

out of the funded property of that Society to the amount of no less a sum than £13,000 had to be sold to answer the existing demands. Surely this can never be charged to the doings of the Church Society in this Province, which was not taken into consideration till September of last year, and not constituted till February 1837.

When, Sir, I consider these subjects in all their bearings, I cannot help thinking that the church in this country must by and bye depend upon her own resources, and the sooner her friends are awakened to the knowledge of this and to the consequent necessity of taking an active part in advancing her interest, the better. ALPHA.

### For the Colonial Churchman.

#### THE PENITENT COTTAGER.

"Oh! Thou who hearest when sinners cry!  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie;  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from Thy book."

As many of your readers doubtless are acquainted with the instructive writings of J. Cunningham of Harrow, England, they will not be unwilling to find your giving further publicity to the following beautiful narrative, extracted from his "Sancho, or the Proverbialist," published in 1816.

The minister's anxious yet judicious treatment—the piety of his afflicted parishoner, afford deep interest to the extract which I now submit to you. Yours,

A WILLING SUBSCRIBER.

It happened that on a fine summer's evening, I was taking my rounds in my parish, to look after my little flock, and came, at length, to this cottage, where I remember to have paused for a moment to admire the pretty picture of rural life which it presented. The mists of the evening were beginning to float over the valley in which it stood, and shed a sort of subdued, pensive light on the cottage and the objects immediately around it. Behind it, at the distance perhaps of a half a mile, on the top of a lofty eminence rose, the ancient spire of the village church. The sun still continued to shine on the higher ground, and shed all its glories on the walls of the sacred edifice. 'There,' I could not help saying to myself, 'is a picture of the world. Those without religion are content to dwell in the vale of mists and shadows; but the true servants of God dwell on the holy hill, in the perpetual sunshine of the Divine Presence.'

I entered the cottage and was much struck with the appearance of its owner. She looked poor; and the house was destitute of many of those little ornaments which her indications, not merely of the outward circumstances, but of the inward comforts of the inhabitants. She was sitting busily at her work with her sister.—I always feel it both right and useful to converse a good deal with the poor about their worldly circumstances. Not only does humanity seem to require this, but I find it profitable to myself: for after, as it were, taking the depth of their sufferings I am ashamed to go home and murmur at Providence or scold at my servants, for some trifling deficiency in my own comforts. Besides, I love to study the mind of man in a state of trial—to see how nobly it often struggles with difficulties—and how, by the help of God, it is able to create to itself, amidst scenes of misery and gloom, a sort of land of Goshen, in which it lives, and is happy.

After conversing with her for some time on topics of this kind, and discovering her to be a person of strong feelings deeply wounded, of fine but uncultivated powers, and of remarkable energy of expression I naturally proceeded to deliver to her a part of that solemn message with which, as the minister of religion I am charged: and not discovering in her the smallest evidence of penitential feeling. I conceived it right to dwell chiefly upon those awful passages of Scripture designed by Providence to rouse the unawakened sinner. Still, feeling that the weapon of the Gospel is rather love than wrath, I trust that I did not so far forsake the model of my gracious Master, as to open a wound without endeavouring to show how it might be bound up.

After a pretty long conversation, I left her, altogether dissatisfied, I will own, with her apparent state of mind. Nay, such was my proneness to pronounce upon the deficiencies of a fellow-creature, that I remember complaining, on my return home, with some degree of peevishness I fear, of the hardness of her heart.

Notwithstanding my disappointment as to the state of her feelings, it was impossible not to feel a strong interest in her situation. Accordingly I soon saw her again. But neither did I then discover any ground for hoping that her heart was in the smallest degree touched by what had been said to her. But, at a short distance of time, as I was one day walking in my garden and musing on some of the events of my own happy life, and especially on that merciful appointment of God which had made me the minister of peace to the guilty, instead of the stern dispenser of the thunders of a severer dispensation, I was roused by the information that this poor young creature desired to see me.

This account disposed me, of course, to make the best of my way to the cottage. I soon reached it; and there, to be sure, I did see a very touching spectacle. Her disease, which her fine complexion had before concealed, had made rapid strides in her constitution. Her colour came and went rapidly; and she breathed with difficulty. Her countenance was full of trouble and dismay.

It was evident how anxious she had been to see me. At once she began to describe her circumstances; informed me, that, even before my first visit, her many and great sins had begun to trouble her conscience; that although her pride had then got the better of her feelings of shame and grief, this conversation had much increased them; that she had since, almost every evening, visited the house of a neighbour to hear her read the Scriptures and other good books; that she was on the edge of the grave, without peace or hope; that she seemed, (to use her own strong expression) 'to see God frowning upon her in every cloud that passed over her head.'

Having endeavoured to satisfy myself of her sincerity, I felt this to be a case where I was bound and privileged to supply all the consolations of religion; to lead this broken-hearted creature to the feet of a Saviour; and to assure her, that if there she shed the tear of real penitence, and sought earnestly for mercy, He, who had said to another mourner, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' would also pardon, and change, and bless her.

I will not dwell upon the details of this and many other similar conversations. Imperfectly as I discharged the holy and happy duty of guiding and comforting her, it pleased God to bless the prayers which we offered together to the Throne of Mercy; and this poor agitated, comfortless creature became, by degrees, calm and happy.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

From the Missionary Register for August 1837.

#### OBITUARY OF MRS. CORRIE.

We extract from the 'South-Indian Christian Repository' the following impressive notices of the character and last days of the late Mrs. Corrie; whose death preceded, by about seven weeks, that of her Husband, Bishop Corrie.

Mrs. Corrie's parents were among the first-fruits of the ministry of the late Rev. David Brown, many years Senior Chaplain in Calcutta. She was brought up with great care, and had the privilege of being very much in Mr. Brown's family. Her mother took great pains to preserve her from the influence of native servants; and, herself, instructed her in the various branches of female education at an early age.—Mr. Brown, perceiving her aptness to learn, took also great pleasure in teaching her the elements of Hebrew and Syriac; and the Scriptures, in the Original Hebrew, were familiar to her.—It may be mentioned, that she acquired in early life a correct knowledge of both French and Italian, and had read some of the best authors in those languages. Such was her aversion to anything approaching to display, that only those who were in habits of familiar intercourse could conceive of her mind and extensive acquirements,

The instructions of her mother had impressed Mrs. Corrie's mind with a reverence for Religion in childhood; and when about thirteen years old, during course of catechising by Mr. Brown in his family she began to view Religion as a personal concern. From that time to her death, it held the first place in her affections; and was the main-spring of all her activity in duty, and that cheerful piety, which distinguished her.

For many years she had been subject to attacks of fever, which frequently reduced her very low. This, with family trials, at length brought on a complaint, for which change of air to the Cape was recommended. From that experiment she derived considerable benefit. In October 1835, with her husband, she arrived at Madras, in a much improved state of health. From that period she continued to improve, and was pretty well up to May 1836; but her health then began to fall off; and in June, was brought very low. After that, she recovered considerably, and the Bishop left her without apprehension at the end of August, to go on the Primary Visitation of his diocese. After his departure, however, she became weaker and weaker, and ceased to leave the house about the middle of September. She finally took to her bed on the 2d of November, from whence she rose no more.

Her Bible, which had been her daily companion through life, was constantly beside her, or read to her together with Baxter's Saints Rest, and Serle's Christian Remembrancer.

On November 15th, his Lordship returned home. He found Mrs. Corrie much reduced, but still in no apparent danger.

Sunday, December 11th, the Bishop left, to hold Confirmation at Poonmallee. That afternoon she was remarkably revived, and her appearance much improved; but she had an attack of sickness in the afternoon.

Monday—In the morning, a great change for the worse came on. From her improved appearance Sunday forenoon, her Medical Adviser did not count until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when she was much struck with her altered looks; and in answer to the Bishop's enquiries, made him acquainted with his apprehension of the result. On his departure Mrs. Corrie requested to know his opinion of her case: his Lordship told her that an evident crisis was come on; and that it was doubtful whether she would get over it. The family were much affected by this intelligence, but she showed no sign of agitation whatever. She had long thought, she said, that this might be the issue. She spoke with deep feeling of her unworthiness, and want of improvement of former mercies: she had been 'brutish' (Ps. lxxiii. 22. sc. 6), she said, under chastisement, and careless in prosperity; she had no hope but in Christ; adding—

Jesus.—Thy blood and righteousness

My beauty are, my glorious dress!—

with more to that effect and desired that her soul might be conveyed to her Mother, who had been her a good mother. When she took leave of her she had asked forgiveness of any undutifulness, which was now glad of—desired her love to the other child (Miss Corrie being present), and to her husband and little one. It was observed, that she had no uneasiness about those whom she was leaving behind: she replied, she had none. 'This dear child,'—turning to her eldest daughter, Anna—'blest, and will be blest: and I trust the other, and her husband, are in the right way.'—On the Bishop asking if talking in this manner agitated her, she said 'No,' she wished to converse thus as she might afterwards not be able to speak.

On the Bishop returning, after a short absence from the room, Mrs. Corrie addressing him, said 'Am I safe?' He replied—'If any one sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, Righteous, and He is the Propitiation for our sins.' 'But,' said the sufferer, 'will He receive me?' The Bishop answered, 'Does He not say, Come unto me?' and reminded her of the passage, which her early friend and pastor, the Rev. David Brown, when on his death-bed, pointed out as the most striking passage in all the Bible, Jeremiah, iii. 1. 'verse was read to her: on which, after a pause she said—'Yes! I feel that I am a child, though a naughty'