

peculiar faith." After which he adds:—But experience has demonstrated that these arguments are fallacious, and that religion speedily falls into discredit in a country where its teachers are not maintained at the public expense. The marked neglect of pious usages among them, ever since the Revolution, is a sufficient proof that property and also a certain share of worldly splendour, is requisite to support even the cause of truth, among a rich and civilized people. If individuals are left to themselves they will probably act wisely enough in most things that concern their worldly comfort and convenience, but it does not follow that they will fix upon the best religious guides. The ardent will prefer, not the most reasonable, but the most captivating; the indifferent, the most accommodating; and the wicked who most require spiritual direction, will seek none at all. An established church and ecclesiastical property are expedient, inasmuch as they relieve the teachers of religion from the painful necessity of bending to the views, or sharing in the fanaticism of the age. Those who live by the support of the public, will never be backward in conforming to its inclinations. When children may be allowed to select the medicines they are to take in sickness, or the young the education which is to fit them for the world, the clergy may be left to the support of the public, but not till then."

For the Colonial Churchman.

#### ON THE DANGER OF DEFERRING OUR REPENTANCE.

One of the greatest obstacles to our becoming truly religious is, *the Love of the world*. In one sense it is right to love the world. God has made it for our enjoyment, and filled it with sources of happiness for the very purpose of having us enjoy them. There are, however, pleasures in the world which are forbidden, and which will draw us aside from the path of duty. Our Saviour says, "If any man come to me and hate not"—that is—*is not willing to give up, if necessary,—his father, and mother, and wife, and sister, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.*"

Now there are many temptations in the world which have a powerful influence to keep us from coming to Christ.—With some, the love of vain amusements, and the company of those who are light and trifling in their conversation; with others, the love of admiration, or the love of riches, or worldly honor, or greatness.—Now although we do not make a comparison between the pleasure we derive from these sources on the one side, and the peace and happiness of religion on the other, there are times when we have serious thoughts of repenting and living a life more conformable to the Gospel; still the love of the world is wound round the heart, and holds us firmly,—and will hold us, until we make an effort, with God's assistance, to free ourselves.

There is another cause, which I will mention that operates secretly but powerfully to prevent many from being truly pious,—*the FEAR of the world*. This perhaps keeps more away from Christ than the love of the world.—To encounter the sneers and scoffs of the irreligious and worldly minded, is harder for some to contend with, than to endure bodily suffering.—Jesus Christ foretold all these obstacles. He stated very plainly what he expected of his followers: he described the sacrifices we must make to please him,—*the trouble we must endure*;—He says "whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

Now there are many who although they have not sufficient resolution to brave all these difficulties and become serious and religious, yet fully intend so to do, at some future time. But alas, the danger they run by this procrastination, the following narrative will plainly teach us. The circumstance occurred not many years ago, and the reader may rely upon the truth and faithfulness of the description. It was written by a minister of the Gospel. The subject of it was a young female of his flock;—to her, the world seemed bright.—She often said, she wished to enjoy more of it before she became religious. She wished to live a gay life, till just before her death, and then repent, become pious, and die happy. She was constant in her attendance in Church; but while others seemed moved with the exhibition of the Saviour's love, she seemed entirely unaffected. It is as follows:—

"One day as I was riding out, one of my parishioners informed me she was unwell, and desired to see me. I went immediately;—she had taken a cold, and it had settled into a fever. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and the moment I stood by her bed side and enquired how she was, she covered her face with both hands and burst into a flood of tears, and said 'I am sick and may die; I know that I am not a Christian, and Oh! if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me,' and again she burst into tears.

What could I say? Every word she spoke was true. Her eyes were open to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Sickness was upon her. Delirium might ensue. Death might be very near, and her soul was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all. She felt it all. Fever was burning in her veins. But she forgot her pain, in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

I told her that the Lord was good, and that his tender mercies were over all his works; that he was more ready to forgive than we to ask forgiveness. I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's precious promises to the penitent. I endeavoured to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. But all that was offered was unavailing. Trembling and agitated, she looked forward to the dark future. The Spirit of the Lord had opened her eyes to the truth, and by her own reflections, led her into this state of alarm. The interview was indeed an affecting one, anxiety was depicted upon her flushed countenance and she was restless and groaning under the accumulating ills of body and mind. I knelt by her bed side, and fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide her to the truth, and that the Saviour would speak peace to her troubled soul. Oh! could they who are postponing repentance to a sick bed have witnessed the mournful sufferings of this once merry girl, they would shudder at the thought of a death bed repentance. How poor a time to prepare to meet God,—when the mind is enfeebled by disease, when the body is restless or racked with pain. Yet so it is, one half of those who call themselves Christians, are postponing their repentance to a dying hour. And when sickness comes, the very knowledge of being unprepared for death, hurries the miserable victim of delay to the grave.

"The next day I called again to see her. Her fever was still raging. I needed not to ask her how she felt,—her countenance told too powerfully her feelings. "And can you not," said I, "trust your soul with the blessed saviour? He has said 'come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"

"Oh! sir, I know that the Saviour is merciful; but somehow or other I cannot go to him. I don't know him. Oh! I am miserable indeed!"

I then opened the Bible at 15th Chapter of Luke, and read the parable of the prodigal son.—"Oh sir," said she, "none of these promises seem meant for me. I can find no peace to my troubled spirit. I have long been sinning against God, and now he is going to take me to render up my account; and Oh! what an account have I to render. The Doctor gives me medicine, but I feel it does me no good; for I can think of nothing but my poor soul. If my sins were forgiven, how happy would I be! but now—Oh!—" her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which very much agitated those around her bed side with the fear that she was dying. I knelt down by her bed side to commend her spirit to the Lord.

"The next morning I called, despair was pictured more deeply than ever upon her flushed countenance. Death was drawing near. She knew it. All her conversation was interspersed with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair. "She knew," she said, "that God was ready to forgive the sincere penitent, but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful punishment."

"I had said all that I could say to lead her to the Saviour. Who could stand and witness such a scene as this, knowing that the trembling soul was soon to be ushered into eternity, and not pray almost with an agony of earnestness that God would have mercy upon her soul.

"Late in the afternoon I called again. But reason was disenthroned. The senseless mournings of delirium showed the distress even of her shattered mind. Every eye in the room was filled with tears.

It was a scene which neither pen nor pencil can portray. At the present moment, that chamber of death is as vividly present to my 'mind's eye,' as it was when I looked upon it through irrepressible tears. I can now see the restless form, the swollen veins, the hectic cheek, the eyes rolling wildly around the room, and the weeping friends;—who can describe such a scene; and who can imagine the emotions which one must feel who knew her previous history? She died that night. "The next time I called, she was cold and lifeless in her shroud. Her body now moulders in the grave, and her spirit has entered upon its eternal home."

Reader! I would have you beware that sickness and death do not overtake you, as it did this poor girl, before you are prepared to meet your God. Her story is not an uncommon one. Thousands have been thus arrested in the height of their pleasures, and carried to the grave, without one ray of hope to cheer them in their last moments. M.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

#### THE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL—HIS OBLIGATIONS AND DUTIES.

Ministers are the Stewards in Christ's family—I Cor. 4. 1. : so that they must appoint what He hath appointed: they must not feed their fellow-servants with the chaff of their own inventions, instead of the wholesome food of christian doctrine and truth.—*Mat. Henry.*

The approbation of their Heavenly Master will be forfeited, not only by the "wasting of their talents," but by their "hiding them in a napkin:" 19 Luke, 20. However censurable any immorality, or even levity, the being free from these will be far short of what is bound on them by the word of God, and of what they pledged themselves to at their entrance on the ministry.—*Pastoral Letter of Bishops of United States, A. D. 1832.*

Preaching, reading and praying, were all the whole life of Bradford.—*For.*

Happy those heralds of the Lord,  
Who their great Master's will obey!  
How rich—how full is their reward,  
Reserved until the final day!

Help me thou Friend of sinners, to be nothing, to say nothing, that thou mayest say and do every thing, and be my all in all.—*Whitefield.*

We want nothing but the return of apostolical simplicity, self denial, and love, to bring a Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit upon our ministrations.—*Bridges.*

Hooker used to say, "That the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric," and Herbert, "That the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence."

Our preaching ought to be above the rate of moral philosophers. Our Divine orator should fetch not only his speculations and notions, but his materials for practice, from the evangelical writings; this he must do, or else he is no minister of the New Testament.—*Dr. J. Edwards.*

Steep your sermons in your hearts before you preach them.—*Bp. Fellon.*

Choose rather to touch than to charm, to convert than to be admired, to force tears than applause. Give up every thing to secure the salvation of your hearers.—*Gisbert.*

You must rather leave the ark to shake as it shall please God; than to put unworthy hands to hold it up.—*Lord Bacon.*

*Filial Impiety.*—How detestable must this vice have appeared in the eye of Solomon, when he thus denounced it: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it!" It is, we believe, pretty sure in the order of Providence, that ungrateful children, in some way or other, are punished for their wickedness. Time returns the poisoned chalice of ingratitude and disobedience to their own lips: then the shades of their injured sires rise to their imaginations, and their present bitterness is increased by the painful reflection, that what they, with coldness of heart, meted to their own parents, is now meted to them by their own unfeeling offspring.