

or by a neglect of those things upon which the continuance of the spiritual life is made to depend.

Could this doctrine of regeneration in baptism, as contained in the Scriptures—as held by the ancient church, and set forth by that branch of the reformed Catholic Church of which we are members; could this doctrine at the present day be more distinctly set forth, and more firmly believed by the majority of christian parents, it would do much toward reviving the ancient practice of the church in relation to the baptism of infant children. What parent could be found to neglect so important a duty, if he believed that bringing his children to baptism he procured for them all of those gracious promises and privileges? Are not these promises made, and privileges secured to the infant child in baptism, as well as to the penitent and believing adult? And has not the infant child need to be baptized in order to wash away the guilt of original sin, as well as those who have come to years of discretion?—Surely it is necessary, unless it should be contended after the manner of the Pelagians, that infants are free from any corruption, or original sin; and even then the baptism of infant children might be practiced to render their salvation doubly sure.

OLD TIMES.

The Rev. Mr. Marsh, venerable for age, and worthy of our respect for the service which in time past he had rendered to religion and the Church, he added his little interest to the occasion which had called us together. After referring to his advanced years and growing infirmities, he expressed his gratitude and joy, that, in the goodness of God, his eyes had been permitted to see so many younger members of the ministry assembled on the occasion, to advocate a cause which he loved, and had endeavoured to serve. He said that he could recollect the time when there was not a Bishop in the whole United States. He well remembered when he could not go to the Church of his earliest and best affections, on a Lord's Day, without being hooted at by the boy on the green, in the village where we then assembled under such prosperous circumstances. He was able to recall the fact, that the Episcopal Church was once so unpopular in this town, that the glass was broken from the windows by its enemies, and his friends were under the necessity of substituting wooden shutters, which were opened Sunday after Sunday, to admit the light of heaven by which they might read their Bibles and their Prayer Books.—But now how changed! God has mercifully ordered a brighter day for his Church, and, though our aged friend might not live much longer to enjoy it, yet he invoked the divine blessing on those who heard him, that they might appreciate their privileges, and improve them to the honour of God, and the salvation of their own souls.—*Chron. of the Church.*

FOURTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE WIDOW AND HER SHIPWRECKED SON.

In the North of Ireland, in a small inland village, a lieutenant of the British navy, after serving his country, for many years, took up his abode. He had a pious wife, and six or seven children. She sent them to the village Sabbath-school; but the eldest, a boy of fourteen years, seemed determined, to profit by neither maternal love, nor pious instruction at school. He played and mingled with a class of wicked idlers, that infested the village, and would have been bad as the worst of them, but for his father's rigid discipline. That alone restrained him from rushing into excesses of wickedness and riot. But that father died, and left his widow to combat with the idleness of her boy alone. No, not alone; for she sought the help of her heavenly husband.

The father being dead, the son grew worse. He was ungovernable, and the afflicted widow wept, as with a broken heart, over her recreant child. Un-

able to restrain him, she adopted a very common mode in England of disposing of idle lads. She resolved to send him to sea. It was a painful alternative; but he could not grow worse there, she thought and possibly the severe discipline of a ship might humble his proud spirit, and lead him to reflection.

A ship was obtained for him. The bustle of preparation began and over. Unknown to the youth, the mother placed a Bible in his chest, with the secret hope that its light might lead him to his heavenly Father, when he should be far off on the deep, blue sea. Many were the prayers that mother offered for the son, many the counsels she gave him from the fulness of her heart. The day of separation came. O, it was a day of trial to all but to him who was the occasion of the sadness of that family. Warm were the tears she shed, as, pressing him to her bosom, she bade him adieu and commended his wayward heart to God.

Many years had passed, and the wanderer had not returned. The ship had perished at sea, and the widow mourned her son as dead; and, what was worse, she trembled for the safety of his undying soul.—Could she have been assured of his safety in the better world; her pained heart would have been at rest. But she wept over him as doubly lost.

It was a stormy night in mid-winter. The wind howled, the rain poured down in torrents, and deep darkness obscured the sky. The widow, and her children, sat beside the cheerful fire, and a chastened cheerfulness overspread the circle, though now and then a cloud of melancholy gathered over the mother's brow, as the driving storm reminded her of her lost son, when a slight tap was heard at the door. It was opened. A sailor stood there way-worn and weather-beaten. He begged a shelter from the storm. It was not in that mother's heart to refuse a sailor on such a night, and she offered him her fire-side and her food.

When he had refreshed himself, she modestly questioned him of his condition. His tale was soon told. He had been shipwrecked, and was going home poor and penniless to his mother. He had been shipwrecked before. The widow asked him to tell the story of his sufferings.

He said that in a violent gale the ship ran ashore and went to pieces. The crew were either drowned or dashed to death against the rocks. Himself and another were the only persons who reached the shore. They were thrown high upon the beach by a powerful wave his companion was senseless at first, but at last, revived—alas! but to die. "He was a sweet youth" the sailor observed; once he had been the terror of the ship for his excessive devotion to vice. But suddenly he had changed. He became a serious, praying man; as remarkable for piety now, as for vice before. "When he had revived a little on the beach," said the sailor, "he pulled a Bible from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. It was this blessed book, he told me, that led him to change his way of life. Rummaging his chest one day, he found a Bible: his first impression was to throw it away; but chancing to see his mother's writing, he paused to examine it. It was his name! It made him think of his mother; of her instructions and of the instructions of his teacher; and then he saw his sins, and felt he was a sinner. Overwhelmed, he sunk upon his knees, beside his chest, and wept, and prayed, and vowed to change his way of life. And he did change it; for he became a decided Christian.—After telling me about this change," continued the sailor, "he gave me his Bible, and bade me keep it for his sake; and then falling back upon the sand expired with a half-offered prayer upon his lips."

As the sailor concluded, the widow, who had listened with deep interest and feeling, inquired,

"Have you got that Bible, my friend?"

"Yes, madam," said he; and he took from his bosom what appeared to be a bunch of old canvass.—Carefully removing several envelopes he at last produced a small pocket Bible, and gave it into the hands of the lady.

Tremblingly and hastily she seized it. She turned to the blank page, when lo! her child's name in her own writing. A deathlike paleness overspread her usually pale cheek, as she made the discovery, and exclaimed "Tis his! 'Tis his! My son! my son!"

Nature could bear no more, and she fainted.

Here then we see the idle Sunday scholar at sea, away from the means of grace, suddenly profiting by the instruction of years long past. His soul felt the inspiring leaven a teacher had placed within it, and grew fit for Paradise, when the teacher mourned his labour lost. How encouraging! how charming! Labour on, dear teacher, in hope. Parents despise not Sabbath-school instruction, for your child may in like manner be saved.—*S. S. Messenger.*

CANADA.

GUELPH, U. C.—The following extract from an account of the Bishop of Toronto's progress in Upper Canada, gives one of the many surprising changes which emigration has made in that flourishing colony:—

After spending the night at the hospitable abode of the Rev. W. McMurray, his Lordship proceeded on the following day to Guelph,—passing through a fertile country, in a great portion of which the communication is much facilitated by excellent roads. Guelph, now the capital of the newly-formed District of Wellington, is prettily situated on a gentle eminence skirted by the river Speed; and the rapidity with which it has reached its present size and neatness, can only be understood by those who are conversant with the customs of a new country. At our first visit to this spot about thirteen years ago, an area had just been cleared in the forest for the projected town, and a single "shanty" stood amongst the still smoking ashes of the clearing. Within two years many respectable families emigrated to the village and neighbourhood; at the present moment it contains a population probably of 800 souls, with at Court House, on the castle model, a handsome and commodious Church several other places for religious worship, and many very neat and substantial private dwellings. The Church was erected in a great degree by the aid of contributions from the mother country, obtained chiefly by the exertions of the Rev. A. Palmer, the estimable Rector of the parish assisted by a grant of £100 from the Canada Company. The assistance from the mother country, obtained through the instrumentality of Mr. Palmer, not only sufficed to complete the Church, but enabled him to build contiguous to it, a very excellent School-house, calculated to contain nearly 100 scholars and having apartments also for the accommodation of the Master and a small family. Too much cannot be said in favour of the plan of annexing a School-house to the Church,—where, instead of running astray upon life's common and becoming the sport of "every wind of doctrine," the young may be instructed in the pure principles of our holy communion, and a nursery thus reared for the future spread of the Church. Even in small towns, a large number of persons are to be found glad to avail themselves of this wholesome instruction,—wholesome because based upon religious principles,—and without its free tender, as in these cases, the advantages of such instruction are often never obtained at all.

In Italy, there are fourteen Protestant ministers; eleven of them preach in French and three in German—beside a few English preachers.—*Epis. Rec.*

The Emperor of Austria requires the Protestant young men of Hungary, to go to Halle or Berlin, to obtain their Education (there is no Protestant University in Hungary) and better places he could not have assigned them.—*Ibid.*