

The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

[NO. X.]

Original Poetry.

Toronto, August 9th, 1837.

SIR:—Permit me to present to you as Editor of the Church the following lines;—they certainly cannot lay claim to any original merit, being merely a metrical paraphrase of a few of the beautiful thoughts which struck the writer in a sermon of the Rev. Mr. Grasset, delivered in St. James' Church on the last Sabbath.

"What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?"

Such was the subject of the discourse, especially illustrated by the demise of our late Sovereign.

There is mourning in the "free fair homes" of the British valleys now—

A voice of sadness on the ear—a shadow on the brow,
And gloom is o'er the hamlet hearths and the old baronial piles,
For death hath bowed their mightiest one—the Sovereign of the Isles!

Strange murmurs thro' the midnight air in hoarse dull echoes sweep,
As the chafing, on some far off shore, of the late awaken'd deep,
And a thousand torches wildly burst the gloom of the startled night,

As if some giant host were up—and arming for the fight!

Dark forms are passing thro' the shade in soft and muffled tread,
In the long array of a burial train—of the mourners for the dead;
Now veiled in night—now ghastly plain in the torches fitful glow,
And the drooping banners slowly waved in the light wind to and fro.

The island chivalry is near—the noblest and the brave,
Bearing along their mightiest one to the silence of the grave,
Where his warrior sire he monk-like kneels beneath that stately dome,
The Royal dead to his deep repose—the wanderer to his home!

Bear, bear him softly to his rest—tread lightly on your way,
Let not a voice of Earth be heard in the mourner's dark array,
For the nerveless form ye bear along in the tenure of the shroud,
Sate Kingly on the worshipp'd throne where yesterday ye bowed.

Cold is that hand whose sceptre sway'd the proudest realm of earth,
From the noble's old ancestral hall to the peasant's lowly hearth,
Whose word could bid the thunders boom o'er ocean's farthest wave,

And the war-shout of the isles be heard—the music of the brave!

They bear him to his Kingly rest, insensate, mouldering, cold,
As the lowliest of his vassal train, whose parting hour is told,
Turn to his dark but honor'd bier with sad revering eyes,
There sleeps "th' anointed of the Lord," there the fourth William lies!

Look on the dead, ye mighty ones! behold, ye warrior brave!
The regal pomp of kingly death, the splendor of the grave—
And as ye gaze, a rising voice your awe-chill'd hearts may hear,
From the shadow of the burial-vault, low breathing on the ear.

What speaks its stern-toned murmur now? of the might, the lordly power,

That shone upon the royal dead, in his proudest mortal hour—
Of the lofty throne that once was his—the diadem that bound him,
When the noblest of the land array'd their chivalry around him.

Is't of the fair and lordly realms that owned him for their King—
From the Huron's echoing forest-wilds to the Ganges' farthest spring—

Of the widest empire Earth hath spread, beneath th' o'erbending skies,

Where no slave can taint the breeze of heaven—where the sunlight never dies!

No vaunting murmur of the proud is in that sullen tone,
No echo of the worldly pomp, that man hath call'd his own;
Darkly upon the awe-struck ear a stern-voiced knell sweeps by—
"The mightiest one hath stoop'd to earth—all—all are doom'd to die!"

"Where is the son of man whose strength can scoff at passing time,
Who knows no dimness on his hopes—no shadow on his prime—
To whom unbending fate hath given to find another doom
Than the common home of all his race, the chill and lonely tomb?"

"Ask of the past, if death were there?" 'twill point each heaving grave

Where sleep the myriads of the Earth—the despot and the slave;
Invoke the spirit of the years in Time's dark womb that lie,
And the hollow voice will moan thine ear "all worldly things must die!"

Each mourner by your monarch's bier! each proud aspiring heart!
Take one stern lesson from his fate, of *who*, of *what* thou art.
How soon each cold and barren tree, may hear the dooming sound
Of kindling wrath "Go out it down, why cumbereth it the ground!"

The torchlight glare is quenched in gloom—the mourner's long array,

With their banner'd pomp and stately step, slowly have pass'd away.
And the monarch of the isles hath found his earthly resting place,
In the silence of the burial vault, amid his mouldering race.

JUAN.

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

No. II.

ST. LAWRENCE'S DAY,—THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

"The memories of the saints are precious to God, and therefore they ought also to be so to us; and such persons who serve God by holy living, industrious preaching, and religious dying, ought to have their names preserved in honour, and God be glorified in them, and their holy doctrines and lives published and imitated; and we, by so doing, give testimony to the article of the communion of Saints."—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

In the Calendar prefixed to the book of Common Prayer, will be found, under the date of August the 10th, the name of St. Lawrence. Previous to the Reformation, this day was kept as a festival in England, and it is now "retained in the Calendar out of that respect to established usage which marked the proceedings of those eminent men, by whom the Liturgy was settled. 'Our Reformers,' says Nicholls, in his paraphrase on the common prayer, 'having laid aside the celebration of a great many

martyrs' days, which had grown too numerous and cumbersome to the church, thought fit to retain All Saints' Day, wherein, by a general commemoration, our church gives God thanks for them all.'" So that St. Lawrence is one of those "blessed Saints," whom, in the Collect appointed for All Saints' Day, we pray to be enabled to follow "in all virtuous and godly living."

St. Lawrence, or Laurentius, a native of Spain, suffered martyrdom at Rome, A. D. 258, during the reign of the Emperor Valerian. He held the office of Deacon in the Christian church under the episcopate of Xystus, who was put to death in the very cemetery, in which he had disobeyed the imperial edict by offering up prayers to his God,—thus making the *fifth* Bishop of Rome, in succession, who had laid down his life for the faith, in the space of eight years. While this intrepid servant of Christ was hanging on the cross, the instrument of his torture, he saw Laurentius standing near weeping, and exhorting him to dry his tears, foretold that, within three days, his Deacon would be compelled to follow him.

Laurentius, by virtue of his office, was entrusted with the custody of the common fund, contributed by the primitive Christians for the relief of their indigent brethren. The Prefect of the city, suspecting that he held in his possession an immense sum of money, ordered him, with the severest threats in case of a refusal, to produce the treasures, the hidden wealth, the golden and silver sacrificial vessels, committed to his guardianship; adding the taunt, that it was a violation of his religion to render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's. To this tyrannical mandate Laurentius mildly replied, that the church indeed abounded in riches greater than those possessed even by the Emperor himself, and promised to produce them, on being allowed a short time to prepare a catalogue of them, and an estimate of their total value. On this assurance, he was favourably dismissed, having previously engaged to deliver to the Prefect the treasures of the church at the end of three days.

In fulfilment of this promise, understood very differently by the contracting parties, the Deacon traversed the city, and gathered into one place the blind, the lame, the maimed, the diseased, and those who were supported by the alms of the Christian church. He then took down the name of each individual, and computed the whole number. When the given time had elapsed, the Prefect, burning with cupidity, hastened to the spot. Laurentius advanced to receive him; and, in a manner that reminds us of Phocion's mother displaying her children to the Athenian matron, with the exclamation, "these are my Jewels,"—pointed to the assemblage, with this remark, "Here are our treasures, here are the precious vessels that God has entrusted to our keeping." The Prefect, amazed and bewildered, pressed on to the vestibule of the temple, round which the crowd was gathered, and, as he was about to enter, was assailed by the deafening supplications of the needy multitude. The truth instantly flashed upon his mind, and, stung with disappointment and chagrin, he condemned the Deacon to a death of refined and protracted torment.

But Laurentius, who had anticipated the doom now pronounced against him, showed that he was not an unworthy soldier of "the noble army of martyrs." An unusual brightness, as in the case of Stephen, illuminated his countenance, and shone visible to the recent converts, who did not desert him in this trying moment. Fire, as usual, was the punishment and test of his faith. After one side had been entirely consumed, he cried out to the Prefect, from the agonizing machine on which he was stretched, "Now try the other side." His tormentor, goaded by this heroic endurance into a brutal jest, answered, "Your wish shall be gratified—try which is pleasantest to the taste, flesh raw, or flesh roasted." The Martyr, amid his sufferings, humbly followed the example of his Lord and Master, and in his dying accents prayed for the conversion of the city of Rome from her idolatrous superstitions to a knowledge of the true God, and, while interceding for his persecutors, was placed beyond the reach of their inhumanity. The heavenly courage, with which he passed through this last and harrowing trial, wrought powerfully on the minds of the inhabitants of Rome, and many of her most illustrious citizens, embraced the faith they had so recently contemned and persecuted. So great was the veneration, in which the memory of the sufferer was held, that it even degenerated into superstition. His name was impiously invoked in the same prayer with that of the Almighty—knees were bent at his tomb—and from this, and similar instances, arose that unscriptural reverence, which, in all Popish countries, has for so many ages been paid to the remains of Saints and Martyrs.*

Tradition,—most probably handed down from the early Christians, who kept a calendar, in which they registered all matters worthy of record,—has fixed the 10th of August, as the day on which Laurentius suffered martyrdom. It is also a day distinguished by the occurrence of several events, memorable in the history of the world, and still more especially in the annals of British North America. On the 10th of August 1535, Jacques Cartier, the French Navigator, "came, in the words of Hakluyt, to a 'goodly, great gulf, full of islands, passages, and entran-

* For this account of the martyrdom I am entirely indebted to a Latin hymn of Prudentius, a Christian Poet, who flourished about the year 352. Dr. Lempriere, in his Classical Dictionary, observes that "his poems are numerous and all theological, devoid of the elegance and purity of the Augustan age, and yet greatly valued." Bishop Horne, on the other hand, has introduced into one of his sermons, some lines from a hymn of Prudentius, addressed to a band of youthful martyrs, which he pronounces "elegant and beautiful." A very cursory perusal, however, of this Poet will satisfy the reader, that he was tainted with some of those superstitious innovations, which crept so early into the Christian Church.

ces towards what wind soever you please to bend.' In honor of the Saint, whose festival is celebrated on that day, Cartier gave the name of St. Lawrence to the gulf—or rather to a bay between Anticosti and the northern shore, whence the name was extended, in the course of time, not only to the whole of this celebrated gulf, but to the magnificent river of Canada, of which this is the embouchure." I trust that the Canadians will long be proud to enrol themselves under one or the other of the tutelar Saints of the Old Country; but should they ever determine on adopting a Saint of their own, no name seems so appropriate and time-honoured as that of St. Lawrence.

On the 10th of August 1557, was fought the celebrated battle of St. Quentin, in which the combined Spanish and English forces, under the Duke of Savoy, defeated the French, under the Constable de Montmorency: 3,000 of the latter, including the flower of the army, were left dead on the field, and the Constable himself, with 6,000 men, was compelled to surrender. In gratitude for this signal victory, Philip II. erected the Escorial in the neighbourhood of Madrid. To pay due honor to the Saint, whose anniversary had proved so auspicious to his arms, he ordered the building to be constructed in the shape of an inverted gridiron, the instrument on which Laurentius, in the Romish Legend, is reported to have been burned. This extraordinary pile well deserves the name of the *eighth wonder*, which the Spaniards have vainly bestowed on it. It consists of a Palace, a Monastery, and a Church; and the architect has represented the several bars of the gridiron, by piles of buildings, the handle by a portion of the Church, and the feet by four insignificant towers which rise at the corners. It has 1860 rooms, 13,000 windows and doors, 80 stair-cases, 73 fountains, 48 wine cellars, 8 organs, and 51 bells. It contains also, 1560 oil paintings; and the frescos, if all brought together, would form a square of 1100 feet. Its circumference is 4800 feet,—nearly a mile. In England also, there is a Church in that part of the city of London called Jewry, dedicated to St. Lawrence, which has a gridiron on the steeple for a vane.

We thus see, that three remarkable events of a very different character occurred on this anniversary,—a martyrdom—the discovery of a noble river—and a sanguinary battle. From the contemplation of the *first*, we may derive additional testimony to the truth of the faith we profess, and thankfulness, that we live in an age when neither the cross, nor the flame can tempt us to swerve from our God. To the *second* we owe it, that at this present moment, we dwell in a land, fertile in soil, free in government, and christian in religion. The *third* should lead us to reflect with gratitude, that war, with all its horrors has long been a stranger to this happy colony, and that, under Providence, the outstretched arm of Britain, and our own love of freedom, fostered by the constitution under which we live, promise to secure us a continuance of that inestimable national blessing,—peace without the sacrifice of honour.

And to conclude with an allusion to a bloody massacre, which had almost escaped my notice as having been perpetrated on this day,—let us not, when, in the words of our beautiful and stirring Litany, we pray to God to deliver us from "all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion," forget his mercy in having so long defended us from these fearful scourges. On the 10th of August 1792, the faithful Swiss Guards of Louis XVI. to the number of 800, were massacred by Revolutionary fiends, and he, and his lion-hearted Queen, with difficulty escaping the same fate, threw themselves on the protection of that Assembly, by which they were afterwards murdered.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 1st August, 1837.

[Authorities from which the preceding article is compiled.—Companion to the British Almanac, 1830, p. 34—Dr. Burton's hist. of the Christ. Church, p. 373—Prudentius, Valpy's Delphin ed.—Hawkins' Picture of Quebec, p. 40—Mackintosh's hist. of England, II. 338—Saturday Magazine, VI.—Hones' Every Day Book, I. 1085.]

HORÆ BIBLICÆ.

No. v.

THE PATHETIC,—(CONTINUED.)

David's Lamentation over his son Absalom.

The narrative of David and his son Absalom presents us with an affecting instance of the *pathetic*, equal in feeling, though not drawn out to so great a length, as that which formed the subject of consideration in my last paper.

It will be remembered that Absalom, having been justly offended by his brother Amnon, had sought redress in a method the most unjustifiable, and had pursued the crime of his brother to the utmost limits of vengeance, by causing him to be murdered in cool blood, and in direct violation of all the rights of hospitality. In consequence of this he was banished by his father from Jerusalem, and after having lived some time in exile, was restored by the ingenious policy of Joab. The only requital which he made to the most indulgent of parents for this restoration of his forfeited enjoyments was, that he endeavoured, by all the arts of which he was master, to supplant his royal father in the affections of the people. He assumed great state, and possessing considerable personal attractions, he industriously made use of these, to render himself popular at the expense of his aged parent. He placed himself in the way leading to the gate at which justice was administered, and enquired into the causes which were about to be brought forward; and, in order to produce dissatisfaction with the administration, said to those who were coming for justice, "see thy matters are good and right: but there is no

man deputed of the king to hear thee. O that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath a suit or cause might come to me, and I would do him justice." In this iniquitous manner did he steal the hearts of the men of Israel.

He soon made use of this pernicious influence, and formed a plan for the usurpation of the kingdom; and when the plot was ripe for execution, he actually engaged in direct rebellion against his father and his sovereign, and drove the aged monarch from his throne, obliging him to seek safety for his person, from the cruel hands of an unnatural son, by a precipitate flight.

The situation and conduct of David was throughout most affecting. Perhaps on no occasion do the great qualities of his mind more display themselves than on this. We might have imagined that his spirit, broken down by years and infirmities, would have sunk in all the peevishness and querulousness of old age. We might have looked for nothing but complaints, and threats, and curses, against the inhuman invader of his throne, the ungrateful disturber of the evening of his life. But not one repining word escapes his lips. He marches forward from the city surrounded by weeping friends, himself alone unmoved by his misfortunes. The ark of God, which the officious kindness of his faithful adherents had brought with him, he immediately sent back, saying, with characteristic magnanimity, "Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favor in the eyes of the LORD, he will bring me again, and shew me both it and his habitation. But if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him."

When the ark of God had left him, he then gave vent to his feelings.—"He went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went barefoot; and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up."

Soon after this, Shimei came forth casting stones at David and cursing him. The attendants of the king would have taken summary vengeance on this contemptible wretch; but in the midst of all his sufferings David forgot not to exercise the nobler virtues of humanity, and in all the dignity of an intellectual greatness, which no reverses could subdue, he turned round to his advisers—"What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruihah! So let him curse, because the LORD hath said unto him, Curse David."

Perhaps an equally striking combination of the more sublime and the more tender virtues was never exhibited by any merely human being. And what is it that makes David so great even in his degradation from the throne? what is it that unites in his character a holy dignity which misfortune cannot conquer, with a susceptibility so exquisite and tender? It is the powerful influence of divine grace. It is this alone that can raise whatsoever is degrading, and soften whatsoever is harsh, in the human character. The heroes of romance present us with no such lovely union of opposing virtues; all is in extremes with them. They are at one time courageous—but then they are cruel; at another tender—but then they are effeminate. The history, however, before us exhibits a man who is great, even in his tears—amiable, even when roused by the grossest insult.

At length the day arrived in which the father and the son must contend on the bloody field of battle for the kingdom. But though David wished to be restored to the throne from which he had been expelled, yet, in spite of the vile ingratitude of his son, he felt the undiminished force of parental affection, and gave an especial charge to the generals of his army to spare the unhappy youth. "Deal gently," says the affectionate parent, "for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

This charge, sincerely as it was given, was little regarded; and Absalom fell a victim to his own sin and folly. But how did the parent receive the tidings of his death?—The king was much moved, and went up into the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, "O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Here is the excess of grief depicted in the most natural, and therefore in the most forcible language. Every thing connected with the scene serves to heighten the sensations produced by it. First, the character of the son was so unusually base, his conduct had been so uniformly unnatural, that the reader's sympathy with him in his sufferings is almost gone. But many waters cannot quench the love that glows in the kind father's bosom. We see it triumphing over all the faults of the traitorous son, who would scarcely perhaps have wept, had his father's head been laid at his feet in the close of this inhuman conflict.

Again, when the messenger arrived from the camp, the king asks not a word about the issue of the battle, though his kingdom and perhaps his life depended upon it. He forgets himself, and truly patriotic as he ever had been, he forgets for the moment his country also. He is wrapt up in Absalom alone; his only question "Is the young man Absalom safe?" And when the awful tidings are announced, he immediately hastens from the place where he was exposed to perpetual intrusion, that he may in solitude give ample scope to the overwhelming sorrows which were confined within his bosom; for grief when it is excessive always seeks retirement. It is, however, a very fine and affecting stroke in the narrative, that though his feelings urge him into retirement, they do not wait till he arrives there, before they find utterance. He knows he ought to restrain them, but he feels he cannot; and as he is going up the stairs which lead to his private chamber, he bursts forth in all the violence of irresistible grief.

It is worthy of remark, that, as his son is the great object which fills his mind, he begins and ends his exclamation with the words "my son." He can only think of Absalom as of his son; he cannot view him as an enemy, or the murderer of another of his children, as the seducer of his subjects, as the author of unknown miseries to his country: "my son" words every thought concerning him which is present to the father's mind.

The recurrence of the words "son," and "Absalom," and especially the former, marks more distinctly than any laboured process of proof could do, how unutterably keen his feelings were. Here is much repetition in a little room, but no tautology. Every succeeding word deepens the impression made by the former. The language is that of unfettered grief. Nothing is so natural in the circumstances in which David was placed, as the constant dwelling upon one single idea, which fills up the whole field of vision. Every departure from a simple expression of the feeling which predominated, and of those generous and often romantic wishes which arise immediately out of this feeling, seems an impertinence, and diminishes our confidence in the sincerity of the speaker. In the passage before us, the only glance which the afflicted father gives at any other object than his son, is at himself; and it is in such a way as to shew that he thinks nothing of himself in comparison with this darling son—"Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

The wish itself cannot be justified; but who has the coldness to blame it in such a father, and at such a time? Ardent feelings break through every bound which can be prescribed to them: for a moment they seem irresistible, and it is not till we have a little season for calm recollection that we can expect to see them subdued.

But whatever judgment may be formed of the propriety of David's conduct, considering him as a child of God, we must allow that the father beams in the passage before us with unusual benignity, and that the subject of this essay derives abundant elucidation from the parental tenderness which it exhibits.

J. K.

THE CHURCH PRAYERS.

A DIALOGUE.

(Continued from page 31)

Mary.—With these thoughts and feelings about it, James, you at least, and all like you, must indeed enjoy your worship. I'm more and more ashamed of my ignorance of the value of the Holy Prayer Book, and it astonishes me that any one should be found to make a mock of it. Would you suppose that they have something to say against the minister's and people's changes of posture in their worship at church?

Old Steady.—Yes, Mary, I know their talk too well—none of this is new to me—I've heard Mr. Lovechrist speak with the greatest pain of the way in which people of this sort treat our Church-worship, when they come to it. "They come in," says he, "often so late, as though they hold the praying part of the service in utter contempt; and they carry such a look and manner with them, as though they thought they were paying a compliment to the house by coming; and they seem to take their seats with minds more prepared to sit in judgment on the Word of God, than to let the world judge them, and to dispute about the message, than to bow before the authority of 'the message of the Lord of Hosts.'"

O! it grieves me, Mary, to have to talk about such characters—if they have got time, and the mind, to be quarrelling with this custom also, I can pity, better than dispute with them—'tis enough that our holy forefathers pitched upon such postures, and changes of posture, in our worship, as seemed best suited to the business in hand, and most likely to be edifying to the worshippers. And, if there be any who are disposed to make a mock of this, let them just give modesty and humility their due, so far as to consider that there is a "multitude, which no man can number," now before the throne of God, who utterly differ from them. I don't trouble my mind, Mary, about this or that smaller matter in the order of public worship. The charge of my immortal soul is one that demands all my diligence to keep, and I have no time to spare for trifles. But order is certainly one of the most beautiful marks by which we may trace God in his work and appointments; and, in the instructions which he has given about the public worship of himself, he has shewn that this is pleasing to him. Now, our Reformers took what their consciences approved of in this matter, out of the customs of ancient churches, and added such as seemed good themselves. In some cases, Mary, we have gone high for our examples. We have taken our custom of the congregation answering the Minister, from the worship of the blessed Seraphim, who, as Isaiah tells us, (VI. 3) "cried, one unto another, holy, holy, holy; is the Lord of Hosts." But there is a picture of the worship of heaven, which my mind's eye delights to look at, and perhaps it may please and profit you also. You turn to the 5th chapter of St. John's Revelation, and you will find an account of it all, as he beheld it.—There were "the beasts and the elders" (which means the ministers and people of Christ's Church,) close round the throne, and, outside of them, in another circle, an "innumerable company of angels." Well, the redeemed church began what we may call the service; falling down and singing their "new song"—and then the angels, "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," took it up, and proclaimed the worthiness of the Lamb; and next, "every creature in heaven, and on the earth, and in the sea, raised a full chorus of 'blessing, and honor, and glory, to God and the Lamb.'" And then, (once more it would seem,) the "beasts and elders" fell down and worshipped, and closed it all with a loud Amen! Here is the order of the worship of heaven, Mary, which I hope you and I shall join in another day. We must, however, I believe, learn something of that "new song," and practice the worship of God and the Lamb down here; and, though our harps may be but half-strung, and our "golden vials" dim and drossy, I despair of ever finding on earth a form that comes so near to the heavenly one as our own. Look at the "Te Deum," beginning, "We praise thee, O God." There is a hymn all but divine, and I'm almost bold to say, not unworthy of an angel's tongue. I never join in it without being reminded of the worship described by St. John. Its lofty strain of praise teaches our earthly souls to mount, and keeps them aloft too, singing, like the lark, as they soar; and again, there is just enough of humble prayer in it, to suit the purpose of a redeemed sinner not yet in glory! And picture to yourself, Mary, a devout congregation, worshipping after the order of our Church. Hear them with one heart and voice confess, and supplicate, and praise—mark, how minister and pro-

ple stir up each other's souls by praying for, or exhorting one another—listen to the solemn Amen rolling every now and then, round the house of God—and then, hear the universal burst, as they call upon "Our Father which is in heaven," or glorify him in one of the "Songs of Zion." Is not this, Mary, as a well-known hymn says, "like a little heaven below?" I verily believe if a perfect stranger to our worship were suddenly to be placed in the midst of a congregation so worshipping, he would be struck beyond measure, not only with the beautiful order and solemnity of the service, but with the powerful language and spirit of its devotions.—They are a mass of scripture worked up together, with wonderful skill, for a believing sinner's use. Oh, Mary! if the thousands and thousands over our King's dominions, who are kneeling together at the same moment, calling upon God in the same petitions, and glorifying him with the same praises, did but use our Liturgy in the life and power of faith, what blessedness would be brought down on our beloved country! How soon would Satan quake for his kingdom! even now, as it is, I do think that the united "effectual" cry of the faithful worshippers prevails to beat back, and keep in bounds that swelling tide of corruption and sin which is running under his management all over the world,—and therefore, I often call the Liturgy the Church's breakwater, like that wonderful one which I saw at the same place where I saw "Eddystone Light House."

Mary.—'Tis impossible to hear all this, James, and not say at the end of it these two things; how pride, or something else, must blind the enemies of the Prayer Book, and to what a poor account we have turned our own means of grace.

Old Steady.—Ah, Mary! I believe that none but a truly enlightened man can understand, and none but a truly converted man can really use so spiritual a form of prayer as ours. A Liturgy you know must be made for real Christians—new-born men—men who are alive to God, and can therefore pray to him. No marvel then if those who are still "dead in trespasses and sins," (and who can number them?) use the words without having the spirit of the prayers, and therefore use them in vain.—Of course the fault and the guilt are their own.—'Tis no good to profess to admire and love the Liturgy, unless they verily and indeed use it. It can do nothing to save them, except as a means of grace—but it will do much to condemn them, as a great mercy abused. The Jews gloried in their noble temple, and would die for it; but they disregarded the temple's God.—Let us beware, while we glory in our Prayer-Book, lest we neglect Him to whom that book takes us in every page, the "God that hears and answers prayer." For those who despise our Liturgy, I have only further to say, that I do not believe the Divine Spirit would ever lead any one to dislike, or think scorn of that which, whatever its imperfections, is certainly full of his own mind; and with the kindest feeling I would say to them; it is well worth your while to consider whether you, and not it; may be in fault. And lastly, to your own dear countrymen, who are members of the "National Church," I would affectionately and humbly say,—learn to rightly use the Liturgy, and then you will learn to rightly value it. 'Tis the fashion, now-a-days, to neglect the prayers, when there is no sermon afterwards; but there is a grievous mistake here, Mary. This is preferring the lesser before the greater benefit, the means before the end. I myself love preaching as much as any one—I need not say I love our dear minister, for I owe my soul to him—but I don't set hearing the word above prayer: Prayer, in its full meaning, seems to me to be the great business of a Christian man's life. It is the first cry of the new-born soul, and the proof of its being alive—it moves when it begins to pray.—Then by prayer it obtains all the graces that make up its character, and in prayer these graces are brought into play and practice—the soul grows as it prays—prayingness is its soundness and prosperity, and the lack of it, its disease and ruin.—My greatest privilege; therefore, on earth, is prayer, Mary, and the Sabbath is my best day; for then, more than at any other time, I wait on the Lord in his own house, and that house is a "house of prayer." It is true I live by the Word, preached or read, as a means; but that Word shews its quickening power in me by sending me to prayer. I want light to understand it, and faith to receive it. I have to pray for its abidance in me, and for its growth—for the fulfilment of the promise on God's part, and of the precept on mine—that I may "hold forth the word of life," and "adorn the doctrine" and that I may be sanctified and transformed thereby. This is but little of what might be named, besides thanksgiving and praising, and interceding for others, which are parts of prayer; but let this suffice—and just take notice, that, in our prayer-service, there is such a large portion of pure scripture read, that I am exercising these two great duties and privileges together; hearing the blessed Gospel, and acting it in united prayer. Moreover, I might add that, in preaching, another is engaged for me; in praying I am engaged for myself. My minister tells me of a throne of grace, where a full pardon and riches unsearchable, and heavenly mansions, are all to be had for nothing, by poor, guilty rebels, that go armed with the passport of Christ's name. I act upon his word and go. And, whilst others content themselves with forever hearing of the "tree of life in the midst of the garden, with its twelve manner of fruits," I enter in and eat of them, and experience their healing virtue. Don't you mind, Mary, the Queen of Sheba wasn't satisfied with the hearing so much about King Solomon? She must needs go and see him. The poor Greeks could listen no longer to the winning accounts of the Saviour, but they make a request to Philip, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' Let you and I, Mary, do the same. I would give each ordinance its proper place and respect; but remember, he who goes to our prayer-service, goes, if he be a true worshipper, into the favoured presence of Almighty God on his own audience-day, and there, for an hour or so, transacts the great business of his soul's salvation! Is this a privilege either to be neglected or despised? I'm sure they who heard the word best will be the ones to value and enter into the prayers most.

Mary.—Alas! I feel myself among the guilty ones, in this respect, James: but I hope I shall never again bring such a loss upon myself, or such a slight upon the ordinance of my God.

Would you be so good, if it isn't troubling you too much, just to give me a hint or two about your way of turning our worship to the best account?

(To be Continued.)

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

In the infancy of an undertaking like the present, when so many of its zealous supporters are vibrating perhaps between hope and fear in regard to its prospects of eventual success, they will naturally expect to be occasionally informed of the position in which, as to patronage and promise of future support, our humble journal stands. We have therefore, to confess,—and we do it with the liveliest emotions of thankfulness—that, in many respects, looking especially to the circumstances of discouragement which under the present pressure of the times cannot but materially affect any undertaking of this kind, our expectations have been more than realized. A zeal and kindness of spirit in behalf of "THE CHURCH" seems to have been awakened, which promises the most favourable results, and which affords to those engaged in the laborious and often trying duties of its management an encouragement and hope which would support and cheer them under heavier toils and more responsible engagements.

In the first place, the amount of patronage we considered essential to the maintenance of our paper has been obtained, and we now number upon our lists the names of *one thousand subscribers*, with an assurance from many quarters of a considerable augmentation to their number. The collection of the subscriptions has, in general, been very satisfactorily attended to, and will continue, we have every hope, to be conscientiously proceeded with; and what to an editor is not by any means of the least weight, we seem already to have enlisted on our behalf a host of co-operating talent which must, above every other consideration, ensure the prosperous advancement and beneficial influence of the work we have in hand.

We would be strangely insensible to the many kind and complimentary allusions, conveyed from various and influential quarters, to the manner and spirit in which our difficult duty has thus far been performed, were we to omit this opportunity of expressing our warmest gratitude for the cheering encouragement which those communications have been the means of affording; but we must at the same time be explicit in confessing that it is to the diligence and ability of our numerous correspondents that we are mainly indebted for being thus far enabled to sustain the interest and preserve the good opinion entertained of our paper. We deeply feel our own insufficiency; and with the most humbling sense of the infirmity which pertains to us all, we solicit from the well-wishers of this journal their prayers on our behalf, especially that we may be endowed with that qualification which, in those entrusted with the management of a religious paper, we deem amongst the most essential,—the spirit of Christian love; that temper of heaven-descended charity which, with an unwavering adherence to the principles of "apostolic truth and order" may, in relation to the causes ever arising for collision amongst Christian brethren, be willing to hope all things and endure all things.

We must take this occasion to remark that it will now be impossible to furnish to new subscribers all the back numbers of this paper; but to such as will be content to receive it from No. 6 onwards to the end of the volume, only *ten shillings* will be charged, postage included, for that period. We would also propose to furnish them with a title page and index of contents.

In reply to complaints which have occasionally reached us of the damaged state in which some of our papers have been received, we have to say that arrangements have for some weeks past been adopted which, we trust, will preclude the possibility—unless from wanton abuse—either of injury to the papers or of any mistake, so far as the publisher is concerned, in their transmission.

The MIDLAND CLERICAL SOCIETY held their third quarterly meeting at the Rectory in Cobourg on Wednesday and Thursday the 9th and 10th of August, when out of 14 members which compose this association, twelve were present. The deliberations of each day, commencing at 10 A. M., and concluding at 4 P. M. were, according to established custom, opened and closed with appropriate prayers; and the subjects of discussion were, as on the occasion of their former meeting, the Rubrics of the Church Service, and a portion of the Epistle to the Romans. In addition to these, many improving remarks were elicited by the reading of the service for the Ordination of Priests, touching the relative and important duties, so appropriate to the present assemblage, between ministers and people. We have reason, on the whole to believe, that the result of the employment of these two interesting days was a decided strengthening of the bands of fraternal concord which amongst Christian brethren and Christian ministers especially, should always prevail, and a more lively perception of the vast and responsible obligations under which their ministerial commission places them;—results, happy and important in themselves, which, we are persuaded, every succeeding meeting will serve to advance and confirm. And while to the clergy assembled these important deliberations proved so edifying and interesting, there is every cause to believe that the public services with which each day was closed were equally gratifying and instructive to the congregation of St. Peter's church. On Wednesday evening the very unfavourable state of the weather prevented the assemblage of the usual congregation, but the attendance was nevertheless not inconsiderable. Prayers on that occasion were read by the Rev. A. F. Atkinson, and the Lessons by the Rev. J. Grier, and the sermon on the 11th article of the church was preached by the Rev. R. D. Cartwright from 1 Cor. iii. 10, 11,—in which the importance of that leading doctrine of Christianity was ably and clearly set forth. On Thursday evening, the weather presenting no obstruction, the congregation was numerous;—prayers were read by the Rev.

S. Givins, and the Lessons by the Rev. W. F. S. Harper, and the Rev. J. Cochran preached upon the Litany of the Church from 1. Tim. II. 1. 2; whose sermon evinced much historical acquaintance with the origin of this beautiful portion of the Church Service, and embraced many excellent practical remarks upon its touching petitions. The sermon occupied 67 minutes in the delivery, but to the last the attention of the audience was powerfully engaged.

We have heard many expressions of admiration for both the sermons with which, on those occasions, the congregation of St. Peter's church were favoured, and a strong desire has been expressed for their publication. We are, indeed, of opinion that if arrangements could be comprised in the plans of these valuable Associations for meeting the expense of such publications, a very great benefit would accrue to our cause from a compliance with the desire which seems to be so generally felt of possessing, for every day use and reference, the very able and useful discourses which may, on the occasions of such meetings, be always expected.

We continue this week, and hope to conclude in our next, the very beautiful and animated dialogue upon our Church Prayers, selected from the Christian Journal, which appeared in two former numbers of our paper. Every person must discover in those conversations a high and spiritual view of our admirable Liturgy, by the perusal of which they cannot fail to be improved. We heartily recommend these dialogues to the attention of our readers, feeling assured that their careful consideration must lead to an advance in piety while they strengthen their attachment to our "beautiful form" of prayer. While on this subject, we rejoice in the opportunity of presenting our readers with the following pleasing incident related by our much esteemed friend and contemporary, the Editor of the Gospel Messenger:

"A BEAUTIFUL FORM."

We lately found it our duty to take advantage of a packet boat on a Saturday, for the purpose of meeting an engagement some time previously made. The day was most delightful—the passengers few, but of a very respectable and intelligent description.—They were all strangers to us, and feeling neither in spirits to attempt entertaining others by any obtrusion of ourselves, and rather willing to pass a silent than a talking day, we had recourse to some reading for which we had made provision previously. Tho' our position was a little remote from the party on board, we could not help hearing their occasional conversations. At one time during the day there arose with them a discussion of the question how they should proceed on the coming Lord's day. There seemed considerable difficulty in making a satisfactory arrangement: some preferred an entire pause, that they might have the privilege of attending a place of worship: some seemed indifferent; and "other some" dreaded the "loss of a whole day" from the prosecution of certain worldly matters of great importance. As we closed our eyes over our book for a moment the question rose,—more important than the worship of God—more interesting than the soul's peace? At this moment some conversation arose which proved that the party belonged nominally to other denominations than our own, and, whether strongly attached to religious duties or not, seemed to entertain great respect for the Christian cause. "One thing I can tell you," said a very interesting young lady to her husband, "if we are to spend Sunday here in this dreary way, I shall insist upon reading for you all, the service of the Episcopal Church—for the day before I left home, I went to a book store on purpose to buy a prayer book, and I have it with me. It is a most beautiful form. I have never attended the Episcopal Church very often, but have always been delighted with the service—it is a BEAUTIFUL FORM." The conversation soon after varied, and we resumed our reading. As the sun was sinking in the west and shedding his bright but softened beams upon a delightful and richly tranquil scene of hill and dale, of verdant meadow, varied groves and gently waving grain, we reached our landing place. Our friend agreeably to appointment was in waiting—we took our seat in his little carriage, and for a mile rode upon the high ground immediately above the vehicle we had left with our unknown friends, and in a half hour were at our journey's end. What our fellow travellers finally determined upon we know not. One thing we do know: the "beautiful form" was never more interesting to us than on the following day; and the prayer for those "who travel by land or by water" could not well be uttered without a thought of those who had been our companions for some hours. We trust the spirit was as animating as the form was beautiful.

CHURCH STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE.

MISSION OF WILLIAMSBURG, MATILDA AND EDWARDSBURG.—Rev. J. G. Beck Lindsay, Minister. Divine Service is held in Trinity Church, Williamsburg, every Sunday morning and afternoon alternately; at Edwardsburg every alternate Sunday morning; and at Matilda every alternate Sunday afternoon.—At the latter place service is performed in the School house adjoining the new Church, which will be completely finished in a few weeks. The Sunday School at Trinity Church, Williamsburg, has steadily continued for about five years, and is generally attended by about 40 children.

In 1836, there were Baptisms 45; Marriages 12; Burials 7; Communicants, (at Williamsburg 86, Matilda 30, Edwardsburg 16) in all 132.

RECTORY OF RICHMOND.

Rev. R. V. Rogers, Incumbent. The present Incumbent entered on the duties of this Parish in June 1836. It had then been vacant nearly three years; which, in a new country, must ever be attended with circumstances, in the highest degree, disadvantageous to the best interests of the Church.

There exists, however, in the constitution and ritual of our Church, those seeds of revival which need only the husbandman's care to produce new life, however languishing before; and it is to the praise of her adorable "Head" that the present condition of this branch of his Church is such as to give promise of much benefit to this place and neighbourhood, in ages yet to come.

Divine Service is performed twice on each Lord's day.—Lecture on Thursday evenings. Sunday School,—number on the books 60; average attendance 40 to 50; Teachers Male 3, Female 4. Baptisms from June to Dec. 1836, 24; Marriages 4; Funerals, adults 8, infants 3, total 11.

The following communication was received after writing our remarks upon the late Meeting of the Midland Clerical Society in this place. We were not aware that any offence was, or could

be taken at the subject or spirit of the discourse delivered on Thursday evening, the 10th inst.—but if so, we leave our esteemed correspondent to point out its utter groundlessness:—

To the Editor of the Church.

SIR,—The few remarks which I am induced to make in this communication, are, I presume, within the bounds of the proposed plan of your publication.

It must be the earnest desire of every man to live in peace and amity with his neighbours, and to cultivate every feeling which may tend to the well-being of society. Under the influence of this principle I venture to make a few remarks upon the discourse of Thursday evening last, and upon the reflections which have, in my judgment, been unwarrantably made upon it.

Of the discourse itself I leave others better qualified than I am to speak. I will merely say that it was altogether what a person would expect from a Church of England pulpit,—sound in its doctrine and scriptural in its precepts.

This discourse held enchained (if I may use the expression) the attention of a large audience, during an unusually lengthened period, and from what I can learn from the hearers, no Member of the Church left the service of the evening, who, (from the arguments of the preacher) did not feel thankful for the goodness of God in providing him with such a form of prayer as ours to approach the throne of Grace, and who was not fully convinced that in using it he worshipped the Lord in the most becoming and profitable manner. This position was not only fairly laid down, but quotations from the earliest ages of the Christian Church were adduced, all tending to prove the soundness of our Church both in her doctrine and her prayers. And yet some of those who differ from us take offence at this discourse, which, while it plainly and manfully upheld the principles of the Church of England, wandered not out of the way to attack any denomination of professing Christians. And now, Sir, as a Layman of the Established Church, I take leave to ask, Are our Clergy to suffer the principles of that Church to which they have subscribed their most solemn assent, to be unadvocated, when every one around is ready to run full tilt against them? Are Meetings of other denominations to be held for the purpose of calumniating our Church, and yet not one word be said in her behalf? I blame the apathy of our Clergy in these particulars, and I do so now the more, since I have had an opportunity, (which I often desired) of forming some idea of the strength of our Church. Your paper affords a pleasing, and I must say to the unexpectedly favourable report, of the different parishes throughout the Province; and instead of certain people being "two to one," I presume the members of the Church of England will be found in a large majority.

Every impartial person will, I doubt not, unite with me in saying, that the discourse to which I allude was characterized by the purest spirit of Christian love; and dead must be that heart to all feeling, which did not fully enter into those beautiful ejaculations, so happily introduced by the preacher. I beg leave respectfully to suggest that, as in my opinion every sermon, when once delivered, becomes public property, and as so many remarks have been made both by those who heard it, and those who did not hear it, the sermon in question ought to be published, and thus every one will have an opportunity of judging for himself. Hoping this hint will be attended to, I merely add my sincere prayer that the Church of England may never want a less talented assertor of her rights, and a less manly maintainer of her principles, than the Reverend Preacher on the above occasion.

I am, Sir,

Yours &c.,

A LAYMAN.

August 15, 1837.

From St. James's Chronicle, May 27.

CONFIRMATION.—On Tuesday last an interesting service was held at Trinity Church, Islington. A numerous and respectable assemblage of young persons received the solemn rite of confirmation from the Bishop of London. The whole ceremony was deeply affecting. Several juvenile members of old Wesleyan families were amongst the candidates, and this public act of allegiance with the Established Church is truly commendable to the parties in question, who we are well aware still hold a conscientious and independent union with their own religious body; but, steady to the example of their venerated founder (who repeatedly declared throughout his long and important life, "that he lived and died a member of the Church of England") they thus avouch themselves his faithful followers, while from higher principles they desire for their children those spiritual advantages offered to all who seek them beneath her Catholic wings. In the year 1782, it is recorded, that the learned and pious Dr. Adam Clarke, then an itinerant Methodist preacher, was himself confirmed by the Bishop of Norwich at Bristol. With his name may be connected those of Benson and Coke, and though last not least, the lamented and immortal Watson, who in his memorable reply to an invidious biographer of the illustrious Wesley, when writing on the subject of the Church, "hails her as the mother of us all," and thus, with the true genius of Christianity shows, that "although in body separate, yet in spirit one."

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—In respect to her memory, her ritual, and her ceremonies, the Church of England may justly be said to be a goodly fabric,—corresponding, as nearly as the change of outward circumstances will permit, to the primitive model designed by its first and inspired founders, and the inheritors of their spirit and their views; cleared from the external excrescences, which, after a time, deformed it; and cleansed, in a pre-eminent degree, from the internal corruptions which defiled it, from the rank weeds, which destroyed or concealed its fair symmetry and proportions, and from the rust, which dimmed and cankered the fine gold of its inmost sanctuary; but still invested and enriched with the decorations, which bore the impress of genuine and pure antiquity,—still abundant in the accommodations, which were sanctioned by the test of practical utility. It is, as it were, the temple of Solomon, neither reduced to the comparatively rude and unshapen structure of the tabernacle, nor loaded with the meretricious ornaments of Herod; pre-eminently adapted at once to advance the edification of man and the glory of God.—Bishop Ryder.

LETTERS received during the week ending Friday, 18th Aug:—N. B. In our last for Rev. W. Seeming, read Rev. W. Leeming.

Rev. Dr. Phillips;—John Kent, Esq., (we thank him much for his zeal)—John Burwell, Esq. subs. and rem:—Rev. G. Salmon's spare Nos. are received, for which we are obliged to him;—also those of the Rev. H. Burges:—C. Brent, Esq. add. sub. and rem:—Rev. S. S. Wood, subs. and rem:—Rev. F. Mack, rem:—Rev. M. Burnham, rem:—Rev. A. Palmer, his correction has been anticipated.—Rev. J. Padfield, add. subs.

[A package containing 6 copies of No. 8 has been sent us from Granby Post Office, and stated to have arrived there without address. We cannot account for this otherwise than that the cover had by some means been removed on the way. The Agent thus deprived of the package will please inform us.]

Youth's Department.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

VI. ABSALOM—CONTINUED.

50. Instead of a splendid sepulchre to keep his name in remembrance, what was the burial-place of this infatuated young man?—*2d Sam.*

51. What was the lamentation of his pious father, when he heard of his son's death?—*2d Sam.*

VII. ADAM.

52. Out of what materials did God form Adam?—*Gen.*

53. What was the employment assigned to Adam?—*Gen.*

54. What injunction did God give to him as the test of his obedience?—*Gen.*

55. What were the advantages held out to him as an inducement to sin? and who became his tempter?—*Gen.*

56. What were the immediate consequences of Adam's transgression? and what the immediate punishment which followed?—*Gen.*

CHURCH CALENDAR.

At. 6.—11th do.	do.
13.—12th do.	do.
20.—13th do.	do.
27.—14th do.	do.

GENTLE SOPHY.

REV. SM.—I heard, the other day, a little history, which I should much like to tell your readers if you will give me leave. It was related by a clergyman, in a sermon he preached to nearly a thousand Charity School children; I may not perhaps remember his exact words, but you may depend on the truth of the account; and the simple language which I shall use, will, I hope, be pleasing and intelligible to your young readers; and, for their sakes, excused by your elder friends. The clergyman was preaching from the beautiful words in Isaiah, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom;" and he told his little hearers, that the sheep and lambs never think they cannot follow the shepherd when he calls; that the Lord Jesus Christ is our shepherd; and that he never tells us to do any thing which he will not give us grace to do. He told them, they should pray to the Lord Jesus to make them holy and gentle; and then he added, "I will tell you a story of one who was made so by his grace. I am going to tell you of a little girl, who worked in a cotton manufactory, in the town where I was born. The children are taught to work there while very young; this child was in my sister's class, in the Sunday School, and she was the flower of her little flock; she was not a quick child, mind that, my dears; but she was early taught to love, and fear, and serve God, and she was so meek and patient, that she was known by the name of "gentle Sophy." Now I should have told you, that Sophy was an orphan; she had no father or mother, and she lived with an aunt. In the same manufactory where Sophy worked, another girl was employed, named Mary J—, and she was very different from Sophy; she was always teasing and tormenting her, calling her names, and behaving ill to her in every way: but Sophy returned good for evil. One day, when Sophy was at her work, this girl came behind her, and gave her so violent a push, that Sophy was thrown from her seat and fell in among the wheels of the machinery. The workmen stopped the wheels, and soon, poor Sophy, with her face and head bleeding, was carried home to her aunt's cottage, and they sent for the Doctor, and they sent for her Sunday School Teacher. My sister was not at home, but my dear father went to poor Sophy; she could not utter a word, but she was sensible and understood all that my father said to her. He went to her bedside, and knelt down, and prayed to the Lord to bless her, and to save her: and then he said "Sophy you know that you are a sinner, but you know that Jesus died for sinners; do you think that if you die, you shall go to heaven? if you do, and cannot speak, squeeze my hand." And Sophy squeezed his hand. But still Sophy seemed very restless and very uneasy, and then my father remembered that some one had said, "Mary J— is carried away to prison, and there she will stay till it is seen whether Sophy lives or dies; and if she dies, most likely Mary will be hanged." My father thought this was what made Sophy unhappy, and he said to her "do you forgive Mary? would you like to see her? if you would, squeeze my hand;" and she squeezed his hand. And then my father went to the Magistrate, and obtained leave for Mary to be brought; and when she came in, Sophy looked up, and smiled faintly. Mary was greatly distressed, though from what followed afterwards. I am afraid she was not sorry for her sin, but for the trouble it had brought upon her; but I must leave this, and only tell you of gentle Sophy. She was asked if she forgave Mary, and the tears streamed down her face, and she pressed Mary's hand, and in a few hours, she was with her Saviour, whose grace had made her so patient, so gentle, and so forgiving.—(Selected.)

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. VII.

LONDON, CONTINUED;—ASCENSION-DAY—ST. CATHARINES AND LONDON DOCKS—THE THAMES TUNNEL, &c.

After three days of sight-seeing, by which although the mind is diverted and gratified, the body often is wearied and worn, it was refreshing, in every sense, to experience the intervention of a religious holyday. This was the Church's feast of the Ascension; a joyous day which was ushered in by the pealing chimes of every spire in London, producing in the Christian mind all that glow of delightful hope awakened by the promise that the Church which, like its persecuted but now glorified head, was militant on earth, would yet be triumphant in heaven!

I attended at St. Martin's Church where in the conduct of the services was ever to be discerned that sterling sobriety so characteristic of the nation, but not unaccompanied by a fire and zeal which never failed to communicate its happy glow to the

heart and spirits of the hearer. In the sermon of the afternoon lecturer, who preached on this occasion, there were many eloquent passages, and much to elevate the soul to the due contemplation of the animating subject;—but never, upon the recurrence of this festival, can I help calling to mind Bishop Horne's beautiful allusion to the starry portals of the skies being thrown widely open for the admission of the King of Glory, who was returned conqueror over death and the grave, and with the deliverance of man accomplished! Often too, as I call to mind the scene of our Saviour's ascension, when his amazed disciples followed with straining eyes the fast-fading traces of their beloved Lord, am I struck with the similarity of sensation awakened by watching upon the wide sea the fading vestiges of a bark which is bearing away some dear companion and friend! These, perhaps, are departing homewards, and fain would we follow:—at least the hope is enlivening that by and by we shall meet at home. So to those who were watching the vanishing traces of their ascending Saviour: he was departing to the home prepared for them; and every regret would soon be cheered away by the hope, the confidence, that by and by they would rejoin him there!

On the following day I sallied forth for the further inspection of the marvels of the metropolis: and in company with an intelligent and most obliging friend, we proceeded first to the London and St. Catharine Docks,—completed on a smaller scale certainly than those which I had previously visited, but evincing the same skill and convenience in every arrangement, and perhaps manifesting a greater bustle and business. Here were several of the American Packet Ships; and it is pleasing to witness the extreme delight and gratification always evinced by the English visitor upon inspecting these elegant specimens of nautical skill and taste. There is not a doubt that the attractions of those noble vessels have lured many a son of England to the transatlantic shores, whose curiosity to visit the younger world would have been repressed by the contemplation of the intervening dangers and discomforts of the sea. I know of one wanderer at least in whom they helped to beget not merely a reconciliation to the perils and trials of the world of waters, but have awakened something like this feeling of the poet:—

O I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.

Our next visit was to the Wine vaults, which the kind attention of my accompanying friend obtained us permission to inspect. These unlike the wine receptacles at Paris which some months after this I chanced to visit—were entirely under ground and covered a space of about eight acres. The whole area was regularly laid out in streets, the spaces between being filled to the ceiling with piles of casks; and every street, like a miniature city, was lighted with gas.

At some little distance below the London Docks,—and having previously passed through the celebrated market of Billingsgate,—we came to the THAMES TUNNEL, one of the most novel and most noble undertakings for which London is remarkable:—Its ingenious and spirited projector was Mr. Brunel; and happy am I to add my belief that this enterprising gentleman will soon be gratified by the accomplishment of his extraordinary and admired undertaking. Nor is it less a subject of usefulness than of wonder; for as this is too far down the river to permit of the erection of a bridge, this subterraneous passage must prove, when completed, an incalculable advantage to the numerous inhabitants resident in the neighbourhood, and whom business or pleasure require so frequently to cross the Thames.

The descent into this sub-aquatic walk, as it may be termed, is, for the present, by a temporary stairs; but once below, nothing can exceed the perfection and beauty of the whole workmanship. Two substantial brick archways are constructed side by side, each 14 feet wide,—so substantial that although you are standing beneath the centre of a deep river, where the largest ships are sailing above your heads, no sensation of fear or apprehension of danger, for a moment, obtrudes itself;—and each of these contains a macadamized carriage road, and foot path for pedestrians. The whole is lit with gas, and the line of lamps, as you stand at either end, is particularly beautiful and striking.—Although many thousands of persons annually visit the celebrated Thames Tunnel, and each person pays a shilling for permission to inspect it, it is said that the large sum thus received barely covers the expense incurred in keeping it in that admirable order and repair in which it is constantly to be found.

Emerging from the Tunnel, we returned by the Custom House which, as I had subsequently a better opportunity of observing its arrangements on returning from a foreign land I shall not at present describe: suffice it to say that it is on an immense scale, affording accommodation to about 650 clerks and officers, besides 1000 tide-waiters and servants; and the construction of the building is in a style of great magnificence and taste.

From thence we proceeded homewards, and paused, on the way, to contemplate the Monument, London's column, built by order of Parliament, to perpetuate the remembrance of the dreadful fire of London in 1666. Though not of very large dimensions, its height is great, being 202 feet from the pavement to the "blazing urn" with which its summit is crowned.

Two sides of the pedestal have long Latin inscriptions;—one of which details the dreadful effects of the fire which it commemorates, and recapitulates the number of houses, churches and streets which were destroyed, containing amongst others this remarkable sentence: "To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world." After a day of so much fatigue, I did not avail myself of the offer to ascend the stairs and enjoy the commanding view from the summit;—and although I subsequently passed the Monument perhaps a hundred times this was a gratification that I never chanced to enjoy.

(To be Continued.)

REV. C. WOLFE.

On the day before his dissolution, the medical gentleman who attended him felt it his duty to apprise him of his immediate danger, and expressed himself thus: "Your mind, sir, seems to be so raised above this world, that I need not fear to communicate to you my candid opinion of your state." "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I trust I have been learning to 'live above the world.'" And he then made some impressive observations on the ground of his own hopes; and having afterwards heard that they had a favourable effect, he entered more fully into the subject with him on the next visit, and continued speaking for an hour, in such a convincing, affecting, and solemn strain, (and this at a time when he seemed incapable of uttering a single sentence,) that the Physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa in tears, exclaiming, "There is something superhuman about that man: it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted; such mental vigour in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"

EXTRACTS FROM "WALKER'S ORIGINAL."

Pique.—I have remarked, that persons much given to pique are, frequently, particularly strict in the outward observances of religion. They must have strange notions, or rather no notions at all, of the spirit of Christianity; and the doctrines they hear must fall upon the most stony of places. Nay, I have met with persons so insensible to propriety, as to avow, without scruple, that they have left off attending a place of worship from some supposed affront they have received there.

Self-Discipline.—It is the character of the Christian Religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever even thought of before, and the Christian Religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to its disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable.

Temper! How to obtain it.—There is no book comparable to the New Testament for teaching that temper of mind which is alone capable of ensuring a current of happiness independent of external interruptions. It gives that tone which prevents us from annoying or feeling annoyance. It teaches us to bear all things, to hope all things, and to think no evil. How different such a state from that of those who bear nothing, hope nothing, and are ever thinking evil! In order to derive full benefit from the doctrines of the New Testament, it is not sufficient to recur to them occasionally, but by daily attention to make them part of our system, so that the mind may become its own master, and as much as possible independent of everything without.

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

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

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