

with all due deference to R's. opinion on this point, *bona fide*.

Another English Gentleman.

MR. EDITOR,

I have no doubt but all your readers feel obliged to the "Friend of Sailors" and to Sylvanus, for the portion of light which they have offered us, relative to the commencement of preaching to seamen at Quebec, whatever may be thought of the heat which accompanied that light. The "Friend of Sailors" told us all he knew, and as far as he went was correct. "Sylvanus" also, exhausted his stock of knowledge on this point, but not with quite so much of the "*suaviter in modo*" as might have been expected from "Sylvanus." I was however happy to observe how much he improved, and how much more he appeared like himself and his master towards the close of the letter. I will only add that in fact the Rev. J. DePutron, Wesleyan Missionary commenced the preaching to seamen at Quebec in the summer of 1821, and during the last summer there were prayer meetings for seamen, at St. Johns Chapel, every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock, and frequently at the house of a friend in the evening. Many seamen attended the above chapel and several of them participated in the Lord's Supper.

But it matters little by whom it was begun at Quebec, we know who commenced preaching to seamen at the sea of Galilee, the question now is, who will carry it on at Quebec, and begin it at Montreal? Methinks I

hear each Minister of the Gospel answer in the words of the Prophet, 'Here am I, send me. Go then ye heralds of Salvation, point out to poor sailors the Ark of Christ Jesus, in which they may be safe amidst the rocks and shoals of time and in the boundless ocean of eternity. And that the presence of your divine master, so clearly promised, may go with you, is the fervent and affectionate Prayer of

PHILONAUTES.

Quebec, May 28, 1823.

—o—

MR. EDITOR,

If you think the following version, of the 130th psalm, be sufficiently poetical, to entitle it to a nook in the Register, it is much at your service:—

Lord hear my plaint, out of the depths

I cry—

For thee I mourn—and heave the bitter sigh;—

To thee, by night, my soul pours out her prayer,

O hear my cries,—nor leave me to despair

Shouldst thou withhold the mercies of thine hand,

And mark my crimes, where could I, guilty, stand?

Wretched, impure, despis'd of Earth and Heaven,

O whither fly! too vile to be forgiv'n!

But why my soul resign thy courage up? Wait on thy God, and in his mercy hope,

Bow at his footstool with supreme delight;

And humbly wait the slowly dawning light;—

Weep o'er thy sins, and sigh the hours away—

Soon faith shall break on an *Eternal Day*,
Montreal, May 20, 1823. S. S.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT TEN SHILLINGS PER ANNUM.

All Communications for the *CHRISTIAN REGISTER* to be addressed (post-paid) to the Editor, Montreal.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY N. MOWER.