

# 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, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

[NO. XX.]

## Original Poetry.

For the Church.

### THE CHILD AND MOTHER.

Mother, I've heard you speak of One beyond those starlit skies,  
Whose mercy, like Eternity, flows on, yet never dies,—  
Around whose throne bright seraphs stand, with eyes of joy and  
love,  
And Angel voices hymn his praise in that far world above:—  
I've heard you say that Earth and Sea and Sky perform his will,  
He whispers and the winds are hushed; he speaks, the waves are  
still;  
The proudest of Earth's countless hosts bows down beneath his  
sway,  
Kings reign through him, and princes rule, and subject realms  
obey:

But tell me, mother, will he deign from his immortal Throne,  
To cast one glance of light on me to mark me for his own?  
Will He, whose finger guides each star, revolving in its sphere,  
Lend to the prayers which children breathe, a kind attentive ear?

For I have often heard it said by men with silver hair,  
Earth may not know the terrors here that God above can wear,  
That man is like a sepulchre, a faithful type of sin,  
Without all beautiful to the eye, all foul decay within.

Oh! surely, God who fashioned him in his all perfect form,  
Unaided hath not left him to the fury of the storm,  
But as of Him man's frame doth seem to bear an earthly part,  
So is a ray of deathless light from Him shed o'er his heart.

My child, look out upon the world, its voice will tell thee true,  
Its woods of song, its vales of love, its skies of changeless hue,  
Its silver streams, whose murmurs creep the golden meads among,  
Its sunlit flowers, upon whose sweets the summer bee hath hung.

Its sparry caves, amid whose depths the broken billows moan,  
Its forest wilds, through whose dark shade no sun hath ever shone,  
Its sounding sea, whose crested waves leap up with shouts of mirth,  
Its mountain heights, whose brightness seems too beautiful for  
earth,—

Yes, these will tell thee, listen now, their murmurs seem to blend,  
In one deep tone of harmony whose sound shall never end,  
From wood and stream and field below, from sky and stars above,  
In one undying voice they sing a strain of deathless love.

Then pray, my child, through air shall float thy faintest breathing  
tone,  
And Angel wings shall waft it up before that shining throne,  
And He who suffers not unseen one form of life to die,  
Shall send His Spirit down on thee from His bright world on high.  
J. C.

For the Church.

### PSALM CXXXVII.

We sat by the waters of Babel, and wept  
As we thought us of Zion: unstrung and unswept  
Our harps on the willows were hanging, while they—  
The foe that had hurried us captive away—  
Soft music demanded, the sounds of good cheer  
From the heavy in spirit:—"A song we would hear,  
"One of Zion's own songs."—O how seek to accord  
In the land of the stranger, the harp of the Lord!  
This right hand her cunning forget, ere I be  
O Salem, my country, forgetful of thee!  
Cleave this tongue to the roof of my mouth, when my voice  
For aught, but for Salem, shall know to rejoice!  
Remember, O Lord, in the day of her pride  
How the children of Edom insultingly cried:  
"Down, down with Jerusalem!—down to the ground  
"With her turrets; and let not a vestige be found!"  
Ah daughter of Babel!—the doomed!—blessed he,  
Who the wrong thou hast done us, shall visit on thee,—  
Who thy children shall tear from their mother's embrace,  
And dash on the stones the hope of thy race.  
October 6th, 1837. G. M.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. IV.

### THE PRAYER BOOK.

The zeal which Archbishop Grindal, Bishop Ridley, Dr. Taylor, and other the holy martyrs and confessors in Queen Mary's time, expressed for this excellent Liturgy, before and at the time of their death, defending it by their disputations, adorning it by their practice, and sealing it with their blood, are arguments which ought to recommend it to all the sons of the Church of England for ever, infinitely to be valued beyond all the little whispers and murmurs of argument pretended against it.—*Ep. Jeremy Taylor.*

The sublimest truths conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a Liturgy which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Although a Protestant Dissenter I cannot be insensible of its merits. I believe that the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastised fervour of its devotions, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions.—*Robert Hall.*

What words can describe the full value of her incomparable Liturgy?—*Jackson.*—(Wesleyan Methodist.)

How often do we take up our Bibles and Prayer Books, and heedlessly and coldly turn over their leaves, without a feeling of thankfulness for the unmolested enjoyment of such a privilege! How few are aware, and, if aware, how few do recollect that, in the earliest ages of Christianity, imprisonment, torture, and death, were the frequent penalties attendant on the reading of the inspired writings! Kings and Governors vainly imagined that they had entirely obliterated the indestructible word of God, by persecuting the Christians who "chose rather to give up their bodies, than their bibles, to be burnt;" and it is but little more than three hundred years ago, since bonfires were kindled at Paul's Cross in London with printed copies of the Holy Writings, and the study of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was

forbidden under pain of death. The Christian who had once tasted the living waters of the Gospel, and whose unquenchable thirst urged him, regardless of worldly consequences, to repair to that inexhaustible fountain, was compelled to secrete himself on the housetop, in the sequestered chamber, or the recess of the forest, for fear of incurring detection. The husband dared not even trust the wife of his bosom with a secret which the wily priest, hot on the scent of heresy, might extort from her in confession; and the parent could not venture to make his offspring partakers of the glad tidings, lest, in the unguarded loquacity of childhood the fact should transpire, and the Church call in the secular arm to repress the dangerous innovation. "Entire copies of the Bible, when they could only be multiplied by means of amanuenses, were too costly to be within the reach of very many readers: but those who could not procure the volume of the book, would give a load of hay for a few favourite chapters, and many such scraps were consumed upon the persons of the martyrs at the stake. They would hide the forbidden treasure under the floors of their houses, and put their lives in peril, rather than forego the book they desired; they would sit up all night, their doors being shut for fear of surprise, reading or hearing others read the word of God: they would tend their herds in the fields, and still steal an hour for the drinking in "the good tidings of great joy;"\* the pauper blind would board their scanty earnings to purchase a Bible, and when purchased, hire persons to read it; and ladies of the court could only procure the sacred writings by employing a faithful female emissary, "who used to tie the books with strings under her apparel, and so pass with them into court."

In addition to the far weightier reasons we have for cherishing the Bible as our dearest earthly treasure, these historical recollections ought to serve as secondary aids in promoting reverence for the book of books. Every page, as it were, has been crimsoned by the blood of martyrs; every scripture promise has been contended for at the stake; a Rogers, a Bradford, a Taylor, a Latimer, and a Cranmer have sprinkled their ashes over many a text; the strangling of a Tindal was the forfeit paid for the printed translation of the English Testament. In these merely human claims to reverential affection and respect, our inestimable Book of Common Prayer most fully shares. Second only to the Bible in spiritual wealth, it is second only to it in the calamities and sufferings it has brought upon those who, in the season of persecution, still clung to its use, and made bold avowal of its doctrines.

In the reign of Mary the Mass Book regained its lost sway, and the Protestant formulary, as based on Scripture, and in many parts, clothed in its language, was a sure conductor to the dungeon, and much more frequently to the faggot.

In the unhappy times of Charles I, when the English Parliament disgraced the nation by purchasing the rebellious assistance of the Scots at the expense of Episcopacy, commenced the imposition of the Presbyterian Covenant, and the second proscription of the Liturgy. While the illiterate soldier, and the presumptuous mechanic mounted the pulpit, demolishing in their way some ornament or effigy, and then thrust out the minister, and forced from him, and tore his book,—while irreverent schismatics contemptuously sat in church with their steeple hats drawn firmly down over their austere brows,—while God was addressed and expostulated with in terms of the grossest and most revolting familiarity, and the Lord's prayer was stigmatized as "a rotten prayer,"—while religion ran so mad as almost to drive moderate men into a chilling scepticism,—the celebration of divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer was performed at the risk of incurring a severe penalty; and a person frequenting meetings held for this purpose was liable to a fine of five pounds for the first offence, of ten for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third. Under the veil of darkness, the faithful members of the Church of England gathered together to listen to the word of God from the lips of some unsilenced clergyman; and it is left on record by the grandmother of Hannah More, that "at midnight pious worshippers went with stealthy steps through the snow, to hear the words of inspiration delivered by a holy man at her father's house: while her father with a drawn sword, guarded the entrance from violent or profane intrusion."

In the spoliation and desecration of the cathedrals and churches throughout the land during the civil wars, the Book of Common Prayer did not escape the unhallowed malevolence of the sectarians. If the organs were broken or sold, the communion-plate plundered, and the fonts used as troughs for horses, or for the baptism of swine,—if the pulpits were turned into shambles for meat, and the remains of the dead kicked insultingly about,—if every sacred vessel and object, even to the senseless monument and painted window, bore marks of the infuriate hatred of the republicans,—so did the Prayer Book sustain its share of indignities. In many places it was burnt as "idolatrous," as "a popish mass-book;" at Chichester the soldiers and sectaries tore the eyes from a picture of Edward VI, exclaiming that all the mischief arose from his establishing the Common Prayer; and when Cambridge was occupied by the Parliamentary forces, St.

\* *Rev. J. J. Blunt's Reformation in England*, p. 95.—This admirable little volume ought to be purchased by every true son of the Church of England. It is one of the numbers of *Murray's Family Library*, and five shillings sterling will put any one in possession of a work, which combines a quaint, but powerful style, with lucid order, and the fruits of laborious research most pithily condensed. The tone of the book frequently reminds the reader of the homely sayings of Latimer and Rowland Taylor, and the simple pathos of the martyrologist Fox.

† See the anecdote of Joan Waste in *The Church*, No. 9, p. 44.

Mary's Church witnessed the sacrilegious tearing of the Bible and Prayer Book, while Cromwell stood by and "rebuked the clerk for complaining of the desecration." Thus was our Liturgy held in equal abhorrence by the two extremes of Popery and Puritanism!

Even when the grave was about to close upon the poor harassed Episcopalian, and some slight momentary truce to religious animosity, some softer trait of character to relieve the harsh features of civil discord might reasonably be expected, the same unmitigated persecution and proscription of the Liturgy was carried on. The learned Chillingworth, driven "like a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,"—buffeted and insulted by those around his captive bed-side,—expressed a wish, before closing his eyes, to be buried with the rites of the English Church. The Roundhead chaplain of the rebel garrison at Chichester, the Presbyterian Cheynel, who had professed a friendship for the illustrious victim, refused his request, reviled him over his remains yet scarcely cold, and threw a copy of his matchless work, *The Religion of Protestants*, into the grave of its author, with this imprecation; "Get thee gone thou cursed book, which hast seduced so many precious souls: get thee gone, thou corrupt rotten book, earth to earth, dust to dust; get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou mayest rot with thy author, and see corruption." Nor was the indulgence denied to the subject, extended to the sovereign. When a few faithful followers of Charles I. conveyed his body to Windsor for interment, "they desired that His Majesty might be buried according to the form of the Common Prayer Book, the Bishop of London being present with them to officiate, but Colonel Whicheot, the Governor of the castle, positively and roughly refused to consent to it, and said 'it was not lawful: that the Book of Common Prayer was put down, and he could not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded;' nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and entreaties, prevail with him to suffer it. No wonder that a Liturgy breathing so holy, so peaceful, so forgiving a spirit, should be wormwood and gall to such tyrannous bigots, as Hugh Peters and Cheynel,—to such saints militant, as Colonel Whicheot and Cornet Joyce.

Though Cromwell issued, in November, 1655, a Declaration which, among other things, made it penal for ministers to use the Book of Common Prayer, yet under his government the Church of England enjoyed a respite from severe persecution. He himself was born in the bosom of that Church; his children had been baptized, and two of his daughters married according to its rites; and one of them, the Lady Falconbridge, interceded earnestly, but ineffectually, for the life of Dr. Hewett, whose ministry she had secretly frequented. But although he bore no antipathy to the church as a religious body, yet he dreaded the political principles of its members, and, in the words of Lord Clarendon, "looked upon them as his mortal enemies,"—as men attached to monarchy, and only waiting for an opportunity to attempt the restoration of the lawful sovereign. Regarding Episcopalianism in this light, his conduct towards them must be pronounced tolerant and lenient. Leave was occasionally obtained for the interment of a deceased person according to the Church office; Episcopalianism were suffered to listen to their own ministers in private houses; and in London, which was more immediately under the Protector's shelter, a clergyman here and there, who had succeeded in retaining the use of his own pulpit, ventured on publicly using the proscribed Liturgy. In Oxford, 300 students heard the Liturgy read every Sunday by the Vice-Chancellor; and Usher extracted from Cromwell a verbal promise, that the clergy should not be molested in their use of the Common Prayer, provided they meddled not with state affairs; and the Archbishop himself continued in the preachingship of Lincoln's Inn until his death. Sometimes indeed armed soldiers would interrupt the assemblage, and commit individuals to prison; but these molestations were the acts of his satellites, rather than of Cromwell himself.

On this continent also, and even during so late a period as the American Rebellion, did the Liturgy encounter republican proscription and persecution. Those of the Virginian clergy,—and they were more than two-thirds of the whole,—who kept inviolate their oath of allegiance, and who, undeterred by menace or unmoved by entreaty, continued to solemnize worship after the English ritual, did so at the risk of great personal danger. On one occasion it is related that a clergyman, before mounting his pulpit bade farewell to his family, and concealed pistols in his bosom to be used in the event of an anticipated danger occurring.

Rarely, it is to be feared, does a feeling of gratitude steal across our worldly thoughts for the peaceful times in which Providence has been pleased to cast our lot,—for the liberty we enjoy of worshipping God under the shadow of our own vine, after a form of sound, scriptural, and spirit-stirring words. Persecution visits not us, either in its severer, or mitigated form. The Book of Common Prayer, instead of being an illegal, a forbidden book is seen in the cushioned pew of the rich, in the latticed window of the poor. Its circulation is promoted by a Society formed for the express purpose. No longer confined to our own noble language, it walks the earth in tongues the very names of which but few have ever heard. At the sound of the Liturgy the Caffer chief, the tattooed Zealander, and the Mohawk Indian cast aside their idol Gods and superstitions, and awake into a new, a spiritual existence. In every city of Europe, in the chapel of the Ambassador, or the house of the Consul, on the hill of Mars, at Athens,—on the scites of pagan temples, mosques, and pagodas, its thrilling strains are poured from pious lips, elevating the debased soul, and shedding on its darkness rays of un fading



light. To the establishment of England, the Protestant Churches of Britain and America are indebted for the translation of the Holy Bible; to her also they are indebted for a Book of Common Prayer, a manual of religious worship, which, in every respect, is second only to the Bible. It contains the choicest passages of the Scriptures, the supplications of the earliest Fathers of the Church, and the carefully culled excellencies of the primitive theological writers. The language in which it is clothed is, next to the Bible, the finest specimen extant of the English tongue, the greater number of words used in it being of pure Saxon origin. While its numberless perfections captivate the most refined and fastidious intellects, its simplicity wins a way for it into the hearts and understandings of the unlettered. The most celebrated writers of our venerable Church have exhausted every term of honest eulogy on its surpassing merits; and thousands, both laymen and ecclesiastics, churchmen and dissenters have prepared themselves for approaching death in the language of its formularies,—have met the grim monster with weapons in their hands, furnished from its spiritual armoury,—and, strengthened by its consolations, have cheerfully passed through the dark and irremediable valley.

Whenever we feel a listless inattention to the Prayers of the Church, a few such meditations as I have ventured to suggest, will, I think, be of service in reviving our flagging devotion, and awakening our dormant zeal.

Toronto, 14th Sept. 1837.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

#### BENEVOLENCE OF THE DEITY.

When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and unconcerned about both.

If he had wished our misery, he might have made sure of his purpose, by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions, as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, every thing we tasted bitter; every thing we saw loathsome; every thing we touched a sting; every smell a stench; and every sound a discord.

If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to produce it. But either of these (and still more both of them) being too much to be attributed to accident, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished their happiness; and made for them the provision which he has made, with that view and for that purpose.

The same argument may be proposed in different terms, thus: contrivance proves design; and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with, are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil, no doubt, exists, but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it, but it is not the object of it. This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle, that it is made to cut the reaper's fingers, though, from the construction of the instrument and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture or execution, "This engine," you would say, "is to extend the sinews; this to dislocate the joints; this to break the bones; this to scorch the soles of the feet."—Here pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain and disease, or, in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, "This is to irritate; this to inflame; this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys; this gland to secrete the humour which forms the gout." If by chance he come at a part of which he knows not the use, the most that he can say is, that it is useless; no one ever suspects that it is put there to incommode, to annoy, or to torment. Since, then, God hath called forth his consummate wisdom to contrive and provide for our happiness, and the world appears to have been constituted with this design at first: so long as this constitution is upholden by him, we must in reason suppose the same design to continue.

The contemplation of universal nature rather bewilders the mind than affects it. There is always a bright spot in the prospect, upon which the eye rests; a single example, perhaps, by which each man finds himself more convinced than by all others put together. I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; especially, if there has been any industry, or contrivance, or pursuit, to come at them; or if they are founded, like music, painting, &c. upon any qualification of their own acquiring. But the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport, affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it.

But the example which strikes each man most strongly, is the true example for him; and hardly two minds hit upon the same: which shews the abundance of such examples about us.

We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE NAME OF GOD, I AM THAT I AM.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE has the following very sensible and pious reflections on the name by which God made himself known to Moses,—I AM THAT I AM.

"God, by revealing himself to Moses under this name, would

have us not to apprehend him as any particular or limited Being, but as a Being in general, or the Being of all beings, who giveth being to, and therefore exerciseth authority over all things in the world. This name suggests to us these following notions of the Most High God. First, that he is one Being, existing in and of himself; his unity is implied in that he saith, I; his existence in that he saith, I AM; his existence in and of himself, in that he saith, I AM THAT I AM;—that is, I am in and of myself, not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon another. The same expression implies, that as God is only one, so he is a most pure and simple Being. We must not conceive God as made up of several parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only as One who is that he is; and although we read of several properties attributed to him in Scripture, as wisdom, goodness, justice, &c., yet, to speak properly, they are not in him, but are his nature itself, acting severally from several objects."

Having offered an explanation of this mysterious saying, the Bishop proceeds to consider the other, whereby God calls himself absolutely I AM.

"Though I AM," continues he, "be commonly a verb, yet it is here used as a proper name, and is the nominative case to another verb, in these words, 'I AM hath sent me unto you.' A strange expression! but when God speaks of himself, he cannot be confined to grammar rules. It is no wonder that when he would reveal himself, he goes out of our common way of speaking one to another, and expresseth himself in a way peculiar to himself. Hence, therefore, when he speaks of himself and his own eternal essence, he saith, I AM THAT I AM: so when he speaks of himself with reference to his creatures, and especially to his people, he saith, I AM. He does not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, or tower; but only, I AM: He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if He should say, Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they poor? I AM riches. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things; I AM wisdom and power; I AM justice and mercy; I AM grace and goodness; I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, JEHOVAH, I AM. Whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions, that I AM; whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I AM. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as an universal Good, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general, I AM."

#### JOHN BUNYAN.

Mr. Bunyan having preached one day with particular warmth and enlargement, some of his friends, after service was over, took him by the hand and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered. "Aye," said the good man, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

#### MELANCTHON'S PORTRAIT OF A GOSPEL PREACHER.

He enters the house of God with a pious intention of preaching the unadulterated truth, and to present that which alone is useful and necessary, and not merely to delight the fancy of his hearers with human inventions, clothed in florid language. He disposes the matter of his discourse in a proper and natural order, and discusses it in a lucid and proper manner. He admonishes his hearers, and distinctly shows them how they may apply to themselves each truth. To impress it upon their minds he employs clear and convincing argument, and illustrates it with appropriate examples, that every hearer may remember it well. He holds out motives; he rouses the feelings; he alarms them by denouncing the terrible threatenings of God, and awakens hope and confidence by the promise of his word. At one time he preaches the law, and then the gospel, and explains the difference between them in the clearest manner. At one time he only explains the Scriptures, at another he addresses the heart and conscience vigorously—he excites the mind to activity, not by a mere sound of words, but by a solemn appeal to the affections. Such a preacher I knew well—it was MARTIN LUTHER.

### THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1837.

Firmly as we feel it our duty to adhere to the principle that public men, so far at least as their public sayings and public acts are concerned, are a species of public property, and must, on that account, be expected to receive as well reprehension as praise, where either, from circumstances, may be called for, there is nothing to our mind more repugnant than reflections upon such individuals, as may have their origin in individual spleen or personal dislike, or which may be the result of random and ill-considered observation.

Great in talent, and great in Christian qualities as is the Archbishop of Dublin,—to whom the following communications refer,—it is not to be supposed that he, any more than others of the most exalted individuals in the world, is free from human imperfection, or that he has never uttered an expression or published a sentiment from which the bulk of the Christian community may not dissent; but even with this persuasion, had we thought that the author of "Scenes in other Lands" had overstepped the bounds of Christian criticism, or of honest fact in the remarks upon the illustrious Archbishop which were contained in the 10th number of the detail of his rambles, most certainly should we have denied them a place in our columns then, or had they inadvertently crept in, most readily should we tender our apologies for their appearance now. Yet, upon examining those expressions, we cannot see that they are fairly susceptible of a construction which would imply any unjust or unfounded animadversion upon what may be termed the peculiarities of the admired, and, from our heart we believe, excellent Archbishop. For with the notoriety of his Grace's opinions in regard to the

system of education pursued in Ireland,—a system which few Protestants surely can regard with complacency or satisfaction, conscientious as they may believe some of its upholders to be;—with the fact, moreover, of his extraordinary treatise on the Sabbath day staring us, as it were, in the face, it can scarcely be regarded either as a calumny or an unwarrantable criticism to assert that his Grace does, or at least did possess some sentiments at variance with the opinions held, on the one subject, by the mass of Protestant Christians, and, on the other, by the great body of Christians in general.

But never, we shall again affirm it as our heartfelt belief,—never was there an individual more sincere or more honest in the possession of the opinions he may inculcate; never was there a person from whose character dissimulation or deceit was farther removed; never one who better deserves, notwithstanding what we shall term his peculiarities, the title of great and good than the Archbishop of Dublin. As a scholar, distinguished by talent of the highest order; as a Christian, exemplary in the discharge of every duty and with a personal munificence and kindness of heart rarely equalled; as a minister of the faith of Christ crucified, zealous and sincere; as a prelate, single-minded, humble-minded, and meaning in all things his Master's glory and his brethren's weal; as the intimate friend of our late excellent Bishop; as one to whom ourselves are indebted for not a little personal kindness, cheerfully do we accord to the Archbishop of Dublin the tribute of our unfeigned admiration and respect.

Although the communications of our correspondents refer merely to—what there was no attempt to impugn—the private character of the Archbishop, we cheerfully give them a place, as pleasing and valuable in themselves. But while we help to promulgate what may be deemed to be a charge, in one of those communications, against the gratitude of the place where we have the happiness to dwell, we must not omit the opportunity of stating that the indiscretions of a correspondent or the infirmities of an editor are not, in fairness, to be imputed to the whole community amongst whom he may chance to be residing. But even this apparent imputation of a momentary forgetfulness of the zeal and kindness of a benefactor we do not regret, from the opportunity it affords us of bearing testimony—though here we may be "fools in glorying"—how well the congregation, for whose benefit the munificence alluded to was designed, have responded to the spirit of the beautiful appeal with which the interesting letter of the Archbishop is closed. Within the last ten years they have expended about £600 upon the Church which that bounty was so instrumental in erecting: they have been free in donations for the same object to other places where their aid seemed to be needed: and they are now contributing fully £100 per annum towards the combined designs of the Christian Knowledge and Travelling Missionary Societies,—the extension of Gospel privileges amongst the destitute and remote. It would surely, then, rejoice the heart of the good Archbishop to know that the "loan" is, in a manner so advantageous to the general weal, attempted to be repaid.

#### For the Church.

Rev. Sir:—I observed, with great regret, in the last number of your respectable periodical—published, be it remarked, at Cobourg—a most unjust attack, under apparent laudation, on the character of the present Archbishop of Dublin. It occurs in No. 10 of "Scenes in other Lands," by an anonymous writer, otherwise sufficiently amiable in the general tenor of the remarks, made on his travels.

With the Archbishop of Dublin, I have never had the honor of communication;—neither, considering the distance of dignity and place that separates us, is it either likely or desirable that our personal intercourse should be renewed. But, as it is well known by many of your Upper Canadian readers, that Dr. Whately has been to myself individually the best and most generous of friends,—and, as I was the Minister of St. Peter's Church at Cobourg when that congregation received a very substantial evidence—at that period most urgently required—of his calm and Christian zeal for their souls,—it seems a duty from which I cannot escape, to animadvert upon the offensive passage. In doing this, however, I shall confine myself to the simple publication of the following letter. For, if the gratitude of Cobourg will not proclaim the unadulterated praises of a Benefactor, why, let the good man speak for himself.

Pictou, October 18th, 1837.

44 Holywell, Oxford, 17th Sept. 1821.

My dear Macaulay:

Your brief letter of direction reached me about a fortnight back, and I have directed Messrs. Hoares to forward your money (amounting I trust to about £150) as you order: but I have been vainly expecting your other letter, which you say you sent by New York. It is very distressing to have such uncertainty of communication: I had not heard from you before, since Nov.; and I fear some of mine have not reached you: I wrote to you last on the 7th July. I want much to convey to you some books, viz: publications of the Provost and myself, and also some seeds which have long been waiting for you. I told you in my last of my marriage: I am settled here for the present, and have just got into my house. I told you also of Senior's marriage, a little earlier than mine. I hear that Hinds is married, but he has not announced it to me. I shall be very glad to hear the same of you, as I think your situation requires it—I have only to wish you as much happiness as I enjoy myself, with the addition of somewhat stronger health in your partner. I informed you also of my being appointed Bampton Lecturer for next year: I have made no progress as yet, having been busy in getting into my house.

The papers will tell you of the hot contest here for the election of a member: the Provost was warmly interested for Heber.—There will be a number of the Quarterly out this month, or early in the next, containing an article on the Corn Laws by Senior, which you will find valuable, and of some interest to the Canadians as Corn exporters. We have had (after a remarkably dry June and fine July,) the latter part of the harvest so wet as to spoil most of the corn that was not got in very early; it has been sprouting most dismally. There is however much corn in hand, and farmers complain of nothing so much as low prices. Do not your people make much use of Buck Wheat? and how do they prepare it? it would be I should think a most valuable resource, if largely cultivated, in the event of a wet Wheat harvest, followed, as this seems likely to be, by a dry autumn.

Pray let me know how I may convey to you the books, &c.

If your money should be more than enough for your church, you will dispose of the surplus to such of your neighbors as may be about the same good work; and the whole I regard as a loan, to be repaid, when your people have the power, by contributing in like manner to some other church. With part of the money sent (as specified) I wish you to buy a Communion cup or plate. I



subjoin an address to your Parishioners which you may either communicate to them, or suppress, whichever you think best.

"My Christian Brethren, though far removed from you in residence, and personally unknown to you, I am anxious to testify the strong interest I feel in your welfare, as fellow subjects, and much more as fellow Christians of the same pure and apostolic church. I have exerted myself zealously, and I trust you will think successfully, to procure subscriptions in aid of the good work you have been engaged in; and I heartily pray that our contributions may be the means of conducting to your everlasting welfare. May God give you grace to make such a use of the advantages you enjoy, that they may be a real blessing to you. Be not remiss in your attendance on public worship I beseech you; and may you so fix in your minds what is done and taught there on Sunday, as to show forth the fruits of it every day of the week. Let not any self-ordained pretenders seduce you to listen to their enthusiastic effusions, and forsake the Church whose authority is derived from Christ Himself, and whose regular Ministers are appointed in unbroken succession from the apostles: and when any one pretends to a particular and immediate supernatural call from the Spirit, challenge him to prove his pretensions, (as the apostles did theirs) by working sensible miracles. Bring up your families in the fear and love and service of God, and in reverence for his church; that both you and they may so live, as you will wish you had done when you come to die. Finally brethren pray for us, for the whole Church of Christ, and especially for us who have now contributed to your necessity; that we may so approve ourselves zealous servants of our Redeemer, as not to lose the benefits we have been laboring to help in imparting to you; and that you may meet us hereafter in eternal joy, when Christ shall gather together his flock from every region under heaven. His Blessing be with you all evermore! Amen.

(Signed) R. D. WHATELY."

Oriel Coll. Oxford, Sept. 20, 1821.

I have just learned that your money transmitted is £144 10s. whereof three guineas from myself and two from T. Duncan of New College, I wish to be laid out in a cup for the communion table, as a remembrance of us. I will send you the list of subscribers in my next, very soon. I am now in a great bustle about my house.

Remember I want to hear of some mode of conveyance for my books, seeds, &c. to you.

Yours ever,  
R. D. WHATELY.

(Signed)  
The Provost is pretty well.

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR.—In one of the articles in your last number the Archbishop of Dublin is referred to. It may not therefore be inappropriate to send you the following extract from a letter lately received from the Rector of Ennis in the county Clare.

"In one of your letters to some of the family you state (and I am not surprised at it) that you had no confidence in the whig Archbishop of Dublin. I say I am not surprised at it, since you have no opportunity of judging the man except through a medium of misrepresentation, or of distorted facts. He never replies to slander, and therefore the latter passes for truth; in some such way as the Christian Religion, which was every where spoken against, was found, in the long run, to be really the way, the truth and the life. And I have no doubt but, if the Lord spare him, and I humbly pray God he long may! the same measure of justice will attend his character, his conduct, his motives. If you did but know (what in fact no one fully can, he so rigidly conceals his acts of benevolence from all but the objects of it) as even I do, the generosity, the gentleness, the humility of the man, you would admire and love him as I do. And, as to myself, I cannot give the faintest notion of the uniform kindness and even friendship with which he has treated me. And if the question why? be asked, I can only reply, my claim on him consisted in the simple impression that I was badly, or, as he said in a letter to Lord Mulgrave, hardly treated by others. Before you decide on his religious opinions, and in some things he is peculiar, read, if you can get it, a volume of sermons recently published by him as preached in Dublin, or any other work of his, and then you can form a fair estimate of him, though a low one in comparison with that which a constant intercourse with him as a bishop and a friend enables me to draw. I would be guilty of at once wronging my own judgment, and of the deepest ingratitude, unless I stood by him through evil report and good report, as far as my poor ability went, and with God's blessing so I will. F. S.

Our attention has just been directed to a typographical error, which we are anxious to correct—that occurred in the Answer to the Address from the Clergy of Upper Canada to the Lord Bishop of Montreal, published in our paper of the 7th inst. In the last sentence of His Lordship's Answer, for "Let us respond, &c." read, "Let me respond, &c."

CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.

RECTORY OF PERTH.

Rev. Michael Harris, A. M. Incumbent;—who performs divine service twice on each Sunday, regularly, in St. James' Church, Perth, at 11 A. M. and at 6 P. M. He has also service every alternate Sunday in the 3d and 8th concessions of Drummond, at 3 P. M. Ministrations are given, in addition to the above, on the Tuesday and Thursday of each week, alternatively, in the townships of Drummond and Bathurst.

In 1836 there were Baptisms 95; Marriages 37; Burials 12; Communicants 168.

From the Churchman, New York.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—The Rev. James Coghlan, A. B. of the Church of England, having complied with the requisites of the constitution and canons, has been received by the Bishop as a Presbyterian of this Diocese; and is engaged as assistant minister of St. Paul's Church, Flatbush, Queen's county.

We have not been enabled, until now, to commence with the publication of the Missionary Journal of the Rev. C. T. Wade, as requested at the late meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst Destitute Settlers, held in this town. We are persuaded that the publication of such documents will be attended with much good, and we hope that other missionaries engaged in the same interesting sphere of duty, will be kind enough to favour us with similar extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MISSIONARY JOURNAL OF THE REV.

CHARLES TAYLOR WADE.

Cobourg, Sept. 10, 1836.—Having arrived here this day, by the Steam Boat 'Traveller' from Toronto, I lost no time in calling upon the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of St. Peter's Church. To the advice and suggestions of this gentleman as to my proceedings I had been particularly recommended by our excellent and revered Diocesan, now no more, with whom, by a remarkable

interposition of Providence, I was privileged to form an acquaintance at New-York, as well as with the reverend gentleman already named, in the previous month. His Lordship had also directed me, as far as compatible with my extensive duties, to assist this devoted minister in the sphere of his multiplied and arduous duties. With this gentleman I have ever lived on terms of the most affectionate Christian friendship, and readily do I embrace the opportunity of expressing my obligations to him for every species of useful information respecting my mission, and for unvarying personal kindness since I have had the benefit of his acquaintance.

Sept. 11.—This day, by request of the Rector, I preached in St. Peter's Church, and assisted in the administration of the Holy Communion, at which 60 persons were present. In the very interesting and attentive congregation of this town, numbering generally in the forenoon about 300, are strikingly evidenced the effects of a stated and faithful ministrations of Gospel ordinances.—In the afternoon we proceeded to Port Hope, the pastoral charge of which had, from peculiar circumstances, devolved upon Mr. Bethune. Here likewise I was privileged to address a respectable and attentive audience; and in the evening at 7 o'clock I officiated at the desk in St. Peter's, Cobourg.

Sept. 16.—The previous days having been employed in preparations for my missionary journey, and in some occasional duty in aid of Mr. B. I proceeded, on this day, to the village of Colborne, in the township of Cramahe. Here I was most hospitably received by B. Y. McKyes, Esq., whose amiable partner, long afflicted, it was my melancholy duty to visit. She has since "entered into her rest"—that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." In the evening (Friday) I read prayers and preached in the school-house to an attentive congregation of about 50 persons:—most of them, I believe, members of the Established Church, and upon that occasion and many subsequent ones, expressing a strong wish for stated-services. Thus encouraged, I gave notice for a sacramental service on the 9th proximo.

Sept. 17.—Proceeded, through an interesting country, to Percy,—purposing to proceed to Seymour, whither notices of service for the 18th inst. had been forwarded. But on reaching Percy landing, I found that the bridge across the Trent was broken: and it being too late to return and take the other road, I decided on spending the night at Mr. Francis Beattie's, who, on this and many subsequent occasions, most kindly welcomed me.—At a very short notice, a congregation assembled in the evening, to whom I read prayers and expounded a portion of God's word, and had with many some pleasing conversation regarding the rites and ceremonies of our Church. I removed, through God's mercy, some objections which are often made to Baptism.

Sept. 18.—On this sabbath morning proceeded to Seymour, and found that the Rev. W. F. S. Harper, Travelling Missionary in the Midland District,—who had been requested by the Bishop to extend his visits to this place, and to whose pastoral care it has since been committed,—was preparing to officiate. Happy in the unexpected opportunity of becoming acquainted with a valued fellow-labourer, of whose zealous services in the adjoining District I had been informed, I assisted him at the desk and was gratified by finding 23 persons remain to partake of the Lord's Supper.

Having notified my intention of revisiting this township and administering the Sacrament on the 16th prox., I returned to the Landing, and at Mr. Beattie's house read prayers and preached to a respectable congregation, who very anxiously pressed for another appointment.

Sept. 19.—Returning to Percy, I rode some miles to see a sick woman. She proved an interesting example of the power of Divine grace, and of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God to his promises. The seeds of scriptural knowledge had been sown in her mind in a Sunday School in Ireland, under an excellent minister of Christ's Gospel; but the sense of her soul's best interests seemed for years to lie buried under the cares of this world and the pressure of outward circumstances,—yet, in the hour of affliction, true religion revived: that God, whose "word shall prosper in the thing whereto he sends it," gave her, from those early impressions, such "joy and peace in believing" that there seems no doubt she is now "pressing onward towards the prize of her high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Having had frequent opportunities of visiting this woman since, I have found her always the same,—a consistent, practical follower of that Master who has "left us an example that we should follow his steps."

In proceeding this day, I have to place on record a merciful interposition of that God "whose I am and whom I (labour to) serve;" my horse taking fright, I was thrown forward out of the waggon, and, almost miraculously, escaped the wheels and the horse's feet. How useful it is to recognize the movements of His gracious hand "in whom we live and move and have our being!"—On reaching the house of James Platt, Esq. I was most hospitably welcomed. In this little circle I was pleased to discern the characteristic marks of genuine piety, as far at least as man can judge. Throughout the family, its influence seemed to be felt: no ostentatious parade, no enthusiasm, but a fervent love to God in Christ, and love to man for his sake. It was my privilege on several occasions to be an inmate of this well-regulated household, and I think I never left the roof without finding myself edified, and thanking God, took courage to proceed. In the evening I preached to a most attentive congregation of about 60 persons,—of whom, however, but few were members of the Church.

Sept. 20.—My horse, being from an accident unable to proceed, I was fortunate in finding a gentleman who took me in his wagon to Brighton, Mr. Solomon Hoff, with whom I had much interesting conversation on the "things which pertain to the kingdom of God."—Stopping at the house of Mr. Stevens, in the 4th concession of Cramahe, near which is a place called the "happy valley," I was much pressed to make an appointment, and promised, if God willed, to return soon and assist in directing their views to that which alone can constitute true happiness. Proceeding to Brighton, where I had anticipated a numerous

meeting, I found that a Baptist and Presbyterian minister were there holding services at the same time, and consequently the attendance on my services consisted of not more than 30 hearers.

I could not ascertain that there are many Churchmen in this place: it abounds in a variety of Dissenters of different denominations, yet not unfavourably disposed to hear "the truth as it is in Jesus" from any minister. In this and the adjoining townships there are many of the sect called Christians, with whose tenets as far as I have been able to discover, there seems much of infidelity connected. There are also many who are termed Disciples or Campbellites, in some points approaching to the creed of the Anti-pædobaptists. Such of them as I conversed with, seemed not to entertain sound views of the Atomement in its scriptural fulness, nor did they appear to lay much stress on personal and practical holiness of heart and life, as the certain evidence of "receiving the truth as it is in Jesus."

Sept. 21.—Proceeded this day to Colborne, where, after visiting some Christian friends, I preached in the evening to a congregation of about 50 persons. On the following day (Thursday) I assisted my dear brother, the Rector of Cobourg, in a service at Grafton, where he addressed himself extemporaneously—his general custom in these week day ministrations—to a most attentive congregation of about 40 persons. There are few villages which I have visited, in which Church privileges are more duly estimated than in this: Mr. Barnham and his family, and others in the neighbourhood, are ever ready to promote the interests of religion, and their example acts beneficially on the good cause.

Sept. 23.—Having returned to Cobourg, proceeded on the evening of this day, in company with Mr. Bethune, to a school-house about 4 miles distant, which partakes of his stated visits. An excellent congregation here waited to "draw water with joy out of the wells of salvation." The remainder of the evening was pleasantly and profitably spent in a Christian family,—several members of which, under his ministrations, have ripened for and entered into their glorious rest; and to whose head, recently departed, an affecting allusion was made in the sermon preached on that occasion.

Sept. 24.—Rode out to a school-house in the 4th concession of Haldimand, which also partakes of the occasional visits of the pastor of Cobourg (who, on this occasion baptised four persons)—and where a good congregation had come together to "hear the word of God."

(To be Continued.)

MARRIED.

On the 17th instant, at the Cathedral, Quebec, by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Montreal, the Revd. Henry James Grasset, B. A. Assistant Minister of St. James', Toronto, to Sarah Maria, eldest daughter of the Hon. John Stewart, of the former city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The excellent and appropriate article on the "Gunpowder Plot," by the ENGLISH LAYMAN, will be given in our next.

The very beautiful poem in memory of our sainted Bishop, by E. D. shall appear in our next, and, according to his permission, the letter with which it is accompanied.

We, reluctantly, take this opportunity of protesting against the justice or propriety of accompanying the transmission of any communication for 'The Church' with a threat of withdrawing support from it, if not inserted. Besides the unfairness of such an attempt to cramp the independence of an Editor, the pride of the frail human heart might possibly warp the judgment even from a favourable view, when any thing like compulsion appears to be menaced. We shall strive to do our duty honestly and conscientiously, and hope that every contributor to our columns will give us credit accordingly.

Perhaps we ought to add that no allusion is here intended to the valued correspondents mentioned above, to whom, from the position of these remarks, they might possibly be thought to apply.

LETTERS received during the week ending Friday, 27th Oct.: G. W. Baker Esq.—W. Parsons Esq.—Rev. S. Armour:—Rev. C. B. Fleming:—Rev. A. F. Atkinson, rem:—Rev. M. Harris:—Rev. M. Burnham, rem. and add. sub.:—Colonel M. Burwell, rem:—J. White Esq. (all whose wishes we shall be happy to comply with.)

ARDENT SPIRITS.

On conversing with J. G., I found that he had been twenty-one years in the country, and was still penniless,—the poor servant of the other Englishman, who was scarcely less poor than himself. His fondness for ardent spirits, he informed me, had kept him thus poor; and he could trace to this source all his lapses and all his misfortunes. He assured me, in our conversation, that he had foresworn the further use of spirits. I told him of a strength greater than his own, and this I entreated him to implore. He was much affected by a prayer in which I proposed he should join me in his tilt: he kept a standing posture when I commenced, but the poor fellow soon sunk upon his knees; and before the conclusion of my prayer on his behalf, he was weeping like a child. It will give some idea of the prevailing use of spirits in this island, and of the consequent discouragement which the minister is doomed to experience, if I mention that, notwithstanding all that I had said against the use of this intoxicating stimulant, in all which he had heartily acquiesced, and, bringing the test of his own melancholy experience, had declared voluntarily that he had left it off,—he yet offered to myself, on my rising from my knees, what is called "a morning," from a little keg which he drew from under his straw bed; and on my reminding him, when about to help himself, that he engaged to break off this habit, he excused himself by saying he had made a reservation for the use of the remaining contents of the keg.—Archdeacon Wix's Newfoundland Missionary Journal.

Miracles.—Grotius says of those who disbelieve the miracles of the Christian Religion, that to suppose its long continuance and wide spread accomplished by other means, is to suppose a greater miracle than all.—Extract from Walker's Original.



## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

## XV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN A.—CONTINUED.

99. Abijam, the son of a King of Judah, is mentioned in the first book of Kings, but he is called Abijah in the second book of Chronicles; and there is another Abijah mentioned in 1 Kings, who was a king of Israel; can you distinguish these?—(1 Kings, 2 Chron.)

100. In what narrative is Abana, a river of Damascus, supposed preferable to all the waters of Israel?—(2 Kings.)

101. There are 3 Abimelechs mentioned in Scripture, the first a king of the Philistines, (*Gen.*) the second a king of Shechem, (*Judges.*) and the third a priest of the Lord, (*1 Chron.*) can you distinguish them? and can you determine whether the last mentioned Abimelech is the same person who is called Ahimelech in 2 Samuel?

102. What took place at the stone of Abel?—(1 Sam.)

103. Who besieged the city of Abel? what gave rise to the siege? and what was the ancient proverb connected with this city?—(2 Sam.)

104. Why did David, accompanied by 30,000 men of Israel, go to the house of Aminadab, who dwelt at Gibrah?—(2 Sam.)

105. There are two other persons whose name was Abinadab; the one a relative of David, the other a relative of Saul; can you further distinguish them?—(1 Chron. 1 Sam.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.

29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.

Nov. 1.—All Saints' Day.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

The narrative which follows, extracted from the Memoirs of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, strikingly testifies the power of true religion in administering comfort and support even to the young, in the hours of deepest grief and bitterest agony. The duties of Sunday-school teachers are frequently tedious and irksome, from the inattention, the thoughtlessness, and too often downright wickedness, of the children whom they seek to instruct. Their endeavours to impart religious knowledge, and, under God's blessing, to instil Christian principles, are too often counteracted by parents, who, instead of strengthening their hands, and insisting that their commands shall be obeyed, suffer the children, by absence and neglect of due preparation, to make light of the privileges they enjoy. Let such parents recollect, how fearful will be the account which they shall be obliged to render for such negligence, nay, gross dereliction of duty. Let them be assured, that this their offence is a heinous one in the sight of God, and that these very children, even in this life, may be the first to upbraid them for this inconsiderate indulgence, and may through eternity reproach them for it, when the calls of a merciful Saviour shall be heard no more. As for the teachers, let them not be discouraged. Such instances as that now to be recorded, of the power of religion on the youthful heart, it may not be their lot to witness: still, let them scatter the good seed, and pray that it may be watered with the dew of God's blessing. Let them proceed in faith, and in a spirit of love; and then they need not doubt but that in due season they will reap, if they faint not. The blade will spring up, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear; and long after their eyes are closed in the darkness of the sepulchre, their memories may be cherished, and God thanked, for their Christian instruction, by some who may have long wandered from the Shepherd's fold, but who have been brought back on the Shepherd's shoulders rejoicing. Let them recollect the true saying, "Duties are ours, events belong to God." The following incident, read at their next meeting, may perhaps touch some hard hearts; and, through God's blessing, lead some thoughtless child to attend to the things which belong to its everlasting peace.

On Sunday, December 11, a little girl came into the school-room, to tell me that her brother Joseph was very ill; that the doctors had cut a large swelling from his neck; that he would like much to see his teacher, and often wept when he talked about it. "He says, too," she remarked to me in a very artless manner, "that he thinks now that he has got religion."

Joseph H— was above nine year's of age, and, though small for his age, he was quite old enough to have been long since transferred to the Sunday-School; but appearing to be very fond of the infant school, I felt unwilling to remove him against his inclination. I had missed Joseph for two Sundays; but this circumstance, at so inclement a season, which, together with sickness, had reduced the school to one-half of its usual number, I did not consider remarkable, especially as he resided a mile from the school. As I went that afternoon to his mother's dwelling, I thought of his quiet and orderly behaviour. His conduct was so habitually good, that in the past year I do not remember to have had occasion to speak to him of any thing which he had either said or done. When I entered his room, he lay upon his little bed, with his face bound up, and looked exceedingly pale. He put out his hand, and seemed much pleased to see me. He was a child of few words; but the conversation I had with him was quite satisfactory. While speaking to Joseph, his mother came in; she observed, she was glad I had called, as she thought it must be a great encouragement to me to know that some of the little boys seemed to profit by the instruction they had received.

Several years ago, as Joseph was near the fire, his clothes by accident caught; and having an apron tied close round his neck, the flames burnt his throat in a very distressing manner. After a long time, the wound was healed, in rather an unskilful manner. His mouth and lower jaw were drawn sideways, and quite down towards his neck, so that he could scarcely close his mouth; and he could not raise his head in an erect posture. As he grew, it became more inconvenient to him, and often painful; indeed, it was painful even to look upon him. His mother was advised by skilful surgeons to have a portion of the flesh removed, as

the only probable means of affording him relief. His life, it was believed, hung upon this fearful operation, which was calculated to chill and appal the stoutest heart; yet he manifested no particular fear, nor was it conceived necessary to administer an opiate to stupify him, or to lull the pain. He told his mother that he thought he had given his heart to God, and now he did not much wish to live. He thought it would be better if he should die young, and go and be with his Saviour. When the time came, the surgeon was attended by seven others to witness the operation. It was performed by separating a portion of the flesh from the lower part of the jaw, from ear to ear, and the jaw was restored to its place. Joseph afterwards told his mother that when the doctor first began to cut him, he thought he could not bear it, and live. But then he prayed to God, that he would be pleased to help him to bear it; and after that he did not feel nearly so much pain. He afterwards prayed for his mother, and for his little sister, and for his Sunday-School teacher, and said that he felt so happy, and that he loved every body. One who was present, and had witnessed many awful cases from the field of battle, said that he had not seen one which excited in his mind the intense degree of interest awakened by the patient suffering of this delicate and feeble little boy.

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. V.

## THE WHITE PLUMES.

Walking slowly on a sultry day along the high path that skirted a public road, my attention was roused by the sudden question of a little child, "What is coming behind us? see, it is all black and white." I turned, and saw a mourning coach, through the side windows of which projected the ends of a small coffin, with its velvet pall; followed by a similar carriage, containing three or four gentlemen in black cloaks. The usual attendants, with their long staves, walked with measured steps on either side the coaches, their hat-bands being of white silk, as were those of the drivers. But what had chiefly attracted the observation of my little companion, was the stately plume of white feathers waving on the heads of noble horses, whose glossy coats of jet black, velvet housings, long flowing manes and tails, and majestic bearing, as they paced along with restrained animation, could derive no additional grace from what, nevertheless, gave a striking finish to the spectacle.

"It is a baby's funeral," said I.

"But why are the feathers white? I thought all funerals went in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know."

I explained to the little inquirer the custom of substituting white for black on such an occasion; and then gratified his wish by accompanying, or rather following the procession to the church, which was not far distant.

Why are the plumes white? I mentally repeated, and looked again at those waving crests. In point of fact they were not white, for the dusty road had imparted to them enough of its own substance to disguise their snowy aspect. Belonging, as they certainly did, to the pomps and vanities of this world, they wore its livery—defilement. Still, as distinguished from customary black, they were white plumes, and, with the other admixtures of that hue, shed light upon the darksome accompaniments, like sunshine breaking into smiles the cloudy shadows on some distant hill. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was the text that occurred to my mind; and I dwelt upon the "sure and certain hope" that, in the case of an infant taken away, as infants assuredly are, from the evil to come, cannot fail to mingle a beam of gladness even with the first deep sorrow of a bereaved parent.

Again, I looked; and again the proud tread of those stately horses, the waving of their bright crests, and the fluttering of the white-edged pall, as a current of air passed occasionally through the windows, bespoke a character less of mourning than of triumph. I thought of the little inmate, riding there in solitary state, as of one who had conquered in the battle without striking a blow, succeeded in the race without moving a foot; and now was crowned with glory incorruptible, never to fade away. It seemed almost a privilege to follow in such a train, to assist at such an ovation: but when the procession had reached its appointed place, and the pageantry, withdrawing, left the coffin to be laid upon its tressels in the aisle of the church, and David's touching lament over frail mortality was poured forth, the joyousness of the preceding moments gave place to feelings sad and solemn, as the mind reverted to what man was at his bright creation, and what he is become through the entrance of sin and death. Scarcely could a handful of earth be selected from the ground whereon we stood, when the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place, which had not once been instinct with rational life, capable of glorifying God, whose is the body no less than the soul; and O, among the multitude who had there become dust, how few might I dare to hope had so glorified Him! Dark indeed is the history of man, as written in earth's surface in characters formed by its rising mounds; and again I rejoiced that another had been rescued ere he could lift a hand, or form a thought, in rebellion against his God. Still, rebellion was his inheritance; and the taint would have speedily showed itself in open acts of presumptuous sin, proving his natural claim to a rebel's doom; a portion of which, the penalty of bodily death, had already been awarded, in token that he was liable to the whole infliction; but the short history of that babe was beautifully summed up in one line of the well-known epitaph:

"He died, for Adam sinned: he lives, for Jesus died."

As I passed where the carriages waited to convey the mourners back to their distant residence, I looked for the white plumes; but they were gone. It was well; for what had he farther to do with any of this world's idle show? The earth had enclosed him, to open no more that portal, till she shall be called to yield up her dead, and to restore, in power and incorruption, what had been sown in weakness and dishonour. The white plumes, wherewith parental love had done honour to the baby's obsequies, could honour him no longer; but white robes had glittered in

heaven, and palms had waved, and harps of gold had been tuned, to welcome a lamb, from among the lost sheep, to the soft green pastures and fountains of living waters, where the good Shepherd tends his happy flock for ever.

O that we could realize these things more feelingly! We live in a shadowy world, and grasp at those shadows, as though they were the only real substance: while on that which endureth for ever we cast but now and then a transient thought, or stretch forth a wishful hand, without any real and vigorous effort to lay hold on eternal life. The trappings of woe are soon laid aside, and with them, too readily, the lesson that they perchance had brought to our reluctant minds. May the Holy Spirit, helping our infirmities, put life and meaning into the prayer too often mechanically uttered, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

## EQUALITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is, in one sense, the greatest of levelers. It looks to the elements and not to the circumstantialities of humanity; and regarding as altogether superficial and temporary the distinctions of this fleeting pilgrimage, it fastens on those points of assimilation which liken the King upon the Throne to the very humblest of his subject population. They are alike in the nakedness of their birth. They are alike in the sureness of their decay. They are alike in the agonies of their dissolution. And after the one is tombed in sepulchral magnificence, and the other is laid in his sod-wrapt grave, are they most fearfully alike in the corruption to which they moulder. But it is with the immortal nature of each that Christianity has to do; and in both the one and the other, doth it behold a nature alike forfeited by guilt, and alike capable of being restored by the grace of an offered salvation. And never do the pomp and the circumstance of externals appear more humiliating, than when, looking onwards to the day of resurrection, we behold the sovereign standing without his crown, and trembling, with the subject by his side, at the bar of heaven's majesty. There the master and the servant will be brought to their reckoning together; and when the one is tried upon the guilt and the malignant influence of his profane and careless habit of his household establishment, and is reminded how he kept both himself and his domestics from the solemn ordinance, and is made to perceive the fearful extent of the moral and spiritual mischief which he has wrought as the irreligious head of an irreligious family, and how many other things, he, under a system of fashionable hypocrisy so tampered with another's principles as to defile his conscience, and to destroy him—O! how tremendously will the little brief authority in which he now plays his fantastic tricks, turn to his own condemnation; for, than thus to abuse his authority, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

## CHRISTIAN CIRCUMSPECTION.

Where any thing presents itself; think if Christ were now alive, would He do it? Or if I were now to die, would I do it? I must walk as He hath walked, and I must live as I intend to die: if it be not Christ's will, it is my sin; and if I die in that sin it will bring ruin. I will therefore, in every action, so carry myself as if Christ was on the one hand, and death on the other.—*Lucas's Divine Breathings.*

To the man of the world, taken thither with an unchanged heart, Heaven would be a place of distress. If we are not desiring and pursuing that which is to constitute the happiness of Heaven, our hope of it must be a delusion. Let no man of the world speak of his hope of Heaven.—*Wardlaw.*

## The Church

Will for the present be published at the Star Office, Cobourg every Saturday.

## TERMS.

To Subscribers resident in the immediate neighborhood of the place of publication, TEN SHILLINGS per annum. To Subscribers receiving their papers by mail, FIFTEEN SHILLINGS per annum, postage included. Payment is expected yearly, or at least half yearly in advance.

## COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The Hon. and Ven. The Archdeacon of York; The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal of the U. C. College; the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg; the Rev. H. I. Grasset, Asst. Minister of St. James's church, Toronto;—to any of whom communications referring to the general interests of the paper may be addressed.

EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

## AGENTS.

The Clergy of the Church of England in both Provinces.

Robt. Stanton Esq., King Street, Toronto.

Mr. C. Scadding, New Market.

Dr. Low, Whitby.

Charles Brent Esq., Port Hope.

H. Hughes Esq., P. M. Emily.

W. Warren Esq., Dartington.

J. Beavis Esq., Clarke.

B. Y. McKyes Esq., Colborne.

J. B. Ewart Esq., Dundas.

Brooke Young, Esq., Guelph.

John Burwell, Esq., P. M. Port Burwell.

J. White, Esq., P. M. Camden West.

A. Davidson, Esq., P. M. Niagara.

Mr. J. Ruthven, Hamilton.

T. S. Shortt, Esq., Woodstock.

Hon. James Kerby, Port Erie.

G. W. Baker, Esq., Bytown.

Alfred Knight Esq., Wm. Henry, L. C.

Mr. Jas. McLaren, Quebec.

Messrs. Swords Stanford, & Co. New York.

[R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.]