

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, AUGUST 12, 1837.

[NO. IX.]

Original Poetry.

For the Church.

REVEREND SIR,—The following pious and simply beautiful lines were written on a blank page of a Religious book, the parting gift of a Christian friend. The person who gave them to me informed me that the donor of the book was the author of them. Perhaps you may not think them unworthy of a *nook* in your Church.

Oh! say not we are parted
Whilst our souls can meet in prayer,
Whilst there is a throne of love
And one hope unites us there.

Say not thy heart is mournful,
Say not thou art alone,
When thou canst lay thy sorrows
Before thy Saviour's throne.

When the faint light of morning
First tints the east with red,
I pray that heaven's best blessing
May be showered on thy head.

And when evening's lengthened shades
Recall the hour of prayer,
There's no mercy that I crave
But thy dear name is there.

THE REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

To the Editor of the Church.

As you have obligingly given insertion to my former paper which contained a few of the more striking testimonies to the exalted character of the eminently pious Fletcher, you will perhaps permit me to bring before your readers a few anecdotes illustrative of his general spirit and conduct.

An incident or two connected with his *childhood* ought not to be overlooked. At a very early period he discovered an unusual quickness of apprehension and vivacity of character, happily blended with a deep sense of the majesty of God, and a constant fear of offending him. One day, when quite a child, having displeased his father, he ran away from him to avoid correction, and endeavoured to conceal himself in the garden. But his conduct soon struck him with remorse. "What!" said he, "do I run away from my father? Perhaps I shall live to have a son who will run away from me!" The impression that was then made upon his mind was not obliterated for many years.

Having quarrelled with one of his brothers when he was about seven years of age, he was reproved by a female servant, while she undressed him, and told of the punishment that awaited wicked children in another world. Her words deeply affected him. "I am," thought he, "a wicked boy, and how do I know but God may call me to account this night." He then rose from his bed, fell upon his knees before God, confessed his faults, and with deep contrition earnestly prayed for his forgiveness. "And I think," said he, when many years after he related the circumstance to a friend, "that God did hear me that night, and that I felt a little of the peace which I have since been better acquainted with.

His *love to children* forms a most pleasing trait in his character. One day, as he was riding in his favourite wood (on a visit to his native country, Switzerland, for his health) he met several children who were gathering strawberries. "I spoke to them," said he, "about our Father, our *common Father*; we felt a touch of brotherly affection. They said they would sing to their Father, as well as the birds; and followed me, attempting to make such melodies as is common in those parts. I out-rode these; but some of them had the patience to follow me home, and expressed their desire to see me; but the people of the house stopped them, saying I would not be troubled with children. They cried, and said, *They were sure I would not say so, for I was their good brother.*" The next day, when I heard it, I enquired after them, and invited them to come to me; which they have done every day since. I make little hymns for them, which we sing together from four to five. Some of them seem to be under sweet drawings of their heavenly Father; and a few of their mothers begin to come and desire me, with tears in their eyes, to stay in this country. Yesterday I wept for joy on hearing one of them speak of conviction of sin, and of joy unspeakable in Christ, as an experienced Christian would have done." The affection of the children for their kind instructor was, indeed, remarkable. Whenever they met him in the walks, their eyes sparkled with joy; and they shewed that no employment was so delightful to them as that of joining with him in singing the hymns he had taught them, or listening to his instructive conversation.

His *Disinterestedness*.—One day his patron with a joyful countenance informed him that the living of Dunham, in Cheshire, then vacant, was at his service. "The Parish," he continued, "is small, the duty light, the income good, (£400 per annum,) and it is situated in a fine, healthy, sporting country." After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Mr. Fletcher added, "Alas! Sir, Dunham will not suit me; there is too much money, and too little labour." "Few clergymen make such objections," said Mr. Hill; "It is a pity to decline such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? would you like Madeley?" "That, sir, would be the very place for me." "My object, Mr. Fletcher, is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley, I shall find no difficulty in persuading Chambers, the present vicar, to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth more than twice as much." In this way he was appointed to the living of Madeley, with which he was so perfectly satisfied that he never afterwards would accept of any other preferment.

The *Christian meekness and forbearance* for which he was so conspicuous is thus strikingly exhibited—All of Mr. Fletcher's opponents were able, and most of them humorous writers. This circumstance frequently obliged him, contrary to the habitual gravity of his character to encounter them with their own weapons; and this perhaps made him pass for a *bitter* writer with those who could not bear to see their own sentiments treated with the same freedom with which they treat those of a contrary description. I will not recriminate on his respectable opponents: but relate an anecdote which will exhibit his patience and gentleness under severe and rude censures. When apparently in dying circumstances at Bristol, a dissenting minister called upon him. Though he had been forbidden to converse, and the gentleman was a stranger, Mr. Fletcher admitted and received him with his usual courtesy. But the visitor, instead of conversing on such subjects as were suitable to Mr. Fletcher's christian character and afflicted circumstances, entered warmly on controversy; and told him, "he had better have been confined to his bed with a dead palsy than have written so many bitter things against the dear children of God." "My brother," said Mr. Fletcher, "I hope I have not been bitter. Certainly I did not mean to be so; but I wanted more love then, and I feel I want more now." This mild answer silenced him; and sent him away, I trust, better acquainted with Mr. Fletcher's spirit and his own. They are not generally of the best spirit themselves, who are first to complain of the faults of their opponents.

The *fearless intrepidity* of Mr. Fletcher's christian character was strikingly exemplified in his conduct towards one of his nephews during his residence in Switzerland. This young man had been in the Sardinian service, where his profligate, ungentlemanly conduct had given such general offence to his brother officers, that they were determined to compel him to leave their corps, or to fight them all in succession. After engaging in two or three duels with various success, he was obliged to quit the service, and returned to his own country. There he soon dissipated his resources in profligacy and extravagance. As a desperate man he had recourse to desperate measures. He waited on his eldest uncle, General de Gons: and, having obtained a private audience, he presented a loaded pistol, and said, "uncle de Gons, if you do not give me a draft on your banker for five hundred crowns, I will shoot you." The General, though a brave man, yet seeing himself in the power of a desperado capable of any mischief, promised to give him the draft if he withdrew the pistol, which, he observed, might go off and kill him before he intended it—"But there is another thing, uncle, you must do: you must promise me on your honour, as a gentleman and a soldier, to use no means to recover the draft, or to bring me to justice." The General pledged his honour, gave him a draft for the money, and at the same time expostulated freely with him on his infamous conduct. The good advice was disregarded, and the young madman rode off triumphant with his ill-gotten acquisition.

In the evening, passing the door of his uncle Mr. Fletcher, the fancy took him, to call and pay him a visit. As soon as he was introduced, he began to tell him with exultation, that he had just called on his uncle de Gons, who had treated him with unexpected kindness, and generously given him five hundred crowns. "I shall have some difficulty," said Mr. Fletcher, "to believe the last part of your intelligence." "If you will not believe me, see the proof under his own hand," holding out the draft. "Let me see," said Mr. Fletcher, taking the draft, and looking at it with astonishment. "It is indeed, my brother's writing; and it surprises me to see it, because he is not in affluent circumstances: and I am the more astonished because I know how much and how justly he disapproves your conduct, and that you are the last of his family to whom he would make such a present." Then folding the draft, and putting it into his pocket, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method; and in honesty I cannot return it, but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The pistol was immediately at his breast: and he was told, as he valued life, immediately to return the draft. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, "is secure in the protection of the Almighty power who guards it; nor will He suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity, and of your rashness." This firmness drew from the other the observation that his uncle de Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than he was. "Afraid of death," rejoined Mr. Fletcher; "do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, thanks be to God who giveth me the victory! It is for you to fear death, who have every reason to fear it. You are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! you are the seducer of female innocence, and still you say you are a gentleman! you are a duellist, and your hand is red with your brother's blood; and for this you style yourself a man of honour! Look there, sir, look there! see the broad eye of heaven is fixed upon us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell." By this time the unhappy man was pale; he trembled alternately with fear and passion: he threatened, he argued, he entreated. Sometimes he withdrew the pistol, and, fixing his back against the door, stood as a sentinel to prevent all egress; and at other times he closed on his uncle, threatening instant death. Under these perilous circumstances, Mr. Fletcher gave no alarm to the family, sought for no weapon, attempted neither escape nor manual opposition. He conversed with him calmly; and at length, perceiving that the young man was affected, addressed him in language truly paternal, until he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. "I cannot," said he, return my brother's draft; yet I feel

for the distress in which you have so thoughtlessly involved yourself, and will endeavour to relieve it. My brother de Gons, at my request, will, I am sure, voluntarily give you a hundred crowns. I will do the same. Perhaps my brother Henry will do as much; and I hope your other family will make out the sum among them." He then prayed with and for him. By Mr. Fletcher's kind mediation, the family made up the sum he had promised; and with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other, they parted.

His *indifference to worldly distinctions* is thus described by Mr. Cox. "It has already been mentioned that Mr. Fletcher's family was both ancient and noble; but he was so silent on every subject which did him honour, that very few of his most intimate friends were acquainted with the circumstance. Even Mrs. Fletcher, for some time after her marriage, supposed that he was sprung from low parentage." And on one occasion she delicately alluded to this subject—"You mistake," he replied, "my family is respectable; I enjoyed every advantage I could wish." "I thought," said she, "you had been the son of a common soldier." "How came you to think so?" "When I first saw you, many years ago, one of the company asked you what your father was; and you answered, My father was a soldier." "I now recollect it," said Mr. Fletcher; and I said true, for my father was a General: not that I meant to conceal it: but I was then young in my English. I hesitated for a term; and, seeing a private pass the window I beckoned to him and said, My father was a soldier; meaning to designate his profession, and not his rank." "But, my dear," observed Mrs. Fletcher, "when you must have perceived our mistake by our astonishment, why did you not set us right? I certainly did perceive your innocent mistake," Mr. Fletcher replied, "but it was not worth while for me or you to correct it."

A short time after this conversation took place, Mrs. Fletcher, while searching his desk for some paper, found a handsome seal. "Is this yours?" she enquired. "It is mine; but I have not used it for many years." "But why do you not use it?" "had you examined it," said Mr. Fletcher, "you would not have asked the question. You see it bears a coronet, nearly such as designates your English dukes. Were I to use that seal, it might lead to frivolous enquiries about my family; and what is worse, subject me to the censure of valuing myself on such distinctions."

The last intimation Mrs. Fletcher had of the respectability of her husband's family, was received from one of his nephews, who visited England after the death of his uncle. "You know, aunt," said he, "that our family is allied to the House of Sardinia"—"No, my dear, I never heard any thing about it."—"That is strange," said the young man; "did my uncle never tell you that we were allied to the house of Sardinia?" "No, my dear," was the reply, "he did not; and he had so many good things to tell me, in which we both took so much interest, that it is not at all strange that he forgot to mention the house of Sardinia."

His happy though somewhat peculiar method of treating his rude and illiterate miners is graphically described in the two following anecdotes.

A poor collier, now living in Madeley, and upwards of eighty years of age, relates, that in the former part of his life he was exceedingly profligate, and that Mr. Fletcher frequently sought opportunities to warn him of his danger. "For," added the poor man, "he used always to run after such wicked fellows as I was, whenever he saw us, that he might talk with us, and warn us." Being, however, aware of his pious vicar's intentions, this collier was accustomed, as soon as he saw him, to run home with all speed, and close the door before Mr. Fletcher could reach it; and thus, for many months together, he escaped his deserved reproofs. The holy man, however, still persevering in his attempts, on one occasion outran the determined sinner, and obtained possession of his house before him. The poor man, awed by the presence of his minister, and softened by the persuasive kindness of his manners, was greatly affected, and received those religious impressions which soon ended in a thorough change of his character.

Another of his parishioners, who is also still living, relates the following characteristic circumstance: when a young man, he was married by Mr. Fletcher, who said to him, as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry, "Well, William, you have had your name entered into our register once before this." "Yes Sir, at my baptism." "And now your name will be entered a second time: you have no doubt thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in a great many different ways." "Yes, sir." "Recollect, however, that a third entry of your name,—the register of your burial,—will sooner or later take place. Think, then, about death: and make preparation for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night." M. T.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

No. III.

NAOMI.

Ruth I. 19, 20, 21.—"And they said, is this Naomi? And she said call me not Naomi: call me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me."

I propose to discourse on these two words,—*Naomi* and *Mara*.—*Naomi*, signifying pleasant—and *Mara*, bitter:—the former referring to the unregenerate; the second, to the converted state.

1st. Then as to Naomi, or the imposing worldly state.—It appears that whatever the original name of this person was, universal consent fixed on her an appellation indicating great beauty and accomplishments of person. The daughters of Israel were generally comely and good looking;—for this was included in that promise of temporal blessings, which were to ensue on obedience to the Mosaic law,—and it followed also as a natural consequence of their mode of life, & the discipline of their nation. Whatever equality of personal beauty there might indeed be between two individuals newly born, it stands to reason, that the one cultivating a holy and solemn faith, and addressing itself in outward exercises and inward devotions to one all perfect source of life and bliss, according to a steady and ancient form of prescribed worship would on attaining to maturity possess a symmetry of action, as well as form and feature, far superior to that of the other, who might have offered a false adoration to fictitious deities with contradictory and unworthy attributes, whether the rules of their religion consisted in bloody or in sensual exactions. Accordingly, while the daughters of Israel excelled those of the surrounding nations and tribes in beauty, Naomi was eminent even among them in this respect. But in addition to the charms of person, she seems also to have derived the appellation from those of deportment, since even the highest degree of personal beauty has no effect on the beholder, if it be accompanied by harsh, repulsive and undignified manner. And indeed when we read of the suavity of manner, which characterized the Eastern nations in general,—when we call to mind, for example, that elegant deprecation of Abraham on behalf of the guilty cities,—or the adroit and accomplished behaviour of Abigail,—or the address of King Solomon's mother in her audience of the aged and alienated David,—it is clear, that the sweetness and kindness of manners must have been great indeed, which distinguished Naomi favourably among a nation of women, so universally possessed of the happiest amenity. There seems, however, to have been something more to have conciliated such universal and durable favour to Naomi. Perhaps she was of a family ancient and endeared by many merits and kindnesses to the inhabitants of her native place,—Bethlehem—Judah. Perhaps she was in a state of worldly affluence, as well as rank,—and her mind stored with many a variety of useful knowledge; all the appendages of wealth and rank seem to have belonged to her, for "she went out full;"—and there was an evident contrast in her return, or the people would not have given vent to their surprise in the exclamation,—*Is this*—this poor, unattended, altered person, *Naomi*,—the once pleasant, accomplished and wealthy?

But with all these advantages,—the reward of piety in her forefather, the mind of Naomi was ungrateful to, and unconfiding in her God. For on a famine arising, inasmuch as her household was perhaps numerous and costly, she casts about with her husband for a cheaper country, and unmindful of the blessed advantages of being in a religious land, and totally forgetful of that dread lesson, which her ancestors had learned by repairing, under similar circumstances, to sojourn in the country of Egypt,—she accompanies her husband to a land, where every abomination which God hateth, was practised—and practised under the sacred name of religion;—for she goes to and continues in Moab, the ancient enemy of her race, and the worshipper of idols. For this pitiful expected economy and domestic saving, she not only renounces the dear delights of her native home—the levitical worship—and every thing divine and human which the uncontaminated heart most prizes, but she takes with her, the two hopes of her family—Mahlon and Chilion,—and withdraws them from the chance of promised blessings. Perhaps in the same spirit of worldly dependence, and absence of trust in an often tried God, she urges, or consents to the forbidden union of her sons with these idolatrous women. So far we may imagine, that all was imposing and prosperous,—and that the beautiful and accomplished Israelites, hospitably received and joyously entertained by the idolatrous nobles of Moab, lived a life, which as it had no respect to an invisible state or almighty unseen power, was distinguished for its ostentatious and gay delights.

It would be more difficult, notwithstanding, even on the best supposition of enjoyment, to prove Naomi in these circumstances happy, than the contrary. For the reminiscences of a once happy home are not easily banished from the mind,—and the contrast between a region hideous with the abominations of idolatry—with base and wild exhibitions of passion—and with outbreaks of bloodshed,—and the calm and serene state of Israel obedient to a divinely instituted polity, and secure under the visible prowess of a Judge, was too glaring to be overlooked or banished from the affected mind.

Whether she found time or not in the giddy whirl of a Moabite sojourn,—where her household rioted in plenty, while barren and afflicted Israel was lean with want of bread, and the beggar went unfurnished from her deserted door,—the open judgments of offended Providence very soon began upon her. For by some avenging blow, and not by the process of age, her husband Elimelech was cut off in his prime of days. It may have been in consequence of the riots of that drunken land,—it may have been in some affray with their banquetting lords,—it may have been by insidious devices of envy,—or by the jealousy of the state. And indeed, to some unhappy cause the calamity is to be assigned, since her two sons shortly after shared a similar fate. Her wealth, then, unprotected by any manly arm or experienced foresight, dwindled rapidly away: Force from without, and fraud from within, combined to strip the unhappy foreigner of her all,—and she soon found herself a deserted outcast in a land hostile to her nation from the very beginning.—Even the resources of grief and the natural relief of wailing and exclamation were denied to her;—for two daughters-in-law of the Moabite race attached themselves with pertinacity of affection, or interested regard, to her.

Such was the fate of Naomi,—the pleasant,—when she left her sacred home for a region, where her nation was hated and her God unknown. Had she remained under the wings of the Cherubim, which overshadowed the land of Israel, she might have continued honoured and prosperous, endeared to her neigh-

bour by community of suffering, and blessed by the relieved poor, whose prayers would have ascended to heaven on her behalf. In her case, godliness was literally gain,—and she might in that event, have sat under her tree like Deborah, judging Israel, instead of entering Bethlehem, after a long and chequered interval, with so meagre an attendance, and altered a look, that those who knew her best, could hardly believe their eyes, when they said, "*Is this Naomi?*"

But as Naomi going out from home, in her own strength and in desertion of her country's God, was least to be envied, where she appeared to deserve the most envy,—so Naomi returning widowed and worn was altogether in better circumstances than appearances warranted. "*Is this Naomi?*"—said friends and former followers,—that beautiful, accomplished, affable young person, who charmed all eyes, and won all hearts,—who moved in affluence, and was the object of the best services of a train of attendants,—the wife of the prudent and ambitious Elimelech and mother of two aspiring sons;—can this feeble sufferer,—her garments torn with length of travel, and her person obscene with the rude impressions of grief,—be that Naomi of our former envy, and admiration in spite of envy?

"Call me not Naomi," said the meek and chastened saint—"call me not the pleasant—the accomplished,—and I am the same—the same in personal identity,—but oh! how changed in mind! *Call me Mara!*—the opposite of what you formerly knew me,—call me an afflicted person,—a chastened sinner,—a sorrowing penitent,—a returning daughter of Israel. Be henceforward my name, *Mara*; "*for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.*"

And this brings us to the second head of discourse which I proposed to unfold, viz. *Mara*—or the converted state. The flattering unction applied to her soul by the worshippers of her morning of life was that of pleasant and fair: The name she now adopts for herself is that of bitter and without beauty. It is thus that a herald, when he bears the submission of some besieged fortress to an indignant King, extends the olive-branch before him. And the first instance she gives of her real change is by confession of God, in his most awful attributes. "THE ALMIGHTY," says she,—that Almighty whom she had spurned, and from whose ark of protection she had gone, to seek a preferred refuge with Milcah and Chemesh—"the Almighty hath dealt very bountifully with me." "*I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.*" With my husband to accompany me,—with servants in great number,—with many a hand-maiden,—with droves of cattle,—and heaps of precious stuff, I went out, in the vigour of my age and the bloom of my beauty,—my two ardent sons following proudly in my train,—I went in self-confidence,—I went without the High Priest's blessing—without an offered, or an accepted sacrifice. In the pride of my heart, and in my darkened imagination, "I went out full." But the Almighty, whom I despised, interfered:—He arrested my husband in the vigour of his days,—he struck my children at my side,—he stripped me of my possessions,—he signaled his vengeance upon me, in the very land, at the very temples, under the very eyes of the Moabitish idols, to whose fancied providence and protection I had flown. All this in anger and in bitterness. But then he struck me in mercy, and pierced me to my soul. He removed my outward stays and my outward comfort. But he is my Lord—my Almighty Lord—and he has replaced the outward bereavements by inward consolations. Formerly I was beautiful in person, but hideous in my moral affections;—at present I am ungainly in exterior, but beautiful in dispositions of the spirit. Your former praises of my beauty and accomplishment were perhaps insincere,—or, if really meant, you were imperfect judges of them;—but the testimony of the Lord is sure. "Call me not Naomi," then, "call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full; but the Lord hath brought me home again empty. Why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

Thus the once proud and confident *Naomi*, touched by the kind severity of the Lord, sinks into the humble self-abased *Mara*. She is no longer an ostentatious and gaudy flower flaunting in the eye of the mid-day sun, but a lowly plant shunning observation, and shrinking almost from the trailer's hand. She no longer relies on her own imagined powers, or attempts, as it were, with butterfly wing to scour the expanse of ocean, but she attributes all that she feels of power within her to a divine source. And she is not more forward to announce the chastisements she has experienced than she is to acknowledge the mercies. If the Almighty, in her confession, hath dealt very bitterly with her; in the same breath, she says thankfully that the Lord "hath brought her home." Yes,—he exhibited towards her that great instance of his beneficent power; he withdrew her from the midst of Moab; he withdrew her mind from the darkness of idolatry; he withdrew her heart from the wish of a splendid alliance with any prince of Moab; from the midst of her powerful nobles and outrageous populace, he led her in safety to the borders of her dear native land. And when she had been ten years absent, though war, disease and time had thinned the numbers of her kinsfolk and acquaintance, the good Lord had still retained for her enough of retentive and living friends to welcome her with the mixed glad and mournful exclamation, "*Is this Naomi?*"

But how was she brought home? She thankfully said empty. She went away full—but alas! that fulness was her bane. It ruined her protectors; it invited the spoiler: while it lasted, it puffed up a mind naturally vain, and nurtured in vanity. Still she embraced it, and clung to it. But the divine wisdom of the Lord removed the plague from her, and brought her home empty. Empty, not alone of wealth and relations, but of bad passions and desires,—of self-dependence,—of idolatry. Thenceforward instead of trusting to her own imaginations, she sought unto the Lord; she adhered to the authorized customs of her nation, and had recourse to the expiatory blood of sacrifice, and the ministry of Levites and priests. And though a higher blessing than any, subject to the gross vision of man, ultimately accrued to her from this source, yet hear the reward, conformable with Israelitish promise, which was conferred on her humble dependence, and chastened obedience.

"The women said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel. And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age; for thy daughter-in-law which loveth thee, which is better than seven sons, hath borne him: And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it. And the women, her neighbours, gave it a name, saying, There is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed. He is the father of Jesse, the father of DAVID." RUFUS.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1837.

HIS LATE MAJESTY KING WILLIAM IV.

The deceased monarch, whose loss a mighty empire is lamenting, was the third son of that pious and patriotic king, George III. and was born on the 21st August, 1765. The early years of Prince William Henry were spent in the naval service, in which, from his heroic conduct and nautical skill, he gained the marked approbation even of the illustrious Nelson. Kings, like other men, are not exempted from human frailty any more than from human mortality; and it does not become us to reiterate one word of the censure which may perhaps not unjustly attach to many of the acts of the more early life of our late gracious Sovereign.

On the death of George IV. in June, 1830, he succeeded to the throne; and although the seven years of his eventful reign were disturbed by no foreign war, they were marked by more than an ordinary measure of political disquiet. It is to be believed that our lamented sovereign dreaded and even withstood the further progress of many of these innovations upon the settled institutions of the country which, during the first years of his reign, had made an advance so alarming; and we are not without evidence that he was affectionately alive to the blessings of the Established Church, and determined to maintain it in its integrity in defiance of all the violence and power of the opposition which the conservators of truth and order and subordination had to endure. His address to the Bishops upon the subject of the claims of the Established church about three years ago, was a memorable instance of his virtuous determination to uphold the Protestant faith of his country; nor will the influence of that spirited and patriotic address, congenial as it was to the best feelings of the best classes of British subjects, soon be obliterated or forgotten.

The religious sentiments of our late King, we have reason to believe, partook of a deeper seriousness in his later years; nor need it be concealed that it was to the influence and example of his best of Queens, that, under God, that blessed improvement was mainly ascribable. In those solemn hours when earthly distinctions are unfelt, and the mercy-seat is as dear to the prince as to the peasant, he sought the consolations of the faith as it is in Jesus; and from the hands of the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury he accepted, with Christian earnestness, the symbols of his Redeemer's dying love.

His late Majesty is succeeded by the Princess Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Kent, who is now Queen of the mighty empire of Great Britain; and never did an heir to England's crown ascend the throne under more popular and promising auspices than Alexandrina Victoria I. Strictly and religiously brought up,—trained as she has been to an admiration of the British constitution and to an ardent love of its Protestant principles,—we have every hope that her's will prove a reign, emulating in benefit and glory to the nation, the memorable era of Elizabeth.

Some notice of the very interesting meeting of the Midland Clerical Society held at this place on Wednesday and Thursday last, will be given in our next.

Many of our readers will probably have heard of the affecting incident of the loss of a child on Rice Lake Plains in this neighbourhood, on Saturday the 29th ult. After being out for five days, without food or shelter, she was providentially found by one of the numerous parties employed indefatigably during that whole period in search of her. We gladly annex the following from the Cobourg Star of Wednesday last:—

"Public thanksgiving was very properly returned to Almighty God on Sunday Morning last, in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eyre of this township, for the late Providential recovery of their child, which happy intelligence we had the pleasure briefly to announce in our extra of Thursday last. No event within our recollection has elicited such general sympathy in the community as did the uncertain fate of this little innocent, during the period of its wanderings: not fewer, we are assured, on the average, than five hundred persons, horse and foot, having assisted daily in the pursuit of her; and when at length, through the mercy of Providence, their benevolent exertions were crowned with success, it seemed as though not one child only was restored, but that every hearth in the country had been made glad by a similar blessing."

CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.

N. B. In the account of the Rectory of Guelph in our last, it should have been mentioned that morning as well as evening service is there regularly performed.

RECTORY OF MARKHAM AND VAUGHAN.

Rev. V. Philip Mayerhoffer, A. M. Incumbent, who officiates on Sunday in Markham, the forenoon in German, and in English in the afternoon, except the days appointed for the Lord's Supper, when the Sermons in both languages precede the holy sacrament. Besides this there are occasional services in Riserstown, Markham Village, 4 miles from the Parsonage, at four o'clock, P. M.

In Markham, the congregation assembled for eight years in the Church erected on Lot No. 17, sixth concession, upon which

M. Eckhardt gave an acre of Land for the Church and Burial ground which church was completed thro' the care, & indefatigable industry of the Reverend V. P. Mayerhoffer, soliciting patronage by subscriptions, but is now in dispute; he therefore officiates at a free neighbouring House, till the disputes be adjusted. The forenoon service is regularly half past ten, the afternoon at two o'clock every other Sunday.

In Vaughan, the Church is built on Lot No. 10, in the third concession on the premises of Mr. Michael Keffer, who gave an acre of land for the same and Burial ground, and upon which by the exertion of the Rev. V. P. Mayerhoffer a country Chapel is erected. The two stations are fourteen miles apart. The service is regularly half-past ten on Sunday in German, the other in the English language.

In 1836 there were Baptisms in Markham 27; Vaughan 5; in all 32:—Marriages 11; Burials 4; Communicants in all 70.

RECTORY OF KEMPTVILLE.

Rev. Henry Patton, Incumbent. Divine service is performed regularly in Kemptville every Sunday morning, at half past 10: in Marlborough, 10 miles distant, every Sunday at 3 P.M. and every other Sunday evening at Merrickville 6 miles farther. In Kemptville and Marlborough the Churches are neat frame buildings. In Merrickville is a comfortable stone Church newly erected, which was opened for divine service on Sunday last July 30th.

The Rev. R. V. Rogers, Rector of Richmond, attended on the occasion, and preached to a numerous and attentive congregation, a very suitable discourse from Ps. 122, 6th and following verses, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem &c."

Much credit is due to the people of Merrickville and its vicinity for the laudable zeal they have evinced in the prosecution and completion of this good work amid many discouraging circumstances. May the Lord prosper the work of their hands upon them, yea may he prosper their handy work. The services of an additional Clergyman who might take charge of Merrickville and the surrounding country are much needed.

In addition to regular services in the above Churches, there are regular or occasional services in Welford, North Gower and South Gower on week days.

There were during the year 1836, Baptisms 50; Marriages 7; Funerals 12; Communicants 55.

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR,—I consider it one of the chief, amid the many advantages resulting from the publication of a Religious Periodical devoted to the interests of the Church, that through the medium of its columns, the members of our communion may be informed of many circumstances connected with the advancement of our Zion, of which they would otherwise be ignorant. The Statistics for instance furnished by the Clergy, inadequate as they are to convey any thing like a correct idea of the number of our members, warm friends and adherents, will yet when collected into "tabular form," exhibit an aggregate of communicants and services performed by the Clergy, pleasing and encouraging both to the people and their Ministers, and such as I doubt not many of our laity were quite unprepared to expect. The local information connected with the origin, progress and present state of our parishes, (which will I hope in process of time appear in the columns of "The Church") will be found interesting to all who "pray for the peace, and seek the prosperity of our Jerusalem." Among other items of intelligence, the notices of the meetings of our Clerical Societies which may be expected to appear in "The Church" will be special objects of interest to the Clergy, and will not we trust be devoid of interest to the lay members of our communion.

With this conviction of the utility of noticing the meetings of the Clerical Associations in this Province, I propose furnishing you with a brief sketch of the proceedings of the "Eastern Clerical Association" at its last Session. The members met at the house of the Rev. M. Harris, Rector of Perth, on Wednesday July 26. This Association comprises within its bounds 15 Clergymen, of whom 9 were present, viz: Messrs. Harris, Blakey, Boswell, Denroche, Rogers, Tremayne, Patton, J. Shortt and Lindsay. The Session was opened by the President offering to the throne of grace the prescribed prayers of the Society, selected from various parts of our Book of Common Prayer.

The Secretary then furnished to the meeting the substance of certain communications received from the Lord Bishop of Montreal, on the subject of a Travelling Missionary for the Johnstown and Bathurst Districts. Previous to this meeting, as our Brethren in the Eastern District had not united with us, the Society was known by the title of "The Johnstown and Bathurst District Clerical Association" and the members had formed themselves into a Society for the purpose of supporting a Travelling Missionary to visit the more remote and unprovided Townships of the two Districts named above. To carry this Resolution into effect the members had pledged themselves to the Bishop of Montreal to furnish the sum of £75 annually, for 3 years under the expectation that His Lordship (whose sanction to the measure had been previously obtained) would have it in his power to make up the sum of £100 by supplying the deficiency. It was therefore with much pleasure and gratitude, that the Society heard that His Lordship had acceded to their request by assuring them that he would grant the required £25 for one year, and that he had little doubt that means would be found to continue this addition annually.

Various other matters occupied the attention of the Meeting until the hour arrived when it became necessary to adjourn, in order to attend divine service in St. James's Church, at 6 P. M. The prayers were read by the Rector of the Parish, and the Rev. Robt. Blakey, Rector of Prescott, preached to an attentive audience a Sermon on the respective and reciprocal duties of Ministers and people.

On the following morning the meeting opened at 9 o'clock, when the brethren proceeded to discuss the 1st chap. of the Epistle to the Hebrews. So wide a field was here opened for the expression of various opinions with regard to the authorship, design &c. of the epistle, and subsequently to the contents of the

chapter itself, that but a very small portion of it was discussed when 12 o'clock the hour of adjournment arrived. Having at the request of the Rector selected Prescott as the next place of meeting, and Sept. 27th as the time of holding it, the Session was closed with prayer.

Besides the 1st chap. of Hebrews, various other questions relating to the offices &c. of the Church were incidentally discussed.

It was a very gratifying circumstance that after we returned from Church, the 6th number of your useful paper, containing the notice of the last meeting of the Midland Clerical Society was laid upon the table. May the Great Head of the Church preside over all our assemblies and so guide us by his good spirit, and further us with his continual help that in these and all our other works "begun, continued and ended in him, we may glorify his holy name and finally by his mercy obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

HENRY PATTON, Secretary.

U. C. College, 14th July, 1837.

A meeting of the Committee on Missions (stationary or otherwise of the church of England throughout the Province) appointed at the Clergy Convocation under the Archdeacons of the Province in October 1836, took place this day. Present,

- The Rev. C. Matthews, A. M.
- The Rev. H. J. Grasett, A. B.
- The Rev. S. Givins.

The Rev. C. Matthews having been called to the chair, and Rev. S. Givins requested to act as Secretary, the following Resolutions were proposed and carried unanimously.

Resolved, 1. That the Rev. H. J. Grasett be requested to act as permanent Secretary.

Resolved, 2. That the Rev. Messrs. Grasett and Matthews be a standing committee.

Resolved, 3. That the General Committee on Missions meet at 12 o'clock noon, on the second Wednesday in the months of January, April, July and October.

Resolved, 4. That the Standing Committee hold their meetings on the first and third Wednesdays of every month, at the same hour.

Resolved, 5. That as correct and copious information on the object referred to the committee is an indispensable pre-requisite to the effectual discharge of their duties, the Clergy in general and all members of the church interested in that important object are hereby invited to attend the specified meetings of the General and standing Committee, or to communicate personally or by letter with the permanent Secretary.

Resolved, 6. That the Prayer to be used at the opening of the meeting of the General committee, be one of the Collects for the commemoration of the conversion of St. Paul, the 5th, 7th, 9th, 16th, or 19th Sundays after Trinity.

Resolved, 7. That an Abstract from the minutes of this meeting be published in "the Church."

C. MATTHEWS, Chairman.
S. GIVINS, Secretary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The absence of the Editor for about a fortnight previous to Saturday the 5th inst., will account for the want of explicitness in some of the acknowledgements of Letters and Communications received during that interval.

The communication of VERUS, from inadvertence arising in some degree from the Editor's absence, was omitted to be inserted at the period promised.

We could have wished the insertion of "THE ENGLISH LAYMAN, No. II," in the present number, but want of room compels its postponement to our next,—when, we feel assured, it will be read with equal interest and edification.

The appropriate and well written poem of JUAN will appear in our next.

The poetical communication of J. P. H. shall have an insertion.

The poem on "Tobacco," possesses both talent and piety, and shall have an insertion soon.

We have been kindly favoured by the Lord Bishop of Montreal with several documents on various subjects of interest to the Diocese, which shall receive the attention which their importance demands.

We have to solicit the indulgence of those correspondents who kindly furnish us with Selections for the Church. They shall be inserted as fast as the space we usually appropriate to such articles will allow.

LETTERS received during the week ending Friday, 11th Aug. Rev. D. Robertson, subs. and rem.; Rev. T. Greens, add. subs.; (his first letter contained the remittance to which he alludes,—it was, through inadvertence, omitted to be acknowledged at the time.) The subscription of the Rev. H. Burges was duly received thro' the channel he refers to, as also that of the Rev. T. Magrath; G. W. Baker, Esq., subs. and rem.; Rev. H. Patton, rem.; Rev. B. Lindsay, add. subs. and rem.; Rev. W. Seeming, rem.; Rev. V. P. Mayerhoffer; Rev. E. Denroche, add. subs.; Rev. E. J. Boswell, add. subs.; Rev. R. V. Rogers; Messrs. A. Laurie & Co. rem.; Rev. G. R. F. Groat; Rev. C. T. Wade, subs. and rem.; Rev. A. F. Atkinson, rem.; Rev. R. D. Cartwright, rem.; Mr. J. McLaren, add. subs. and rem.; (his arrangements in regard to spare Nos. are satisfactory.)—Rev. R. H. D'Olier, rem.; F. McAnnany, Esq. rem.; (his request shall be attended to.) Rev. W. Macaulay, add. subs.; Rev. J. Deacon, subs.; Rev. C. P. Reid, subs. and rem.; Rev. J. Taylor, rem.; Rev. W. F. S. Harper, rem.; H. Smith, Esq. rem.

The following beautiful scriptural illustration has been furnished us by an esteemed correspondent, and we heartily recommend it to the attention of our readers.

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

A SCRIPTURAL ANECDOTE.

Some months ago, a few Ladies, who met together in Dublin, to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the III. CHAP. OF MALACHI. One of the La-

dies gave it as her opinion, that the Fuller's Soap, and the Refiner of Silver, were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ, while another observed,—there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse—

"HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER AND PURIFIER OF SILVER."

They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the Ladies promised to call on a Silver-smith, and report to them, what he said on the subject. She went, accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. But, Sir, said she,—Do you sit while the work of refining is going on? Oh yes, Madam, replied the Silver-smith, I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured. At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort too of the expression—"He shall sit as a Refiner and Purifier of Silver."

Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; but he is seated by the side of it: his eye is steadily intent on the work of Purifying, and his wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered. As the Lady was leaving the shop, the Silver-smith called her back, and said he had still further to mention—that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the Silver. BEAUTIFUL FIGURE! WHEN CHRIST SEES HIS OWN IMAGE IN HIS PEOPLE, HIS WORK OF PURIFYING IS ACCOMPLISHED.

THE MINISTER AND HIS PEOPLE.

Amongst the various relations of the Christian life, there is no one more interesting in its nature, or more important in its consequences, than that which subsists between the ministers of Christ and the people committed to their care. There are others indeed, the ties of which are more closely entwined about our natural feelings, and which will always be considered by many as exclusively or principally demanding their attention and regard; but by the Christian none will be esteemed more sacred, more solemn, or more affecting, than that which connects him with the instructor, the guide, the shepherd of his soul. Other relations are more or less occupied with temporary and worldly objects; this with such as are spiritual and permanent, and stamped, as it were, with the image of eternity.—Dean Pearson.

CYPRIAN.—This eminent saint, when on his road to suffer martyrdom, was told by the Emperor that he would give him time to consider, whether he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire in honour of idols, than die so degrading a death. The martyr nobly answered, "there needs no deliberation in the case."

ARTHUR KIP.

There is a shop near my lodging—and I never yet saw a shop in which there was not something to be learned. Without going so far as to state, what I believe firmly, that, to the industrious man, labor is pleasure, I beg leave to introduce ARTHUR KIP. This young man is a plain cooper, and lives on the extremity of a street which I pass daily. He is in his shop as early as his earliest neighbor, yet I sometimes see him busy a good half hour before he is in his shop. What is Arthur about in the gray of the morning? I will tell you. He has been setting out rows of elms around the whole border of his little lot. For you must know, that he is content to live in a very uncomfortable house, in order to forward his business, and prepare his grounds, so as to "make a fair start," as he calls it. He has told me that he was induced to do this by a maxim of an ancient king, "Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field, and afterwards build thy house." It does one good to see Arthur among his trees; he sings cheerily over his spade and hatchet, long before the sun is up, "these saplings" says he, "will be noble branching trees over the heads of my children; and if little Tom should be a rich man thirty years hence, he will have a grove which all the money of the aristocrats in England could not cause to spring up."

Arthur has a garden also. His rule is, "first for use; next for show." So he has most of his ground in substantial vegetables for the table; but a very goodly portion I assure you in choice flowers. Why should he not? God has given the poor man these gems of the earth with a bounteous profusion; and Ellen Kip & little Tom will love Arthur and one another all the better for dwelling among the lustre and fragrance of tulips and violets.

In the bright spring evenings, I take a walk about the time that this little household comes together after work. No tavern has yet become Ellen's rival; her husband spends not only his nights, but his evenings at home. Or, if he goes abroad, it is in the old fashioned way: I mean he takes his wife and boy along. At this hour I am always sure of witnessing another of the mechanic's pleasures. Arthur and Ellen are natives of a state where young folks are taught to sing: they have already begun to bring up little Tom in the same way. They carry a tune in several parts; for Arthur is no mean performer on the violin, and Ellen sings a soprano part to her husband's bass. The neighbours are beginning to find their way out, since the spring weather has unclosed doors and windows, and there are some signs of a little musical association.

Some of the best musical talent in America is among our mechanics; and it is sad that they are so slow to discover the exquisite satisfaction which they might derive from this innocent recreation. It soothes the troubled mind; it breaks the thread of vexing thoughts; it prepares the affections for every good impression; it affords a healthful excitement; it knits families together by the gentlest bands; and it makes a paradise of home.

What mechanic is there who may not command these pleasures? What pleasures of the bar-room, the circus, the gaming table, the theatre, are equal to these in purity and genuine content? I am sure I shall have the right answer—if not from mechanics, at least from their wives.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE LAST CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

Farewell, my young blossom!
The fairest, the fleetest:
The pride of my bosom,
The last—and the sweetest!
On thee my heart center'd
All hopes earth could cherish:
The spoiler hath entered,
And thou, too, must perish!

I see thy bloom wasting,
And cannot restore it;
The end now is hastening—
'Tis vain to deplore it.
Could prayers detain thee,
As pale thou art lying,
I would not enchain thee
To live ever-dying!

To linger—to languish—
That life may be sorrow:
Through the night pain and anguish;
No rest on the morrow.
Oh, soon may deep slumber
In mercy steal o'er thee!
Earth can but encumber,
And Heaven is before thee!

O lovellest!—O dearest!
When anguish oppress'd thee
My arm still was nearest,
My prayer still hath blessed thee.
But now all is ended:
How welcome that sighing!
My prayer hath ascended,
'Tis heard!—She is dying!

My God! I adore Thee!
Receive the freed spirit
In gladness before Thee,
A crown to inherit;
Take the gem that Thou gavest;
Take the flower Thou dost sever;
Take the soul that Thou savest:—
It is Thine—and for ever!

Christian Keepsake.

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

VI. ABSALOM.

43. Who was Absalom?—2d. Sam.
44. What were his personal attractions?—2d. Sam.
45. By what means did he steal away the hearts of the people from his father David?—2d. Sam.
46. When Absalom conspired against his father, who was his chief councillor?—2d. Sam.
47. Why was the impolitic advice of Hushai suffered to prevail over the admirable counsel of Ahitophol?—2d. Sam.
48. What was the charge given by David, respecting this his unnatural son, to Joab and his other captains, previous to the battle?—2d. Sam.
49. What was the cause of Absalom's being taken in battle? and by whose hands did he meet with his death?—2d. Sam.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

JULY 30.	—10th Sunday after Trinity,
AUG. 6.	—11th do. do.
13.	—12th do. do.
20.	—13th do. do.
27.	—14th do. do.

To the Editor of the Church.

REV. SIR,—Having been much interested in the perusal of a "Remarkable Dream," which appeared in the first and second numbers of your useful and valuable paper, I am induced to send you for publication—should you deem it worthy—an account of another very remarkable dream, which a dear friend, now no more, had a short time before I left the Old Country, and the perusal of which may, I trust, prove as profitable to your readers, as the narration of it by my friend proved to myself.

I am not one of those who place any confidence in dreams in general. I am well aware that during the hours of sleep airy Fancy often usurps the throne of reason, and plays off her gambols. But at the same time we must admit, if we believe the Scriptures, that God has been pleased very frequently from the earliest ages of the world to speak to his people in "the visions of the night;" and although we who live in the clear light of his revealed will, and are favoured with "fine upon line, and precept upon precept" in his written word, have no right to expect that God will step out of his ordinary course to visit us with any peculiar manifestations, yet we do know, on the most undoubted human testimony, that He is still pleased from time to time—for he is sole arbiter of His own ways—to make impressions in the night season upon the human mind, either in the way of reproof, or comfort, or encouragement, as may seem to him most needful. And if ever Divine admonition were given in a dream, it was most assuredly given in the one which I am about to relate, and the account of which (that your readers may be satisfied of its authenticity) I received from the lips of my friend the very morning after it occurred, and when every circumstance was vivid in his recollection. I write altogether from memory, for so far as I know, this dream has never before been committed to paper; but the impression which it made at the time upon my mind was so strong, that I have never forgotten it, and am therefore enabled to give a tolerably correct narration of the whole.

In order to the better understanding of it, however, it may be necessary to premise a few remarks respecting my friend, whom I shall now designate as Mr. M——. He had been for

many years a professor of religion, and was married to one of the most devotedly pious women it has ever been my privilege to know. Whilst she lived, such was the powerful influence of her example, his Christian walk was steady and consistent, and it was truly delightful and edifying to behold them both, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless" in the sight of man. It pleased God, however, to remove her out of this world at a time when typhus fever was raging violently in the part of the country where they resided, and she died as she lived—a happy Christian. They had no children, and Mr. M—— was now left a sorrowing and lonely mourner. His situation may be better imagined than described. He had lost his dearest earthly friend and counsellor, his home its greatest and fondest attraction, and all around appeared dreary and sad. Time, the great soother of sorrow, however, gradually allayed his grief, and home no longer possessing the darling object on which his affections had for so many years centred, he was insensibly led to mix with worldly company, and seek abroad, alas! for that comfort, which he should have sought, and would have found, in the retirement of his closet. Being of a very social turn, the love of company—not always the most select—gained upon him; and having once given way, he was often induced to yield to solicitations which he should have firmly resisted. But his moral courage was gone, and he now felt by bitter experience that, the devious mazes of sin once entered, it is easier to take ten steps forward than to retrace one,—so precipitate is the way which leadeth unto death. Still Mr. M—— was not abandoned by his Heavenly Father, who yearned over him with the tenderest compassion. He had times of deep compunctious visitings, and often and often, as he sat at his lonely parlour fire-side, did the tears run down in streams from his eyes, while he contrasted his present unhappy with his former happy life, when "his peace flowed as a river," and the blessing of JEHOVAH rested upon his head. It was after one of those evenings of sorrowful and lonely meditation that he retired early to rest, and had this remarkable dream, which I shall now relate without any further preface.

He thought he was seated on an eminence in the centre of a large and populous city, from which he had a clear view of the busy tribes of men as they hurried to and fro about their worldly affairs, and of the splendid equipages of others as they passed and repassed before him; and while he sat meditating on the vanity of all these things, and their utter insignificance when viewed in the light of eternity, it was impressed upon his mind that he had an important journey to take, and that it was improper for him to remain in this scene of bustle any longer. In obedience to this impression he left the city by one of the great roads which issued from it, and after pursuing it for a considerable distance, he arrived at a spot where the great road was crossed by another road, thus forming four roads. Being ignorant which was the right one for him to take, he stopped for a few moments, and while in doubt as to what he should do, he perceived an old Gentleman standing at the corner of one of the roads. This venerable person had all the appearance of a Clergyman; he was dressed beautifully in black, wore a clerical hat, and his silvery locks flowed in graceful ringlets on his shoulders. Mr. M—— thinking he might be able to direct him, approached and thus addressed him,—“Sir, I have a long journey before me, and am at a loss which of these roads I should take, perhaps you can direct me.” The old Clergyman looking most benignantly at him, replied,—“Among the many travellers that have passed to-day, I have been anxiously looking for you. And now allow me to tell you that you have too long walked in the road in which I find you; you must instantly leave it, and enter upon this, (pointing to a narrow road enclosed on each side with a beautiful quickset hedge, such as is common in the Old Country, and branching off from the main road to the right,)—you must enter upon this, and after you have walked some miles, you will arrive at a delightful village where every thing will look inviting, and where you will be strongly solicited to remain; but as you value your happiness and the safety of your soul, resist every solicitation, and steadily pursue your way. When you have got some distance beyond the village, you will come in sight of a large building on a hill; proceed direct to it and you will there be told what to do.” Mr. M—— cordially thanked his venerable guide, bowed, and immediately entered upon the narrow road; but he had not proceeded far when the old Gentleman called him back, and said to him with much emphasis and feeling,—“Remember, my friend, the direction I have given you, for it is the last warning you will ever get!” Mr. M—— again thanked his venerable friend, and accordingly resumed his journey. He soon reached the village mentioned by the Clergyman, and found it as beautiful as it had been described. The Cottages were all as white as snow, surrounded by the most delightful gardens, which abounded with grapes, (an inordinate love for the juice of which was his besetting sin). There were also several handsome houses of entertainment most attractive in their appearance. As soon as Mr. M—— entered the village, he was met by several of the inhabitants, who spoke to him in the kindest manner, invited him to their houses, and intreated him to remain amongst them. They descanted upon the beauty of their village, the sources of amusement it enjoyed, in fact, every argument to induce him to prolong his stay. But he remembered the warning he had just received, strength was given him to resist, and despite all their pressing solicitations, he pursued his journey. A few miles more and the lofty building before mentioned appeared in sight. He now felt encouraged, and pressed on with vigour. When he arrived at the foot of the eminence on which this Temple (for so it might be called) stood, he was lost in admiration of its beauty and magnificence. He was unable to describe it, for it would require, he said, a correct knowledge of all the technicalities of Architecture to give even a faint idea of its beauty. He now ascended the eminence, and as he approached one of the large windows—of which there were a great number all round the temple,—an angelic being, in size taller than any parson he had ever seen and splendidly attired in purple and linen robes, advanced towards him, holding in her

hand something like a placard, edged with blood, and on which was inscribed in letters of gold the following portion of Scripture,—“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Having given him time to read it she withdrew, and he passed on to the next window, at which appeared another celestial being similarly attired. She presented another placard, edged with blood in like manner, and with the following scripture in large golden letters,—“And the Lord said, my Spirit shall not always strive with man.” Mr. M—— having read it, she also withdrew, and as he advanced to another window, a third female (for so they all appeared to be) stepped forward and presented a placard like the rest, with the following scripture,—“Quench not the Spirit.” At the next window a fourth female presented the words “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” And last of all a female of most angelic appearance came forward with those delightful words in the third chapter of the first Epistle general of St. John,—“Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!”

All these beings appeared in equal splendour. The blood which edged the placards might be intended to denote the blood of atonement, and the golden letters the importance to be attached to the several portions of scripture which were offered to his notice. After Mr. M—— had read the last portion of scripture, all the angelic messengers approached him in a body, and asked if he were pleased with what he saw. He was so overpowered with feelings of delight, mingled with awe and wonder, that he was utterly unable to make any reply, and before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, they commenced singing over him in strains of the most delightful harmony, the following appropriate lines:—

Henceforth may no profane delight,
Divide this consecrated soul!
Possess it Thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

And with the heavenly music still sounding in his ears he awoke!

The next morning I happened to call upon him, and found him sitting alone at a little work-table, at which his beloved wife used often to sit, and his head reclining on his hand, in deep thought. I asked him what was the matter. He replied, sit down here, drawing a chair close to him, and I will tell you. He then related to me the remarkable dream that is now before your readers. “Surely” said I, “this is a voice from heaven,” and I left him to ponder over it myself.

He is since dead; and I was happy to be informed by one who visited him in his last moments that he appeared to be truly penitent, and that there was hope in his death.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,

VERUS.

WANTED,—To take charge of a select school; to lead the singing in the Church, and to instruct in singing the youth of the congregation,—a person fully adequate to each of these duties. He must be a truly correct, pious person, and a communicant of the Church of England. Good recommendations founded upon personal knowledge of character, from a clergyman of the Church will be required. A liberal salary will be given. For further particulars reference can be had (if by mail, post paid) to the Rev. T. B. Fuller, to D. M'Gregor, or T. M'Crea Esquires, Church Wardens, Chatham, U. C.

Chatham, U. C. July 1st. 1837.

6x6

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. Grasett, 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) must 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.
J. G. Armour Esq., Whitby.
Charles Brent Esq., Port Hope.
H. Hughes Esq., P. M. Emily.
W. Warren Esq., Darlington.
J. Beavis Esq., Clarke.
B. Y. McKyes Esq., Colborne.
J. B. Ewart Esq., Dundas.
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. Short, Esq., Woodstock.
Hon. James Kerby, Fort Erie.
G. W. Baker, Esq., Bytown.
Alfred Knight Esq., Wm. Henry, L. C.
Mr. Jas. McLaren, Quebec.
Messrs. Swords Stanford, & Co. New York.