; and a spacious area, adorned with flowery parterres and crossed by smooth gravel walks, is nearly encircled with the houses of the dean, canons, and other dignitaries attached to the cathedral.

But it does not employ much time—and, from classical association, they are highly worthy of a passing inspection—to view the fragments of Roman altars which are to be discerned in this city, the inscriptions upon them, however, nearly obliterated by the 'effacing fingers' of time; the remains of the old wall with its nodding arches; and the antique gate which forms one of the principal entrances into the city. The Romans, in the palmy days of their conquests,—before gold came to be exchanged as a weapon for steel,—had made themselves masters of most of the island; and to protect the more civilized inhabitants of the south from the fierce marauders of the north, they fortified some of the principal towns as well as threw walls across the island. In later days, when the glory of the empire began to wane, York was not unfrequently the head-quarters of their army; and Constantine Chlorus, himself a Christian, and the father of Constantine the first Christian emperor, breathed his last in this city.

York, too, and its environs, was the scene of many sanguinary contentions, as well in the wars of 'the roses,' as in the later civil commotions which brought the Sovereign of the Kingdom to the block. Marston Moor, where Fairfax and Prince Rupert engaged in long and bloody encounter, is but a short distance from York; but great as were the results of this sanguinary conflict,—nothing less than the ruin of the royal cause, and the murder of England's 'associated king,' no traces of the battle are to be discovered, and the harvest waves peacefully over the moulder bones of mingled friends and foes. God grant that no green spot in this lovely island may again be stained by blood shed in civil encounter! One bloodless revolution, in 1693, was achieved; and may every contest of opinion be so fought, and so terminated,—in adding new safeguards to our inestimable Constitution, and another fold to theegis of protection which is thrown over our most precious Protestant faith!

A little before sunset I mounted the coach for Stamford; and crossing the Ouse,—a gentle stream which meanders through York and the adjacent lands,—we drove through a fertile and picturesque country, as long as day-light permitted us to distinguish its scenery. But the dews of evening were descending, and darkness was gathering over the landscape; and adhering to the top of the coach as long as common comfort would permit, till the last blush of twilight had faded away into the grey of night, I retreated within the carriage, and yielding to repose, all the farther beauties of Yorkshire, as well as much of those of Northamptonshire, were lost to sight. Early on the following morning, we entered Leicestershire, and crossing a corner of the county of Rutland, we came to Stamford. This town is claimed by three counties, Rutland, Lincoln, and Northampton, and is divided into a corresponding number of parishes. It bears rather an ancient appearance, but is by no means deficient in good buildings and in general neatness. It is intersected by the river Welland, over which is thrown an antique and massive stone bridge. About a mile from Stamford, stands Burleigh House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, and built by the celebrated Lord Burleigh, the minister of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Treasurer of England. The park and grounds about this seat are very extensive, and are beautifully varied by gentle undulations, covered with groves and copses of oak, amongst which we discovered hundreds of deer to be quietly browsing. In front of the house is a fine sheet of water, winding through the grounds and lost among the trees, on which were floating a large flock of snow-white swans. The noble owner of this magnificent estate was represented to be very unpopular in Stamford, because he was an opponent of some of the innovating efforts of the day.—Perhaps he was in the purlieus of the fish-market &c., whose inhabitants were not highly competent to judge of the merits of the political topics of the time; and the present heavy accusations against the Marquis of Exeter will be received with a smile, when it is announced that the sole authority for them on the present occasion was the coachman!

We pursued our journey, without much delay at Stamford, to Huntingdon; a town of considerable size, and which struck me as very pleasantly situated. It is the birth place of Oliver Cromwell; and although that is a circumstance which may not, in every judgment, add to its celebrity, the greatest haters of the

obliquities which stood forth in that strange compound of bigotry and hypocrisy, will not deny that it throws some degree of interest about the good town of Huntingdon. This place, moreover, is celebrated as having been the residence of the poet Cowper, after that eclipse of his faculties had passed away which, during so many years, had rendered his life a mere blank. From this long and dreamy trance he seemed to have awoke like a 'giant refreshed;' and while his writings manifest a higher order of genius, they evince that his spirit was deeply imbued with pious thankfulness to Him who was the gracious author of this extraordinary mental resuscitation.

From Huntingdon we drove to St. Ives, a name well known in story and legend, and familiar to our childish years as household words; and from thence our journey was pursued to Cambridge. This part of our way lay through a flat and uninteresting country; bearing the appearance, from its unbroken level and the dykes on either hand, of having been recovered from a marsh. The approach to Cambridge is by no means striking; and the contrast is certainly great between the present view of Cambridge and the magnificent appearance which the sister university of Oxford presents as you approach from London. Still when once you enter Cambridge, and at every step you proceed, new attractions are offered; for many of the colleges and other public edifices are noble buildings, and nothing can be more delightful and alluring than the 'Cam's smooth margin,' and the groves through which it meanders. I took up my abode at the 'Sun,' more ambitious in its cognomen, though far less extensive or costly in its arrangements, than the 'Star' at Oxford. My first visit was to St. John's College, in the hope of finding one—with whom many subsequent hours and days have been passed in the most delightful and recreative of converse—who would have been my indefatigable companion to all the sights and attractions of this celebrated University. But the long vacation had commenced, and his door was barred! Similar disappointments awaited me in other attempts; and I had to leave Cambridge without an introduction—which my letters would have ensured me—amongst others known to fame, to the Master of Trinity and to the venerated Fellow of King's, of whose inanimate remains Cambridge is still the guardian, but whose sainted spirit, we can believe, has flown to the 'rest of the people of God.' While Simeon, the spiritual father and instructor of so many for nearly half a century, leaves us in his remarkable 'walk with God' an example to 'follow his faith,' there is something as instructive as touching in his dying testimony. In his last moments he is represented to have shrunk as much from the converse as from the gaze of man, and to have sought to breathe his last in quiet and alone. "Let me," said he, "die alone. A scene! a dying scene! I abhor a dying scene. I lie before him, the vilest of the vile—the lowest of the low—the poorest of the poor. Now let me die alone."—About this good man there may have been peculiarities, and many may be unable to adopt his particular code of religious opinions;—yet, if all will not admit that they were in strict consonance with our Scriptural Articles, and their admirable interpreters the Homilies;—if, amongst the pious, the exemplary, and the devoted, there will, upon many essential tenets, be 'shades of difference' in opinion;—none can deny to this champion of the cross that zeal and devotedness to his Master's cause, and that purity of heart and rectitude of life which demonstrates of real believers that they are "His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

Cambridge—boast though it may not of pleasing localities—is 'ascended to immortal fame,' from having proved the nursery of such men as Bacon, Newton, Barrow, Porson, and hundreds of lesser lights in the galaxy of letters; while the merits of the wranglers and optines whom it yearly sends forth from its venerated walls, maintain the continuity of that chain of which those 'giants' in learning formed remoter links. Cambridge, by a contemporary writer, Lockhart, has two accusations brought against it,—that of 'liberalism in politics' and 'enthusiasm in religion.' The latter charge is ascribable, no doubt, to the influence of the departed Simeon; and although, as I have said, the theological opinions of this good and learned man may be canvassed as to their entire soundness by many of the pious and the excellent in the earth, none will deny that Simeon has been the means, more perhaps than any other individual in the University, of keeping in the brightness of its burning torch of lively and practical religion.—As for the past politics of Cambridge, her most attached sons must plead guilty of a culpable condescension to the innovations attempted, in those latter times, upon the integrity of Church and State. I say, however, past politics; for, with proverbial sagacity, her true English-hearted sons have discovered that the political problem on which they were intent was leading to a wrong result, and they have therefore indignantly and virtuously flung aside the whole process! No other, we believe, than a Conservative champion of our pure Protestant faith is likely ever again to be honoured with the suffrages of the enlightened sons of this ancient University.

(To be continued.)

## WORDSWORTH.

One cheering proof of the force of an active religious principle in shaping and animating compositions not avowedly sacred, presents itself to us in the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth. How many sensations rush upon the mind at the mention of that honoured name! During a quarter of a century his fame has been struggling along like a subterranean current; not often heard in the stir and bustle of ephemeral rivalry; but still keeping the tenor of its way, widening and deepening every hour, until at length it begins to issue forth into light again, a broad, rapid, and glittering river. All our readers must be familiar with the history of that Scottish school of criticism, which sprang into notoriety under the auspices of a few clever but, we fear, unprincipled men. A certain smartness and vivacity of expression, a novelty and poignancy of illustration, and a determined infallibility of judgment, combined to invest their decisions with an oracular solemnity. The popular mind was deceived and bewildered by the glitter of wit and the affectation of learning; reputations were immolated on the new shrine of

criticism, and the cruelty of the literary Moloch was forgotten in the splendour of his eyes; under the baneful dominion of such a school, genius was depressed, that imbecility might rise. He who commences by depreciating the wise and the good, will never find himself without an audience; the multitude will always run to drink at these waters of bitterness. Truly was it observed by Goldsmith, in the dedication to "The Traveller," that, like the tiger, which seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of Poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire. Such were the melancholy reflections of one who had himself experienced the secret shafts of enmity. But although this species of intellectual THUGGISM could not very long exist in a civilized country without being denounced by every man of just feelings; yet the sufferings it inflicted were often acute, and the injuries sustained by its attacks of considerable duration. Mr. Wordsworth's sentiments may be read in the preface to his works—"There are select spirits for whom it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world an existence like that of virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour to the enemies it provokes; a vivacious quality, ever doomed to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it." Genius, which is essentially immortal, cannot indeed be crushed beneath any weapon, by whomsoever wielded; but it may be wounded, though it cannot be destroyed. And as Venus was driven back to her Olympian home before the fierce arm of a Grecian warrior, so may the spirit of the Beautiful, flee from amongst us at the rude insults of a presumptuous criticism; the wounds from which the sacred ichor flows, will, indeed, quickly heal, but sorrow and pain will remain upon the spirit. The elephant, was the noble observation of Walter Savage Landor, is consumed by ants in his unapproachable solitudes.—Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffery. How was it possible for one whose fancy fluttered only round the villa of Pope, or delighted in the masculine common sense of Dryden, to comprehend or appreciate the far-sighted and ennobling philosophy, the delicious scenes of rural beauty, and the intense sympathy with the cares of life, which compose the works of the poet of Rydal Mount? It was related of Pope by Lord Marchmont that, unless the conversation took an epigrammatic turn, that most graceful of poets was wont to fall asleep. So it was with the Coryphæus of the northern school: the flash of sentiment, the point of antithesis, the pungency of sarcasm were necessary to engage his attention!—Church of England Quarterly Review.

## THE MORAL OF A PICTURE.

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years: during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another, all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"

I wish I could record the name of the monk by whom that natural feeling was so feelingly and strikingly expressed.—The Doctor (Southey)

Strong affections make strong afflictions.—Dr. Owen.

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