

# THE HARBINGER.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

VOL. II.

OCTOBER 16, 1843.

No. 10.

CONTENTS.—Self Denial of a Country Pastor—A trip to New England—Episcopacy and Dissent in England—The authority of the Scriptures in Social Life—*Denominational Intelligence*—Petition to the Legislature concerning McGill and King's Colleges—Prelacy in Scotland—The Bishop Skinner and the Baronet—London Peace Convention—Religious Tract Society of Great Britain—Apostacy of man from God—Gems from Pious Authors—POETRY—The New Zealand Missionary—Latest News.

## SELF DENIAL OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

THE close of a long bright July day found me at the house door of the Missionary P. Start not, gentle reader, I have never been a labourer in foreign lands, and it is of a home missionary I am about to write. The good man had been the early friend and pastor of my father, and passing on my usual summer journey within twenty miles of his residence, I embraced gladly the opportunity of paying a visit to those whom I had long respected. I was cordially greeted by Mrs. P. and entered the little parlour exclaiming with girlish delight at the taste and neatness that reigned, and declaring that I should prefer their quiet home to our town residence—Mrs. P. smiled and sighed at my remark. After a simple repast and joining in the worship of the Father of all—I retired to what seemed to me the most charming room I ever beheld. The morning sun was shining on my bed, ere I awaked, and springing up hastily dressing myself, I ran down stairs just in time for bowing around the Family Altar with my kind entertainers, and we then surrounded the breakfast table. The cloth was white as snow; in the middle stood a lovely bouquet of fresh flowers, and the food was good but very plain; coarse bread (made of the common country flour,) light and well baked however, butter, and very poor tea, was the repast—except a large jug of milk which filled the bowls of the children and formed all their meal. I ought indeed before this to have introduced to your notice the children, five of whom were present—two girls and three boys all under twelve years old. Beside these the eldest daughter was spending a year at her

grandmother's, and the eldest boy was apprenticed in an adjacent town. Clean, tidy and well behaved they were, and except little John who had a spinal affection, and was wasting gradually away, they were rosy and healthy. I eat with an appetite such as rarely visits one in the close air of the city, and for the moment thought brown bread far preferable to the white loaf of the baker. Mrs. P. begged me to amuse myself as well as I could during the morning, as it was a busy period of the day with her. On my offering to assist her—she declined, and I resolved to explore the premises—I found the garden in a high state of cultivation, but as I was noting its excellent order, I was startled by seeing an old cow quietly walk in and commence brousing upon the row of green peas, at one end of which Mary and Alice were gathering some for dinner. The children screamed and together we succeeded in driving out the good natured animal without other danger than defacing the borders and crushing some fine lettuce under her feet.

"How did the cow get in Mary?" I asked.

"I suppose she tumbled down the wall where papa and Robert built it up last night. Papa mends it every two or three days."

"Why do you not have a new fence then, Mary?"

"Oh! papa could not pay so much, it would cost a great deal."

"But it would be less expensive in the end, Mary."

"Perhaps papa may save enough by and by, but now he has very little money."

I left the garden and proceeded to the little