

The Church

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1846.

[WHOLE NUMBER, CCCLXXXIII.]

VOLUME X.—No. 15.]

Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

(From the *Kaiserhooker*.)

It was an eve of summer. The broad sun
Had poured his last beam on the slanting hills,
And in the vales the panting flowers looked up,
Asking the Twilight's presence. Soft she came,
Beaming her ethereal of refreshing dew,
And like a nurse, flinging with gentle hand,
Her misty mantle o'er them, bathed each leaf,
And had the flowers the momentary breeze
Fan with its cooling wing the languid rose,
And all the infant blossoms to their dreams.

And at this hour a youthful mother sat,
Beside the open cabinet, but her eye
Looked not on Nature's freshened loveliness,
She looked on the gathering twilight's haze,
No how the stars were coming out in heaven,
Her heart was all too sad for that; her eye
The one fair child who cheered her heart and home,
With face averted staid, and eyes that drooped
Beneath her glance, and told in broken words
The story of his grief.

The boy had smiled:
"It boots not now, nor when, that his soul
Was burdened with the memory of his fault,
A cloud was on his spirit's happy light,
And ere he sought his pillow, he had come
To breathe it softly in his mother's ear."

With circling eye she pressed him, and her voice
Was low, yet earnest, as the spoke of One
Who cannot look upon his sin:
"I do not know how such a child could
Be so unkind to his mother's love,
In the dim star-light with her loving eye,
And pray with me a mother's pleading love,
That God would pardon him."

Time passed away,
And the boy's faithful monitor was gone,
Her voice no longer summoned him from sleep,
When the warm sunlight broke upon the hills,
No more upon his brow her tears fell,
When evening hush fell on his pleasant couch:
There was no gentle smile to welcome him,
No questioning of his daily tasks;
No morning salutation, nor the kiss
That pressed his cheek so lovingly, what time
He came to awaken her at the dawn's red light.

There was a new made grave beside the church,
And she was resting from earth's weariness.
Months were apace, and that grief-stricken boy
Fondly comforted while his mother slept,
Till that on her breast, when the pure dew
Lay on the grassy mound, and the white rose,
That he had planted when the spring was new,
Looked fresh and beautiful there he would sit
And talk to her whose ear was strangely closed,
And tell her of his loneliness, and pray
That she but once would come to him, but once
And whisper that to heaven she loved him still!

Years faded silently, and the boy grew
To early manhood, but a change had come
O'er the young spirit, at the dawn's red light
Revelled the worm that preyed upon his bloom,
His home was far away from that low mound
In the green churchyard, and he had found
In part the lessons of his infancy,
Ere he had been his mother's loving eye,
And on his soul its foul pollution lay,
And his own trust with a brother's love
Had counselled him to do a daring deed,
"It was a thing of naught," a few brief lines
Tread lightly, that would still hold for each
And he had looked the still small voice within,
And served him to the act.

A moment more,
His hand lay tremulous upon the scroll,
When lo! "an angel stayed him!" Suddenly,
As when a mighty spell, his restless eye
Gazed upward, and his mother's penance face
Looked on him from the canvas!

"It was the same
That bent above his couch long years ago,
The same mild eye, with the deep, serious gaze,
Meeting his own pleadingly. No voice
With an angel's eloquence," "My son,
God's eye is ever on his inmost soul,
The same low, thrilling words, so tenderly
Breathed in his ear when a child he seemed,
Fresh o'er his heart his mother's sinners came,
And he had looked the still small voice within,
And served him to the act."

THE REV. B. D. WINSLOW AND THE
CHURCH OF ROME.

(From a Note to the *Funeral Sermon of the Rev. B. D. Winslow, by Bishop Doane*.)

Mr. Winslow was a Catholic Churchman, in equal
contradiction to the Papist and the Puritan. He
had acquainted himself with both. It was the
CATHOLIC SYSTEM, *sans* him, in which, from either error,
in which he lived, and in which he died; and of whose
training he approved himself through grace, so beautiful
a specimen. Few men have had experience so
critical of the dangerous influence of Popery. Never
has there been exhibited a clearer demonstration than
in his case, of the effectual resistance of the CATHOLIC
SYSTEM to its most winning blandishments. A
piece of private history, as interesting as it is instructive,
will perfectly establish, while it will illustrate
this statement.

It was during his residence at the University, that
the Romanist convent at Charlestown was destroyed, by
an outbreak of lawless violence. Winslow was
a young man not only of an enthusiastic, but of a
highly exalted, temperament. He felt most strongly
the indignation which that deed kindled in every
generous breast. What he felt deeply, he was wont
to express warmly. In some such way, his feelings
were enlisted on the side of Rome. A young man of
mark and likelihood, his case attracted the notice
of the clergy of that communion, in Boston. One
thing led to another, until he found himself admitted
to what seemed, their fullest confidence. Books were
put into his hands. The enticing arts, which none
know better how to use, were sedulously applied. His
very position, as a leader among the young Churchmen
of the University, when neither his years nor his
acquirements had enabled him to know—much less to
give—a reason of the hope that was in him, increased
his exposure. With just enough acquaintance with
the Church to feel a reverence for antiquity, and a dis-
position to be governed by authority, he had made but
little progress in that search of Holy Scripture, and
of ancient authors, by which alone the Christian can be
guarded against the countless forms of error—more
dangerous, in proportion as they seem the more to
assimilate themselves to truth. The result of such a
state of things was natural and obvious. A young
man of less than twenty, his spirit all alive to classical
and chivalrous associations, thrown off his guard by
the stirring up of all his deepest impulses, thinking
himself to be somewhat, as a Churchman, in close and
constant conference with a Romish Bishop and his
Priests! Who could hesitate as to the issue? Of
all this I was in perfect ignorance; when I received
from him the following letter—

"Harvard University, Feb'y 23, 1855.

"My dear Uncle,—The contents of the following
letter will undoubtedly give you both surprise and
pain; but duty to myself, to you, and to God, compel
me to make this disclosure. The only thing for which
I lament is, that I did not write you my doubts and
difficulties six weeks ago; and then I might have been
rescued from what you will consider a great error.—
To be brief, I am all converted to the faith of the
Roman Catholic Church; and unless I am to be re-
claimed, I must in the course of a few weeks openly
join her communion. My affections, my sympathies,
are all with the Protestant Episcopal Church; but my
judgment is almost convinced that she is in a state of

schism. But you will naturally enquire, how did
this come about? Ever since the destruction of
the convent at Charlestown, my attention has been
directed to the faith of the [Roman] Catholic Church.
I have perused the works of several of her best
Chaplains; and have had long conversations with Bishop
Feenick, of Boston, and another Roman Catholic
Clergyman. Not that I would give you to understand
that my investigations have been of an *ex parte* na-
ture; I have also studied the ablest Protestant au-
thors; and yet, the result is, that I am nearly if not
quite convinced that the Church of Rome is the only
Church of Christ.

"It is not my design, in writing these lines, to enter
into a full relation of the various reasons which have
led me to such conclusions; suffice it to say, that my
present views seem to my mind to be the *Church*
theory of our own Church, carried out to its legitimate
result. I have always believed that Christ is *not* di-
vided—that there should be but one fold, as there is
one Shepherd—that our Lord had promised to be with
His visible Church, to the end of the world—that His
Church should be guided into all truth, and be the
pillar and ground of the truth, because He was to be
with it all days. Now these are truths, as I humbly
think, which are so firmly founded in Scripture, anti-
quity, reason, and common sense, that they cannot be
overthrown. But if these views be true, the Church
of Rome, as it appears to me, is the only true Church.
Where was our Church, before the (so called) Refor-
mation? Did she not separate from the Catholic
Church at that time? If she be the true Church,
then Christ deserted His Church, and was false to His
promise of being with her all days. There certainly
cannot be two true Churches so at variance as Rome
and England. If Rome be right, England must be
wrong. If Rome be wrong, then our views of the
Church must be erroneous. Such is my dilemma.—
And I cannot see any better alternative than that of
returning to the Mother Church.

No dissenter can possibly meet my objections.—
Churchmen, and Churchmen alone, can understand my
peculiar difficulties. I would therefore beg you, my
dear uncle, if you should have time, to recommend
any work which will meet my case; and also give me
any light, by which I may conscientiously remain in
the Protestant Episcopal Church—a Church which I
love so much, and which I have so much loved and
honoured. Excuse my troubling you with this letter.
It is no less painful to me than it can prove to you.
But it is my duty, and duty must be done.

"Very affectionately yours,
"BENJAMIN DAVIS WINSLOW."

In a moment, I saw his position. I saw that to
refer him to books, while Jesuit expositors had his con-
fidence, was vain. I saw that he was not accessible
to reason. I saw that to remain at Cambridge was
to rush, and that at once, into the gulf that yawned
for him. The image that possessed my mind at once,
and haunted it by day and night, for weeks and months,
and has not yet lost all its vividness, was the poor bird,
charmed by the rattle-snake, and shooting with a de-
perate impulse into his sanguinary jaws. I resolved,
if there was help in God, to save him; and by the help
of God, I did. I wrote to him briefly, but peremp-
torily, to come at once to me—that the subject was
of the utmost moment—that no correspondence at a
distance could meet its requirements—that it called
for time and thought, and careful study of authorities,
without the bias of an overbearing influence on either
side—that Burlington was a calm, sequestered place,
—that my books were at his service—that he should
investigate the subject thoroughly—that he should
follow implicitly, wherever that investigation, guided
by the truth, should lead him.

Rome, he should go—if, convinced himself, he could
convince me. I would go with him—if conviction
failed, his place was where the providence of God had
sent him. I used no word of argument, and I referred
to no authority against the Romish claim; for I felt
sure, that they who had so far secured him, would
have access to my letters. I told him to go at once
to the President—to say that I had need for him; and
that he must rely on my character, that the occasion
was sufficient, without a statement of the reasons.—
He went to the President. At first, he refused per-
mission. Then he sent for him, and told him that, on
further consideration, he felt assured my reasons must
be good; and granted leave of absence. As I had
anticipated, so it was. My letter was shown to his
seducers. Every argument that Romish craft could
suggest was used, to prevent, or to delay, his coming.
One of them was going on soon, and would accompany
him. If he went, he must take letters to the commis-
sion in Philadelphia. At least, he must take books.
But it was all in vain. The principle of loyalty was
in him more strongly than in any man I ever knew;
and knowing that his allegiance was to me, to me he
came.

Never shall I forget the day of his arrival, nor the
peculiar expression with which he came to me. I saw
that he was wrought up to the highest pitch, and that
the first thing for him was to rest. Day after day I
sought to engage me in the topic, and day after day I
avoided it. At last, when he became sollicitous to
hear my views, I told him, no; he was to make out his
own case. I gave him then, on a small slip of paper
—I have it now—a single point—in the great con-
troversy between the Truth and Rome; and told him to
go into my library, and satisfy himself; when that was
mastered, he should have the next. He spent five
weeks with me. I never dictated to him even the
shadow of an opinion. He traced the truth up to its
first fountains. He looked for Popery in Holy Scrip-
ture and ancient authors; and it was not there. He
perfectly satisfied himself that the claims of Rome
were arrogant and unfounded. He settled perfectly
in the conviction, that the Church of his choice was a
true and living branch of the Catholic Church of
Christ. And he went forward, from that moment, in-
creasing in wisdom and in stature, through the grace
of her communion; and growing in knowledge and in
virtue, by the wholesome nutriment of her divine in-
structions. Never did he cease to rejoice, that He
had taken him from the mire and clay, and set his feet
upon a rock, and ordered his goings. Never did he
speak of that eventful moment of his life, but with de-
voutest gratitude to Him, who had delivered him from
the snare of the fowler.

I have put this narrative on record here, as part of
the true history of the lamented subject of this memoir,
on the one hand, that it may correct their error who
understate the dangerous attraction of the Church of
Rome; and on the other, that it may reprove their cal-
umny who connect the teachings of the Catholic
Church of Christ with the corruptions of the Papal
schism. Multitudes lie within reach of the danger by
which Winslow was beset. The searching spirit of
enquiry into old foundations, which is now abroad,
if rudely checked, or wrongly guided, infinitely increases
their danger. Meanwhile, Rome lies her wily wait-
ing. Is there one for whom Antiquity presents its just
attractions? Rome is ready with her claim of primitive
antiquity. Is Unity relied on? Rome presents her
claim of perfect unity. Are the associations of taste,
and the sympathies of nature, and the refinements of
art, seductive? Rome is skilful to combine them all,
and to make them most seducing. Now, false and
groundless as the pretensions are to antiquity and
unity, on her part; and ineffectual as is her utmost
use of all "appliances and means to boot," to hide the
mass of error and corruption which festers at her heart,
it is not the bare denial of her claims, far less virtu-
tation and abuse, that will restrain the tide, when once
it strongly sets towards Rome. Unless there be a
questionable argument of Holy Scripture, as inter-
preted by the consent of ancient authors, her preten-
sions will prevail; and unless there be a system, pat-
table, that men can grasp; venerable, that men may
revere it; affectionate, that men will feel it, and
respond to it, and sympathize with it; the well com-
mended, well drilled, well directed, Romish system—
hollow, as it is, at heart, and hateful—will get the
advantage. Man's heart is warm, and cannot live with
cold abstractions. Man's heart is social, and will not
dwell alone. Man's nature is dependent, and must
look up to that on which it leans. The system which
meets these necessities of our condition will be the
prevailing system. Rome would prevail, could it
be shown that Rome alone could meet them. It is
incumbent on us, then, to shew—which is the truth—
that men may have them all, without a pilgrimage to
Rome; may, that there they will not find them.—
Hence the Catholic system; "its daily services, its
frequent communions, its weekly fasts, its holy anni-
versaries," "an attempt to realize heaven upon earth,
to make God all in all, to bind men together by the
ties of Christian brotherhood, to promote those tem-
peraments of childlike submission, and humility, and unself-
ishness, which no believer in divine Revelation doubts
to be the distinctive feature in the Evangelical charac-
ter." Hence the duty, incumbent on the Church, to
develop her full system; that it may meet, to the full,
the natural wants of men.

But I must check myself; for I have entered on a
theme to fill a volume. Enough, if what I have rather
hinted at than said, shall move Churchmen to a better
estimate of the high privileges which they enjoy, as
"fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household
of God."
"Fortunati, sua si bona norint."

course has excited among his brethren, without excep-
tion. Yet it is to be wished that the earnest devo-
tion to our common obligations and engagements as
ministers of a pure and lively branch of Christ's holy
Church, which I know does exist in my brethren of the
Clergy, always showed itself in a more filial satisfaction
and the provisions for our spiritual nourishment and
employment that the Church has made. We have
more, far more of blessing in the way of holy offices and
ministrations than we yet turn to account. Irregu-
larity, whether by adding to, altering or diminishing
the prescribed services, is not only sinful as a breach
of the most solemn promises and engagements, but
wholly inexcusable on any plea of need, inasmuch
as the full provisions of the Church for the increase of
its members in grace and holiness are hardly any-
where employed with even an approximation to com-
pleteness. When we shall have exhausted the op-
portunities and helpafforded by the Book of Common
Prayer, it will be time enough to devise improvements
of our services, whether in the way of multiplied ritual
or in that of spiritualized devotion. Until then, piety
and zeal will best show themselves in the form of
humble and quiet obedience to the established rule
and custom—only taking care, on the one hand, to
conduct no long continuance of neglect or disobedience
to clear and explicit rule as an established custom;
and on the other, to strain no written law to sanction
departures from general and wholesome practice.—
Uniformity is not desirable at the expense of clarity;
still less reformation to be endeavoured at the sacri-
fice of both. I trust that the uneasiness which has
been felt and expressed in many quarters, in view
of departures from the prescription and usages of the
Church in opposite directions, will become extinct in
proportion as we understand one another better, trust
one another more, and labour more assiduously to
show ourselves in all things, even the least important,
attentive and conscientious maintainers of the system
to which our allegiance belongs, and has been so wil-
lingly and solemnly pledged.

THE TRACKS IN THE CLAY.

(From "Thoughts for the thoughtful," by Old Hymnary.)

On passing along the fields at no great distance
from a country village, I came to a narrow neck
of ground which was bounded on the one side by a pond,
and on the other by a steep rock, but the narrow neck
or strip of ground itself was a miry clay.
This miry strip of ground was a sort of defile,
a narrow passage from the higher fields and roads to the
lower. All the footpaths of the adjoining meadows,
and all the lanes from that part of the neighbourhood
met there; so that travellers on foot and on horse-
back, gigs, wagons, and carts; horses, pigs, sheep, and
cattle, all had to pass through the defile.
As I paused for a moment, sitting on a stile, and
looking down into the defile, I was struck with the
numerous tracks or marks left in the clay. Here
were the traces of wheels of various kinds; there
the iron-shod hoofs of horses and the divided hoofs
of cattle had left their impressions; while the footmarks
of men, women, and children, were clearly discerned.
In one place, the ring of a pattern marked the clay;
in another, the light footprint of a female, who had trod-
den carefully on her toes, was seen; and in a third,
the hob-nailed shoe of a labouring man had pressed
firmly and deeply in the yielding clay. A musing fit
came upon me, and I thus pursued the current of my
reflections.

"This narrow neck of land, this clayey defile, sets
forth no unimportant lesson for my consideration;
for not only those who have passed this place, but
those who have been passing through the world, the
pathway he pursues through the world, will be
light and faint, or it may be heavy and strongly
marked, but some trace or other, he is sure to leave."
"How many a king has waded 'through slaughter
to a throne!' ruled his subjects with a rod of iron,
and oppressed those whom he ought to have governed
carefully on her toes, was seen; and in a third,
the hob-nailed shoe of a labouring man had pressed
firmly and deeply in the yielding clay. A musing fit
came upon me, and I thus pursued the current of my
reflections.

"This narrow neck of land, this clayey defile, sets
forth no unimportant lesson for my consideration;
for not only those who have passed this place, but
those who have been passing through the world, the
pathway he pursues through the world, will be
light and faint, or it may be heavy and strongly
marked, but some trace or other, he is sure to leave."
"How many a king has waded 'through slaughter
to a throne!' ruled his subjects with a rod of iron,
and oppressed those whom he ought to have governed
carefully on her toes, was seen; and in a third,
the hob-nailed shoe of a labouring man had pressed
firmly and deeply in the yielding clay. A musing fit
came upon me, and I thus pursued the current of my
reflections.

"What a difference there is between the track left
by the good man, and the track of the wicked!—
The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know
not at what they stumble, but 'the path of the just
is as the shining light, that shineth more and more
unto the perfect day.' Prov. iv. 18, 19.
"Look at the track left by the desperately wicked
man. In youth, he was idle, and a sloven, a truant,
and a speaker of lies. He grew up a drunkard, a sab-
bath breaker, and a blasphemer. His occupation was
poaching and thieving till at last, as a murderer, he
died on the gallows. You may trace his career in his
slatternly wife and vagabond children; every one that
speaks of him holds his memory in abhorrence, and
you may read his history in the Newgate Calendar.
"The track left behind the kind-hearted Christian
is of another cast. He feared God, and delighted in
obeying his will: he loved his fellow-creatures, and
found pleasure in doing them good. Go to the Sun-
day-school; every boy knows the kind instructor who
gave up so much of his time for his advantage. Go
to the almshouse; the widow blesses his memory.—
Pay a visit to the churchyard, and read the verse
inscribed upon his tombstone, 'Mark the perfect man,
and behold the upright: for the end of them man is
peace,' Psal. xxxiii. 37. 'Blessed are the dead which
die in the Lord,' Rev. xiv. 13. Trace him from his
youth to his age; through life and through death.—
He has left a track behind him by which he is known.
"And now, what track wilt thou leave behind thee?
or, rather, what track art thou now leaving behind
thee? Will thy memory be blessed or cursed?—
The track thou wilt leave, thou art now making;
every thing day, every winged hour, is a part of thy
brief career. Love God, fear God, obey God, and
honour God! Live the life of the righteous, then
shall thy latter end be like his. Love even thy ene-
mies; bless them that curse thee, do good to them
that hate thee, and pray for them which despitefully
use thee, and persecute thee. Do these things, and
thy track may be traced with joy; neglect them, and
it will be pondered with sorrow.

ADVERTISY.

(From a Sermon by Archdeacon Jortin.)

In the present state of things, a mixture of temporal
good and evil is best for us upon the whole. An un-
interrupted flow of prosperity, as it is hardly possible
in the nature of things, so it is not expedient for stran-
gers and sojourners here below, who want some mo-
tives to remind them of the end for which they are
designed, and of the home to which they are repairing,
and to keep them from trifling and dallying with their
great concerns, and from making every frivolous and
fading object the object of their affections. A Pagan
philosopher has expressed this notion as a Christian could
express it. 'Thou art a passenger, says he, and thy
ship hath put into a harbour for a few hours. The
tide and the wind serve, and the pilot calls thee
depart; and thou art amusing thyself, and gathering
shells and pebbles upon the shore, till they set sail
without thee. So is every Christian who, being upon
his voyage to a happy eternity, delays and loiters, and
thinks and acts as if he were to dwell here forever.—
An infirm habit of body and a frequent return of sick-
ness is reckoned, and is deservedly reckoned, among
temporal calamities; and yet it is not without some
alleviations and advantages, which may teach us to be
rejoiced under it, if it prove our lot and portion. It
often keeps persons out of the way and the reach of
many temptations; as on the contrary, health and
strength, and a flow of spirits lead them to giddy and
dissipation, to everlasting amusements and diversions,
and sometimes to worse things, to mischievous under-
takings and vicious actions. It teaches compassion
and charity towards the unhappy and miserable; as,
on the contrary, they who are strangers to pain and
sorrow are seldom disposed to pity it in others. It
is usually joined to seriousness and contemplation,
to thinking and reasoning; and thus the capacity is
enlarged and the understanding improved, and, though
the body be weak, the mind is active; and it is obvious
to observe that the most sickly are not the least inge-
nious. It makes the world less engaging and less
dear, and thereby teaches and enables to live more
prudently, and to depart more willingly. Christians
are directed to pray to God for all things; and they re-
turn thanks to him for all things, because, if they en-
deavour to serve God constantly and faithfully, nothing
very disastrous shall befall them, but whether in pros-
perity or in adversity, or, which is more common, in a
mixture and vicissitude of both, all things shall, by
the divine blessing and appointment, work together
for their advantage.

ADVICE FOR THE TIMES.

(From *The Calendar*.)

We have been endeavouring for some time past to
find room for the following extract from Bishop Whit-
tingham's Address to the late convention of Maryland.
They are golden sentences, and cannot be read with-
out profit by any member of the Church. We wish
that all her children might adopt and practice upon the
conservative principles here so earnestly and forcibly
expressed.

"The greatest hindrance to the progress of the
Church, the worst element in her present condition,
is the want of loyalty to her and to each other in her
children. The hankering of some for a more inter-
course and communion with the sects that agree with us in
protesting against Roman usurpations and corruptions,
have been allowed too often to generate mistrust and
mutual charges and recriminations; while the lapse of
several prominent members of our English sister, and of
one even in our own little band, into the delinquencies of
the Romish communion, has but too far justified others
who are disposed to a contrary extreme, in sounding
the note of alarm against the inroads of corruption in
doctrine, discipline and worship, supposed to be tend-
ing to bring again upon us the yoke of Roman bondage.
After the melancholy instance of discipline which I
have been called to exercise within the past year, on
a person near and dear to me, for apostasy from a com-
munion, which he had seemed to prize with due grate-
fulness for his admission to its shelter, it would ill be-
come me to express a doubt that there may be danger
in that direction; yet I feel bound to say, thus publicly
and solemnly, that my confidence in the Clergy of this
Diocese, as a body and as individuals, is not shaken in
the least by the defection of the member that has left us.
Much, as for his own sake, I deplore his loss, I have
to rejoice that it has brought to my knowledge abun-
dant evidence of the piety and disapproval which his

demand the adventure of it) shall lose it, and he that
will lose it shall save it" (Matt. x. 39). Now,
where the frailty or furniture of life is precious,
as if our fare be delicate, our other pleasures or con-
tents, in their kind rare and delectable—our al-
liance and acquaintance choice and amiable—our
revenues ample, or authority great—the flesh once
tempted to forsake these for preserving conscience
upright, is ready to wrangle with the spirit, as a greedy
or a jealous owner would do with a skilful pilot, ad-
vising in a tempest to lessen the danger by lightening
the ship. If the commodities be gross or base, the
owner, perhaps, can be well content to have some
part cast overboard; but, if costly and dear, or such
as his heart is much set on, he had rather adventure
to perish with them under hatches, than to see them
cast into the sea, for to part with them is death.—
Some Christians, when blasts of temptation arise, rather
than they will break with their friends and ac-
quaintances, do finally sink with them, as ships are
sometimes cast away through the owners' unwillingness
to cut the cables or lose the anchors; some, when
storms of persecution begin to rage, rather than they
will hazard the loss of body, lands, or goods in truth's
defence, drown both body and soul in perdition.—
Seeing the wisest of us, as we are by nature or left
to our own directions, are more cunning merchants than
ministers, and for the most part, the greater part
of the voyages we undertake, as skilful in the commodi-
ties we traffic for, the best resolution for our safety
would be to load ourselves with no greater quantity
of riches, honour, or other nutriment of voluptuous
life, than shall be appointed us by the peculiar in-
struction of God's Spirit, which best knows the true
burden of their brittle barks, how well or ill they are
able to abide rough seas, or such storms as he alone
foresees are likely to assault us. And seeing we are
all, by profession, bound to a city which is above
whose commodities cannot be purchased with gold or
silver, or precious stones, much less may we truck for
them with our unclean worldly pleasures or delights,
which may not be so much as admitted within the
walls or gates, our wisest resolution, in the second
place, is, to account even the choicest commodities
that sea or land, or its inferior world can afford, but
as trash or luggage, serving only for balance in the
passage; so shall we be ready to part with it when
any tempest shall arise, and if extremity urge us, like
St. Paul and his company (Acts xxvii. 38), to save
our souls with loss of the bark that bears us, and of
all the whole burden besides.

ECCLIESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLAND.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN
FOREIGN PARTS.
79, Pall Mall, Sept. 5, 1846.

The Annual Report of the Society will soon be pub-
lished. After alluding to the great meetings recently
held in the Metropolis, and the deeper interest which
of late been manifested in behalf of the Society, the Report
proceeds thus—

"The readiest means of acting upon this improved
feeling, is through the establishment of an association,
every parish, and the appointment of collectors, who shall
aid the Clergy in gathering the aims of all the members
of the Church, down to the humblest and poorest, for the
great purpose of sustaining and propagating the Gospel
throughout the world. Two hundred and three such
societies were added during the past year, and the whole
number mounted, at the end of 1845, to seventeen hun-
dred. But the Church of England will not exhibit, so
completely as it should, the character of a missionary
Church, until every one of its 12,000 congregations shall
be brought, in one way or other, to contribute, each in
due proportion, to the extension of the Church universal,
and the receipt during the past year of contributions from
the congregations, both on the continent of Europe, and
in the dependencies of the British crown, was—

"These offerings, from so many quarters, to one com-
mon object, are gratifying evidences of the strong tie
which binds together the widely scattered members of the
Church. But not satisfied with the wider co-operation,
the more active efforts in behalf of the Society which
have marked the last few years, its funds are still misera-
bly insufficient for the great objects to which they are
devoted.

"By the generous efforts of the Bishops and Clergy in
the West Indies, seconded, as they have been, both by
legislative grants and individual liberality, much of the
Society's expenditure in those colonies has been econom-
ized. But the demands upon its funds in North America,
and the ever-extending heathen empire of India, have, in a far greater proportion, increased, and
what has hitherto been done, though a cause of much
thankfulness, must not be allowed to divert our attention
from the much more that remains undone.

"No addition has been made to the number of the Clergy
in Canada West, since the Bishop's declaration, owing
to the constant increase of immigration and extension
of settlements, more than one hundred additional Clergy
were wanted, to relieve even a portion of their spiritual
distress.

"In New Brunswick there are many settlements
altogether beyond the reach of any missionary. In the
Bay of Placentia there is but one for 150 miles of stormy
coast; and such is the paucity of Clergy, that wherever
one is disabled by illness, the whole work of the
parish is interrupted, and he should be compelled to resign
his post, should any elapse before another is found to
succeed him.

"In New Brunswick, the Bishop has happily been en-
abled to send out a few more labourers into the vineyard;
but the whole number present is but thirty-five, and
it is stated that immediate employment could be found
for sixty.
"In short, throughout the colonies, not only of British
North America, but also of Australia, there is an urgent
want of more missionaries; and for lack of them, in many
districts, children grow up untaught and uneducated,
worship is neglected, and the Lord's day profaned—
the ordinance of marriage disregarded—the sick are un-
visited—the vicious unreclaimed, and many a settler who
went out from a Christian country with the fear and love
of God in his heart, is, through the absence of his fellow-
labourers, left to lapse into forgetfulness of his God,
and after a life of animal labour and indul-
gence, is laid in unallotted earth, without a prayer,
perhaps without a hope, by his children and neighbours, who
are left to follow the same cheerless course.
"And, perhaps, after this it may be unnecessary to say,
that there is an equal want of devoted men for the con-
version and instruction of our heathen fellow-subjects;
for it could hardly be expected, if so little sympathy is
shown for our emigrant countrymen, that the claims of
the heathen upon us should be estimated and met. And the
fact is, that a little difficulty is experienced in supply-
ing the increasing demands of India. At this time the
Society is anxious to recommend two or three additional
missionaries for the instruction of the numerous converts
in Timor, and would gladly receive applications from
all peculiarly qualified for that most important ser-
vice of labour. They must be fully alive to the high im-
portance of the service in which they are to be engaged, and
ready to give themselves wholly to it—they must be
men of devoted patience, and self-denial—willing to
sacrifice and be spent for the salvation of those for whom
they are sent, and who are the encouragement to men of
such a character to undertake this work? There does
not appear any reason to doubt," says the Bishop of Ma-
dras, "that any missionary sent to the islands of the
Archipelago, for the great salvation of 100,000 souls in a
few years, is no less a sowing man than can be se-
cured of continental clime, but must resolve as to meet
with storms, and with rough and grown seas, so to
redeem himself and passengers from their rage, some-
times with loss of freightage, sometimes of tackling, or
(in desperate extremities) of the vessel, with her
burden, so is there no Christian that can expect or
may desire a general exemption from temptations,
but must be content to prevent the shipwreck of faith
and conscience; one while with the loss of goods or
other appurtenances of mortal life; other while with
loss of some bodily part (for, if either hand or foot
be lost, it must be cut off, rather than Christ should
be forsaken); sometimes with losing all feasts of
friendship or dependence (for he that loses father or
mother, brother or sister, kith or kin, superior or in-
ferior, more than Christ, is not worthy of him); some-
times with dissolution of body and soul; 'for whoso-
ever will save his life shall lose it, and he that shall
lose it shall save it' (Matt. x. 39). Now, where the
frailty or furniture of life is precious, as if our fare
be delicate, our other pleasures or contents, in their
kind rare and delectable—our alliance and acquaint-
ance choice and amiable—our revenues ample, or au-
thority great—the flesh once tempted to forsake these
for preserving conscience upright, is ready to wrangle
with the spirit, as a greedy or a jealous owner would
do with a skilful pilot, advising in a tempest to lessen
the danger by lightening the ship. If the commodi-
ties be gross or base, the owner, perhaps, can be well
content to have some part cast overboard; but, if costly
and dear, or such as his heart is much set on, he had
rather adventure to perish with them under hatches, than
to see them cast into the sea, for to part with them is
death.—Some Christians, when blasts of temptation arise,
rather than they will break with their friends and ac-
quaintances, do finally sink with them, as ships are
sometimes cast away through the owners' unwillingness
to cut the cables or lose the anchors; some, when storms
of persecution begin to rage, rather than they will hazard
the loss of body, lands, or goods in truth's defence, drown
both body and soul in perdition.—Seeing the wisest of
us, as we are by nature or left to our own directions,
are more cunning merchants than ministers, and for the
most part, the greater part of the voyages we undertake,
as skilful in the commodities we traffic for, the best
resolution for our safety would be to load ourselves with
no greater quantity of riches, honour, or other nutriment
of voluptuous life, than shall be appointed us by the
peculiar instruction of God's Spirit, which best knows
the true burden of their brittle barks, how well or ill
they are

United States.

England from American ports, in United States vessels, if ground in the United States, no matter of what country the ground from which it is so ground is the produce...

NAVIGATION LAWS. To the Editor of the Coburg Star. Dear Sir, A short time since the question was put to me, 'Are you a Free Trader?' to which I frankly replied 'I am'

THE COMMERCIAL BANK. The following paragraph is taken from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, from which it has been transferred to the Rochester Democrat, and no doubt, to other papers in the United States.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

EDUCATION.

MRS. PETER KEEFER continues to receive a limited number of young ladies on Boarders, to whom she devotes her most watchful care, and attention, using every endeavour to promote their Moral and Religious welfare, intellectual improvement, lady-like deportment, health and happiness.

RECEIVER GENERAL'S OFFICE, Montreal, September 22, 1846. NOTICE. THE RECEIVER-GENERAL has made such arrangements for the payment of these claims, as will enable him, on the second day of January next, to pay the claims in Cash, within the Districts in which the claimants reside.

THOMAS WHEELER, WATCH MAKER, ENGRAVER, &c. No. 6, King Street East, Toronto. RESPECTFULLY solicits a share of public patronage. Every description of Watches and Clocks cleaned and repaired with accuracy and dispatch, and warranted.

TORONTO MARBLE WORKS, Opposite the Stores of Messrs. Thorne & Parsons, and close to the New Market, Front Street. THE Undersigned begs to acquaint his friends and the public, that this (his only Establishment) has been constantly on hand for sale or Commission Superior Assortment of Egyptian, Italian, and American Marbles, Consignees of the celebrated Carrara Marble Works of Mezza, Hyde, Fuller & Hyde, Vermont, and that he devotes his whole time and attention, personally, to the

BARNARD, CURTISS & Co. 110, Front Street, New York. HAVE constantly on hand, from their HUSBON OIL WORKS, Bleached and Unbleached WINTER and FALL Oils, of all kinds, such as Sperm, Elephant, Whale, and Lard Oil, and Sperm Candles, which they offer on favourable terms.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

THE REV. A. B. BOOMER, A.B., INCUMBENT OF ST. JACOB'S CHURCH, OAKVILLE. WILL be prepared, on the 1st of November next, to accommodate a limited number of PUPILS as BOARDERS, who shall in every respect be treated as members of his family.

