

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, OCTOBER 21, 1837.

[NO. XIX.]

Poetry.

THE ASPEN LEAF.

I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree;
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly gay;
So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirred and swung;
Thrilling ev'n to a Redbreast's note,
Drooping if only a light mist float;
Brightened and dimmed, like a varying glass,
As shadow and sunbeam chance to pass:—
I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree.—
It is not because the autumn sere
Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
That soon, full soon, nor leaf nor stem
Sunlight would gladden, or dew-drop gem,—
That I, with my fellows, must fall to the earth,
Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
Or else on the bough where all had grown,
Must linger on, and linger alone;—
Might life be an endless summer's day,
And I be for ever green and gay,
I would not be, I would not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree!

Proudly spoken, heart of mine,—
Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
More, and darker and sadder to see,
Than befall the leaves of yonder tree!
What if they flutter—their life is a dance;
Or toy with the sunbeam—they live in his glance;
To bird, breeze and insect, rustle and thrill,
Never the same, never mute, never still,—
Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
Chide them not—heed them not—spirit away!
In to thyself,—to thine own hidden shrine;—
What there dost thou worship? What deems't thou divine?
Thy hopes—are they steadfast, and holy, and high?
Are they built on a rock? Are they raised to the sky?
Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh! whither point they?
To the triumphs of earth? To the toys of a day?
Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse prevail
To make them and mar them, as wind swells the sail?
Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
What are they? And yield thy contentment, or shame?
Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state;—
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate;
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh;
But for thee,—the immortal,—no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe;
Thou must live, and live ever—in glory or gloom,—
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb.
Look to thyslf then, ere past is Hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain,
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been, or to be,
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree!

MISS JEWsbury.

[Communicated.]

For the Church.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP WHITE.

Rev. Sir,—The following is the substance of an extract from a letter which I some time ago wrote to a dear friend in a far distant land, and I am induced to send it to you for publication, in the hope that, as the venerable subject of it was extensively known on this continent, and where known revered, it may prove not unacceptable to your readers. It may perhaps be proper to state that, as I took no notes of the following circumstances at the time, and being moreover a stranger in that section of the United States, and consequently but imperfectly acquainted with the names of places and persons, I may possibly be incorrect in some minor points of detail, such as, for instance, the name of the church in which the consecration took place, &c.—but for the general correctness of the whole, I pledge myself.

VERUS.

"My chief object in going to Philadelphia was to have the honor (for such I deemed it) of an interview with that venerable and Apostolic man—now in heaven—BISHOP WHITE. He was for a great many years the only living link in the chain which united the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States to the Church of England, being the last surviving one of the four clergymen who went to England after the Revolution to be consecrated Bishops; it becoming then necessary that the Episcopal church in the States should have the power of ordaining to the ministry within itself, without further reference to the mother country. At the time of his death—which occurred in July 1836, on a Sunday, and about the hour when prayers on his behalf were ascending to the throne of grace from hundreds of churches and from tens of thousands of hearts—he was the oldest Protestant prelate in Christendom, having been almost half a century in the Episcopate, and nearly seventy years in the Ministry. In person he was very tall and slender, and of the most venerable aspect; in mental endowments highly gifted, being a man of great learning, wisdom, and theological acquirements; and moreover singularly blest with health, having been enabled to preach and perform other ecclesiastical duties until within a few days before his decease. Of the seven-and-twenty Bishops that have ruled with such fidelity over the Anglo-American church, since she assumed an independent character, every one of them, but one, was consecrated by this venerable Prelate; and during the long period of his Episcopate, he never once, I believe, was absent from the General Convention of the Church, (which meets triennially,) at whose deliberations he invariably presided. He was called in consequence, by way of distinction,

the presiding Bishop. In his parlour, (the room in which I was sitting with him,) the first meeting,—he told me,—was held, at the close of the Revolution, to draw up a Constitution for the Church, adapted to her new and untried situation; and so few of her ministers were there at that time to represent her, that she appeared indeed but "as a grain of mustard seed." But the seed, though small and unpromising, was sown in faith, and watered with many prayers; and now—behold what the Lord hath wrought! the "grain" has become a GREAT TREE, "stretching out her branches unto the sea, and her boughs unto the river," and thus exhibiting to the world an irrefragable proof that the intrinsic excellence of the Church can uphold her—yea, and cause her to flourish—independently of any connexion with the State.*

Profound was the veneration in which this great man was held, not only by the members of his own church, but by all of every class and denomination. He was the personal friend of the immortal Washington, who highly esteemed him; and indeed when we consider his learning and wisdom, his deep but unostentatious piety, his patriarchal age, and the dignity of his high and holy office, we cannot be surprised at the universal homage which was rendered to this truly Apostolic man.

Not very long after this never-to-be-forgotten interview with Bishop WHITE, I was privileged to see him once more under circumstances of a still more interesting nature. Happening to be on a short visit to a friend in a neighboring Diocese, I was invited by its respected and indefatigable Prelate (Dr. Doane) to proceed to Philadelphia to witness the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Kemper to the office of Missionary Bishop, a novel but highly important step agreed upon by the church at the previous meeting of the General Convention, and which, consequently, gave to the approaching ceremony a rather unusual degree of interest. I accordingly went: and never shall I forget the delightful emotions which the whole scene excited. The consecration took place in the large and beautiful church of St. Peter, which was filled to overflowing with a most attentive audience. And here I cannot help digressing a little to mention two things that impressed me very forcibly on this occasion;—first, the decided superiority of this public mode of consecrating her Bishops adopted by the American church, contrasted with the private manner in which the same solemn ceremony is too often—I had almost said, invariably—performed in England; and secondly, the intense interest which appeared to be felt by every individual present in the solemnities of the day. Each countenance seemed to speak—"my heart is engaged in every thing that concerns the Church." But how should it be otherwise? The one follows of necessity from the other. When pains are taken to present the Church to the people in the full beauty of her unrivalled services—when they are given to feel their interest in them all—when none of those intended for public use are performed "in a corner," to suit the whims and caprices of the lukewarm and supine—but when all of them, from the dedication of the babe to Christ in Baptism to the imposition of hands in consecrating to the highest office in his church, are brought out in beauteous order before the whole body of the church, which thus appears "fair as the moon, clear as the sun,"

"In his whole round of rays complete,"

and to all her enemies "terrible as an army with banners,"—it cannot fail to produce in all her members, through the power of divine grace, the liveliest interest—the most devoted attachment

"Alas! it is not so with us," thought I to myself, as I gazed with delight on the scene before me—"consecration after consecration, and visitation after visitation, may take place, and few, very few, seem to know any thing of the matter, and fewer still appear to care." With what inexpressible pain, when attending divine service lately on one of those occasions (public I was about to add—would that it had been!) just alluded to, did I look round a large church in one of the principal towns of Upper Canada, and number some half dozen persons, who, scattered up and down, were all of the laity that composed the congregation! Alas! that it should be so! But to return to my subject. The consecration, as I before remarked, took place in St. Peter's, and I was fortunate, through the kindness of one of the leading members of that church, to occupy a pew adjoining the altar, from which I had a good view of all the proceedings. The pews immediately in front of the altar were occupied by about thirty clergymen in their robes, if I mistake not. At the opposite end of the church were the vestry-room, the Reading-desk and Pulpit, and immediately in front of the latter ran the great centre aisle direct to the altar. Presently the Rev. Drs. Abercrombie and Milnor, (the latter, I have understood, in early life a Quaker,) two venerable looking men, entered the Desk. The organ pealed in solemn tones, and every eye was turned towards the vestry. Now issued forth the Bishops, seven in number, in full Episcopal habit, headed by the Apostolic WHITE, with "hoary head," to him indeed "a crown of glory." He advanced with rather tottering step, leaning on the venerable Bishop Moore, whose silvery locks flowed in graceful profusion down his shoulders. O what calmness—what solemnity—what meekness and heavenly-mindedness beamed from their countenances! and as my eye was riveted on that man of God, who half a century before was himself consecrated to the Apostolic office by the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and for nearly seventy

* The writer by no means wishes to imply that the connexion existing between the Church and the State in the mother country should be dissolved—far from it. He conscientiously believes that such a union has a divine sanction, and that it is decidedly better for their mutual interests it should be inviolably maintained.

years had been, both in soundness of doctrine and in purity of life, proclaiming "the truth as it is in Jesus," who had himself laid holy hands upon the hoary head of that brother-apostle upon whom he leaned—and as I beheld him slowly moving up the aisle, hundreds—nay thousands—of eyes fastened on him, and as many loving hearts, at that moment, doubtless, blessing their venerable Father,—I was forcibly reminded of St. John, "the beloved disciple," who about the same age, being unable to speak much in public, used to deliver his oft-repeated charge to the church, "Children, love one another!" The prelates took their seats at the altar, Bishop White occupying the large and beautiful chair at the right of the communion-table, with three of the Bishops on his right, and the other three on his left. The Bishop elect sat on a chair placed for him in the great aisle, dressed in his rochet, the remainder of the Episcopal habit being placed on another chair before the altar. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, and the lessons by Dr. Milnor, and never did I hear this beautiful service better performed: but that which added chiefly to the effect was the very audible and solemn manner in which the responses were uttered by the Bishops, Clergy, and people together. It is certainly in this way that the great beauty of our church service is best seen and felt, and the end of "common prayer" most effectually answered. There is no disinterested worshipper in this case; each feels that he has a solemn but pleasing duty to perform in the house of God, and he goes there to present for himself the grateful offering of prayer and praise. And the delightful emotion is not confined to the individual worshipper, but is diffused through the whole congregation, for true it is that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." I felt it to be so in my own case on that interesting day, for as I looked round on the great congregation and heard their voices united in adoration, thanksgiving, and praise to the Triune God, my heart glowed with increased devotional feeling, and I thought within myself—"It is good for me to be here!" But alas! when I consider how this truly spiritual service is performed in most churches, scarcely a voice to be heard responsive except that of the clerk, who is often a bad reader, as if the congregation conceived they had sufficiently discharged their duty by transferring its performance to him, I cannot be surprised at the taunt of dissenters,—that our Liturgy is cold and lifeless.

All the Prelates took a part in the services of the day. The Ante communion service was read by Bishop White; the Epistle by Bishop H. U. Onderdonk, (the coadjutor of Bishop White, and brother of the amiable Diocesan of New York;) and the Gospel by Bishop Chase. The Gospel in the form of consecration is beautiful, and contains that touching address of our Lord to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Bishop Chase (who wore a black cap, something after the manner of the old Reformers, and whose venerable appearance added much to the effect,) read it with great pathos. He evidently seemed to feel as if our Lord were addressing himself; and when he came to Peter's last reply, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" the good old man was so overcome by his feelings, (which at that moment, I doubt not, emanated from a heart burning with love to his Saviour,) that he burst into tears. The congregation appeared to catch the glow, and certainly to me it was one of the most delightfully solemn moments I ever enjoyed. O I thought of the happiness of Heaven

"Where each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight!"

An admirable sermon was preached by Bishop Doane, after which Dr. Kemper was presented by the latter Prelate and the Right Rev. Dr. Smith of Kentucky. When the venerable Patriarch laid his holy hands (with those of the other Bishops) on the Bishop elect's head, the tears streamed from the dear old man's eyes. Perhaps he thought—as it alas! proved to be—it might be the last time! And oh! could his brethren then present—could the sheep and the lambs of his flock over whom he had so long and so tenderly watched with untiring love—O could they have indeed known that this was to be the last consecration by his hands they should ever witness—what would have been their feelings at that moment! How would the eye of affection have lingered on that aged and beloved form, endeared to them by the most hallowed associations, and bending under the weight of almost ninety years—that form so familiar to their sires and their grand-sires, and now about to descend to the grave full of honours and full of days!

RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM.

It is a trite observation, that human nature is prone to run into extremes. This is remarkably the case as it respects religion. An important lesson may be learned by contrasting the religious bigotry of a former age with the religious liberalism of the present. Toleration, two or three centuries ago, was very little understood. No man was content with holding his own sentiments, without at the same time endeavouring to make every one else hold them too. And every history of our country will inform us, that the Roman Catholics, so long as they were the ruling party, enforced unanimity of opinion by arguments gathered from the prison and the stake. Even in later times it must be confessed that a tincture of the same severity remained. And though few, indeed, for the last two centuries and a half, have perished in England by the hand of the executioner, on account of religion, yet it was by slow degrees that a perfect freedom of judgment was generally established. Now, however, the aspect of things is altered. For though, to be sure, bigotry is not extinct, and there may be those among us, who, if they had

the opportunity, would be as zealous as their fathers in urging persecution forward, yet a spirit is very widely and universally diffused, which, measuring its notions of religion by what all are agreed to hold, denounces, as the narrow-mindedness of party feeling, all that constitutes the distinctive characteristic of separate professions. Men influenced by this principle have no great affection for creeds, and utterly condemn all damnatory clauses: they rise, as they think, superior to theological disputes: they breathe, as they imagine, a purer atmosphere, and from their height can look down upon all sects as on a level.

Now it is a lamentable fact, that as much energy has been wasted in contending fruitlessly about non-essentials, as, if combined against the common enemies of fundamental truth, might, by God's blessing, have achieved many a victory; yet because we may dispute unreasonably for trifles, it by no means follows that we must cease to "contend earnestly for the" substantial "faith once delivered to the saints." The apostle Paul was willing, in indifferent matters, to become "all things to all men;" yet we find him strenuously asserting, that if any of the Galatians sought to be justified by the law, they were "fallen from grace." And he scruples not to denounce a fearful curse on him who should presume to teach another Gospel, even though he were "an angel from heaven."

The question, therefore, is, what is fundamental truth? Where can we take our stand? A member of the Church of England need not find it difficult to answer. For, besides that he has free access to the sacred Scriptures, which, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, are able to lead him into all truth, he is furnished, in the forms of sound words handed down to him from past generations, with a summary of the doctrines he professes to believe, so clearly exhibited as to leave him in no doubt respecting his faith. Hence, it is easy for him to see on how many or how few points other religionists accord with him. He can distinguish whether the difference be of discipline or of doctrine; and whether the doctrinal disagreement be in matters which his own Church has left undecided, or in those on which she has deemed it fitting to pronounce her solemn judgment.

But I will descend a little to particulars. Our Church, since her emancipation from the Romish yoke, has always regarded the corruption of Popery as of fearful magnitude. In the thirty-first article we are told that "the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Now, after this, is it possible that any conscientious Churchman can deem Popery and Protestantism two forms, nearly upon a par, of common Christianity? Either let it be proved from Scripture that our reformers were wrong in thus characterising the mass, and that the Church is to be blamed for retaining such language in her formularies; or let the charge of uncharitable restlessness, which Protestant champions so frequently incur, be for ever silenced. The truth, let us allow for the sake of argument, may be on the one side, may be on the other; but the dispute never must be said to be on trivial matters. As Protestants, we may live in peace, yea, in love with Roman Catholics; but we ought never to dissemble that a wide gulf lies betwixt their faith and ours.—We may abhor the cruel absurdity which would strive to make the one party agree with the other by force: we ought never to disguise the fact that there is little, very little common ground on which we are both standing. The arguments which are brought against the agitation of Protestant as opposed to Roman Catholic doctrines, would have been equally applicable in the Apostolic age to shut the mouths of the first preachers of the Gospel, and to persuade them, instead of making proselytes, to let their countrymen alone; and, instead of exposing the deficiencies of Judaism, and the corrupt traditions introduced into it by the Pharisees, to be content with dwelling on the points in which it agreed with Christianity.

Yet, strong as are her expressions of censure on the Romish doctrines, our Church nowhere declares that salvation in the Romish communion is impossible: she does, however, in almost scriptural language, raise her warning voice against the certain danger of those who disbelieve the doctrine of the Trinity. If, then, there is little ground common to us and to the Romanists, there is none to us and to the Socinians. Can the difference, therefore, be esteemed of no moment? ought it to be represented as a war of merely speculative opinions, which had better for the quiet of the world be foreborne? Men who could so advise, would be ready to yield every thing which the humble follower of Christ holds dear: they would be justly guilty, in the mind of the believer, of the charge once brought against the Roman masters of the world, "When they have made a desert, then they call it peace." No: there can be no peace betwixt truth and such error. He that can profess to look with complacency on both, might attempt a covenant betwixt God and Mammon—might strive to reconcile Christ with Belial.

Differences of opinion in matters of science are eagerly investigated. No point is thought too unimportant to be tested, no fact too trivial to be maintained. The philosopher, when discordant theories arise before him, carefully pursues his experiments, arranges the evidence they offer, and at once promulgates the result. His object is not concession, not reconciliation, but truth. Is he blamed for this? Is he not rather lauded and honoured? Why then should the same liberty be denied to the theologian? Why should he be denounced for defining accurately, and maintaining resolutely, that truth on which, not a science, but the salvation of innumerable souls depends?

It will be said, you are encouraging bitterness and acrimony. But I reply, there may be in the mind the fullest persuasion that it has grasped the truth, the most resolute determination to hold and to diffuse it, the most vivid perception of another's error, and yet the kindest affection towards him. The Apostles, though their enemies denounced them as turning the world upside down, were surely actuated by no bitter spirit when they went forth, in spite of opposition, to preach to the nations, who were lying in wickedness, the love of the crucified Jesus. They were gentle and tender to those whose idolatry and sin they rebuked.—Acrimony is not a meet associate of truth. Must the physician be angry because he has discovered his patient's imminent danger?

But if the poor sufferer, unwilling to acknowledge his malady, would repulse the kind hand that administers his medicine, is he, therefore, to be left? He will only be the more pitied by a humane mind. And so, to leave a man in error, to palliate his moral danger, to soothe him with crying peace, when the word of God declares that there is no peace, is the mark rather of impatience than of charity, is the act of him who feels not for another's welfare, rather than of one in whose bosom burns the heavenly flame of good-will towards his fellow-creatures.

Let Christians strive to overcome that infirmity of their nature which mingles evil with their holiest things; let all anger and wrath, and bitterness, be put aside; let them speak the truth in love, lest they throw a stumbling-block in any man's way.—But let them never fall from "their avowed stedfastness;" let them be persuaded to make no concessions to error; let them be deterred by no stigma from maintaining the purity of faith, and the exclusiveness of truth. The standard of the Lord must be more boldly displayed; the difference between good and evil more decidedly marked. Then will the spirit, of which I have been speaking, be checked, and we shall become more "jealous for the Lord God of Hosts." Indifference and amalgamation of right with wrong will be seen to breathe little of this holy jealousy, and therefore, to detract from that glory which God will not give unto another.

Still never let the weapons of human warfare be employed in a spiritual contest. Christ's Kingdom is "not of this world," and, therefore, his servants will not fight. They must imitate him who was meek and lowly, of whom it was declared, "he shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets;" yet he shall "send forth his judgment unto victory."—*Church of England Magazine.*

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 7.

THE MANNA USED BY THE ISRAELITES.

EXODUS xvi. 14, 15.—"And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost, on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is Manna."

Manna is the common name for the thick, clammy, and sweet juice which, in the southern countries, oozes from certain trees and shrubs, partly by the rays of the sun, partly by the puncture of some kinds of insects, and partly by artificial means. The manna common in our druggist's shops, comes from Calabria and Sicily, where it oozes out of a kind of ash tree, from the end of June to the end of July, when the cicada appears, an insect somewhat resembling a locust, though distinguished from it by an instrument which it possesses, peculiarly adapted to the work of puncturation. The juice issuing from this wound is, in the night, fluid, and looks like dew, but in the morning it begins to harden. But the European manna is not so good as the oriental, which is gathered in particular, in Syria, Arabia, and Persia. The peasants about Ispahan collect it at sunrise, holding a sieve under the branch, into which the grains fall when the branches are struck with a stick. If the gathering of it be deferred till after sunrise, no manna can be obtained. The time for gathering it is confined to July and August.

But though the manna described in these instances resembles for the most part that mentioned by Moses, yet we find a peculiar circumstance in the latter, by which it is distinguished from the common. Moses says, expressly, that the manna lay round the camp, upon the ground, like hoar frost: which at first view does not seem to agree with the manna which oozes out from the stem, branches, and leaves of certain plants, and settles on them.

OEDEMAN, however, supposes that "the great heat of Arabia and other Eastern countries, expels a quantity of sweet juices from different kinds of shrubs and trees growing there, as rhamnus, date-trees, &c.: that these exhalations float and rise in the air, as long as their specific gravity is less than that of the atmosphere: that they are condensed by the coolness of the night, and, by the laws of gravitation, fall with the dew, or more probably form with the dew a separate substance." And this supposition is abundantly confirmed by the observations of various travellers and others. The Arabian physician IBN SINA, generally known by the name of Avicenna, gives the following description. "Manna is a dew which falls on stones or plants, of a sweet taste, and becomes as thick as honey, or hardened into a kind of grain." FELIX FABRI relates that, in his travels in Stoney Arabia, he found the dew quite sweet. SHAW says, that one night when he travelled in Palestine, both the bridle and the saddle were covered with a similar clammy dew: and FONSKAL was informed by the monks of Tor, that manna falls on the roof of their convent. EURMAN, however, a learned Swede, mentions in his travels, that manna is not produced every year: and that when he was in Sinai in 1712, there had been none for two years.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that manna exudes from the leaves of trees, and that it is likewise exhaled from them, and afterwards descends along with the dew: and that in its general appearance and properties it resembles that which was eaten by the Israelites. Still, however, the miraculous circumstances remain. During the long period of forty years it fell every day during the whole year: whereas, in the common manna, it falls only during the short space of two or three months. Double the quantity also fell on the sixth day, and none at all on the Sabbath; and while that kept for the Sabbath remained pure, that reserved over any other day became corrupt, and bred worms. And, lastly, the manna in its regular properties is laxative, and is only used as a medicine; while that of the Israelites was employed as their ordinary food.

THE SMOOTH STONES SELECTED BY DAVID FROM THE BROOK ELAH.

1 SAMUEL, xvii. 40.—"And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook."

"The chapel belonging to the convent is built over that part of the house where John Baptist is said to have been born: and the village itself stands on the mountain occupied by the Israelites, when the Philistines from the neighbouring mountains to

the westward defied the armies of the living God. The brook between them is that of Elah, whence David chose the five smooth stones, with one of which he slew Goliath. It is remarkable that many smooth stones are to be found in the brook to this day, brought probably from a distance by the winter-floods, though those we observed spread over the surrounding mountains are of an entirely different quality."—*Field Officer's Diary.*

DEXTERITY OF ANCIENT SLINGERS.

1 SAMUEL, xvii. 49.—"And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead."

"The slingers among the ancients were remarkably expert, being accustomed to this exercise from their earliest infancy. The inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, now called Majorca and Minorca, stood among the foremost in their dexterous use of this weapon: and so great a point did they make of having their children well trained in this respect, that they would not suffer them to break their fast till they had struck down the bread they were to eat from the top of a pole, or some distant eminence. Polybius gives a similar account of the Achæans. He tells us "they were trained to this art from their infancy by slinging from a great distance, at a circular mark of a moderate circumference; and by long practice they took so nice an aim that they were sure to hit their enemies, not only on the head, but on any part of the face they chose. Their slings were of a different kind from the Balearians, whom they surpassed in dexterity."

"The slings thus employed were of three different lengths. The longest they used when the enemy was at the greatest distance: the middle one on their nearer approach: and the shortest when they came into the ordinary fighting distance in the field. They are said to have had one of their slings constantly bound about their head: to have used the second as a girdle: and to have carried the third always in their hand."—*Burder's Oriental Customs.*

For the Church.

ANECDOTE OF CAPTAIN WYNNE.

In the time of the Civil War, it was fashionable for all sorts of persons who served in the Parliament's army, to carry a Bible along with them; which, therefore, many did who yet made little use of it, and had hardly any sense of serious religion. On one occasion Captain Wynne, with his company, was ordered to storm a fort, which he accomplished after having been exposed for some time to a very heavy fire from the enemy. After the heat of the action was over, he found a musket-ball lodged in his Bible, which lay in his pocket on such a part of his thigh that it must necessarily have proved mortal to him, had it not been for this seasonable and well-placed piece of armour. Upon a nearer observation he found the bullet had made its way so far through the Bible as to rest distinctly on that part of the first unbroken leaf where these words lay, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." As the surprising deliverance much affected him, so a passage which his conscience told him was very apposite to his own case, and which Providence in so remarkable a way pointed out to his observation, made the deepest and best impression on his mind. By the grace of God, he, from that time, minded religion in earnest, and continued in the regular practice of it to a good old age; and frequently made the remark with pleasure, that his Bible had been the salvation of his soul and of his body too.

The story is related by Dr. Evans in his Sermons to young people, who informs his readers that he received it when young, from the Captain's own mouth.

Would God, Sir, that our hearers would do as those soldiers did,—bring a Bible with them to their Church. Every christian soldier should come to the house of his God with this companion, yes, and with his Prayer Book too. For he must prove but a useless combatant who goes into the field of battle unarmed.

October 9th, 1837.

A. S.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1837.

The article which follows from the CHURCH ADVOCATE is one of interest as well as pain;—pain, because of late years it has become, in the United States especially, so alarmingly prevalent as to compel, in a very large proportion of the Lord's most devoted labourers, a suspension of their valued services;—and it is a subject of interest, because too much attention cannot be bestowed both to means of prevention, and to measures of alleviation and cure. If advice upon the latter belong not to our province, the former, at least, is not excluded from it; and perhaps the best suggestion we can offer, independent of the very excellent remarks below, is briefly to detail what we conceive, in many cases, to be the cause of the disease, so that our caution about prevention may come with more force and usefulness.

We consider a first grand cause—apart, of course, from any physical or constitutional tendencies—to be an excessive employment, and consequently, excessive irritation of the organs affected, viz. the throat and lungs; and that this injudicious over-working is more the case in the United States than in most other countries, the following extract from Mr. Colton's recent well-known work abundantly testifies:

"The wasting energies—the enfeebled, ruined health—the frequent premature deaths,—the failing of ministers almost as soon as they have begun to work—all which is too manifest not to be seen, which every body feels that takes any interest in this subject,—are principally and with few exceptions owing to the unnecessary, exorbitant demands on their intellectual powers, their moral and physical energies. * * *

"I have myself been thrown ten years out of the stated use of the ministry by this very cause, and may therefore be entitled to feel and to speak on the subject. And when I see my brethren fallen and falling around me, like the slain in battle, the plains of our land literally covered with these unfortunate victims, I am

constrained to express a most earnest desire, that some adequate remedy may be applied."—(pp. 40, 41.)

We are by no means advocates for indolence or inactivity in that responsible body whose office it is to bear the Saviour's message to a fallen world;—we have great respect for the good maxim, "Better to wear out than to rust out;"—still we consider the strictest adherence to the duty to be faithful in our Master's business, perfectly consistent with the caution against that superabundant exercise which must soon prostrate the Christian minister's most devoted energies.

We are of opinion that too much of one thing should never be done at one time: too much preaching, too much study, or too much exercise in one day, or even in one week;—and we can assert, after some fourteen years' experience and observation, that by a judicious intermixture of all the above,—by thus blending the occupations of the study with the labours of the pulpit or the lecture room, and by uniting with both a moderate exercise out-of-doors in the calls and claims which parochial visiting or causes of sickness may present,—an amount of ministerial labour may be accomplished which is frequently a subject of wonder to those who witness it. Indeed, we are aware of instances in which clergymen, of slender frame and apparently of fragile constitution, have actually experienced a very perceptible improvement of health—by adopting the method above suggested,—under a multiplication of duties the fulfilment of which has often proved the subject of amazement, yes and of alarm, to many of their anxious friends and kind-hearted parishioners.

We might go on to say that diet and climate have, no doubt, much influence in creating or fostering at least the deplorable disease alluded to;—but perhaps the former more than the latter. We are not qualified to enter into particulars; but doubtless too much and too frequent an indulgence in animal food, and too immediate and severe an exercise, whether of the mind or body, after partaking of it, is a cause of injury to the general powers of the body which render the organs, affected by bronchitis, more particularly susceptible of the ill effects of violent or long-continued exercise. But we are falling into an essay ourselves, and must stop to give place to what is more pertinent and useful:—

THE MINISTER'S DISEASE.
(From the Church Advocate.)

"Much has lately been written on this subject. One who has had some experience of the visitant thus named, offers a few remarks which may possibly be of use to his younger brethren. It is a law of nature as well as of revelation, that man should have periodical relaxation and rest. To most of the world this can or does come one day in seven. But when shall the clergyman have it? On Sunday most evidently he is a severe labourer.—He must therefore take some other day. After much trial the writer is clearly of opinion that Saturday should be the clergyman's day. Let him make it a point of duty, and of habit to finish his writing on Friday night. This can be done by the resolute. The mind is as susceptible of habits as the body. It has been the writer's practice to do most of his writing on a Thursday; and on that day after considerable practice his mind came almost as naturally to its task, as the appetite to the hour of dining.

"Having thus disciplined the mind, let Saturday be devoted to pastoral visits, and as much as may be, to exercise in the open air. Particularly, if convenient, let a ride on horseback with a *hard trotting* horse be taken that day. It was sometime before the writer could decide why on some Sundays his voice was several tones heavier and much freer. He at last observed that this always followed a ride on such a horse as has been mentioned, and concluded that his lungs were materially benefited by the mechanical exercise they received, or in other words by their being well shaken. Saturday having thus been devoted to employments which will fatigue the physical system sufficiently for sound and quiet rest, let an hour or two of additional sleep be taken on Saturday night:—then, on Sunday, the clergyman will rise fresh and vigorous, for his labours. He will go through them with a facility which will astonish him—a facility which will contribute immensely to the smooth flow of his spirits and thus to his religious enjoyment. Let his food on that day be light and nourishing. Let him avoid a hearty supper of solid food, when his public exercises are finished: a mistake into which many clergymen fall and for which they pay bitterly in what is called "*Mondayishness*." The stomach often craves food after preaching, but then is no time to gratify it; for it is weakened by the unusual exertion of the lungs and less able to digest, though its appetite be ever so keen.

A word as to the tones with which we should speak. We have two tones,—the tenor and the bass. Common conversation is usually conducted in the latter, and every body knows that we can talk for hours without fatigue; so we can preach, if we will talk *in the same key*; only adding to the volume of the voice, according to the size of the church. And less of this adding is necessary than is supposed. It is not *loudness* but *distinctness* which makes us audible and understood. A late Judge in Massachusetts, a very feeble and sickly man, was always heard in every court room in the State, while the stoutest and most vociferous lawyers were often quite unintelligible. He was distinct in his utterance, and taught himself the habit, by reading aloud in his study a half hour every day.

Speaking on the tenor key, straining, screaming, and making the lungs a forcing pump, it is which scales, and exorciates, the throat, debilitates the system, and terminates so often in throat disease, bronchitis, and consumption. Most especially is this the case when the system has been admirably prepared for deleterious impressions, by anxious and hurried labour on Saturday, and protracted writing of a Saturday night. This is a suicidal practice: the clergyman who persists in it, is a traitor to his constitution.

If soreness of the throat have been occasioned less by physical debility, &c. than by some sudden change of weather, let a gargle of cayenne pepper in warm water be used. The writer has experienced great benefit from this; indeed has frequently cured by it, a soreness which might have proved obstinate.

These are a few simple hints thrown together in much haste,

but they are the fruit of sober and painful experience; and if so regarded by our young clergy, may save them many a pang, and continue them as blessings to the church, when otherwise they might go down prematurely to the grave; mourning over squandered health, blasted prospects, and purposes for ever broken off."

We annex the following, as furnishing also upon this subject a very profitable hint:—

NIGHT STUDY.—Never go to bed *direct* from the labour of composition, because the transition is too great, and the vascular balance is thereby destroyed. Night is commonly the literary labourer's best hour; but then the arterial system is excited; and if in this state of excitement he retires to rest, the consequence is, a difficulty in the action of the returning vessels which produces, first sluggishness, then congestion, and from this torpor, and many a fearful evil. Before the act of retiring, the pen should be thrown aside; some work, which does not require much thought or attention, should be taken up, till this excitement has given way to the approach of sleepiness; and then to bed with safety and advantage.—*Essay on the disorders incident to Literary men, by Wm. Neunham Esq.*

CHURCH STATISTICS.

TUSCARORA MISSION.

Rev. Abraham Nelles, Missionary. Besides occasional duties in the Mission as well as among the neighbouring white population, there are three regular services performed at two different stations each week. The prayers of the church are read in the Indian language by the Missionary, and the sermon is interpreted by an Indian who understands English. There is no church in the Mission; public worship is performed in a school house at Tuscarora, and in a private house at Onondaga. A church is in the progress of erection at Tuscarora, and will, it is hoped, be completed this year. During the year ending June 30th, there were, Baptisms, 39 Indians (of whom 6 were adults between the ages of 20 and 85, one having been received into the church of Christ by Baptism at that advanced age, though strongly opposed to the Christian religion through all her previous life)—and 2 whites: Marriages, 5 Indians and 3 whites: Burials, 7 Indians and 1 white: making a total of 41 Baptisms, 8 Marriages, and 8 Burials. The number of communicants is 40, of whom 2 are white persons.

MISSION OF SANDWICH.

Rev. William Johnson, minister; who holds this charge in conjunction with the duties of the District School. During the year 1836, there were Baptisms 14; Marriages 11; Burials 9; Communicants 32.

We are happy to understand that the sum of £17 was collected in St. Peter's Church, Brockville, on Sunday the 8th inst. after a sermon by the Rev. E. Denroche, in aid of the funds for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst destitute settlers in Upper Canada.

The sum of £3 6s. 5d. was collected on Sunday last in the School House at Grafton, after a Sermon by the Rev. A. N. Bethune, in aid of the funds of the Newcastle Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The valuable communication of the ENGLISH LAYMAN will appear in our next.

RUFUS is received, and his well-written communication shall shortly be published, in two parts.

The subject adopted by H. B.—(as upon reference he will readily discover)—has very recently been illustrated in the able essays which appear under the head of *HORE BIBLICE*.

The author of "Letters on Natural Religion" will find a letter addressed to his initials in the post-office of the place from whence his communications are dated.

We have received two communications on the subject of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, but too late for any extended notice. They shall receive the necessary attention next week.

LETTERS received during the week, ending Friday, Oct. 20:—Rev. E. Denroche, rem.:—Rev. R. Rolph, rem.: (his packet we have had an opportunity of transmitting to England this week.) T. G. Anderson Esqr., Coldwater,—to whom the papers have been sent as requested.

To the Deputy Postmaster at Toronto we are much obliged for his information, although we scarcely know how to adopt greater precaution and pains.

Dr. G. R. Grasett,—whose request shall be complied with:—Rev. A. Elliot, who has been written to:—Rev. R. V. Rogers, rem. and add. subs.

APPENDIX

To the Letter of the Lord Bishop of Montreal.

NOTE D.

I cannot forbear from here giving, as specimens of such scenes and occurrences as occasionally characterize the labours of the ministry in Canada, the accounts contained in three letters, written without any idea whatever of their being made use of beyond the quarter to which they were addressed in the way of familiar correspondence.

No. 1 is from the Bishop of Quebec to myself.
No. 2. from a Missionary of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS, in Lower Canada, to myself also.

No. 3 is a mere rough memorandum, which I took down from a letter written by a young man who was labouring among the Indians in Upper Canada, and learning their language; and who was under the protection of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS, till an arrangement was made to transfer the charge to the New England Company. The letter was shewn to me by his sister, the wife of one of our Clergy, who had asked him to give her an account of his way of living.

No. 1.

"Belleville, Sept. 7.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We came yesterday from Hallowell to Davenport's (fourteen miles,) afterwards crossed the bay (Quintè) two miles to the Mohawk church—there examined several persons, and confirmed twenty-one—buried one corpse nearly half a mile from the church—performed part of the evening service; Mr. C. and myself exhorted and conferred with some of the chiefs, &c. &c. We were now getting cold and hungry, but we had a good fire made in the stove, which rendered us comfortable. It had rained all day, till nearly five, P. M. Soon after it had become dark we got a supply of bread, butter, and milk; and candles, which were very acceptable. About eleven, P. M. the steam-boat passed—we called and hailed, and showed a light, but stop they would not. We made up our minds to sleep as well as we could in the church, till day-light. At three this morning we were roused by the steam-boat coming back for us; when it had passed, the captain was asleep, and the helmsman, having shortly been changed, did not know of us, and would not stop, which, however, I think he ought to have done for any person. I should observe, that the boat was much later than usual, in consequence of a malefactor having been hung in the morning at Kingston. I awoke at Belleville with a headache, but it has left me three P. M., and my cold is gradually diminishing;"

No. 2.

"I set off myself last Friday afternoon to visit the schools at Mount Johnson, and South-West River on the following day, and to perform service with the people on Sunday; and, after plunging through thick and thin for twelve miles, in a road in which I had frequently to pull up my horse to consider the practicability of getting through, I arrived about eight o'clock, P. M. at the mountain, where I intended to pass the night. Instead of that, however, I met with a messenger, requesting me to lose no time in going to visit a woman dangerously ill, about six miles beyond the mountain, on a new road, still worse than what I had passed. That myself and my horse got back without any broken bones was, I assure you, to me a matter of surprise and of thankfulness. Fortunately I reached the mountain again about three o'clock, a little before the moon set, when it became very dark and tempestuous. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning I examined the school at the mountain, and then proceeded on to South-West River, six or seven miles further, the roads rendered still worse by the rain, which had continued pouring down all the morning. I examined the school there in the afternoon. On Sunday morning, the rain still continuing, I walked some distance to the school-house, and was there occupied four hours without intermission; read the full service, preached, administered the Sacrament to eighteen communicants, baptized and registered four children, and married a couple. I then returned to the mountain to perform afternoon service there; but arrived so late that the congregation had dispersed, concluding that the rain and state of the roads had detained me at South-West River for the night. Next morning I baptized a child, and was just setting off for home, when I received a request to inter the woman whom I had visited before, at two o'clock the following day. Had I complied with this request, I must either have remained where I was another night, (having then been three nights from home,) and possibly, had the weather continued unfavourable, a second; or I must have returned the following day. This, my horse and myself were so jaded and worn down, I was obliged to decline, but stated that Mr. Anderson* would probably go out and read the service; but if he did not arrive in time, that one of their respectable neighbours must read the service on the occasion, as they had formerly done. I mentioned the case to Mr. Anderson, together with the frightful state of the roads, and left it entirely optional with him to go or not. He knew, however, that it would gratify the people, and he cheerfully undertook it, but returned with aching bones, the horse having actually laid down with him in the mud, where, had he not fortunately been within reach of persons to extricate him, he would have been in a perilous situation, his leg being under the horse. I mention this merely as auguring well for his future zeal and diligence in the ministry. For this service he knew he had nothing to receive, but his own expenses of ferries, &c. to pay. Thus you see, though some of us have small parishes, we are not altogether the indolent, useless beings some persons would represent us.

"If the services of our Church were in little estimation, should I have had a congregation of seventy or eighty persons, and eighteen communicants, such a day as last Sunday, in a miserable cold school-house, the rain pouring down the whole morning, and many of them coming two, three, some even four or five miles, literally through the woods? Would the greater proportion of these come regularly once a fortnight to join in the service, and to hear a printed sermon read by a person not yet in orders? It was quite gratifying to me to hear them speak as they did of Mr. Anderson; but at the same time painful to hear them lament their destitution (some even with tears) when deprived of his services."

* Student in divinity, and voluntary lay-reader—since ordained, and engaged in the service of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

No. 3.

He occupied a hut made of round logs, filled in between with mud: his nearest white neighbour was six miles off, and he was sometimes a week without seeing a white face. His intercourse with the Indians alike for common purposes, or for the promotion of their spiritual good, was carried on through the medium of an interpreter. No bread was to be had within ten miles.—He baked cakes upon the hearth himself, except on Sunday mornings, when he roasted potatoes. The Indians, however, occasionally brought him a supply of bread made from Indian corn. They lived themselves in a miserable manner. He described himself as their priest, doctor, lawyer, judge, and jury.—Their singing in public worship was beautiful. He expressed, in a most simple and unaffected manner, his hope and prayer that he might be instrumental to their salvation; and his cheerful acquiescence in the hardships of his situation.

Youth's Department.

ANSWERS TO
SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For six weeks in advance.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 99. 1 Kings xiv. 1, 31. | 117. 2 Sam. iii. 2, 4. |
| 2 Chron. xii. 16. | 118. 1 Kings i. 7. |
| 100. 2 Kings v. 12. | 119. 1 Kings ii. 24-34. |
| 101. Genesis xxvi. 1-xx. 1. | 120. Judges i. 6, 7. |
| 2, &c.—Judges ix. 6.— | 121. 2 Kings xix. 39. |
| 1 Chron. xviii. 16.— | 122. 1 Sam. xxii. 1. |
| 2 Sam. viii. 17. | 123. Acts xi. 28.—xxi. 10. |
| 102. 1 Sam. vi. 18. | 124. 1 Sam. xv. 8, 9. |
| 103. 2 Sam. xx. 13-18. | 125. 1 Sam. xv. 33. |
| 104. 2 Sam. vi. 1-3. | 126. Acts xxvi. 28. |
| 105. 1 Sam. xvi. 8-1 Chron. | 127. 1 Kings xi. 29-31. |
| viii. 33. | 128. 1 Kings xiv. 1-13. |
| 106. Numbers xvi. 1-3. | 129. 1 Kings xv. 29. |
| 107. Numb. xvi. 32.—Psalm | 130. 2 Chron. ix. 29. |
| evi. 17. | 131. 1 Sam. xxi. 1. |
| 108. 2 Sam. ii. 18. | 132. 1 Sam. xxii. 9-18. |
| 109. 1 Sam. xxvi. 6-9. | 133. 1 Sam. xxii. 18, 19. |
| 110. 2 Sam. xxi. 15-17. | 134. 2 Sam. xvi. 23. |
| 111. 1 Chron. xviii. 12. | 135. 2 Sam. xv. 31. |
| 112. Joshua vii. 1, 20, 21, 25. | 136. 2 Sam. xvii. 23. |
| 113. Joshua vii. 26. | 137. Joshua x. 12, 13. |
| 114. Isaiah lxv. 10—Hos. ii. 15. | 138. Genesis xxxvi. 12. |
| 115. 1 Sam. xxi. 10-15. | 139. Exodus xvii. 8, 14, 16. |
| 116. 1 Sam. xxvii. 6, 7. | 140. Deut. xxv. 17-19. |

CHURCH CALENDAR.

October 22.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
28.—St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.
29.—23d Sunday after Trinity.
Nov. 1.—All Saint's Day.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

No. XI.

OXFORD, CONTINUED; COLLEGE HOSPITALITIES; ST. MARY'S CHURCH;
REFLECTIONS ON THE UNIVERSITIES.

After visiting many of the wonders and attractions of Oxford, more than I have space to describe, or than there is need of particularizing,—I proceeded at 5 o'clock to fulfil an engagement to dine at Magdalen College. Every edifice in this noble seat of learning,—connected at least with the University,—has an antique and sombre appearance, nothing of modern glare or gloss about it: on the contrary, the crumbling stones in many parts of those venerable structures, the air of sober and sacred antiquity which is shed about them, even to the aged trees which seem coeval with the foundation of the time-worn walls around which they cast their shade,—carry the mind back at once to the Henrys and Edwards of the olden time, and to the very days of the good and brave king Alfred. But hoary and antiquated tho' they be, nothing can exceed the picture of perfect neatness which all the grounds and walks of the various colleges present; and though the massive pillars and oaken floors of the cloisters and corridors, and the rows of small antiquated windows in numerous ranges above, may cause the mind to dwell upon nothing else than Gothic simplicity and massiveness within, yet no sooner do you enter the rooms of the tutors and fellows than you are presented at once with the light and elegant comforts of the most modern habitation.

In the magnificent dining-hall of the College two long tables are extended for the undergraduates, and at right angles with these, at the head of the hall, elevated a little, is the Fellows' table, at which I was favoured with a seat. Here the guests were numerous, but at the tables of the undergraduates very few were seated. To the latter meat is served up in "commons," but on the table of the seniors whole joints are placed, and no deficiency of variety. After the several viands are disposed of, all rise, a Latin grace (as at the commencement of the meal) is said; and the company who compose this higher table, adjourn to what is termed the Common Room, where wine and dessert await the guests. On entering, gowns are immediately doffed, and the most social scene imaginable,—but with the strictest observance of etiquette,—is presented. The conversation generally turns upon some member of the University, deceased or long retired from its venerated walls, whose talents or eccentricities have left him a name; or incidents are related which have been witnessed in foreign lands. On the present occasion many amusing anecdotes were related of an eccentric but clever individual who professed a most intimate acquaintance with the Grand Sultan and Sultana, and stated that in the freedom of his intercourse with this "brother of the sun and moon" he introduced all the English habits and expressions of friendly familiarity!

On the following day, I was permitted to enjoy a similar gratification in the Hall and Common Room of Queen's. Here the undergraduates' tables were very full; but in the general style and conduct of the repast there was nothing different from the ceremonies of the preceding day. On this occasion, however,—being a "high-day"—a Danish horn of antique construction and highly ornamented, replete, moreover, with a most agreeable mixture which I am unable to describe, was introduced after dinner and circulated around the table with the expression from each person who tasted of its contents, *poculum charitatis*, uttered standing, and to two others standing also. There are various other customs, adapted to particular days and peculiar to certain Colleges, which are most carefully kept up; and although at first sight, they may appear puerile and ludicrous, still, as a sort of connecting link between the present and the past—between the refinements of the modern and the homeliness of the ancient times—I, for one, would extremely regret to see them abolished. Besides, they have universally a reference to some remarkable event which is thus commemorated; and while they keep up the bond of sympathy between the successive generations who occupy these venerable walls, there is something in their present observance most strictly in keeping with the solemn and antique appearance of every thing around you.

The conversation in the Common Room at Queen's was much enlivened by the anecdote and humour of a lively and

talented individual who was Bampton Lecturer for the year. He had been an intimate acquaintance of Dr. Parr, and told an amusing story of a very laughable hostility betwixt the learned Doctor and Sir Francis Burdett,—and how to avoid collision with the satirical Baronet, that renowned scholar begged, as a substitute for the declined hospitality of Queen's, that his friend would treat him to a chop at the "Angel" over the way!—It might be thought by some that graver topics of conversation would occupy the social meetings of so many of the learned: it may be that they often do;—but it would nevertheless seem by no means injudicious that, after several hours spent over crabbed Greek or the more crabbed Mathematics, the social meal should be characterized as a time of complete and cheerful and even playful relaxation.

On the only Sunday which I spent in Oxford, I had the pleasure of being a guest of the Vice Chancellor's at breakfast;—a gentle, amiable man, with nothing of the austere or absent dignity which might be thought to mark the head of the most learned institution in the world, but full of affability, and manifesting all the free and winning courtesies of polished life. This being Whit-Sunday, a high-day, the Vice Chancellor walked to St. Mary's Church with extraordinary pomp,—habited in a rich scarlet robe, and preceded by a score at least of proctors, beadles and other indescribable attendants. Fain would I have kept aloof from the pomp and splendour of this procession, but the Vice Chancellor retained me by his side, and chatted freely and familiarly all the way. On entering the Church I found that all the heads of houses were habited in similar robes, and certainly the bench of learned dignitaries thus magnificently attired was very striking.

St. Mary's Church is not large, nor was there much in its interior construction or general appearance that particularly struck me. Here the morning or evening service is not read,—that being always performed in the respective chapels of the Colleges and halls, and the worship commences with the singing of a Psalm or Hymn;—after which, preceded by the usual introductory prayer, a sermon is delivered, commonly three quarters of an hour in length. Both the preachers whom I heard on this day were good; but he who officiated in the afternoon was accounted a man of very superior talent. His sermon consisted in an explanation of the passage referring to the impossibility of a rich man entering into the kingdom of heaven; and certainly the discussion of this difficult passage was managed with extraordinary skill of reasoning, and remarkable perspicuity and elegance of language.

My subsequent stay in Oxford was short; but my kind and attentive friend of Queen's took care that I was gratified by the sight of every thing worthy of a visit. We sauntered through Christ Church Walk, a long and wide avenue, so neat and smooth that not a pebble is to be discerned out of its place, and with rows of beautiful and shady trees on either side. We lingered often on the margin of the classic Isis, with the Charwell, almost encircling this city of "castles and groves,"—bent our steps beyond the precincts of the town, to survey from some eminence, the striking intermixture of turret and tree,—and surveyed the amphitheatre of hills with which nature has environed this favourite abode of science.

England is certainly a matchless country: unrivalled in arts and arms, she stands foremost, too, in the proud superiority of her noble Universities! What a halo of glory have her Oxford and Cambridge spread around the land:—to what a pre-eminence have they raised her in the moral scale of the nations of the world! By the martial achievements of her gallant sons, she has twined around her brows a well earned wreath of laurel,—a garland of glory which time cannot impair; but if we turn from the monuments of her warlike praise to her venerable seats of learning, we must with the poet exclaim:

"Cedant arma togæ: concedat laurea laudi."

Majestic Oxford! sweet seat of the Muses, favourite haunt of Science, proud nursery of Divines, Statesmen, Orators, Poets, Philosophers! How fondly does the warm fancy revert to thy illustrious schools,—the schools which Alfred planted, which his royal successors watered, and to which a Gracious God hath granted an increase;—schools that have preserved the sacred sparks of knowledge when all around was dark; where the shackles of Romish superstition were, in our beloved island, first shaken off, and religion began again to flourish in the loveliness of its original purity; where historians and statesmen had written and planned and secured themselves a niche in the temple of fame; where poets have poured forth their song and hallowed every spot,—

"For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung."

Alive to these advantages,—calling to mind the blessings of such institutions,—institutions, indeed, to which we are indebted for every fragment of ancient lore which has escaped the ravages of time, and to which we are even indebted for the preservation of the Scriptures and of those testimonies to their truth and genuineness which their pious advocates, from age to age, have furnished;—knowing all these things, how fondly do we hail the now bright and auspicious prospect of an University in CANADA;—the establishment here, with the fondest hope of that success which has attended its great predecessors in England, of a "nursery of men for future years!"—Bright are the prospects which this begun establishment awakens! It kindles up the hope that many a flower which, in the shade of our uncultivated wilds, might have blushed unseen, will yet impart its sweetness there; that many a gem, otherwise concealed, will there reveal its lustre; that the valued marble, now unshapen and disguised in the unpolished mass, will yet disclose its variegated beauties there. There, we hope that lurking talent, only now revealed by casual scintillations, will "light up glory through this wide domain;"—that there the association of kindred spirit and kindred genius, the combination of diversified ability, will, by the effect of emulation and the concentration of now scattered strength, ensure all the benefit of Heaven's best-prized gifts.

Soon may the walls and towers of KING'S COLLEGE rise, and long may they stand;—and while we wish success to the growth of the beautiful young trees which line its noble avenue, soon

may our plants of promise, fostered by the same genial care, cluster round that edifice of Science, and as they grow in years, increase in wisdom also, and be crowned with every gift which can bring blessing to their country and glory to their God!

THE PARISH CLERGYMAN.

The Clergyman, as the religious superintendent of the parish, whose office never fails, possesses a perpetual existence. His presence is not delayed until the pious feelings of the people invite the residence of a pastor; neither is he compelled to retire when indifference rejects his ministrations. He often comes forth when he is most needed—namely, while spiritual ignorance cares not for his instruction; his teaching is continued, where it is most required,—namely, when through worldliness or wickedness it may still be disregarded. He begins his work with all the advantage of a prepared machinery; he is required only to put forth his hand and move it. In some favoured place he enters on his ministry with all the strength derived from prescriptive authority and respect; in all he is rendered independent of popular clamour, the great opponent of truth. He goes unbidden where his presence as an adviser or reprover is most useful; he is enabled steadily to pursue his course "through evil report and good report," and to teach the truth "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear." He is unceasingly producing an impression on the moral as well as the religious state of his community; he is at hand to improve the opportunities of sickness and of penitence; while the poor stray sheep, belonging to no other fold, because they are thus unowned and destitute, are accounted by him the proper objects of his care. Thus, with an advantage, a constancy and an elevation, which, by no other arrangement could be realized, the devoted clergyman becomes the chief agent under God, for the furtherance of the best interests of man, while he dispenses the benefits of religion in perpetuity, from generation to generation. Death itself, which interrupts all human designs, suspends not the functions of his office; provision is made for an immediate succession; he is withdrawn only to give place to another. It is in this manner that the importance may be estimated of a regular and continued ministry.—From the Rev. C. A. Thurlow's "Church Established the Guardian and Witness of the Truth."

FIDELITY COMBINED WITH RESPECT AND PRUDENCE.

An American planter had a favourite domestic negro, who was ordered to stand opposite to him and to wait at table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so, the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied, that he never heard this great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. His master took the hint, and thus without offence, he was reclaimed, from a very sinful and pernicious practice by his pious slave.

A WELL SPENT LIFE.

Dr. Donne, a clergyman of great talents and learning, when on his death-bed, and taking his solemn farewell of his friends, said, "I repent of all my life but that part of it which I spent in communion with God, and in doing good to man."

HOPE AND FEAR.

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right: so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

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