

Youth's Corner.

A YOUNG PASTOR'S LETTER TO A YOUNGER PARISHIONER.

My dear George,

You will be surprised to hear from me. I have often wished to be better acquainted with you; but in these sad parishes we cannot manage to know and be intimate with every one we would desire. And now you have left your father's roof and our charge; still my desires go after you, as well as the kind thoughts of many others; and since I cannot now speak to you, I take this way of expressing to you my thoughts. I do not know in what light you look upon me, whether as a grave and morose minister, or as one who might be a companion and friend; but, really, it is so short a while since I was just like you, when I enjoyed the games which you now enjoy, and read the books which you now read, that I never can think of myself as any thing more than a boy. This is one great reason why I write to you. The same youthful blood flows in my veins that flows in yours—the same fancies and buoyant passions dance in my bosom as in yours—so that, when I would persuade you to come with me to the same Saviour, and to walk the rest of your life 'led by the Spirit of God,' I am not persuading you to any thing beyond your years. I am not like a grey-headed grandfather—then you might answer all I say by telling me that you are a boy. No; I am almost as much a boy as you are; as fond of happiness and of life as you are; as fond of scampering over the hills, and seeing all that is to be seen, as you are.

Another thing that persuades me to write to you, my dear boy, is, that I have felt in my own experience the want of having a friend to direct and counsel me. I had a kind brother as you have, who taught me many things: he gave me a Bible, and persuaded me to read it; he tried to train me as a gardener trains the apple-tree upon the wall, but all in vain. I thought myself far wiser than he, and would always take my own way; and many a time, I well remember, I have seen him reading his Bible, or shutting his closet-door to pray, when I have been dressing to go to some frolic, or some dance of folly. Well, this dear friend and brother died; and though his death made a greater impression upon me than ever his life had done, still I found the misery of being friendless. I do not mean that I had no relations or worldly friends, for I had many; but I had no friend *who cared for my soul.* I had none to direct me to the Saviour—none to awaken my slumbering conscience—none to tell me about the blood of Jesus washing away all sin—none to tell me of the Spirit who is so willing to change the heart, and give the victory over passions. I had no minister to take me by the hand, and say, 'Come with me, and we will do thee good.' Yes, I had one friend and minister, but that was Jesus himself, and he led me in a way that makes me give him, and him only, all the praise. Now, though Jesus may do this again, yet the more common way with him is to use earthly guides. If then I could supply the place of such a guide to you, I should be happy. To be a finger-post is all that I want to be—pointing out the way. This is what I so much wanted myself—this is what you need not want, unless you wish.

Tell me, dear George, would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had the forgiveness of sins,—that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds were blotted out of God's book of remembrance? Would this make you less happy, do you think? You dare not say it would. But would the forgiveness of sins not make you more happy than you are? Perhaps you will tell me that you are very happy as you are. I quite believe you. I know that I was very happy when I was unforgiven. I know that I had great pleasure in many sins—in Sabbath-breaking for instance. Many a delightful walk I have had—speaking my own words, thinking my own thoughts, and seeking my own pleasure on God's holy day. I fancy, boys were ever happier in an unconverted state than I was. No sorrow clouded my brow—no tears filled my eyes, unless over some nice story-book; so that I know that you say quite true, when you say that you are happy as you are. But ah! is not this just the saddest thing of all, that you should be happy whilst you are a child of wrath—that you should smile, and eat, and drink, and be merry, and sleep sound, when this very night you may be in hell?—Happy while unforgiven!—a terrible happiness. It is like the Hindu widow who sits upon the funeral pile with her dead husband, and sings songs of joy when they are setting fire to the wood with which she is to be burned. Yes, you may be quite happy in this way, till you die, my boy; but when you look back from hell, you will say it was a miserable kind of happiness. Now, do you think it would not give you more happiness to be forgiven—to be able to put on Jesus, and say, 'God's anger is turned away?' Would not you be happier at work and happier in the house, and happier in your bed?

I can assure you, from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm, blue sky, which no earthly clamours can disturb. It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick-bed all soft and downy—yea, it takes away the scowl of death. But forgiveness may be yours *now.* It is not given to those who are good. It is not given to any because they are less wicked than others. It is given only to those who, feeling that their sins have brought a curse on them which they cannot lift off, 'look unto Jesus,' as bearing all away.

Now, my dear boy, I have no wish to weary you. If you are any thing like what I was, you will have yawned many a time already over this letter. However, if the Lord deal graciously with you, and touch your young heart, as I pray he may, with a desire to be forgiven, and to be made a child of God, perhaps you will not take ill what I have written to you in much haste. As this is the first time you have been away from home, perhaps you have not learned to write letters yet; but if you have, I should like to hear from you, how you come on—what convictions you feel, if you feel any—what difficulties—what parts of the Bible puzzle you; and then I would do my best to unravel them. You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still more, to *feel it.* Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis, read a Psalm also; or, if you are reading Matthew, read a small bit of an epistle also. Turn the Bible into prayer. Thus, if you were reading the 1st Psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel and pray, 'O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man,' &c. Let me not stand in the counsel of the ungodly,' &c. This is the best way of knowing the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray. In prayer, confess your sins by name—going over those of the past day one by one. Pray for your friends by name—father, mother, &c. &c. If you love them, surely you will pray for their souls. I know well that there are prayers constantly ascending for you from your own house; and will you not pray for them back again? Do this regularly. If you pray sincerely for others, it will make you pray for yourself.

But I must be done. Good bye, dear George. Remember me to your brother kindly, and believe me your sincere friend.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE.

From the writer's Memoir and Remains, by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonur. (The initial G. has been made into George, in extracting this letter.)

JOHN GORDON.

At the annual meeting of the Lowestoft Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, July 9th, 1844, Captain Sir Edward Parry related the following striking anecdote, showing how the simple reading of the word of God may be blessed to a man's conversion. I give it in Sir Edward's own words.

"On the arrival of one of the polar expeditions which I commanded in Baffin's Bay, it was found necessary to send home by the whaling ships two or three seamen who were ailing, and to enter, from the whalers, the same number of men to complete our crews.

"Among those that offered themselves to us was John Gordon, a fine, tall, athletic man, more than six feet high, a first-rate seaman, and accustomed to navigate among the ice. He was not a profligate man, yet he was often heard to swear. He was not a drunkard, but still he would occasionally indulge himself, and then he became intoxicated.

"When we had completed our summer navigation, and the ice closed in around us, we determined to employ the winter months profitably for our seamen. We therefore commenced an evening school on board, that we might instruct the men in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This school was conducted by my valued friend Mr. Hooper, the purser of the ship. It was arranged, that the men who liked it should come every evening for instruction for two hours. Mr. Hooper, who was a truly pious and godly man, and who knew that without God's blessing 'nothing was strong, nothing was holy,' always commenced the school with prayer. The men were requested to kneel down, that the blessing of God might be sought upon the instruction to be given. Some came at first from curiosity, some came to mock at the proceedings of the school; whilst those who came really from the desire of improvement had, at the outset, to endure no little persecution from their fellows. But in a very short time it turned out, that those who 'came to mock,' remained to pray. Three-fourths of the ship's crew devoutly knelt down evening by evening, and earnestly and heartily joined in the prayer offered up at the commencement of the school. The Bible was, of course, made the foundation of all the instruction given. John Gordon, convinced of the temporal advantage that he should receive from being able to read, determined, at all events, that he would learn. It was not long before he could pick out a verse in his Bible. And this was the

means which it pleased God to use for his conversion. He became a reformed character. His Bible was now his delight. He exhibited in his character all the meekness and gentleness of the child of God. He became one of the brightest examples of a truly Christian seaman I have ever known. He began to read simply for his temporal advantage, and he was led by the Holy Spirit to think of the things which make for his eternal peace. Then there followed, what will always follow when there is true conversion of heart to the Lord, an earnest desire to bring others in the ship to the knowledge of the truth. He became, as it were, a Missionary to the whole ship's crew. The word of God, in his case, seemed eminently to 'make wise the simple.' He was ready to answer all the cavils and all the objections made against religion, in a wonderful manner.

"After an absence of a year and a half we returned home.

"The next year another expedition was fitted out, of which I was again appointed commander. John Gordon was one of the first who presented himself for the service. We were rejoiced at this. We were glad, because it was a great comfort that the best Christian sailor in the ship should be the very man whom we could best trust in any emergency. But God's ways are not as our ways. We were on the point of leaving the river Thames, and the ships were anchored at Gravesend. It was necessary to 'lay out' an anchor, that is, to send an anchor, with a hawser (or small cable) attached to it, in a boat, to be dropped at some distance from the ship. In letting go the anchor at the appointed place, one 'flake' caught the gunwale of the boat, which, in consequence, was in imminent danger of being swamped. Gordon, who was in the boat, and was always the foremost in time of difficulty, hastened to lift the anchor and throw it clear of the gunwale. This he effected by great effort, but, alas! in doing so, the hawser caught round his body, dragged him over board, and we have never seen poor John Gordon from that moment to this.

"But why," added Sir Edward, "do I call him poor John Gordon? No; he was rich—rich in faith—rich in that treasure which can never fail him; and we cannot doubt that he has entered that blessed haven, where the hope he cherished on earth will be found 'an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast,' where there are no storms to agitate, no billows to roll, but where there will be one unceasing and untroubled calm of peace, and love, and joy, for ever and ever."—*Children's Missionary Magazine.*

NEW ZEALAND.

Letter written by the Bishop of New Zealand, dated Waukena, in October, 1842.

You will be puzzled with the place from which this letter is dated; but in Wyld's map you will find it spelt Waukena, a little to the south of Cape Egmont, the western extremity of New Zealand.

We are spending our Sunday, (that is, Mr. Mason, Church Missionary, Mr. St. Hill, land agent, and I,) in a small Pa, perched on the top of a high cliff, accessible from the beach only by a winding path, terminating in a ladder.

My situation this Sunday is exactly the reverse of that of the last. Then I was encamped on the beach, between Manawaty and Wanganui, on some low sand hills, near Wai-Patiki, with a small stream of fresh water running into the sea a little below me. In this picturesque situation I was detained three days, by an inflammation in my heel, occasioned by walking over flat sands for many miles: an exercise to which my feet were altogether unaccustomed. My little tent was pitched in the hollow of the sand hills, and my native attendants made themselves comfortable round a large fire under a little hut, which they soon constructed of drift wood and coarse grass. You would be surprised with the comparative comfort which I enjoyed in my encampments. My tent is strown with dry fern or grass; my air bed is laid upon it; my books, clothes, and other goods lie beside it; and, though the whole dimensions of my dwelling do not exceed eight feet by five, I have more room than I require; and am as comfortable as it is possible for a man to be when he is absent from those whom he loves most. I spent October 17th, the anniversary of my consecration, in my tent on the sand hills, with no companion but three natives, my party having gone on to Wanganui, to fetch Mr. Mason's horse for me: and while in that situation I was led naturally to contrast my present position with the very different scenes in England last year. I can assure you that the comparison brought with it no feelings of discontent; on the contrary, I spent the greater part of the day, after the usual services and readings with the natives, in thinking with gratitude over the many mercies and blessings which have been granted to me in the past year. Indeed, in looking back upon the events of the year; upon my happy parting from all my friends; my visit to the Bishop of Australia; my prosperous voyages, eight in number; my favourable reception in every town in my diocese; my growing friendship with the natives, who have now heard of me in every part of the country, and welcome me with their cha-

acteristic cordiality: all form an inexhaustible subject for thoughts of joy and thanksgiving, which sometimes fill the heart almost to overflowing.

The loss of my faithful friend and companion, W. Evans, and the intelligence of the death of my brother-in-law, are the only interruptions to this continued course of happiness.

I wrote to you from Wellington about the beginning of October, to acquaint you with the death of my young friend, who expired, after a lingering attack of fever, on the 3rd October. He was sensible to the last, and died without a struggle, leaning upon my arm. I had been with him three weeks, and enjoyed much comfort in the simple manner in which he expressed the sincerity of his repentance, and the grounds of his hopes for the life to come. After the funeral, I immediately made my preparation for my land journey, and left Wellington on the 10th October, with a train of twenty-eight natives, carrying tents, beds, food, clothes, &c. My English companion is Mr. St. Hill.

Our first day's walk was only nine miles, as we could not leave Wellington till three in the afternoon. At six p.m. we encamped in the middle of a wood, with the river Porirua running by our side. The natives soon made large fires, and gathered fern for our beds; and as soon as our preparations were completed, we closed the daylight, according to invariable custom, with evening service and a hymn.

The scene after dark was very beautiful; with the groups of natives round their fires, and the dark foliage of the wood over head, with our little white tents under their shelter.

To be continued.

RECEIVED, per John Horton, China, Sarah, Jamaica and British Queen.

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 - Genuine White Lead, Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
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 - Patent Shot,
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 - English and Best Bar Iron,
 - Scrap and Russia Bar Iron,
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 - Anvils, Spades and Shovels,
 - Cast Steel, Borax, Block Tin,
 - Coil and Trace Chains,
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- ALSO—
- Proved Chain Cables and Anchors,
 - "Acraman's" Patent do. do.
- AND—
- 200 Boxes Tin Plates,
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- C. & W. WURTELE, St. Paul Street. Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

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- C. & W. WURTELE, St. Paul Street. Quebec, 20th Sept., 1844.

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The subscriber acquaints his friends and the public that he has lately received a large assortment of India Rubber Shoes, which he will dispose of on as moderate terms as any other house in the trade.

MATTHEW HAMMOND, No. 53, St. John Street. Quebec, 10th Sept. 1844.

TO TEACHERS.

PERSONS of unexceptionable character, and duly qualified according to the requirements of the School-Act, are wanted as Masters to Common Schools in several country settlements: Salary from £30 to £40 a-year. For information apply at the office of this paper. 29th August, 1844.

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J. W. LEAYCRAFT. Quebec, 12th July, 1844.

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The Subscriber informs his customers and the public, that he has just received his spring supply of ENGLISH and FRENCH LEATHER, consisting of Calf-Skins, of a beautiful description, direct from Paris, Boot Morocco, Patent and Elastic Leather, Plain and Enamelled French Fronts, Maxwell's Spurs, with a great variety of other articles in his line.

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FOR Sale by the Subscriber, Duty paid, or in Bond for exportation:— 236 Hhds. very bright Porto Rico Sugar, 100 Hhds first quality do. Coloco, 90 Hhds. Superior Cuba Sugar, 150 Puncheons, Cuba Molasses 27 Tierces 80 Punns. Porto Rico Molasses, 5 Punns. Jamaica Lime Juice, 30 Tins do Arrowroot, 10 Tons do Logwood. J. W. LEAYCRAFT. Quebec, 1st July, 1844.

RECEIVED EX "BRITISH QUEEN."

145 HAMPERS Cheese, viz: Double Gloucester, double Berkeley, Cheddar, Truckles and Queen's Arms. C. & W. WURTELE, St. Paul Street. Quebec, 23rd Sept., 1844.

THE NOVELTIES WHICH DISTURB OUR PEACE. LETTERS

Addressed to the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, BY JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, D. D. Bishop of Vermont. A few Copies of the above Work, Price, 2s. 6d. for Sale by the subscriber, G. STANLEY. Quebec, 5th Nov. 1844.

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The Company are also permitted to refer to the Hon. T. C. Aylwin, M.P.P., Quebec. D. M. Armstrong, M.P.P., Berthier. Dr. Bouillier, M.P.P., St. Hyacinthe. And generally to the most influential gentlemen of Canada East. Sherbrooke, August 26, 1844.

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