

# 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, JULY 29, 1837.

[NO. VII.]

## Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH.

"Twas the soft sunset hour;—  
On a low couch of pain a suff'ring lay  
In death's last agony,—a fragile flower,  
Whose latest fragrance breathing to decay,  
Yet lingered on the air; death had no power  
O'er her; her life had, like a summer-day,  
Passed on in loveliness without a cloud,  
Undimmed in purity; yet now she bowed  
Her soul before the storm without a sigh,  
Nor deemed it hard that one so young should die.—  
The friends she loved were round her: not alone  
She sunk, like those who on a foreign shore,  
No kindred near, have breathed their dying moan,  
Unwept, unheeded; in sweet broken tone,  
Her inward peace on all she sought to pour.

"Mother," she murmured low, "for me weep not;  
His spirit hovers o'er me; he who died  
Upon the cross a sinful world to save,  
Shuts out from me the terrors of the grave;  
His hand is with me now,—the love, the pride  
Of life and earth, are both alike forgot.

"Father, turn grief to joy, and cease to mourn.  
Would'st thou rejoice to see the grov'ling worm  
On radiant wings, a new-born creature, borne,  
And yet lament for me, when, passed my term  
Of earth's probation, I spring up a germ  
Of Paradise? Father, kneel down and pray;—  
What God has given God may take away.

"Brother, thy heart is full, now turn to Him  
In this thine hour of woe, and he will shed  
Light on thy soul,—a light no time may dim;  
Unquenched the flame from whence its torch is fed.

"Sister, (her voice grew weak) lament no more,  
My spirit's speeding fast to that bless'd shore  
Where grief shall never come: on earth my race  
Is nearly run; no more our steps shall trace  
Their path together in the wood and field;  
But let His hand be still thy guide and shield,  
And pray to Him, whose Love His words attest,—  
'Ye weary come and I will give you rest.'

There was a gentle sigh, as though her life  
Were loth to leave its tenement of clay,  
So pure and beautiful, without a strife  
For mastery with death. The fading light  
Of the sun's radiance beamed upon her brow,  
And then she smiled,—a smile serenely bright,  
As though that light had signified that now  
Her peace was made with God. The sunset shed  
Its softest hue upon her dying bed,  
And when the latest ray had crowned the hill,  
Her spirit passed, and all around was still.

J. C.

## THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. 1.

THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.\*

A Saint unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life.—Izaak Walton.

The Church of England has been singularly fortunate in the Bishops selected for the British Colonies. In India they have proved a succession of Martyrs.—the high-minded and intrepid Middleton, who laid the foundation stone of Episcopacy in the East—the refined and amiable James, discharging his sacred duties on his knees, when unable from excessive exertion in his holy calling, to stand upright.—the classical, the eloquent, the self-devoted Haber, the second delight of mankind,—the fervent and evangelic Turner,—all have been consigned to that early tomb which experience bade them anticipate, but from which duty forbade them to shrink. Daniel Wilson occupies their seat; and, whether Providence consigns him to a premature grave, or prolongs his life beyond the short number of days allotted to his predecessors after their arrival in India, we may confidently anticipate, that the bright career which he has hitherto run, will set in the full effulgence of Christian Faith. Sad as it may be to mourn over the bereavement the world has sustained by the loss of these Apostolic men, their heroic and calm devotedness has probably rendered as much service to Christianity as they themselves could, had Providence suffered them to fulfil the ordinary term of human existence.

Sad as our reflections may be, when we read of the benevolent labours of these standard-bearers of the establishment being abruptly cut short by sudden death, it is some consolation, in contemplating the future, to know that the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay have each a Bishop of their own; that a Robinson and a Carr will share the toil and burden of the day, with a Daniel Wilson at Calcutta; and that, in all probability, the division of labour will in some degree diminish episcopal mortality in the East.

Though the name of Bishop Stewart be not so widely known, as that of any one of the deceased Prelates of the Indian Hierarchy; though it be not conspicuous in the annals of Theological Controversy, or rendered memorable by literary labour, or scholastic achievement, yet, wherever it is known, it is held in respect and veneration, and adds to the lustre of the Colonial Bench. The Bishop of Quebec is emphatically a good man. He stands forth to the world, a primitive, apostolic Bishop, who derives no false, fictitious reputation from qualities more dazzling than

\*This Brief Sketch first appeared in the Toronto Courier, 21st November 1835.

useful; and whose mitre, as unsullied as that of Hough, is ever surrounded by a bright and steady halo.

Many men have revelled during their youthful days in the gratifications of sensuality, and at last, having exhausted every refinement of vice, and wearied and nauseated with a surfeit of pleasure, have by a sudden transition, become metamorphosed into harsh and ascetic bigots, denying to others a healthful draught of those pleasures, of which they themselves have quaffed to a hurtful excess. But the piety of our Bishop was not put on after he had flung off the garments of unrighteousness. It was a clothing he had assumed from his earliest youth; and the whiteness of his Christian raiment has not been sullied by the hot passions of youth, the ambitious schemes of manhood, or the grasping avarice of old age. Of noble birth, and connected with the first families among the aristocracy, he has ever been distinguished for real unostentatious humility, priding himself more on his Christian badge, than on his long line of ancestry. Hannah More, writing of him to Daniel Wilson in 1831, says: "I have had a visit from my valued friend Dr. S. (Stewart) from Canada. It was pleasing to hear a man of his birth speak of it, as a great advancement, that he was now appointed to be a travelling Missionary instead of a local one! I find him much improved in spirituality; but, as employed by the Society, he must of course be discreet. He has been the honored instrument since we last met of causing 24 churches to be built."

Though long since called to the Legislative Council, he has never entangled himself in party politics, or incurred this censure, applied by Burke, "that those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume." Yet tho' our Bishop forbears to embroil himself in the political heats which inflame this province, he strenuously upholds the interests, and the Establishment by Law of the Church committed to his care. Every society tending to relieve the distressed, to reform the wretched, to propagate the gospel, or to benefit mankind receives his ready and benevolent aid. Like Bernard Gilpin, he has raised from a lowly state, more than one young man, in whom he has perceived the germ of a spiritual nature, and the promise of fitness for the ministerial office—defrayed the expense of his education—and sent him forth to labour in the sacred vineyard. His private charities flow in a wide and never-failing current. No vain pomp, no superfluous luxuries, no costly furniture, no extravagant banquets exhaust his income; but on the widow, the orphan and the fatherless, his bounty silently and unceasingly descends.—His luxuries, are almsdeeds; his walks, are visits to the house of mourning; and his banquets, are those exquisite and incorruptible viands, which a pure and Nathaniel-like life administers to him who leads it.

In the pulpit Dr. Stewart delivers plain practical discourses, strongly imbued with Evangelic doctrines. He is more remarkable for earnestness than eloquence, and cares more to render himself intelligible than admired. He seeks to win souls in preference to court human applause by well rounded periods, or flowery declamation.

Bishop Stewart has sustained many severe privations and fatigues, in travelling through the almost impervious woods, during the early period of his ministry; at which time, it ought also to be added, he devoted the whole of his private income to acts of charity, and the wants of the Canadian Episcopal Church, then in its infancy. These journeys, and the labours and hardships encountered in the course of them, have rendered his lordship prematurely aged. Though born in 1775, and consequently only 60 years of age, he bears the appearance of being at least 15 years older. If the hoary head when found in the ways of righteousness, be a crown of glory, how much more honored, must that head be, which age has not silvered over, but which has been blanched by missionary toil, by many a weary travel through the tangled wilderness, and by a constant endurance of personal fatigue in the discharge of the most sacred duties. In his gait he rather stoops; and though venerable and dignified in aspect, is plain and almost homely in his manners. He is a son of the seventh, and late Earl of Galloway, by a daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Baronet; and is connected, by marriage, with the noble houses of Marborough, Donegal, Anglesey, Darnly and Feversham; he has also the gratification of being maternal uncle to one who has proved faithful among the faithless, the high minded and conservative, SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

The Church of England may rejoice in prelates more learned, more eloquent, more celebrated than Bishop Stewart. She cannot, however, exhibit one, who better merits the title of 'Good.' Such is his absence of guile, his single-hearted benevolence, his lively faith ripened into works, his practice of Apostolical Christianity,—that in after years, when the subject and writer of this sketch shall be crumbled into dust, he who contemplates the excellencies of this amiable Bishop, will be involuntarily led to exclaim, in the words of the Popish Priest over the grave of an Irish Prelate, "O! sis anima mea cum Bedello."

[Since the preceding sketch was written, the health of Bishop Stewart has gradually declined. About a year ago his Lordship found that,—not only by reason of his own exhausted strength, but of the growth of population, and the immense territory included within the ecclesiastical province of Quebec,—the division of the Diocese, and the appointment of an additional Bishop, could no longer be deferred, without vital injury to the welfare and usefulness of the Church. Under these circumstances, he renewed his hitherto fruitless applications to his Ma-

jesty's Government, and with what success they met, will be learned from the following extract from a letter addressed by the Bishop to the Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove, of Beacon Grange, Hexham, one of the warmest friends in England of our Colonial Church. The letter has been published in that valuable periodical, the Church of England Magazine:—

QUEBEC, 28th March, 1836.

"My sacrifice of £1000 per annum of my income to pay the salary of the new Bishop of Montreal, (which you are aware was the only step by which I could obtain from Government that absolutely necessary assistance,) increases my obligations to yourself and friends for all the help you give me. I am often sadly over-worked; but, through the mercy of God, sleep has proved to me a great restorative and good sign; yet I feel very uncertain of future health and strength."

It must be in the knowledge of every one who feels an interest in following the career of this venerable Prelate, that the uncertainty of health just alluded to, has not been succeeded by convalescence. In the same year his Lordship was compelled to return to the less severe climate of England, in which country he still labors for the church which his own exertions have mainly contributed to build up, and, utterly regardless of 'husbanding out life's taper at the close,' still yearns in his heart to resume the ministrations of his office, and die with the crosier in his hand.

A society for the assistance of the Church in Upper Canada has been formed in London, chiefly thro' his instrumentality, having for its President his nephew, the Earl of Galloway.]

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 7th July, 1837.

## HORA BIBLICA.

No. IV.

### THE PATHETIC.

In order to call into exercise the finer feelings of the human heart, it is necessary, that an author should on proper occasions be pathetic. I design now to shew, that the sacred volume is not defective in this species of composition; or rather, that it possesses some of the finest strokes of feeling that ever commanded the sympathy of the soul of man.

As the pathetic has more to do with the heart than the head, it must not be the result of manifest labour and contrivance. It is the child of simple nature; of nature in peculiar circumstances, overwhelmed with grief and sorrow, pouring out its feelings in strong yet simple language, bursting occasionally into expressions, which even the urgency of the case itself would hardly justify, if the mind were not so abandoned to sensations of grief, as to be incapable of rightly attending to the dictates of the understanding.

The History of Jacob will furnish us with a passage or two illustrative of this subject. When Joseph, the son of his favorite Rachel, to whom the aged parent had ever shown a most decided preference over all the rest of his children—when this son was sold by his envious brethren, and the report was brought home to the afflicted father—*Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.* (Gen. xxxvii. 34, 35.) How simple and natural in every word! And how impossible is it attentively to read the passage, without sympathizing with the bereaved parent! His immediate conduct on the receipt of the distressing intelligence—rending his clothes: his refusal of the officious and hypocritical consolations of his wicked sons; and his concluding rash resolution, which in a moment of calm reflection, he would have spurned as sinful;—all serve exceedingly to touch the heart; and the effect upon the mind of the reader is greatly increased, by his knowledge of the circumstance, of which Jacob was ignorant, that the sons, who were attempting to comfort him, had actually inflicted this wound upon his peace.

The next example to which I will allude, is one of the happiest illustrations of the pathetic that history has recorded, or imagination feigned. It is the speech of Judah before his unknown brother Joseph, for the purpose of rescuing Benjamin, his youngest brother, from captivity.

Instead of bringing forward illustrative observations on this passage, I have endeavoured to make some of its beauties more obvious to the mind of the general reader, by throwing the whole transaction into somewhat of a dramatic form. I am aware, that, while I have greatly lengthened the conversation, I have added nothing to its beauty. Nor did I expect, by any feeble effort of mine, to do justice to one of the most touching narratives that ever was related. But the knowledge of the cursory way in which scripture is often read, and the imaginary dullness with which the minds of most persons generally invest the sacred volume, suggested to me, that perhaps, by modernizing the form of the story a little, some might be induced to attend to it more willingly, and might determine to search the sacred writings for beauties such as no uninspired composition can furnish, such as no human hand can touch without injuring them.

The scene begins where the brethren of Joseph are brought back into his presence, and Joseph reproaches them with their dishonest and ungrateful conduct.

JOSEPH.

—Basest of plunderers!

Who, not content with common pilfering,  
Have come, and feasted at my piteous board;  
Then robb'd the friend that saved you from the jaws  
Of greedy famine, waiting to devour you!

Is this your quick requital of my kindness,  
To steal my sacred cup of divination?  
And did you thus imagine to escape  
From the keen eye of one who can divine?  
But judgment will o'take you : tell me now  
What have you done, and wherefore you have done it?

JUDAH.

Prostrate before thy feet, behold we fall,  
Confounded at the strange mysterious cause  
Which brings us here, as guilty, to thy bar!  
What can we say, to clear ourselves, to thee?  
The mighty God, whose eyes are over all,  
Who knows the secret purpose of the heart,  
And guides the destinies of all our race,  
Has seen the wickedness we thought to hide;  
And now, the hour of retribution's come—  
Henceforth are we thy slaves! but not for sin  
Committed against thee : Heaven knows our crime  
Is of far deeper dye—long since committed,  
By us well nigh forgotten; but now again  
Forced on our recollection by a voice  
That will at length be heard by the most harden'd!  
Now we, and all we have, are thine for ever!

JOSEPH.

Cease in such bitter strains thy fate to mourn;  
Deep as your crime is, I disdain to take  
The full amount of vengeance on the guilty.  
Leave only him who dared to steal my cup,  
And let the residue in peace depart.

JUDAH.

O ! let thy humbled servant dare to speak  
To him, whose name is scarcely less than Pharaoh's.  
When thou didst ask us, "have ye not a father?  
Have ye no brother in your father's house?"  
We told thee, that our aged parent stood  
Just on the grave's dark brink; with nothing left  
To cheer him in this earthly wilderness,  
But one sweet flower, a young and darling child—  
Son of his age—son of the wife he loved—  
Son of his mother's grief—his father's joy:  
For as she brought him into life, she died,  
And to her weeping husband left this pledge.  
Another branch from the same cherished stock,  
Once flourish'd fair beneath the parent's eye:  
But he is long since gone.—Think, how my father  
Clings to this relic of his former joys!  
When thou didst bid us bring this child to thee,  
Or thou wouldst never see our faces more,  
The gloomy tidings to our sire convey'd,  
Pierc'd like an arrow to his aching heart.  
He dwelt upon the loss of his dear wife,  
And of her elder son, till tears stole down  
His furrow'd cheek—then to his bosom press'd  
His darling child—"why did ye tell the man,"  
He then would say, "that ye had yet a brother?  
Have ye conspir'd to rob me of my child?  
If of my dearest children I'm bereav'd,  
Oh, how am I bereav'd! Joseph is not,  
And Simeon too is not : and will ye take  
My Benjamin away; Should ill befall him,  
Then, O ye cruel sons, then will ye bring  
These few grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."  
When I beheld the unutterable woe  
Depicted on an aged parent's cheek,  
My bleeding heart could scarce sustain the sight  
Of such deep misery. I long'd for power  
To chase the sorrow from his lab'ring breast,  
And solemnly declar'd, I'd bring him back again,  
Or bear the blame for ever : such was my oath.  
At length with trembling hand and fainting heart,  
He gave the dear deposit to my care,  
With many a solemn charge to keep it safe.  
And now, if I return without the boy,  
How can I meet my father? When he asks,  
"Where is my lovely child, my Benjamin?  
And no voice answers to his eager call—  
He'll sink at once beneath the load of sorrow  
Down to the grave!—O, take me as a bondman,  
Bind me as a willing captive with the chain  
Of basest servitude; yet send my brother  
Back to his tender father's fond embrace.  
High as my ardent bosom beats for freedom,  
I'd rather linger out my weary life  
In some dark dungeon, friendless and unblest'd,  
Than see that evil on my father come,  
Which my sad heart assures me will arrive,  
When in his agony of grief, he learns  
That we have left his Benjamin in bonds.

I will only beg the reader to observe the effect of this address on the heart of Joseph. It appears, that he had no intention whatever of discovering himself to his brethren at that time. He wished to keep Benjamin : but perhaps from motives of policy, perhaps from a fear lest his connexion with persons who were an abomination to the Egyptians might expose him to the displeasure of Pharaoh, or might weaken that firm authority which he had acquired over the nation, it is evident, he still meant to act the part of a stranger to his brethren. But so irresistible was the pathetic eloquence of Judah, that it instantaneously fanned all the smothered sparks of affection in the breast of Joseph into a blaze. He could no longer refrain himself; he instantly dismissed his Egyptian attendants, and made a disclosure which created mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, in the minds of his astonished brethren.

J. K.

## THE CHURCH PRAYERS.

A DIALOGUE.

Stephen.—Why, grandfather, if here isn't Mary Silly woman coming.

Old Steady.—Ah indeed! ask her in.

Stephen.—Good morning, Mary, I hope you are better, I am glad to see you about again.

Mary.—Good morning to you, James; I am better, thank God! but I have had a long sick time of it. Will you believe I haven't been out beyond our Garden for weeks and weeks till to day? However, I believe I'm come to go to church along with you now.

Old Steady.—I'm glad to hear it, Mary.

Mary.—But I should like to ask you one or two questions, James, concerning the church prayers; for the people, that we talked about some time back, said something of them that rather troubled me.

Old Steady.—What was it, Mary? I believe Satan knows too well by experience the power of the church of England

Liturgy against his kingdom, to let it pass without a blow, whenever he can aim one at it.

Mary.—Why, they tell me, James, that we that go to church, don't pray from the heart, but only with the lips, because we use a form prepared for us.

Old Steady.—I should like to look that man in the face, Mary, who would be bold enough to tell me I don't pray from the heart, when I am engaged in our public worship. To my sorrow be it said, I can often do this more in the Lord's house, at such a time, than by myself, in my own room. Many a time has the fire of devotion kindled in my own soul, from the holy warmth of my fellow-sinners praying in our forms round me, and I have truly enjoyed the presence of my Saviour, according to his well-known promise. Now, this is the answer of thirty years' experience, Mary, and one fact like this swallows up, as Moses' rod did the magician's serpents, all the fancies, and the follies, which may be brought against our Liturgy on this head. But, I have no objection to drop this fact for a minute, and just meet them on any ground they please. Do they say forms of prayer are unscriptural? they dare not, Mary. God himself supplied his "Church in the wilderness" with some; and those Jewish forms our Lord and his apostles regularly used. Again, the Lord Jesus gave one (and it is a model to frame all prayers by) for the benefit of his church until she want to pray no more. Now, that the disciples and their converts did not use the form which the Lord had given them, cannot reasonably be supposed; and that their public worship was conducted in other such forms, particularly those which the praying Psalms supply, seems to be pretty clear from different passages in "the Acts," and Epistles. But, however this may be, Mr. Lovechrist has told me more than once, that from all which good and learned men have been able to make out from old writings, it is beyond dispute that all Christian churches, in every nation of the earth, did from the very first times use public forms of prayer, and particularly "the Lord's prayer," as we do ourselves. And this seems to a plain man, like me, one of the most satisfactory proofs that could be had; for, certainly, they who lived closest to the times of the Apostles, and their successors, were best able to know, and the most likely to follow the apostles' religious practices; just as those who are acquainted with you and me, Mary, or with those who know us, would be better able to write, or tell of our life and habits, than any who may come ages after us. 'Tis a comfort, therefore, that the outcry of these latter days against forms of prayer cannot drown the quiet voice of time, speaking plainly to us through eighteen hundred years.

Mary.—Well, I'm sure, I little thought that any thing like this could be said of our old church form of worship and prayer. I wonder any one should have any thing to say against it, but a good many of them at Jenny Tongue-run's said that the Prayer book was of no use, and that they couldn't pray with forms of prayer.

Old Steady.—That may be, Mary,—but if either of them were now here, I should content myself with answering, "what you can't then, others can." But let us come a little closer to these good folks, Mary. Tell me, I would say to them, how you manage when the person who is praying aloud among you, supplies (as he must) the thoughts and feeling, and words of your prayer? To put your Amen to it, you must first hear it; and when you have heard it, as it didn't come from your own mind, but was born of another, it is to all intents and purposes a form to you; supposing, therefore, it had been taken down as the words fell from the lip of the speaker, (and they tell me there are persons so nimble-handed in this day that they can write as fast as the tongue can speak,) why, it might have been handed round, as the form, which all of you who followed in it had just used; and then, what is the difference betwixt this and any other form of prayer except in the matter of time? yours, to be sure, was made on the spot, while most of ours have grown old in the service of God's people, some of them having been well known at the throne of grace for fifteen hundred years. Now this last is a delightful consideration to me—here I enjoy communion with the saints above, as well as below: it pleases me to think, that in their forms, I'm using the spiritual "threshing instruments," (you remember how God promised to make Israel one, Isaiah 41. 15) with which they used to "thresh the mountains and beat them small"—(God grant me the arm of Faith to wield them as well!) and, the nearer these old prayers come to those early times, the nearer they stand to that age, when the Spirit was poured out upon the church, "like floods upon the dry ground."

A few drops of that "Gracious rain," which began with the Apostles, might still have been falling on those Apostle-like men, who have left us the legacy of their devotions. Lastly, I might add, that it is more difficult really to pray in the words of another, where you have scarcely time to consider the meaning of each sentence, much less to pitch your spirit to it, than it is to make that prayer your own with which you are well acquainted. This is my answer to these despisers of forms of prayer, Mary; who seem to travel so fast after their will o' the wisps, that they outrun good sense, and leave sober truth behind.

Mary.—And truly, James, as far as a poor ignorant woman like me, who am no scholar can judge, I think they would have hard work to prove their own words. It really does me good to talk with you, for I don't know half the value of the church of England, though I was born and bred in her, as you may say—and, if it isn't troubling you too much, I should be glad to hear you say a little more about the prayer-book.

Dame Steady.—Ah! Mary! you little think how my old master's spirit gets up when he is talking of our Liturgy. I believe, next to his Bible, he prizes the prayer-book beyond every other book in the world; and I've heard him say, that he has there found "the throne of grace;" and met his Saviour oftener than any where else.

Old Steady.—'Tis true what the Dame says, Mary—I do love the blessed Liturgy, though I love it, I trust, in proper measure as the work of man. To me, it has been a sort of "high-way of holiness" along which I could move up to God. I have found in it petitions, and confessions, and praises suited to every frame and posture of my mind; and in such language, so strong

and beautiful, and yet so plain withal, that I never wished for any other to unload my mind with, or put forth my feelings and thoughts upon. And no wonder that this should be so, Mary, when you consider who they were that put together our common Prayer-Book. Why, they were men, most of them, full of the Spirit of God, men who knew the human heart in all its weakness, and wickedness and wants—and what is best of all, who knew by experience the blessed Gospel remedy. Like wise physicians, they were acquainted with our sad disorder, and with the power of its cure, and the way of using it. Every prayer they have put there is a lesson to me, as well as a prayer, for it shews me what I ought to be. If I can't confess sin in the spirit in which they do, they are plainly humbler, holier, more "convinced of sin" than I am. If I am not sensible of my blindness and helplessness as well as of my corruption and guilt, if I have no desire after righteousness, and no heart to praise and bless God, then the forms which they have given me, bear constant witness against my sinful deficiencies. And thus I get acquainted with myself, and am indebted for many precious hints besides to these devout and experienced worshippers. Nor is this true only of a poor ignorant man like me. It is the beauty of our public devotions, that the highest minds, as well as the lowest can join in them and be satisfied. That which the King finds suitable for him, the tongue of the unlearned cottager can "say Amen" to. And then also, they have so carefully and wisely allowed for the many different states and degrees of grace, that for the weakest faith as well as the strongest, for the "babe in Christ" as well as the full-grown Christian, for the prodigal just "come to himself," as well as for the saint ready for his crown, from Manasseh, the publican, and the Magdalene, up to Elijah, David, and St. Paul, there is length, and depth, and breadth, and height for their souls to move in! This reminds me of a favorite saying of Mr. Lovechrist's about the Fathers of our Reformed Church; that they were "nursing fathers" and "nursing mothers," too; and that they joined together in one, the characters both of the eagle and the hen. You may mind that beautiful song of Moses in the 32nd of Deuteronomy where he speaks of the eagle teaching her young to fly—he says, she "stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them on her wings"—well, so, says Mr. Lovechrist, have these holy men, by setting before us their own heavenly flights, aimed to teach our souls how to soar even to "the third heaven"—and again, like the kind and careful hen, (which our Lord Jesus so touchingly talked about, when he stood on the hill over Jerusalem, with tears running down his cheeks,) they have taken such thought for the tender and weakly ones of the church's brood, that there are thoughts and confessions and prayers, just suited to the particular case of each.

(To be Continued.)

## THE CHURCH.

COBourg, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837.

THE WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—The recollection that the founder of the Methodists was a Clergyman of the Church of England, and that, with dying voice, he urged upon his followers the same unchanged affection towards it which he himself so strongly felt, must always impress us with a species of parental regard towards that body:—although, doubtless, in their influential family, there are many who entertain no reciprocal feeling of filial piety and reverence. Another tie undoubtedly is, the close similarity, in general, between the doctrines maintained and taught by both:—it is true there are some important points on which we may differ; but still the leading and distinctive principles of Protestantism are held and inculcated by Methodists as well as Churchmen. But what, in the present day, must draw more closely the bonds and ligaments of affinity and love, is the noble stand which the Wesleyans, in the mother country, have made in succour of their parent church. When the great political battle had begun, and the forces of infidels were arrayed with dissenters to overturn the national altars, and break down all those noble monuments of the Reformation which constitute England's greatest glory, boldly and nobly did the Wesleyan Methodists plant themselves by the side of the Established Church. Like the vine to the oak, they clung, in the hour of danger, to their own best support;—resolved that, if the bolt should smite, or the whirlwind uproot that venerated tree of centuries, they would enwreath it in its fall and perish too.

We were pleased to observe that, in the Address of the British to the Canadian Conference, as published in a late number of the Christian Guardian, the following excellent advice was affectionately offered:—

"We are not ignorant of your peculiar situation, or of the strong political excitements to which you are frequently exposed. While, however, we admire your anxiety to promote the civil improvement of your new and interesting country, may we venture affectionately to guard you against the evils of violent partisanship; and urge you, in imitation of the example of our great founder, to recommend, both by precept and example, loyalty to the King, and scriptural obedience to his Government."

We believe that the disposition to act upon this advice is very general in the respectable body to whom it is addressed, and that, as a whole, the members of their connexion are actuated by the Scriptural sentiments thus recommended;—but we think we discern, in the following recorded resolution of the Canadian Conference, published in the same paper, some departure from the spirit, at least, of the wholesome and parental caution which, in the above-quoted document, was conveyed:—

"That the continued efforts of certain members of the Church of England to maintain an ascendancy over their Christian brethren of other denominations, who ought to stand on a perfect equality with them, will, if successful, be in direct violation of those principles of civil and religious liberty for the maintenance of which this Conference still, as formerly, contends, as being essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of His Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects in this Province."

Now, we consider such a resolution to be contradictory to the spirit of the advice offered by the British Conference, because it

would go to the abolition of a solemn enactment of our Constitutional Charter;—and the wanton violation of established law, or the reckless spoliation of vested rights can never, by the right-minded and the Christian-minded, be otherwise considered than as an innovation upon the obedience due to constituted authorities. Besides, we conceive it very clearly demonstrable that the resolution itself involves certain erroneous premises,—as for example, that the church of England in this Province desires an ascendancy over other denominations. It seems to us a most unfair mode of reasoning to allege that the manifestation of some zeal in the maintenance of a lawful property amounts to a desire of supremacy over others. Nor can we conceive how the exercise of this zeal is any more the indication of such a spirit, than are the very natural efforts of the Wesleyan body themselves to secure what they deem their legal right in the chapels and burial-grounds which have lately become the subject of litigation!

That the desire, however, of the Church of England in Canada to retain the means, which are legally hers, of increasing the number of her ministers, and extending the benefits of her Protestant and Scriptural principles, can fairly be construed into a love of dominion over others, is a conclusion at which the unprejudiced mind can scarcely arrive. To augment her folds, and multiply her shepherds is certainly her ambition; and it is one of which, if culpable, she is content to bear the blame.

We believe that it has very generally been conceded that upon the body of the English Church and Clergy, a spirit of intolerance is not justly to be charged; and none have been more forward with this acknowledgment than Methodists themselves. Why, then, should the extension of that church,—when any accompanying civil or religious jurisdiction, affecting other denominations, is neither expected nor asked,—be a subject of alarm or jealousy to a single Christian mind? With Wesleyan Methodists, retaining, as we presume they do, the principles of their founder, ought it not rather to be a cause for congratulation? They confess with earnestness, yes and with affection, the blessed influence of the Establishment in the Mother Country, and they feel and declare it to be the great bulwark of Protestantism:—may not the day, by possibility, arrive when, in these Provinces, the diffusion and settlement of the same principles may be hailed with similar thankfulness and joy, as that which has interposed a successful barrier against the blight of infidelity, the sullenness of bigotry, or the ravings of fanaticism?

It is our painful duty to announce to our readers, the mournful intelligence of the death of our beloved monarch  
**King William the Fourth.**  
 This most melancholy event took place at Windsor Castle on the 20th of June, at ten minutes to three o'clock.—As the packet ship which brought the afflicting intelligence sailed from London on the day of the demise of His Majesty, we are unable in this number to give further particulars of that distressing event.

**CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.**  
 RECTORY OF CORNWALL.

The Rev. George Archbold, Incumbent. Service is performed once in Cornwall, in the forenoon, on each Sunday, and once in Mouloulette, on each Sunday evening. At the latter place a very handsome church has recently been erected, and finished in a superior style, at the sole expense of the late Adam Dixon Esq. In the year 1836, there were Baptisms 129; Marriages 22; Funerals 45; Communicants 112.

CHURCHES OF TECUMSETH AND WEST GWILLIMBURY.  
 To the Editor of the Church.

MR. EDITOR.—As there is nothing connected with the interests of our Church of greater importance than the affording every possible facility to the procuring of resident ministers in every place where a demand for them exists, it cannot but be gratifying to your readers to find by the letter from the Bishop of Montreal, which appeared in the third number of "the Church" that such strenuous exertions are employed at the present time in England, for the obtaining of more adequate funds for this express purpose; and that the "Experiment" which has just been tried in the Townships of Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury, has proved so completely successful: and of course likely to lead to numerous other similar applications and results. You are aware, perhaps, that on the strongly expressed desire of many of the Protestant Irish Inhabitants of Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury, to the Rev. Henry Hugh O'Neill, the Travelling Missionary, that a Clergyman might be sent to them, in which case they would do all they could to contribute to his support; Mr. O'Neill applied to the "Upper Canada Clergy Society;" and they promptly responded to the call by sending out to them the Rev. Mr. Ostler, who has just been ordained Priest in reference to these two Missions, by the Bishop of Montreal; and who was to settle among them, provided that they on their part, would pledge themselves to secure for the next ten years, a suitable sum towards his maintenance, in addition to that allowed by the Society. This they have done with an alacrity and liberality highly creditable to them; and which affords a pleasing indication of the extent of Church attachment, which only needs the fosterings of hope to be called into strong and lively exercise. One circumstance was mentioned to me which was exceedingly pleasing. A person presented himself as a subscriber of a dollar, whose means were far from affluent, and who was also a member of another communion. On being asked if he was apprised of the nature of the engagement into which he was entering, he answered "yes—an annual subscription of a dollar for 10 years for the support of a Church Minister;" and producing a five dollar note he added, "and here is my subscription for the first five years."—The whole sum, I find, which is already pledged is £78. 5. 0. per annum.\* These willing-hearted people also are taking

\* It may not be unacceptable to your readers to be furnished with the form of the Instrument employed on this occasion, as it may possibly prove a guide in other similar instances, or at least, show into what kind of engagement it is necessary to enter in order to obtain similar aid from the society of which mention has been made above, in reference to Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury, or from any other similarly designated funds.

measures for the procuring [of a house for their minister who has just arrived among them; and they are now anxiously desirous of completing the two churches, one in each Township, which for some time past have been in progress of building.— In regard to these, however, they are under the necessity of looking for aid to others; and it is, I believe, the intention of Mr. O'Neill to plead their cause, and that of others similarly circumstanced, as occasion may require. On his way from these Townships to Toronto, he appealed to the people of Thornhill on their behalf, and I was glad to find that the collection amounted to £14 7 0, a sum, indeed, but trifling in proportion to the demands of the case, and yet such as if followed by similar contributions from other Churches, will prove in no small degree subsidiary to the attainment of their wishes. In all such cases the Apostolical declaration should have its full weight, "and truly their debtors they are." As christian brethren—as members of the same communion—as those who have already the privilege of churches and a regular ministry themselves—they should feel it incumbent upon them to stretch out a ready and liberal hand, to aid those who are thus struggling in their incipient effort, and are half overwhelmed with the multiplicity of their present purposes. I am quite glad that Mr. O'Neill has entered with so much spirit into these different matters; and would hope that his endeavours in these and all other respects will be attended with no ordinary measure of blessing from above.

Believe me, Mr. Editor,  
 Yours very sincerely,  
 A GRATIFIED OBSERVER.

TO THE CLERGY OF THE MIDLAND, NEWCASTLE, AND PRINCE EDWARD DISTRICTS.

Reverend Brethren,—I take this method of reminding you that the next meeting of THE MIDLAND CLERICAL ASSOCIATION will be held in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, on WEDNESDAY, THE 9TH OF AUGUST, at TEN o'clock, A. M. when a punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

I am, Rev. Brethren,  
 Your faithful servant,  
 A. F. ATKINSON,  
 Secretary.

St. John's Parsonage, }  
 Bath, July 21st, 1837 }

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.	

[FROM THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.]  
**DIOCESE OF NOVA SCOTIA.**

THE VISITATION.—Agreeably to public notice and to the citations sent to the Clergy of this Archdeaconry, the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia held his second Visitation at St. Paul's Church, Halifax, on Thursday the 18th May, which was attended by thirty Clergymen from the several parishes in this province, seven being absent from various causes. The usual service was performed at St. Paul's on Thursday morning, the prayers being read by the Rev. Dr. McCawley, president of King's College, Windsor; after which the Bishop delivered his charge in a very impressive manner. As this important document will appear in print, in compliance with the unanimous wish of those to whom it was addressed, we shall merely observe that the altered circumstances of the Clergy since the last visitation, made it necessary for his Lordship to advert at considerable length to the temporal affairs of the Church, and to the present and prospective resources for its support. Favourable notice was taken of the Clerical Societies which have been formed in various parts of the Diocese, and have already been instruments of so much benefit to their members and their respective congregations. But the most prominent object recommended in the Charge, was the formation of a CHURCH SOCIETY, for the purpose of combining the Laity and Clergy more effectually together, and concentrating their energies for the promotion of the interests of the Church and of Religion in general. We give in another column the proceedings afterwards had on this subject. His Lordship's address was listened to with marked attention by the Clergy, and by a large congregation of the laity. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was present. After the duties at St. Paul's were over, the Clergy repaired to the National School-house, where several subjects, suggested by the Bishop for the advantage of the Church, were discussed in a brotherly spirit.

On Friday, there was again morning service in St. Paul's, when prayers were read by Rev. Dr. Shreve of Chester,—sermon by Rev. Edwin Gilpin of Annapolis, from John, 17th ch. 21st and 22d verses, on the obligation and the benefit of preserving the unity of the Church,—a sound and very seasonable discourse. After Divine service, the Archdeacon and Clergy went in a body to the residence of the Bishop, where the following address was presented to his Lordship:—

To the Hon. and Right Rev.  
 The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

We, the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Nova Scotia, beg to convey to your Lordship the expression of our thanks for the excellent and affectionate Charge yesterday addressed to us; and

"We whose names are subscribed to these presents declare ourselves hereby firmly bound, ourselves, our heirs and administrators to pay or cause to be paid during the space or term of ten years from this date, annually, the sums opposite to our respective names to A. B. C. D. and E. F. their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Trustees for receiving subscriptions towards the support of the clergymen of the united church of England and Ireland, stationed in the townships of Tecumseth and West Gwillimbury. The payment to be well and truly made yearly—that is to say on the \_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_ in each and every year during the term of ten years as aforesaid; and for the purpose as aforesaid, and for no other purpose whatsoever. Signed and sealed this \_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_ in the year \_\_\_\_.

NAMES.	SUMS.	SEALS.
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under a sense of the great appropriateness of your remarks to the present circumstances of the Church in this colony, we venture to solicit that it may appear in print.

But while expressing our wishes on this subject, we cannot but take occasion to acknowledge our obligation to your Lordship for the active and successful zeal which you have ever manifested for the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church in this Diocese, since the Providence of God has placed it under your care.

In particular, we desire to make known to your Lordship, our grateful sense of your unremitting endeavours to uphold the collegiate Institutions at Windsor, which, under Divine Providence, appear to constitute the indispensable means of training up a succession of qualified men for the ministry. On looking back to the alarming perils which lately impended over them, we have reason to consider your zeal and exertions as the chief cause to which may be justly attributed their present successful operation, and the permanent footing on which they are now established.

We rejoice to find that, notwithstanding the difficulties in which the Colonial Church has for some time back been involved, it still continues, under God's blessing to be prosperous.

In conclusion, we cordially reciprocate your Lordship's wishes to preserve unanimity and zealously to co-operate for the promotion of "true religion and virtue." And that it may please an overruling Providence, to grant us a long continuance of your successful supervision of the Church in this extensive Diocese, and to accompany all your endeavours with His blessing, is the sincere and ardent prayer of—(Signed by)

ROBERT WILLIS, Archdeacon, and all the Clergy.

To which the Bishop extemporaneously replied, in a very affecting manner, and in the following terms:—

I thank you sincerely, my Reverend Brethren, for the affectionate address which you have just presented. It is gratifying to me to find that we all have the same view of the circumstances under which the Church in this colony is now placed; and as you consider the Charge, to which you listened with kind attention, may be made useful, your desire to see it in print shall be gratified.

Your affectionate regard overrates the value of the endeavours which I have felt it my duty to make on behalf of the Church committed to my superintendance. If they have been blessed with any success, you will join with me in giving all praise and glory to Him who alone can make the feeble efforts of his servants effectual.

The Collegiate Institutions at Windsor are deserving of our warmest regard and best exertions. They have been endeared to me from the time of their first establishment, and shall never want such aid as I may be enabled to afford for their defence and support. I need only say that of thirty Clergymen, which the present visitation has assembled, no less than twenty-six were educated there.

For your affectionate desire to co-operate in every effort to cherish unanimity in the Church, I return my repeated thanks;—and for your prayer that our connexion may be long continued as fellow-labourers in the service of our Master, I would return all my heart can offer. The period of our happy union is with Him who cannot err when He shall see fit to interrupt it. Let it be our prayer that the connexion, while it continues, and the separation when He shall sever it, may alike be blessed by His unbounded mercy, to His glory, and the benefit of His Church.  
 JOHN NOVA SCOTIA.

May 19th, 1837.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUFUS has been received. His well written communication will appear shortly under the head of "The Saurday Preacher."

LETTERS received during the week, ending July 29th, 1837; (in our last for 21st June, read 21st July.)

Rev. G. Hallen, rem:—Mr. H. Sinton, rem;—Rev. A. F. Atkinson, rem:—Rev. J. Grier, add. subs:—Rev. R. Y. Rogers, subs. and rem:—Rev. G. Salmon, (will feel indebted to him for the careful return of all back Nos. in his possession); Rev. T. Johnson, rem:—H. Ermatinger Esq. rem:—(postmasters are only expected to pay 10s. per annum)—Rev. W. F. S. Harper, subs:—H. Hughes Esq. add. subs:—Rev. Geo. Archbold.—Major Phillipotts R. E. with enc.: Rev. J. L. Alexander, subs: his request shall be attended to if possible.—T. Parker, Esq. rem:—Revd. J. Cochran, subs. and rem:—Revd. J. Padfield, subs:—his request shall be complied with if possible.—Rev. W. Abbot will oblige us by returning the back Nos.:—Rev. H. J. Grasett, with encl:—Rev. S. Armour, subs. and com:—A. Davidson, Esq. back nos. with note:—Rev. R. Rolph, add. subs. we shall take an early opportunity of attending to his request:—Rev. T. Greene, add. subs., he shall be written to next week. Rev. C. B. Fleming's packet of No. 4, duly received: [will he oblige us by the return of the others transmitted, as they are much wanted to furnish fresh subscribers in U. C. ?]

We have to acknowledge, since our last, the receipt of the Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder, and of the Gambier Observer, Ohio;—for which we beg to offer our best thanks. Our valuable ally, the Gospel Messenger, is also regularly received; but we have been favoured, as yet, with only one No. of the Boston Christian Witness, from the columns of which we lately presented our readers with a beautiful and valuable extract.

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. McGregor, or T. McCrear Esquires, Church Wardens, Chatham, U. C.

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

## Poetry.

"Save, Lord, or we Perish."

MATTHEW viii., 25.

While thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Saviour! once rocked on the wave of the billow,  
Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,  
Then send down thy Grace, thy redeemed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."  
*Bishop Heber.*

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

V. ABRAHAM—CONTINUED.

29. What number of trained servants, born in his house, did Abraham muster, when he went out against Chedorlaomer and his associates?—GEN.

30. What were the two occasions on which he so sinfully perverted?—GEN.

31. What did Abraham so nobly say, when there were disputes between his herdsmen and those of his nephew Lot?—GEN.

32. What part of his history shews his pleading and interceding spirit?—GEN.

33. In what instance did he so strikingly discover his prompt obedience to God's command, and his entire resignation to his divine will?—GEN.

34. What was the hidden grace from which this obedience and resignation flowed?—GEN.

35. From what passage does it appear that the exercise of this grace in Abraham gave glory to God?—ROM.

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

No. I.

## THE COVERT.

Attending lately some lectures on electricity, I was struck by the earnestness with which the speaker dissuaded his auditors from yielding to the temptation of taking refuge under an oak, during a thunder-storm. He described this king of the forest as being the most unsafe of all apparent shelters, from its peculiar tendency to attract the electric fluid; illustrating, by experiments, the fearful consequences of the invited shock. The subject long occupied my mind, giving rise to reflections of more deep and solemn interest than the apprehensions of mere bodily destruction could excite.

When the judgments of the Lord are abroad upon the earth—when the thunder of his reproof is heard, and the lightning of his awakened wrath flashes before the startled eye of man,—the sinner, conscience-struck, will look around, seeking a covert from the storm. In less alarming seasons he found a shelter that seemed to answer all his purposes—some system of man's devising; a stately specimen, perhaps, of the wisdom that is from beneath. A religion of forms, and words, and sentiments, has perhaps often helped to ward off the little peltings of a passing cloud, and moderated, or seemed to moderate, the scorching rays of temptation. It has helped to keep him externally decent; while others, who lacked such a shelter, walked about openly discomfited and defiled. Why should he now question its powers of defence? In vain is he cautioned, in vain assured, that he trusts in a refuge of lies; and, by so doing, hastens to a swifter and more sure destruction. He credits not the warning voice; he clings to his old covert, his own righteousness, his moral respectability, his stated duties of lip-service and will-worship;—and there he abides, until the fiery bolt descends, cleaving his vain defence and smiting him with everlasting destruction. Such is the miserable end of him who seeks, by the works of the law, to be justified before God.

And who shall then be safe when the quiver of the Almighty is scattered around, and the dart of vengeance seems pointed at each guilty bosom? He shall be safe, who, rejecting all that earth can offer, renouncing all that flesh can do, goes forth into the unsheltered space, and casts himself upon the Lord alone.—Does he dread the hand upraised to smite?—The shadow of that hand is his only hiding place. O, let him but behold in it the hand that was nailed to the cross on Calvary; the hand from which trickled a crimson stream to wash away his sin; and, tho' it grasp the lightning that shall consume every unbeliever, it has no terrors for him. He knows that the briars and thorns, yea, the oaks and palaces that man confides in, are but set in array against God, provoking him to go through and consume them;—but he who flies to Jesus, and, in the boldness of simple faith, takes hold of his strength, shall find that in him is perfect security. Appointed to be the Judge of all men, Christ is terrible indeed to those who reject his rule. Rocks and mountains shall vainly be invoked to hide from the wrath of the Lamb such as now make light of his message of love. For them, all the terrors of the broken law remain; and from its vengeance nothing can shield them. But equally true it is, that to the humble believer this awful Judge is the surest of advocates; and the very power that makes him terrible to others, seals the confidence of his children. They know him as one mighty to save; they know that, towards them,

"He hath still'd the law's loud thunder,  
He hath quenched Mount Sinai's flame."

In the hour of elementary strife, nature leads us to the lofty tree, while reason brings many plausible arguments to recommend such a shelter; but when science has revealed the peril of fleeing to it, he must be indeed infatuated who prefers not the open plain. In like manner, nature and carnal reason oppose the act of confiding faith, as the very madness of enthusiastic folly, and would fain persuade us to turn to some refuge of man's contriving; but the light of revelation, directed to our hearts by the Holy Spirit, exhibits the danger of such a course; and the

believer, strengthened with might by that spirit in the inner man, goes forth to meet his Lord, seeking no covert but the strong tower of his adorable name.

## SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. VI.

LONDON, CONTINUED;—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL; THE COLOSSEUM; ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

That I should have been ten days in London without visiting London's greatest wonder, St. Paul's Cathedral, may reasonably excite some surprise; but no opportunity had previously occurred of allowing for the minute inspection of this noble edifice all the hours which justice to its manifold attractions would require. But its exterior aspect had not gone without examination; for who that walks up Ludgate Hill towards the magnificent cathedral, has not often paused to contemplate its beautiful and commanding front? There stands a magnificent portico consisting of twelve Corinthian columns, with another above supported by eight: at the respective angles rise two elegant turrets, each terminating in a dome ornamented with a gilt pine apple;—the one containing the clock, whose deep-toned announcement of the hour is heard above every other in London, and the other is used for the belfry. From the centre of the building rises the stupendous dome, about 200 feet above the roof of the building, terminated by a ball, on the summit of which is placed the well-known and appropriate emblem of the Christian faith—the cross.

St. Paul's, unlike York Minster or Westminster Abbey, has a modern appearance, being built in the purest style of Grecian architecture, and of white Portland stone. Most of this beautiful material, however, has lost its snowy whiteness, having grown grey and black from the storms of more than a century which have beaten against it, and not least from the smoky vapour which so strongly affects the atmosphere of London. But these are stains and soils which are susceptible of removal, and persons are sometimes employed to scrape away the dingy colouring,—leaving St. Paul's, like the English Church of the Reformation, not altered in foundation, or turret, or stone, but freed from the spots and blemishes which time or carelessness had induced!

St. Paul's is built in the form of a cross; and some idea of its prodigious magnitude may be conceived from its being 500 feet in length within the walls, and 285 feet in breadth across the transept,—covering moreover, in all, more than two acres of ground. But vast as is its size, and inconceivable the amount of workmanship about it, it is a circumstance worthy of remembrance—as demonstrating what many will feel to be a special Providence in behalf of this giant structure of Protestantism in the heart of England's metropolis,—the whole building was completed by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and one master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, and while one prelate, Dr. Henry Compton filled the see of London. This is an incident the more remarkable, when it is recollected that the whole time employed in its erection was 35 years.

A cast iron-balustrade, resting upon a low stone-wall, encircles this magnificent cathedral; and some opinion of the magnitude of every thing pertaining to this noble structure may be formed from the fact that the iron employed in this railing alone weighs about 200 tons, and that the cost of the enclosure was upwards of £10,000.

The customary entrance into St. Paul's—unless on grand occasions—is not by the stupendous portico in front, to which you ascend by a flight of twenty-two marble steps, but by a smaller door at the north side. Here then, on this interesting occasion—for what more interesting than a first visit to St. Paul's,—I gained admission, and was overpowered with admiration at the vast area, the majestic columns, and the magnificent dome by which we are canopied above. The monumental tablets and inscriptions are very striking, and would beguile many hours; for they record the names and deeds of scores of England's venerated and lamented dead. Perhaps the marble-slab, which stands over the entrance to the choir, speaks not the least deserving epitaph:—"Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, builder of this church and city: who lived upwards of 90 years, not for himself, but for the public benefit. Reader, do you seek for his monument?—look around!"

Having gazed a while at these mementos of the illustrious dead, I ascended to the *Whispering Gallery*, which encircles the dome at its base, and is so called from its remarkable reverberation of sounds; so much so, indeed, that the slightest whisper can be heard from the opposite part of the gallery, 100 feet distant. Our guide, on this occasion, afforded us a realization of this remarkable property, by narrating, in a whisper which we distinctly heard, a brief account of the history of the cathedral we were viewing. Soon after he manifested another property of sound which it possessed;—by his forcibly shutting the door of the gallery, a noise was produced similar to a heavy clap of thunder. Indeed, the accidental dropping of a piece of deal upon the floor of the cathedral below, produced an effect almost equally astounding.

Leaving this, I ascended to the outer galleries which encompass the dome at the foot of the cupola, and from thence enjoyed a panoramic view of this vast metropolis. The magnificence of the scene which here lies around you, no words can describe. A compass of at least 30 miles is taken in by London and its environs; and while the extremities of the imposing view are bounded by verdant and grove-crowned hills, all the intermediate space is crowded with houses, palaces, towers and spires,—the habitations of two millions of human beings!

After a cursory inspection of the model and trophy room, which contains little more than Sir Christopher's original design of St. Paul's, and a few flags which had been borne in procession at the funeral of Lord Nelson, I visited the enormous clock, whose minute hand is 8 feet in length, and whose pendulum at the end weighs an hundred pounds; and thence viewed the great bell, already alluded to, whose weight is more than 4 tons, and which can be distinctly heard for 20 miles!—These were all the wonders of St. Paul's which, on the present occasion, I had leisure to inspect.

On the following day,—resolved to visit as many of the curiosities of London as time would allow,—I proceeded towards the Colosseum and the Zoological Gardens; in reaching which, you pass through decidedly the most splendid portion of this great metropolis. Starting from Charing-Cross, and having crossed Pall-Mall, you are immediately in Waterloo-place, on either side of which stand most magnificent houses with rows of shops in the lower stories, exhibiting every attraction which a seemingly boundless wealth can supply. Thence we enter that street of palaces, Regent Street, which, at its intersection with Piccadilly, forms a circus, whence it extends for some distance in the form of a Quadrant—the rows of houses therein, on either side, fronted by a beautiful colonnade supported by 140 cast iron pillars. Passing through this, we proceed again in a direct line,—magnificent habitations lining the airy and capacious street,—to that still more magnificent residence of the wealthy and the noble, styled Portland place. Following on, we pass the Diorama, and come to the stupendous edifice termed the Colosseum from its colossal size. It is surmounted by a dome, built on purpose for the exhibition of an immense panorama of London, the ingenious and masterly work of a Mr. Horner. Entering by a fine Doric portico, we usually visit first a saloon containing numerous excellent statues, models, &c.—and then ascend, either by a stair case, or at a small additional cost by a platform elevated by pulleys, to the galleries of the panorama. London, as seen from the top of St. Paul's, and as here exhibited, presents so remarkable a similarity, that the person who had very recently enjoyed the *natural view*, might easily forget that this was an *artificial one*,—so perfectly is the perspective maintained, and so nice is every touch, even to the signs upon the shops, and the smoke in the distance which partially enshrouds the quarter whither the wind may have driven it. Some idea of the magnitude of this panorama may be found from the fact of its covering 40,000 square feet of canvass, or the space of one acre!

From the Panorama I descended into the gardens which surround the Colosseum, comprising conservatories of various rare plants, and flowers, and shrubs, beautiful waterfalls and fountains, upon whose watery curtain the cheering Iris sits enthroned, and to whose soft murmurs the notes of various little warblers—emigrants from a warmer clime—are added. From these scenes of attraction, reminding one very forcibly of those vivid paintings of the fancy with which childhood is so wont to be delighted in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, I entered another not less fanciful and beautiful,—the Swiss Cottage,—where are presented all the accompaniments of a rustic habitation in that land of simplicity and romance, and where is exhibited too the appropriate representation of wild Alpine scenery.

Many hours were whiled away amongst these diversified attractions,—the more attractive, because so much of the beautiful and grand in nature was tastefully mingled with the master works of art,—and I walked on to the Zoological Gardens, situated on the East side of Regent's Park, and so called from combining numerous vegetable productions with rare specimens of the animal kingdom gathered from every clime. Here we have the enjoyment of delightful walks, adorned with parterres of flowers, laid out with skill and taste, with a view of an immense variety of beasts and birds, not confusedly mixed together, but classed with scientific taste, and exhibited at various stages of our walks through the garden. Many hours may here be profitably as well as pleasantly spent;—and the attractions of these ever-varying scenes, combined with the enlivening effect of the crowds who are continually entering to partake of the same rational enjoyment, render the Zoological Gardens one of those points in this metropolis of wonders which no stranger should omit to visit.

(To be Continued.)

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