

that have such a powerful influence upon the conduct; and, by forbidding customs which might lead to evil, could thus strike at the gorm of wickedness.

For the Colonial Churchman.

AGAINST FINDING FAULT WITH OUR MINISTER.

The following remarks are selected, by reason of the truth which distinguishes them, for further publicity by
A LAYMAN.

I have noticed that Christians who appear to be in a good state, are more apt to find fault with themselves than with their minister or their brethren, unless they are notoriously out of the way. As they grow cold and worldly, they begin to find fault with one another.

Your difficulties may arise from expecting of your minister what no minister can do. Christians grow and flourish, not by what is done for them, but by what they do themselves. It is the office of the minister to point out their duties and urge them to perform them; and in the performance of these duties they gain life and strength. If you give no heed to the admonitions of your minister, if you will not perform the duties which he urges upon you, of course you will not be profited by his labors. The preaching of an angel from heaven would not profit you, if you persisted in the neglect of the manifest duties of your profession. I would advise you now to go home, and go to laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, as one who must give an account of himself to God—labor and pray for the salvation of your people, and see if your difficulties will not vanish away speedily. Farewell.—N. Y. Churchman.

ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

THE PALACE OF HEROD.

MARK VI. 21.—Herod, on his birth day, made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee.

The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits. There, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his Royal palace, looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among the still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper to his lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, danced before him, and the proud King promised with an oath to give whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom. And while the feast and dance went on, the head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel. And Herod has said, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has said, and the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness—a Fellah was turning his back around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital, under a fig-tree by its side, and asked him what the ruins were we saw? and he said his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he said that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while I was from every quarter of the world turn aside from the path to do homage in the prison of his mangled victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance, when I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking at sea.

with the Arab ploughman of the King who built it, leaning against a column which perhaps had often supported the baughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land.—*Stephen's Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land, Egypt, Edom, &c.*

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNenburg, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1839.

OUR ABSENT BRETHREN.—We are happy to hear that the Rev F Uniacke feels himself so much benefitted by his residence in England, that he fully expects to resume the charge of St. George's, early in the spring. The Rev. Gilbert Wiggins is much better in health, and is settled on a curacy in Kent.

THE BISHOP.—Letters have been received from his Lordship down to 5th December, at which time he was at Brighton. He continued busily engaged in preaching and attending public meetings in various parts of England, in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

BISHOP OF EXETER AND MR. HEAD.—Our readers will remember the famous letter of this latter gentleman to his Bishop, which was republished in this Province, not however without remarks from us. As an attempt was made to shew that Mr. H. was suffering reproach as a champion of the truth, and not as a violator of his ordination vows, we think it right to give some extracts to shew the real state of the case,—which will be found on our 6th page of this number.

THE NOVASCOTIAN.—The notice with which we are honoured in this paper of 27th December, has only just met our eyes; and though we have no desire to prolong the matter between us, we feel called upon to give a word of rejoinder, even at the risk of running our heads against the "limits of the Editor's forbearance," and eliciting his threatened "amusement." Should it please him at any time to make us the subject of attack, we must console ourselves by the reflection that such has been the lot of Governors, Bishops, Chief Justices, and other distinguished characters before us, and we shall hope like them to survive the stroke. We desire peace quite as much as the Editor of the *Novascotian*, and we value courtesy too as much as he, which makes us somewhat uneasy under the epithet "base," as applied by him to our editorial bearing towards his journal. We beg leave to fling back the expression to the place from whence it came. As to the assertion that we have seldom issued a number that did not contain something offensive to either bodies of christians, if it is meant that we have put forth articles with the design of hurting the feelings of members of other denominations, we utterly deny such an intention. But if the setting forth the distinctive principles and excellencies of the Church, in her doctrines, her liturgy, and her ministry, be offensive to others, we certainly have done this; and what is more, we shall continue to do so, while we conduct the *Colonial Churchman*. And moreover, we shall take leave to have a word in season for those, however mighty they may be, who in the levelling spirit of the day, stand forth to attack the Church we revere, and whose cry seems to be "down with it, down with it, even to the ground." We trust they will be disappointed.

ARRIERS!—This is so unseemly a word that the Publisher is anxious to avoid the necessity of using it, in which he hopes all concerned will assist him, by sending us early as possible, their dues up to the end of Volume III.

DIED.

At Antigua, on the 7th ult. Capt. Francis Gerhardt, of the brig Good Intent of this port, leaving a wife and child and many relatives to lament his loss.—At the same place, Mr. John Fink, of this town, seaman, on board the same vessel. Within a few years about thirty masters and mates of vessels connected with this Fort, have either died or been lost.

(POSTSCRIPT.)—JANUARY 21st.

The issue of the present number has been delayed thus long for the want of paper, of which there has been but a scanty supply at Halifax, for some time past; and now that we have it, we must apologize for its inferior quality. Our agent informs us that he is in daily expectation of being able to send us some of a better description.

AFFLICTING CASUALTY.—It is with painful feelings that we have to record a most distressing accident which occurred on Thursday morning last, plunging an esteemed parishioner and his family into sudden and overwhelming sorrow, and casting a gloom over the whole place.—Master JAMES GODFREY RUDOLF, son of Mr. Michael Rudolf, merchant, of this town, while skating on the harbour towards the packet just arrived from Halifax, unfortunately fell through the ice and was drowned. Every exertion was used to recover the body as speedily as possible, but upwards of half an hour necessarily elapsed before it was raised, when the usual means were taken under the superintendance of Doctors JACOBS and BOLDMAN, who hastened to the spot—but alas! all without effect. The vital spark had fled, and the lifeless body was soon borne to the home he had so lately left in the fulness of health and spirits.

The interesting youth who has thus suddenly been snatched away, was in his 15th year, and was endeared to his family and friends by his mild and affectionate disposition, and by the correctness of his general conduct. He had but lately returned from the Academy at Windsor, where he had been for the last 2½ years, and had brought with him very satisfactory testimonials from the Reverend Principal; and his fond parents were now anticipating the constant enjoyment of his society, and the comfort of seeing him by-and-by a useful member of this community.—But "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. He doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him in the earth, in the Sea and in all deep places;" and He doeth all things well. While we most feelingly sympathise on this occasion with our afflicted friends, and pray that He who sends the blow may give strength to bear it, and grace to profit by it—we trust it may also be blessed to the good of all, and especially of the younger members of this community, who thus see that the end of life may be very near when it seems only beginning.

His remains were yesterday taken to the house of God, where he had twice enjoyed the services of the preceding Sabbath.—The Church was filled by a larger assembly than we ever remember on such an occasion, and solemnity seemed to be impressed upon all, while from the eyes of not a few the tears of sympathy plentifully flowed.—After a discourse suited to the melancholy dispensation, from 1 Sam. xx. 3, (latter part) the large and mournful procession moved to the narrow house appointed for all the living, where the last and most affecting, but at the same time comforting offices of the Church, were performed.—May the Lord sanctify these exercises and the solemn event itself to the good of us all.

"The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whatever we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

"We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath the chattering rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God."