

in numismatic cabinets, connected with triumphant legends, and symbolical devices, illustrative of the massacre.

The Cardinal of Lorraine presented the messenger with a thousand pieces of gold and unable to restrain the extravagance of his delight, exclaimed that he believed the king's heart to have been filled by a sudden inspiration from God when he gave orders for the slaughter of the heretics. Two days afterwards he celebrated a solemn service in the church of St. Louis, with extraordinary magnificence; on which occasion, the pope, the whole ecclesiastical body, and many resident ambassadors, assisted. An elaborate inscription was then affixed to the portals of the church, congratulating God, the pope, the college of cardinals, and the senate and people of Rome, on the stupendous results and the almost incredible effects of the advice, the aid, and the prayers which had been offered during a period of twelve years.—*Concluded.*

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1840.

CITY MISSIONS.—We have often alluded to the happy efforts that have been made, and are still making, in populous cities and towns, both in England and America, for supplying the spiritually destitute with the ordinances of "Christ and the Church;" and we have occasionally noticed the process by which, from small beginnings, flourishing congregations have been formed. This process is beautifully described by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Columbia College, New York, in the following extract, which we are persuaded will interest our readers. Why might not such a plan be tried at Halifax and Saint John, where we doubt not that large numbers of people live and die unblessed by the happy influence of the sacred exercises of the Lord's Day, and perhaps unknown to the minister of Christ, whose duties in such places are generally overwhelming? From all we can hear, new churches and free churches are greatly wanted in both towns,—and in both there is wealth enough in the hands of churchmen to supply the want. Such an outlay will yield a good return in that day when all must give an account of their stewardship.

"It was on one of the early Sundays in Advent, in the autumn of 1832, that passing incidentally near the spot where now stands the Church of the Epiphany, then a wretched and neglected quarter of our city—I encountered throngs of idle, destitute children, loitering through the streets, or lounging in the sun. Addressing one of their groups with the inquiry why they were not at Sunday school? the answer was, 'there is no Sunday-school.' Why not at Church? 'there is no Church.' Who preaches in this neighbourhood? 'nobody preaches here.' Why then do you not read your Bibles at home on Sunday? 'we have no Bibles, and we don't know how to read.' Where is your school? 'there is no school.' Have you never been taught about your God and Saviour, and Heaven? 'we don't know.' Would you learn if a good friend were to come among you and teach you? To this last inquiry some said, 'yes,' others, 'no,' the greater part, 'don't know.' This conversation on my return was reported to two Christian ladies, to whom God had given alike the means and the will to engage in schemes of benevolence, one of whom was soon after called to her reward—the other still lives to witness and enjoy the blessing that awaits a Christian word spoken in season. Their response to my narrative was \$75 placed in my hands with the words, 'we will have on that spot a Mission Church—do you preach and we will help you.' Thus encouraged a room was sought, and with some difficulty obtained, not far from the chosen spot. On

the Sunday following, our beautiful Church service first consecrated those walls and that neighbourhood, in a small dark upper room over an engine House in Allen Street, where six adult worshippers with two Prayer Books, and the few ragged children that could be persuaded to enter, represented as it were the first fruits of the harvest that has since so abundantly followed. The second Sunday saw the room filled, and a Sunday school formed. The third witnessed our removal to a larger and more commodious apartment, at the corner of Allen and North Streets—where on Sunday, January 6, 1833, being 'Epiphany, or the day of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles,' I preached to a crowded and attentive audience, the fulfilment to them that day of that blessed promise, 'This day, (said I) is this word fulfilled in your ears,' and urged upon them their immediate union in a Church to be named in memory of that day, 'The Church of the Epiphany.' The call was responded to. The resolution unanimously taken, and a permanent lease soon after obtained of a building corner of Essex and Stanton Street, to serve as a Church Edifice.

After this, so rapid was its growth, that the lease was given up, and the erection of the Church determined on, retaining the spot chosen, and the name already given, and in six months after was the corner stone laid of this noblest of our Mission Churches, 'The Church of the Epiphany,' a name that seldom fails touching to recall to my mind the heathen answers that had on that very spot been given by the children, 'We have no Church,' 'there is no Sunday school,' 'we read no Bible,' 'we hear no preaching about a Saviour.'

THE LATE MRS. LEAVER.—It was with feelings of sincere sympathy for our bereaved and much esteemed Brother at Antigonish, that we lately recorded the severe affliction which has befallen him. The following tribute to the memory of his departed wife, has been sent us for insertion:—

THE friends of the late Mrs. LEAVER of Antigonish having been disappointed in procuring the attendance of a clergyman at her funeral, the following was hastily written by a friend of the family, to be read at the grave by the person who performs the funeral service. Circumstances, however, rendered it unnecessary.

Death is at all times a serious and important subject, whether we consider its effects upon our social relation, or on the future fate of its immediate victim. In the one case, families are bereaved and frequently remain inconsolable. In the other, a fear arises that the precious offers conveyed by the Gospel may have been rejected. These are the thoughts which render death fearful and call upon man to weep when perhaps he should rejoice.—But another view of the picture should be taken, in which its darker shades are merged in the glorious and full development of the light of the Spirit of God. We have been assured by that Spirit, that Death in itself is not fearful—that it is only the penalty originally incurred by our first parents, and by them entailed upon their progeny—that it is the fruit of sin alone!—but that it is atoned for and rendered blessed through the merits of Christ our Redeemer.

Upon this principle then, I now address you. Well might the prophet of olden time exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The scripture also says that the righteous has hope in his death; and may not all present, if they obey the Divine commands, have hope also? Nay! will it not amount to the most positive certainty? We are warranted, from various circumstances, to suppose that the person to whom I allude in this short address, fully possessed that hope which is above all things essential.

I waive my description of her merits—her kindness—her benevolence—her active charity, have been too fully exemplified to require it; and I merely mention these qualities, which certainly are indicative of a high moral perception, to remind you that the possession of these

alone becomes too often a broken reed upon which men, as finite creatures, too generally rely;—they are good in themselves; but they require the support of a feeling of a higher order. Her character, however, was not merely amiable—it was religious.

It is painful to advert to the past. It is sorrowful even to recapitulate the virtues of one who forever has departed from among us; because the very enumeration serves to remind us of the extent of our loss. The Lord has laid his hands most heavily upon her family; but in taking her to himself, what mortal would be so rash and impious as to impeach his Providence? What else than can we say, than that "the Lord giveth—the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord?" Even so—Blessed be His name!

Psalm 30—verse 9.

WHAT PROFIT IS THERE?

What profit is there when my blood is shed?
When to the pit humanity must go!
Shall the dead praise Thee, when the soul is fled?
Speaks it thy truth in darkness and in woe!

Yea, it shall praise Thee, God of very God!
Father of the Redeemer! He who came
To justify the law, yet spare the rod
And on him take our sorrow and our shame.

Yea, it shall praise Thee! darkness now is light,
And sin has faded in Religion's ray—
Thou hast aroused thee in thy fearful might,
And Satan's ancient power has passed away.

Yea, it shall praise Thee! Death's dark gloomy wing
Flaps over us unheeded—Christ will be
Our fond protector—will extract the sting,
And give the christian all the victory!

NEWFOUNDLAND.—We have pleasure in extracting from a late No. of the St. John's Times, the following additional notice of the Bishop's progress, affording us does, gratifying proof of the benefits of his Episcopal labours.

THE BISHOP.—We understand His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland is progressing in his primary visitation to the Northern Churches to the great comfort of his people, and to the advancement of the holy cause in which he is engaged.—On Tuesday the 14th His Lordship succeeded in reaching Heart Content from Carbonear; and in the settlement of the South Shore of Trinity Bay he preached the times on the following day, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice, interred an infant and confirmed seventy-three persons. After making arrangements for the repair of the Church at Heart Content, and contributing liberally towards the establishment of a school at Silly Cove, His Lordship passed on to Trinity Harbour, the flourishing mission of the Rev. William Bullock.—By the latest account from Trinity the Bishop had performed Divine service four times in the Church of St. Paul, and confirmed one hundred and ninety-two persons.

It was His Lordship's intention to return to St. John's in the course of the past week; but the pressing wants of Trinity Bay for additional labour induced him to remain there another Sunday, he might admit to the order of Deacons Mr. D. Martin—a gentleman of considerable theological attainments, and who has been for some time sought for the Ministry.

It is exceedingly gratifying to us to hear from a quarter which has been favoured, with a visit from His Lordship that a vast amount of good has been effected; whilst his kind and truly gentlemanly deportment to all classes has left an impression which will not be readily effaced.—His Lordship may be hourly expected in town.