

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

By Bishop Heber.

On Saviour, is thy promise fled?
 Nor longer might thy grace endure,
 To heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And preach the Gospel to the poor!
 Come, Jesus! come! return again;
 With brighter beams thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness!
 A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
 And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home!
 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee!
 Come, Jesus! come! and, as of yore
 The prophet went to clear thy way,
 A harbinger thy feet before,
 A dawning to thy brighter day:
 So now may grace with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LOVE UNTO DEATH.

In the year 1804, seven young Scotch soldiers who were stationed in Edinburgh, got leave of absence, on the day before Christmas, to go to a distant part of the country to visit their relatives. Two of them were brothers, of the name of Forsyth. As their time was short, and they had 150 miles to walk, they determined to shorten the way by crossing over the Grampian hills, instead of going by the common route. On their first day's journey they arrived at a village where they had some acquaintances, who pressed them to remain all night, as the snow had begun to fall. But they were so anxious to see their relatives, that they determined to proceed, intending to sleep at a village twenty miles further on. The road lay through a very wild and lonely part of the country; but they were young and vigorous, and feared no danger. But they had not gone far, when they were overtaken by one of those dreadful snow storms which are common in the mountains of Scotland: Now night drew on, the snow fell fast and thick, and the wind blew with great violence. They could just see one another, but their voices could not be heard, for the roaring of the wind. They soon became bewildered, and wandered out of the path, but continued to struggle on for some time. At length one of them sunk into a hollow, and was buried under the snow. Soon after, the younger Forsyth, who was ahead of the rest, dropped down quite exhausted; when the rest came up to him, they passed on without attempting to help him, expecting soon to be in the same situation themselves. But there was one exception. When the elder Forsyth came up to him, not being able to see his features, he stooped down and felt him, and was convinced it was his own brother. He then took him up on his back, and went on. One after another of his companions fell and perished, but no fatigue nor regard for his own safety could make him part with his precious burden. With a generous self-devotion, he persevered until his strength failed, and then sank under his burden and expired. The motion and the warmth of his brother's body had so much revived the younger Forsyth, that when his brother fell, he was able to proceed until he reached his home. The body of one of the party was not found until two years after. It appeared that he must have been wandering about the mountains nearly thirty-six hours before he perished. The rest were soon found and all buried in one grave. What must have been the feelings of the young man when standing by the open grave of his brother and reflecting that he owed his life to this dear brother's death.
 I hope my young readers already perceive my rea-

son for presenting to them this sad story. Does it not strongly remind us of One who

above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend:
 Whose is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end!

We are by nature lost, and perishing on the dreary mountains of sin and ignorance. We are insensible to our condition, and unable to save ourselves. But behold the Son of God become man that he may perform more than a brother's part to his unworthy and rebellious creatures. He takes us in his arms and bears us in his bosom, and suffers the storm of Divine wrath to discharge all its fury on himself, while we are sheltered. He falls, he groans, he gives up the ghost! But glory to God! the sinner is saved. Dear children will you not give your hearts to this loving, dying Saviour, to whom you owe all you enjoy and all you hope for? He is the good Shepherd, who carries the lambs of his flock in his bosom. He says, 'suffer little children to come unto me.'

Put yourselves under his guidance, listen to his voice, walk in his footsteps; and He will at last take you to the quiet waters and green pastures of heaven, where sin and sorrow and sickness shall be no more known for ever.—*Youth's Friend.*

Missionary Escape.—On the 22d of January last, I started to my appointment after breakfast in the morning.—It was raining and cold. By had directions I missed my way, and wandered about in the Coochulle mountains all the day, and till nine o'clock at night. It being very dark, and myself and horse very much fatigued, I concluded to remain where I was during the remainder of the night. I accordingly alighted, took off the saddle, laid it by the root of a tree, and was preparing to lodge myself in the best way I could, when suddenly a panther screamed out most hideously not far from me. I confess I felt much agitated. My horse also was so affrighted that I could scarcely control him. I soon put on my saddle, mounted my affrighted horse, and made my way through the brush, bamboo briars, and pine holes as fast as I could. It still continued to rain, and consequently so dark that I could see nothing before me. The ungovernable ravings of my horse for some time convinced me that the panther was still pursuing us. In this way I trotted for some two miles, sometimes in the water, sometimes in sink holes, and frequently drawn partly off my horse by the trees, vines, bushes. Finally I determined to alight, fix myself in the best way I could, and remain till morning. I accordingly placed my saddle, as before, by the side of a tree, sat down on it, spreading the blanket over my legs, and my umbrella over me, holding the bridle of my horse in my hand. Scarcely had I seated myself, before the panther screamed close by me again. The scream was echoed by the doleful yells of many wolves. The owls on the trees above me halloed most wofully. My feelings I cannot describe. The hair seemed to rise on my head, and I realized for a few moments, in imagination, all the horrors of a cruel death. I soon, however, summoned up my stock of courage, and resorted to God in prayer. I thought of the Divine protection and providence—of Daniel—of the Hebrew children, &c. and soon I felt as calm as ever I did—I even felt happy. O, blessed God! he is still a present help in time of need. The panther came close to me; I heard its tail patting the earth like that of a cat when it was about to leap on its prey. It would then walk round us. My horse did not seem quite as well composed. He would spring from side to side as the animal passed around us. In this condition I spent a dreary sleepless night. As soon as the light shone sufficiently bright to see clearly, I espied the panther, which had retreated to a log, standing on its hinder parts, looking very curiously at me. It soon, however, left us alone.

I arose, and saddling my horse, mounted, and rode him through the swamps, and over the mountains during the whole day, until near night, when I found myself, with much joy, at the log cabin of civilized man. O, how good is the Lord! We never so sensibly feel our obligations to adore and praise our heavenly Father, as when we pass through grievous difficulties.—*Zion's Herald.*

Christ is the great promise of the Old Testament; the Spirit is the great promise of the New.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1835.

CLERICAL SOCIETIES.—These associations, we perceive, are common in England and the United States, and when properly conducted, cannot but be highly comfortable and edifying both to ministers and people, and conducive to the best interests of the Church. Two of these Societies have been established in this province during the present year, and are now in active and (we speak from our knowledge of one of them) useful operation. The first was formed, we believe, in January, and comprises the Clergymen stationed at Annapolis, Granville, Bridgetown, Aylesford, and the united mission of Horton and Cornwallis. The other was formed in May, and includes the missionaries at Chester, Lunenburg, New Dublin, Liverpool, Shelburne and St. Margaret's Bay. The rules of both are nearly the same, and we here subjoin a copy of those adopted by the Society last mentioned, for the information of our Brethren who may wish to establish similar associations.

Rules of the Clerical Society,

commenced at Lunenburg, N.S. on Wednesday, May 6th 1835, and comprising the Missions of St. Margaret's Bay, Chester, Lunenburg, New Dublin, Liverpool and Shelburne.

1st.—That the object of this Society shall be the promotion of clerical intercourse, the dissemination of religious knowledge in conformity to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England; and in general, the advancement of the interests of that church as established in this province.

2d.—That this Society shall meet at least once a year in each parish that may be under the care of its members, at such times as may be agreed upon; and that public notice be always given of such meetings on the Sunday before.

3d.—That the proceedings at each meeting be conducted as follows—

I. Divine Service, including the administration of the Holy Communion, shall be performed in the parish church, and a sermon or sermons preached, on some subject connected with the principles of the Church, or the designs of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

II. The Society shall assemble at the house of the missionary an hour before the commencement of Divine Service, and shall return from the church to the same place, where, after prayer to Almighty God for the influence of his holy Spirit, they shall read together a portion of the New Testament in the Greek, making such remarks or comments upon the same as the subject may suggest.

III. The members shall avail themselves of their meeting, to communicate with each other, on all matters of interest connected with their pastoral duties.

4th.—That a collection be made on each occasion of Divine Service, to be applied in aid of Sunday Schools, and such other local objects connected with the advancement of christian knowledge, as to this Society shall seem proper.

5th.—That there be a Book kept in which the proceedings of this Society shall be recorded, and that if the Bishop of the Diocese shall require it, extracts from the minutes shall be transmitted to his Lordship.

6th.—That this Society stands pledged to dissolve itself at the pleasure of the Diocesan.

7th.—That this Society earnestly commends itself to the Direction and Blessing of Almighty God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Society to which we belong, held its first meeting in Lunenburg on the 6th and 7th May—when six of the Clergy were present, and Divine Service was performed three times in town, and once at Mahone Bay. The next was at Chester, on the 17th and 18th June, when four of