

should be, and the consequences are experienced in the almost unparalleled prosperity of some of the Episcopal schools.—Would that we could present so good an account of the exertions of our own pastors, or of those of the Presbyterian and Dutch Churches. The least said, perhaps, will be the most favorable to this part of the subject.—*Baptist Advocate, New York.*

The Centenary Fund.—We are happy to announce that the subscriptions of which information has been forwarded to the secretaries amount to two hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, and that the sum actually received by the treasurers exceeds one hundred and ten thousand pounds.—*Watchman.*

The *Courier Francais* announces that the King of Naples has appointed the Virgin of the Seven Griets generalissimo of his army. To complete the farce he ordered all the regiments of the garrison to defile before the statue of the Madonna.—*Epis. Rec.*

The Rev. H. Blunt.—We deeply regret to have to announce the following intelligence,—but the Lord's ways are not as our ways.

A friend in London thus writes of the Rev. H. Blunt, whose valuable works are now of such extensive practical benefit.

"Mr. Blunt is again ill, and his friends fear the affection of his lungs more deeply seated than it was. He thinks so himself, and his people fear that he will never be able to resume his duties, and perhaps that he will not long be spared to them. I need not say that his mind is at peace, and entirely resigned to the divine will. His people, too, seem to practice all that he has taught them, and often quote remarks of his expressive of their present feelings and of the views to which he has led them."—*Epis. Rec.*

ON THE SIN OF DUELLING, AND THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

An eminent and highly respectable minister of the Gospel, now living, was some years since travelling between Edinburgh and London, on board a Leith Smack. A young officer of prepossessing appearance was a fellow-traveller. He had been to Scotland upon leave of absence to visit his friends; he was now returning to England in order to join his regiment, which was in Sicily. There was something in his countenance, especially of a morning, which, in spite of his youth and assumed hilarity, seemed to bespeak inward dejection and sorrow. He looked haggard, shunned company, and gave a hurried and abrupt reply to all questions which his fellow-passengers occasionally put to him. On the Sunday morning the Christian minister mentioned above, proposed to the captain and passengers to have worship in the cabin, and offered to preach to them if they would favour him with their attention. The officer in question made no objection, but shortly after the proposal had been made and accepted by the passengers, he secretly retired into his berth, and drew the sliding pannel which hid him from the company. There he remained unnoticed during the whole of the service. For three nights successively after this sermon the officer alarmed the rest of the passengers by vociferating in his sleep, "Kill the captain! kill the captain—his blood is upon me! his blood is upon me!" On being spoken to respecting the alarm he had occasioned, he stated, with great agitation and distress of mind, though with evident reluctance, that he had once fought a duel with a brother officer; that he had killed his antagonist, and had ever since been a most miserable and unhappy man. So intense was his alarm that he actually tied one of his legs with a cord to the cabin table, and in that situation passed the remaining nights of the voyage, under the apprehension that he might, in the terror of his dreams, rush from his bed and leap overboard. It was observed that he never grew cheerful except when under the influence of liquor. At all other times his painful reflections seemed to embitter all social intercourse, and to deprive him of all pleasure in the objects around him. He did not hesitate to declare frankly to those who drew him into conversation that he fully expected, sooner or later, if he had to jump out of the window, or, if at sea, to rap overboard. It was evident that his uneasiness and terror arose from the rash act into which he had

been betrayed in a moment of irritation. Could he have foreseen the injury he was about to inflict upon another, and the misery to which he would expose himself, he would have shrunk with horror from the awful crime of fighting a duel.

His case suggests a highly valuable lesson to young men of high honor and of great spirit. Let them learn to reverence above all things—above their own supposed honor—the sacred precepts of religion and morality. Many of this description expose themselves to temptations and dangers, from which they can hardly escape, by cherishing a passion, often a thoughtless or reckless passion, for naval or military life. They can hardly expect to pass through the scenes incident to such a course, without at some time or other being goaded on to duelling. The law of honor, they will hear it said, and said by authority which they can scarcely resist, imperatively demands it. Here, then, is a peculiar predicament into which they may be thrown, and from which they will rarely escape with a clear and peaceful conscience.—They will be pressed by the alternative either of losing their soul or of losing their honor. Wine and mirth will engender a quarrel, murder or disgrace must end it. Whether they kill or die, they have committed murder. If they kill, they have murdered another; if they die, they have murdered themselves. Suppose one survive, there is the torment of conscience, and infinite evil inflicted upon another for a trivial offence. If both escape, yet both mean to kill, and the guilt of the intention remains.—Who then is the man of courage? He that draws the sword, or points the pistol against the breast of a trivial offender, and in the face of his Maker's commands;—he who has become the slave of his own passion, his own pride, or his own honour? Assuredly not! but he who professes magnanimity enough to pardon an offence, beneficence enough to do good to an enemy, manliness to despise the world, and piety enough to obey the command of his Maker. Colonel Gardiner, when challenged to fight a duel said, "I am not afraid to fight, but I am afraid to sin."

Episcopacy.—We take the following notice of the Rev. C. Shreve's pamphlet on this subject, from a late number of the *Halifax Times*:—

The Divine Origin and Uninterrupted Succession of Episcopacy, Maintained, in a series of Letters addressed to the Rev. J. W. McLeod, Methodist Minister at Guysborough; in answer to his Letters entitled The Methodist Ministry defended. By the Revd. Charles J. Shreve, Rector of Christ Church, Guysboro.—Halifax, N. S. Gossip & Coade, 1840.

This little work, which from its title our readers will perceive is of a controversial nature, is nevertheless entirely free from that acrimony and bitterness which characterise, in general, disputations on religious doctrine. The letters are dictated in a spirit of charitable forbearance, and the absence of intolerance, which actuates too many in the discussion of such topics, adds to their value and gives weight to their testimony. They take an enlarged view of the subject, and seek to convince more by Scripture argument and the evidence of the Fathers of the Christian Church, than by appeals to prejudice, whether of early impression, or later acquired. They will be found an excellent manual for Episcopalians, particularly those whose acquaintance with the Fathers is limited, and on whom the plausible arguments of opposing sects may have made an impression—and should be perused with attention, by these as tending to confirm them in their faith; as well as by those of other persuasions, who may wish to acquire a knowledge of the Ecclesiastical polity of the Established Church, and the foundation on which Churchmen have built their hope of truth. Mr. Shreve has managed his subject wisely and well; and though we do not often notice works of this description, yet as we find in these Letters nothing to offend, but a great deal of learned research and convincing argument,—a laudable endeavour to keep those of his own fold from straying into other pastures—with a charity that thinketh no evil of those who differ from him,—we should not be justified in longer withholding the commend of praise that is justly due to his labours; and recommending the production to the serious attention of the religious world.

ORIGINAL.

THE HINDOO'S PR. YEH.

FATHER, to thee the knee we bow,
In humbleness and prayer—
Our eyes are rais'd to heaven; for now
We know our God is there.

Long had we walk'd in gloomy night,
'Neath sin's remorseless sway;
But now the Gospel's piercing light
Hath chas'd that gloom away.

Unbless'd and unredem'd—unshriev'd,
We knelt at Bramah's shrine;
And in our foolishness believed
His attributes were Thine.

But when thy messenger appeared,
With tidings of thy grace;
And fearlessly Christ's banner rear'd,
To cheer our fallen race.

When he with love besought us still
To tread the path he trod;
And to subject our stubborn will
To Thee, Almighty God.

Then faith display'd her won'drous power,
And by divine decree,
From that most bless'd and holy hour,
The Hindoo prays to Thee

IMITATION OF FITZ EUSTACE'S SONG IN NARMION.

WHERE shall the saint repose
He the believer?
Who 'mid life's joys or woes
Spurned the deceiver.
Who in the mortal strife,
On Christ relying,
Clung to his faith thro' life
Bless'd it when dying;
Hallelujah, &c.

Far from this lowly sod,
Angels receive him—
Pure in the sight of God.
Earth's trials leave him.
Dasking in glory's rays,
Now the saint never
Ceases his hymns of praise,
Singing forever.
Hallelujah, &c.

Where shall the traitor rest;
He the blasphemer—
Who pierc'd anew the breast
Of the Redeemer.
His lamp of life grows dim,
Failing forever;
Heavens's portals open to him;
Never—oh! never.—
Miserere, &c.

The shades of death's dreary path
Lie all before him;
The clouds of eternal wrath
Darkly hang o'er him.
Hell's lord who won his heart
Holds him forever,
Never again to part,
Never—oh!—Never.
Miserere, &c.

Messrs. Editors;

The foregoing poetical effusions were handed me by a legal gentleman of this place for the *Colonial Churchman*, for whose pages they had been requested by one of his brethren at the Bar. You will, I think, confer a favor on all your readers, by their insertion.—May he who can so sweetly sing of Religion, receive its blessed influence in his heart forever, and feel that from him to whom the precious knowledge of Divine truth is given, an account of their use will be required.