



# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE. . . . . Eph. 2 c. 20 v.

VOLUME III.

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*For the Colonial Churchman.*

THE PSALMS.—NO. I.

The psalms form so considerable a part of the daily services of the Church, that whatever may tend to elucidate their difficulties or promote a spiritual acquaintance with their contents, must be considered of importance by those who would worship with the spirit and with the understanding also. Those who are so happy as to possess the beautiful, eloquent and evangelical commentary upon the book of Psalms by Bishop Horne, cannot have a better interpreter of every difficult passage, nor a more efficient auxiliary in elevating their affections to Him by whose spirit it was indited. It is to be wished that in every family that excellent book had a place, as a daily manual of devotion. But such not being the case, it has occurred to the writer, that a few extracts from it might be useful, through the medium of the Colonial Churchman, in removing difficulties which sometimes occur with respect to the use of certain of these psalms in christian worship.—Such is the object of this and some future communications.

"The Psalms" says Bp. Horne, "are an epitome of the Bible, adapted to the purposes of devotion. They treat occasionally of the creation and formation of the world; the dispensations of Providence, and the economy of grace; the transactions of the patriarchs; the exodus of the children of Israel; their journey through the wilderness, and settlement in Canaan; their law, priesthood, and ritual, the exploits of their great men, wrought through faith; their sins and captivities; their repentances and restorations; the sufferings and victories of David; the peaceful and happy reign of Solomon; the advent of the Messiah, with its effects and consequences; his incarnation, birth, life, passion, death, resurrection, ascension, kingdom, and priesthood; the effusion of the Spirit; the conversion of the nations; the rejection of the Jews; the establishment, increase, and perpetuity of the Christian church; the end of the world; the general judgment; the condemnation of the wicked, and the final triumph of the righteous with their Lord and King. These are the subjects here presented to our meditations. We are instructed how to conceive of them aright, and to express the different affections, which, when so conceived of, they must excite in our minds. They are, for this purpose, adorned with the figures, and set off with all the graces of poetry; and poetry itself is designed yet farther to be recommended by the charms of music, thus consecrated to the service of God; that so delight may prepare the way for improvement, and pleasure become the hand-maid of wisdom, while every turbulent passion is calmed by sacred melody, and the evil spirit is still dispossessed by the Harp of the Son of Jesse. This little volume, like the paradise of Eden, affords us in perfection, though in miniature, every thing that groweth elsewhere, "every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food:" and above all, what was there lost, but is here restored, THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN.—And it appears to have been the Manual of the Son of God in the days of his flesh; who, at the conclusion of his last supper, is generally supposed, and that upon good grounds, to have sung a hymn taken from it; who pronounced on the cross the beginning of xxxiii Psalm; "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And expired with a part of the xxxist Psalm in his mouth; "Into my hands I commend my spirit." Thus He, who had not the spirit by measure, in whom were hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and who spake as never man spake, yet chose to conclude his life, to solace himself in his greatest agony, and at last to breathe out his soul, in the Psalmist's form of words, rather than his own. No tongue of man or angel, as Dr. Hammond justly observes, can convey a higher idea of any book, and of their felicity who use it aright."

The leading feature in this pious commentary is the spiritual adaptation of the Psalms to Jesus Christ, who is in almost all of them the principal and all glorious theme. Herein the Bishop treads in the path of the early fathers, and the first christian expositors of the Psalms, no less than of the inspired Apostles and our Lord himself, by whom many passages have been thus expressly applied. If this evangelical sense be kept in mind by the christian reader of these songs of Zion, many difficulties will be cleared up as he reads, and new beauties will shine forth in every line. With reference to this mystical sense, the spiritually minded Bishop observes—

"They are beautiful without, but all glorious within, like "apples of gold in pictures, or net-work cases, of silver," Prov. xxv. 11. The brightness of the casket attracts our attention, till, through it, upon a nearer approach, we discover its contents. Very delightful and profitable they are, in their literal and historical sense, which well repayeth all the pains taken to come at it. But that once obtained, a farther scene begins to open upon us, and all the blessings of the gospel present themselves to the eye of faith. So that the expositor is a traveller ascending an eminence neither unfruitful nor unpleasant; at the top of which when he is arrived, he beholds, like Moses from the summit of Mount Nebo, a more lovely and extensive prospect lying beyond it, and stretching away to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills. He sees vallies covered over with corn, blooming gardens, and verdant meadows, with flocks and herds feeding by rivers of water; till ravished with the sight, he cries out, as St. Peter did, at the view of his Master's glory, "It is good to be here!"

The objection is sometimes heard that there is much in these Psalms, which being literally applicable only to the Jews and to the times of David, must be out of place in the mouths of christians, under the Gospel—an objection which our author thus removes:—

"It may be said, Are we concerned with the affairs of David and of Israel? Have we any thing to do with the ark and the temple? They are no more. Are we to go up to Jerusalem, and to worship on Zion? They are desolated, and trodden under foot by the Turks. Are we to sacrifice young bullock, according to the law? The law is abolished, never to be observed again. Do we pray for victory over Moab, Edom, and Philistia; or for deliverance from Babylon? There are no such nations, no such places in the world. What then do we mean, when, taking such expressions in our mouths, we utter them in our own persons, as parts of our devotions, before God? Assuredly we must mean a spiritual Jerusalem and Zion; a spiritual ark and temple; a spiritual law; spiritual sacrifices; and spiritual victories; spiritual enemies; all described under the old names, which are still retained, though, "old things are passed away, and all things are become new." By substituting Messiah for David, the Gospel for the law, the church Christian for that of Israel, and the enemies of the one for those of the other, the Psalms are made our own. Nay, they are with more fullness and propriety applied now to the substance, than they were of old to the "shadow of good things then to come." And therefore, ever since the commencement of the Christian era, the church hath chosen to celebrate the gospel mysteries in the words of these ancient hymns, rather than to compose for that purpose new ones of her own. For let it not pass unobserved, that when, upon the first publication of the Gospel, the apostles had occasion to utter their transports of joy, on their being counted worthy to suffer for the name of their Lord and Master, which was then opposed by Jew and Gentile, they broke forth into an application of the second Psalm to the transactions then before their eyes. See Acts iv. 25. The primitive Christians constantly followed this method in their devotions: and, particularly when, delivered out of

## VISITATION AND COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

Oh! Youth and Joy, your airy tread  
Too lightly springs by Sorrow's bed,  
Your keen eyeglances are too bright,  
Too restless for a sick man's sight,  
Farewell: for one short life we part:  
I rather woo the soothing art,  
Which only souls in sufferings tried,  
Bear to their suffering brethren's side.

Where may we learn that gentle spell?  
Mother of Martyrs, thou canst tell!  
Thou who didst watch thy dying Spouse,  
With piercing hands and bleeding brows,  
Whose tears from age to age are shed  
O'er sainted sons untimely dead,  
If e'er we charm a soul in pain,  
Thine is the key-note of our strain.

How sweet with thee to lift the latch  
Where Faith has kept her midnight watch,  
Smiling on woe: with thee to kneel  
Where fix'd, as if one prayer could heal,  
She listens, till her pale eye glow  
With joy, wild health can never know,  
And each calm feature, ere we read,  
Speaks, silently, thy glorious creed.

Such have I seen: and while they pour'd  
Their hearts in every contrite word,  
How have I rather long'd to kneel  
And ask of them sweet pardon's seal!  
How bless'd the heavenly music brought  
By thee to aid my faltering thought!  
"Peace" ere we kneel, and when we cease  
To pray, the farewell word is "Peace."

I came again: the place was bright  
"With something of celestial light"—  
A simple altar by the bed  
For high communion neatly spread,  
Chalice, and plate, and snowy vest.  
We ate and drank: then calmly blest,  
All mourners, one with dying breath,  
We sate and talk'd of Jesus' death.

Once more I came: the silent room  
Was veil'd in sadly-soothing gloom,  
And ready for her last abode  
The pale form like a lily show'd,  
By virgin fingers duly spread,  
And priz'd for love of summer fled.  
The light from those soft smiling eyes  
Had fled to its parent skies.

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,  
Ye gentle spirits far away,  
With whom we shar'd the cup of grace,  
Then parted: ye to Christ's embrace,  
We to the lonesome world again,  
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain  
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,  
To be sung on, where angels soar,  
With blended voices evermore.

*Episcopacy.*—"Nulla Ecclesia sine Episcopo," (no church without a bishop) "has been a fact as well as a maxim, since the time of Tertullian and Irenæus."—Gibbon.

the hands of persecuting tyrants by the victories of Constantine, they praised God for his goodness, and the glorious success and establishment of Christ's religion, no words were found so exquisitely adapted to the purpose, as those of David, in the *xvii. xxviii* and other Psalms—"Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name, be telling of his salvation from day to day. Declare his honour unto the heathen, his worship unto all people,"—&c. &c. &c. In these, and the like Psalms, we continue to praise God, for all his spiritual mercies in Christ, to this day.

For the Colonial Churchman.

PASTORAL CONVERSATIONS.

THE UNBELIEVER.

Some time ago whilst riding slowly along the road in a distant part of my parish, I heard a voice behind me murmuring out something in the shape of a well-known musical air. Presently the words—"Good morning, Parson!"—greeted my ear.

"Good morning!" I replied, turning round and recognizing the speaker. "How do ye do, Mr. C.? How is Mrs. C. and all your family?"

"Pretty well, thank'y Sir. Only Mrs. C. is complainin' a good deal, since her mother died."

"Indeed: I am sorry to hear that."

"Yes, Sir. You see, she was so anxious like, and fatigued herself so much by sittin' up night after night while her mother was ailin' that we are a' most afraid of what 'll be the consequence."

"I am extremely sorry to hear this account of Mrs. C.'s health. I will make it my endeavour to see her as soon as possible."

"Thank'y, Sir," said he, urging on his horse, and passing me.

"Stop a minute," said I, "I want to speak with you on a subject which cannot but be interesting to you."

"What is that?" he enjoined.

I answered by asking another question—"How is it that I never see you at Church, Mr. C.? Are you a dissenter? or do you go to any place of worship at all?"

"Indeed, Sir," he replied—"I can easily tell you how it is. My father was a most an excellent man; brought us up well—and went constant to meetin'. But ever sin' we removed to the distant back place, meetin' was so far off, that we seldom none of us went; except in the winter time, now and then when there was good goin'. Since he died things war'nt very smooth with me: and so I left off goin' altogether. And for my part I think I get on in them 'erc matters as well as them, as are goin' to meetin' always."

All this was spoken with an air of careless indifference, which gave me great concern: so I replied—"I regret to hear you speak in that way of the duties of Religion, Mr. C. For it is impossible that religion can prosper or grow in the human heart, unless it be frequently watered and refreshed by the dews of heaven, which are to be gathered in the house of God."

"I daresay, it's all very well, Sir. But to tell ye the matter o' fact at once, I do'nt believe there's any use in religion at all."

"What! Mr. C.—is it possible that you can entertain for a moment such an enormous—such a dangerous opinion. You! who according to your own account have been well brought up, and known something of christianity from your earliest youth."

"To be sure I'm sometimes angry with myself for thinkin' so: but I cannot help it. You see, they tell me there's a God: but how can I believe it, when I never saw him?"

"Will you allow me to explain to you some of the grounds on which that great truth is founded?"

"Surely, Sir; and will be obliged to you."

"Well: look around you. There is the sun in heaven; there is the trees of the forest on the right and on the left of us. Here is a well of water; and there is a large rock. Now whence have all these come? Who made them? They could not of course make themselves. How then were they created?"

"God, I know, created them: but that is not exactly what I mean?"

"What do you mean then? For you now admit that there is a God, although you said a little ago, that you could not believe it."

"Yes: but I mean, how can we know that it is any great matter whether we believe or not, that there is a God?"

"Ah: I understand you. You seem to think, that although there be a God, still the fact is a matter of perfect indifference to us as beings, who live to-day and die to-morrow."

"Just so: that's my opinion."

"If we were to live and die like the beasts that perish, of course we might treat the fact of God's existence with indifference: but you must know, my friend, that there is a principle in man, which lives forever,—a soul which will live after death, and forever."

"Well so I heard: but how am I to know this?"

"You need not go far for an illustration. Look at the horse you are now riding. He is much stronger than either or both of us. But you can lead him, and do what you like with him."

"Yes: I can."

"Well: that proves your superiority over, not only him, but the whole brute creation. Now what is it that gives you this superiority. It is neither power, nor strength, nor agility: what is it then?"

"I do'nt know what to call it: but I know that I can manage the wildest horse as ever was."

"Well: perhaps you can: but the means by which you can accomplish that management is "reason:" you can think, and judge, and plan, and contrive,—which a horse cannot. Now, the principle of reason is nearly allied to the soul, which is immortal. I do not mean to say that *reason* and *soul* are both the same; but they are so nearly allied that I could not explain the difference to you without entering into a tedious discussion. It is only necessary therefore that I repeat what I said before, which is—that reason not only gives you superiority over every brute animal, but, also proves the future existence of the soul."

"How is that?"

"Just consider: reason, or the power of thinking, proves that the mind can exist independently of the body—that is, that the soul is distinct from the body: because, while we are here, our thoughts may be at the other end of the world. Therefore, when the body dies, the soul will be separated from it, and will live."

"It may be so: I can't gainsay you, Sir."

"Besides it is God who gives the soul to man—God who made the sun and the heavens—the earth, and all it contains; and no doubt he will ask an account of both you and me as to the use we have made of our life here."

"Now that is what I do'nt understand."

"Indeed. Listen then. You own a waggon, do you not?"

"I do: but it's a very old rickety thing."

"I suppose you consider yourself at liberty to do just what you please with the said waggon. If it is a good one you take care of it, and preserve it as long as you can: if it is a bad one, you burn it, or destroy it in some other way."

"That is just what I'd do."

"Well: in the very same way God, who in fact is the owner,—or, rather the Giver of the soul, will just do what he likes with it. If it is good, he will preserve it: if it is bad, he will burn it with unquenchable fire."

"I am very much concerned, Sir, to hear all this. I should like to have some more talk with you on these subjects."

"It is likely I'll call and see Mrs. C. in a day or two, and then we can renew our conversation. In the mean time you can read your Bible, and pray God to open your heart and understanding."

For the Colonial Churchman.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

It was on a dark and stormy night, homeward bound that I was standing on the quarter deck of a brig which I had the command, when I heard the momentous words—"prepare to meet thy God," uttered by the man at the helm, near whom I was standing. I had observed in him during the voyage a serious and thoughtful behaviour, which I am sorry to say seldom witnessed in men of his occupation; and he struck me the more forcibly, and was often the subject of my thoughts. I had several times endeavoured to draw him into conversation, in order to ascertain whether his serious deportment arose from a conviction of sin, and a resolution consequent thereon to live a more holy and religious life;—or whether it proceeded from some other cause. But I never succeeded in my attempts, whether it was owing to his natural diffidence to enter into a religious conversation with his superior, or whether he was unable to define his feelings and give expression to them. Although I judged by his demeanour that there was a work of grace begun in his heart, I apprehended he was not as yet sufficiently enlightened to enable him to see clearly those things that make for his eternal peace.

I said to him, James (that was his name) "what awful words were those that I have just heard you utter?" His answer to me was, "oh! Sir they are indeed awful words, we shall all be lost this night, our doom is fixed." I asked him why he talked so strange and alarming a strain. "Sir," said he, "I have great cause to believe in what I have just said. Listen and you shall hear why I have talked so strange.—As I was standing this evening for a long time keeping a look out, I heard distinctly through the roaring of the wind, a voice which whispered in my ear these words—"Prepare to meet thy God," and from that moment to the present they have been absent from my thoughts. Oh! sir, I shall never see the light of another day—my hours are numbered; and am I prepared, that is the question. Knowing that seamen in general are very superstitious, and this man in particular being of a very nervous cast, I thought that it proceeded from his imagination, as he perhaps had been thinking on the danger we were then exposed to.—It being a very dark and tempestuous night, I endeavored to calm his mind by telling him so, and that such direct warnings are not given to man at the present day. Our Lord and Saviour has said, "Ye do not know the day or the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." However, made me no reply. But I clearly saw that I had not succeeded in doing away with the impression on his mind, that he had received a supernatural warning of his approaching end.

We were then scudding under a close reefed main topsail and foresail. The wind was increasing every moment in violence; and the night was pitchy dark and awful in the extreme. I ordered the maintop to be taken in. It was clued up accordingly, and the men were sent upon the yard to furl the top. They had not been there more than a few minutes when I observed something dark descend from the yard to the deck, with great rapidity;—and instantly I heard a sound, as if something heavy had fallen on the deck. I immediately ran to the spot, there I beheld poor James lying on the deck, moaning piteously. He had fallen from the topsail, where he had been helping to furl the sail, to the deck. I examined him, and found his thigh broken and other parts of his body dreadfully bruised: I immediately conveyed to the cabin, and placed him in one of the berths. The conversation we had together previous to this accident immediately occurred to my mind, and I mentally exclaimed, is his doom indeed come? I felt greatly alarmed, to think that the awful warning he had received, was about to be verified. After he was laid in the berth, I asked him how he felt. He told me he was in pain. "Oh! sir I was convinced that something would happen to me this night, remember my warning—I shall not see the light of another day. Oh! I shall soon be called away to give an account of my spent life; and how shall I appear before a guilty wretch as I am;—I who have so often

en his commandments—the thought overwhelms me.” I endeavoured to console him by telling him that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—those who feel themselves such, and who will flee to Him for pardon and peace. He is the only refuge for sinners to flee to. For he has expressly declared that all who are weary and heavy laden with the burden of their sins should come unto Him and they should find rest for their souls. “Oh!” he answered, “I do feel myself a great sinner, and confess my utter unworthiness,—will He, oh! will He pardon, and accept such a sinful wretch as I am.” He will, I answered, if you entirely rely on His all-sufficient merits, and the atonement which he has made to the justice of God, for the salvation of man. “God gave his Son into the world, that whosoever believed on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

He now offered up vehement supplications to the throne of grace for mercy, in which I joined. Trusting that such an earnest appeal coming from a penitent heart, would find acceptance there, I continued by him during the night, quoting passages of scripture from which I thought he would derive comfort and support, until an hour before day, when I perceived a change had taken place in his countenance, and I found his dissolution rapidly approaching. His last words were, “Lord Jesus have mercy on me and take me to thyself.” He died shortly after without a struggle. How prophetic were his words,—“I shall not see the light of another day.” He did not see the light of another day—with his bodily eyes. But I trust his spirit had entered into the realms of light above, where there is an eternal day.

The weather next day having moderated, all the crew were called together, to witness the solemnities of committing the remains of our departed brother to the deep. The body being wrapped up in a hammock, and placed on a board with some weights attached to the feet, it was then laid by the gangway, ready for launching. All the men standing round, I then read the sublime burial service of the Church; and coming to that part “we here commit his body to the deep,”—he was immediately launched into the water, to rise no more until the Archangel’s trump shall sound, and the sea shall give up the dead that are therein, to stand before the Judge of quick and dead, with assembled multitudes of every nation, kindred, and tongue,—to have their everlasting doom pronounced, either of endless happiness, or eternal misery.

ROLIAS.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

Gentlemen,  
In your last number you state that you have heard of no new Committees of the Church Society formed or forming, since that at Antigonishe. As you have always expressed a desire, that all parochial occurrences likely to afford general interest may be communicated to you, for insertion in your useful paper, I shall transcribe for you from the Chronicle (a St. John paper) of Nov. 29th, an account of a Committee formed since the period you allude to.

CHURCH SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Church Wardens, Vestry, and other inhabitants of the Parish of Shediac, County of Westmoreland, was held in the Parish Church, on the 2d day of November, pursuant to a request of the Rector to that effect. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rector. The constitution of the Church Society of this Archdeaconry (that of New Brunswick) was then read by him, and the object of the present meeting stated. After which the following Resolutions were then proposed and unanimously carried:—

- 1st. Resolved, That this meeting cordially approve of the plan of the formation of a Church Society in this Diocese, as contemplated by the Lord Bishop, and already put in operation to a great extent.
- 2d. Resolved, That as the Lord Bishop has sanctioned the organization of a separate Church Society, for each Archdeaconry of his Diocese, in subordination to his Lordship, as a common centre of uni-

ty, and of Parochial Societies (designated as local Committees) in subordination to the General Society of each Archdeaconry,—this meeting be organized accordingly into a Local Committee of the Church Society of this Archdeaconry, and bear the name of the Shediac Local Committee of the said Society.

3d. Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, it is at all times, and especially at present, the bounden duty of every member of the Church, to rally around her Altars, and afford her that assistance which she so eminently merits from every well-wisher to the religious and moral improvement of the country at large.

4th. Resolved, That with the blessing of God, one of the most effectual methods of affording that assistance is by uniting with this society, by offering up our prayers, and contributing to its funds according to our abilities, for the promotion of the various objects contemplated by its formation.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers, and the following persons were appointed—

The Rev. George Jarvis, B. D. Rector of the Parish, President; Richard Bell, Esq. Secretary; Mr. Richard Hodgson, Treasurer; Daniel Hannington, Esq. Lay Deputy to the General Committee at Fredericton for the ensuing year.

The subscription paper was then opened, and was cheerfully signed by those few whom the weather permitted to be present, and afterwards, by nearly every householder in the village.

At the conclusion of the meeting, a Resolution was passed, to be communicated by the President and Lay Deputy, to the General Committee for their consideration.

P. S. Since the above insertion in the Chronicle, many additional subscriptions have been obtained in other parts of the mission.

For the Colonial Churchman.

“As nearly as we can ascertain, she was the first person on that Island who submitted to the sacred injunction of the exalted Redeemer.”

Such is the language in the Christian Messenger of the 9th inst. of the biographer of Mrs. Stout, late of Sydney, Cape Breton. I was struck with the passage, and would enquire of the writer, through your pages, if he has not made some small mistake, and spoken of a christian land in terms applicable only to the benighted “Isles of the Sea.” From the previous parts of the communication, it would appear that the respectable lady who forms its subject, and whose piety and worth I do not question, was immersed somewhere about the year 1822, nearly 200 years after the first settlement of Cape Breton. And were there indeed none in all that long interval who “submitted to the sacred injunction of the Redeemer”? Have all the generations, of all denominations—Roman Catholics, church of England, Presbyterian, Methodists, and others prior to the year 1822, gone down to the grave in daring opposition to, or neglect of, the institution of Christ? Truly this is a sweeping—a daring charge—and yet it lies in the extract given above. It is a charge that savours more of the “strictest sect of the Pharisee,” of the worst intolerance of Papal Rome, than of the mild spirit of the Gospel of the blessed Redeemer. I know what the writer means. He means that Mrs. Stout was the first person in Cape Breton immersed by a Baptist minister; and if he had so expressed himself, it would have been well. But in place of that, she is made out to be the very first “who submitted to the injunction of the Lord”—a widely different thing.

There are other parts of the same piece, which wear a disingenuous hue. As for instance, where it is said that the “deceased had no religious instruction of a tendency to enlighten her conscience or enforce her obligation to serve the Lord.”

How can the biographer make such an affirmation?—I happen to know that in the Episcopal Church which she then attended, there were two clergymen in succession, whose preaching was allowed to be strictly evangelical, in

the hackneyed sense of the term—who did not “merely inculcate moral duties,” but earnestly preached the real Gospel of Christ—salvation by grace alone—justification by faith, agreeably to the Articles of the Church;—and doubtless, from ministers of other denominations also, she must have heard the words of sound doctrine.

These remarks are made in no invidious spirit. The writer trusts he can honour and love the image of his Lord wherever it is found; and he rejoices in the belief, that the subject of the sketch in question “sleeps in Jesus.” But he deprecates vain boasting, or such exclusiveness as would narrow the Church of Christ to the bounds of the Baptist communion, or acknowledge those alone who are immersed to have obeyed the command of Christ. And he deprecates also that spirit of detraction which is continually poured forth against the Church of England in the journal containing the subject of the present notice—a course which must be subversive of christian harmony and love, and surely cannot edify.

THEOPHILUS.

February 14.

THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN.

In provincial obscurity, with punctuality, cheerfulness, and fervour, the christian clergyman will discharge the sublime and affecting duties of his solemn office. But it were to convey a very inadequate idea of his usefulness, to confine it to his efficiency in the pulpit; or, in other respects, to the bare fulfilment of the sacerdotal contract. He is the cynosure from on high, by which all steer their course. By the silent influence of his example, he refines the habits, advances the civilization, and promotes the welfare of the little community, who look up to him as their model. The presence of their village pastor imposes a check on the influx of depravity, allays the beginnings of strife, and sets the affections in right tune. His voice recalls the creature to his Maker, proclaims the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, whose Gospel he expounds to a circle of grateful hearers. His preaching is of power to inbreed and cherish the seeds of virtue, to preoccupy men’s minds, and bar out the entrance of spiritual pride and fanaticism. By the influence of his practice he brings God himself, as it were, into request. The spectacle of his life, the godliness manifest in genuine piety, the beauty which after long bearing witness, men get to perceive in a calm mind and a sober conversation, furnish the best commentary on his pure, benevolent, and peaceable doctrine. The custom of living well is soon caught up and followed, since men heed example rather than precept; and thus the silent appeal of the parochial priest, his meekness, simplicity, and loving kindness, present the most eloquent sermon on Christianity.—Church of England Quarterly Review.

Death.—To a Christian, death is but putting off rags for robes, and exchanging a dungeon for a palace.

Faith in Christ is the believer’s joy while he lives, and comfort when he dies.

The mother of Philip Henry, when dying, said, “My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven: a few steps more, and I shall be all there.”

ANNE BOLEYN.

When this unhappy victim of cruelty was sentenced to an ignominious death, she meekly and affectingly thus appealed to heaven:—“O Father! O Father! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life—Thou knowest that I deserve not this condemnation!” Happy they who when reviled, revile not again, but commit all to Him who doeth righteous judgment.

The Sinner—Strike what string you will, there is no chord in his heart that sounds in unison,—Henry Martyn.

For the Colonial Churchman.

OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST THE LORD.

Unable, Messrs. Editors, to furnish the name of the author of the following practical remarks, I send them to you as bearing in themselves a sure recommendation. Would that they may aid in attracting the devout worship of your readers, of Him who is "every where the great subject of the Bible."

They were published in the New York Churchman, which like your own useful periodical, is devoted to the united interests of Christ and that portion of the Church universal in which you minister.

Your unworthy correspondent,

SERMO.

EFFECT OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

"IT IS FINISHED."—When CHRIST uttered these words, he changed the state of the universe. At that moment the Law ceased, and the Gospel commenced. This was the ever-memorable point of time which separated the old and the new world from each other. On one side of the point of separation you behold the Law, with its priests, its sacrifices, and its rites, retiring from sight. On the other side, you behold the Gospel with its simple and venerable institutions coming forward into view. Significantly was the veil of the temple rent in this hour; for the glory then departed from between the cherubims. The legal high priest delivered up his urim and thummim, his breast-plate, his robes, and his incense, and CHRIST stood forth as the great High Priest of all succeeding generations. By that one sacrifice, which he now offered, he abolished sacrifices for ever. Altars on which the fire had blazed for ages, were now to smoke no more. "Not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, he now entered into the holy place, there to appear in the presence of God for us."

This was the hour of association and union to all the worshippers of God. When CHRIST said, *It is finished*, he threw down the wall of partition which had so long divided the Gentile from the Jew. He gathered into one all the faithful, out of every kindred and people. He proclaimed the hour to be come, when the knowledge of the true God should be no longer confined to one nation, nor his worship to one temple; but over all the earth, the worshippers of the Father should *serve him in spirit and in truth*. From that hour they who dwelt in the *utmost ends of the earth, strangers to the covenant of promise*, began to be brought nigh.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST THE GROUND OF TRUST AND CONSOLATION.

The death of CHRIST affords us ground to confide in the Divine mercy, for the pardon of sin. All the steps of that high dispensation of Providence, which we have considered, lead directly to this conclusion, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" This is the final result of the discoveries of the Gospel. On this rests that great system of consolation, which it hath reared up for men. We are not left to dubious and intricate reasonings, concerning the conduct which God may be expected to hold toward his offending creatures. But we are led to the view of important and illustrious facts, which strike the mind with evidence irresistible. For, is it possible to believe that such great operations as I have endeavored to describe, were carried on by the Almighty in vain? After so long a preparation of goodness, could he mean to deny forgiveness to the penitent and the humble? When, overcome by the sense of guilt, man looks up with an astonished eye to the justice of his Creator, let him recollect that hour of which the text speaks, and be comforted.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST A PLEDGE OF THE FULFILMENT OF THE PROMISES.

The discoveries of this hour afford the highest reason to trust in the Divine faithfulness for the accomplishment of every promise which remains yet unfulfilled: for this was the hour of the completion of God's ancient covenant. It was the performance of

the mercy promised to the fathers. We behold the consummation of a great plan, which, throughout a course of ages, had been uniformly pursued; and which, against every human appearance, was at the appointed moment, exactly fulfilled. *No word that has gone out of the mouth of the Lord shall fail.* Towards the ends accomplished in this hour, the most repugnant instruments were made to operate. We discern God, bend to his purpose the jarring passions, the opposite interests, and even the vices of men; uniting seeming contrarieties in his scheme; making the *wrath of man to praise him*; obliging the ambition of princes, the prejudices of the Jews, the malice of Satan, all to concur, either in bringing forward this hour, or in completing its destined effects. With what entire confidence ought we to wait for the fulfilment of all his other promises in their due time; even when events are most embroiled, and the prospect is most discouraging? *Although thou sayest, Thou canst not see him; yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him.* Be attentive only to perform thy duty; leave the event to God; and be assured, that under the direction of his providence all things shall work together for a happy issue.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF FILIAL WORSHIP AND OF ELEVATED HOPES.

The consideration of this whole subject tends to excite gratitude and devotion, when we approach to God in acts of worship. The hour of which I have discoursed, presents him to us in the amiable light of the deliverer of mankind, the restorer of our forfeited hopes. We behold the greatness of the Almighty, softened by the mild radiance of condescension and mercy. We behold him diminishing the awful distance at which we stand from his presence, by appointing for us a Mediator and Intercessor, through whom the humble may, without dismay, approach to Him who made them. By such views of the Divine nature, Christian faith lays the foundation for a worship which shall be at once rational and affectionate; a worship, in which the light of the understanding shall concur with the devotion of the heart, and the most profound reverence be united with the most cordial love. Christian faith is not a system of speculative truths. It is not a lesson of moral instruction only. By a train of high discoveries which it reveals, by a succession of interesting objects which it places in our view, it is calculated to elevate the mind, to purify the affections, and, by the assistance of devotion, to confirm and encourage virtue. Such, in particular, is the scope of that divine institution, the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. To this happy purpose let it conduce, by centering, in one striking point of light, all that the Gospel has displayed of what is most important to man. Touched with just contrition for past offences, and filled with a grateful sense of Divine goodness, let us come to the altar of God, and with a humble faith in his infinite mercies devote ourselves to him for ever."

From the Christian Guardian.

DIRECTIONS FOR VISITING THE SICK.\*

"7. Do not confidently expect a beneficial result. This however, ought not to be said in an unqualified manner, for in all our efforts, a degree of expectation and hope is justly warranted, both by the word of God and by common observation,—and this degree we ought to entertain as a means of enabling us to work with ease and pleasure, and with a prospect of success. But in our intercourse with the sick, we must not so depend upon leading them to repentance at the late hour to which they have postponed their duty, as to be disappointed and discouraged, if we see no decided evidence of a change. Preparation for death in sickness, is made far less frequently than is generally supposed. It is surprising that it is ever made at all. But the faintest hope that an immortal soul may be saved, justifies the most earnest efforts, and the most heart-felt prayer. This effort must by all means be made, but it would be well for mankind, if they could by any

\* Concluded.

means be undeceived about the nature of the spiritual influences which will surround them in their dying hours. In each particular instance that occurs, our sympathy with surviving friends, leads us to hope against hope, and to encourage expectations which do not indeed affect the dead, but which raise a false light to lure and destroy the living. We ought to do all in our power to make known the melancholy truth,—sad, but unquestionable,—that when the last hours of life come, it is generally too late to make preparation, if it has been delayed, and too late even to finish it, if it has only been begun. It is too late, not because repentance would not even then be availing, but because it is the tendency of that sad last occasion, if it disturbs the stupor of sin at all; not to bring penitence, but only agitation, anxiety and alarm.

"8. The preceding heads have related chiefly to those whom the invasion of sickness, or the approach of death, has found unprepared. We are often, however, called to the bedside of the dying Christian, whose life has exhibited evidence of his reconciliation with God. Our duty with these, is to go on with them. God has himself promised to be their stay and support; and the means he uses to accomplish this promise, are often, to a great extent, the kindness and sympathy of a Christian friend. These cases are, in some important respects, different from the preceding. In those, the work of life has been neglected, and is crowded into the last melancholy hours; in these, that work is done already, and nothing remains but to go through the last sickness and suffering, to the home anticipated and provided for. In the other cases, therefore, though there was need of the greatest delicacy and quiet in the mode of calling the patient's attention to what was to be done, there was yet a great deal to do. In the latter, we have only to smooth the path of the sufferer, and speak to him in tones of sympathy and affection, and walk along by his side.

"Whatever influence the degree of holiness which the Christian may have attained to during his life may have upon his happiness and glory in eternity, we have very little evidence that any progress which he can make in a few days of severe sickness will materially affect it. Our wisest course, therefore, in such a case is to bring occasionally before the mind, as our interviews may give us opportunity such representations of divine truth, as may reawaken holy feelings, and cheer and sustain the heart.

"We err often in such cases, by endeavouring to draw from the dying Christian the assurances of his unwavering hope, or his last testimony to the reality of religion. We do this, partly to procure subjects of pleasant recollection to the friends, and partly to furnish new and corroborating evidence to the truth of Christianity. But it is wrong to make any such efforts. We may safely listen to and receive whatever the patient may spontaneously say; in fact, some of the most striking and most powerful evidences of the power of religion, have been furnished by the testimony which has been recorded from the lips of the dying. But if it is extorted, or even drawn out in the most delicate manner, it is of little worth.

"9. We close this series of directions with one which might very properly have been placed at the commencement of it. In all our intercourse with the sick we must acknowledge and submit to the authority of the physician and the friends, in respect to the extent to which we may go in regard to a spiritual influence upon them. We ought not to violate by stealth or otherwise, the wishes of those upon whom providence has placed the responsibility, and to whom is given the control. I will not say that there may not be some rare exceptions; but certainly no one can doubt that where parental authority, in a case falling within parental jurisdiction, or the orders of a physician, who has the responsibility of life and death resting upon him, rise up like a wall in our way,—then providence does not intend that we shall go. It is well for the spiritual friend of the patient to have an understanding with the physician, and obtain some knowledge of the nature of the disease, especially in respect to its influence upon the mind; and then to endeavour to fall in with the plan of cure pursued, at least to do nothing to interfere with, or thwart it.

We are bound to do this, even in a religious point of view; for the hope of salvation in the case of a sick sinner lies generally more in a hope of recovery, than in any reasonable expectation of benefit from spiritual instructions given upon a dying bed. We must go forward to our work, not only anxious to effect our object, but to do nothing in any degree wrong in the attempt to effect it. We must conform most strictly and invariably to all those principles which we are endeavouring to promote, and never transgress them ourselves, in our eagerness to extend them to others. In a word, we must be upright, pure, honest, open and incorruptible in all we do. What we cannot effect in this way, we must suppose that God does not intend that we shall effect at all,—always remembering that a pure and an unspotted example of piety, is more efficacious in promoting the spread of the gospel, than any measures, whatever, which we have to carry into effect by the sacrifice of principle.

From the Missionary.

THE REV. MR. WOLFF.

In consequence of letters from his family, to whom his devotion is second only to his zeal for Christ, Mr. Wolff sails in the packet of the first of January, for Havre. He had desired to visit Charleston, Cincinnati and Boston; and reluctantly leaves a country where he has received so much respectable and affectionate regard, without fuller opportunity to testify his gratitude. His purpose of going to Timbuctoo is not abandoned, but deferred until he shall have visited his family. It is doubtless providential that he does so. He needs rest. The enterprise of exploring Africa requires the whole amount of his extraordinary physical energy. In going abroad his ecclesiastical relation remains unchanged, and he will still sign himself, as in his familiar letters he loves to do, 'deacon of New Jersey.' 'What will you say,' said an intelligent gentleman to whom he had been showing his calculations as to the speedy commencement of the Messiah's personal reign—'What will you say, Mr. Wolff, when 1847 arrives, if the Millenium does not commence?' 'Why, I shall say,' he replied, with his inimitable simplicity, 'that Joseph Wolff, was mistaken.' 'I am neither a prophet,' said he to another, 'nor the son of a prophet, but simple Joseph Wolff, deacon of New Jersey.' Wherever he has been known, Mr. Wolff is warmly loved. Children everywhere attach themselves to him with an instinctive magnetism. He will carry with him, wherever he shall go, as warm and true hearts as America contains; and prayers continually will be made to God for his personal welfare, and for a blessing on his noble Missionary enterprises. There has not lived a man in modern times with a larger measure of the Apostolic spirit.

Burlington, December 25, 1837.

Right Reverend Sir—Leaving this country with the intention of returning to my dear wife and child, feelings of gratitude compel me to take up my pen once more to thank you for your very great kindness towards me. A complete stranger to you, I arrived in this country, when you at once honored me with your confidence, by admitting me to the holy order of Deacons, and thus strengthened me most essentially in my missionary operations. Many things happened which may have biassed your mind, and prejudiced your reverence against me; but making allowance for my infirmities, you persisted in bringing me under the wholesome disciplines of the Episcopal Church, for which I am exceedingly thankful, not only to you, but chiefly to my God and Saviour who has thus made you an instrument for imposing upon me such a sweet yoke. In an age of *murder and disobedience*, as this is, in which we live—I say, in such an age of insubordination—it is of the highest importance that those who wish to proclaim the tidings of salvation should set the proper example of *subordination and regularity* to others. And I confess that since I have been ordained, I pursue my Missionary operations with more tranquillity of mind, and with more satisfaction than I ever did before; for though an invisible power had continually carried me from land to land, and from sea to sea, to preach the tidings of salvation, and the second coming of our Lord in

glory and majesty, I nevertheless always felt that I ought to do every thing in my power to be introduced into the ministry by the laying on of hands of a Bishop. You have complied with my wish, and therefore, dear Bi-hop, accept once more my most cordial thanks: and I hope that my prayers to God will always ascend for the welfare of your reverence, that He will enable you to preside many years more over your diocese for the honor of His name, and the advancement of His kingdom, and the benefit of His Church. And leaving this country I beg you also to accept my good wishes for all the members of your family.

I am, Right Reverend Sir, your thankful friend,  
JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary.

TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL ACCORDING TO THE FLESH, SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Dear Brethren! Though I have never singled you out during my stay in America, you have favoured me with your attendance at my public discourses! Even some of you have kindly invited me in Pennsylvania to stay with you in your houses, and have even gone so far as to make arrangements for delivering my public discourse in Churches: with some of you I remained up till one o'clock in the morning declaring the hope which is in me! You have heard me declare before the Gentiles that I have not given up my nation: you have heard me preach openly on the prophecies predicting the future brilliancy of the Jewish nation, when the Lord shall gather from all the nations of the earth, and bring you back to your own land, which our fathers possessed! But, dear brethren, at the same time, I was not to be silent to the fact, that blindness indeed has happened to Israel, when they crucified Jesus Christ, the *Lord of Glory*. Blindness, indeed, has happened to Israel; for, until this day, remaineth the veil untaken away, in the reading of the Old Testament. My dear brethren, just as it will be literally fulfilled that the Messiah will reign upon Mount Zion; thus it was literally fulfilled, that he shall be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." However, as this present notice is intended for a public newspaper, I cannot enter into a further inquiry into *fulfilled prophecy*. Dear brethren, soon, very soon, my body shall be laid in the silent grave. *I feel my physical powers diminishing*. I leave therefore behind this declaration to you Israelites in America,—that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God; that Jesus of Nazareth came into the world to save sinners; that Jesus of Nazareth is the name given under heaven by which men can be saved!—and that you may be convinced, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate brother and friend,

JOSEPH WOLFF, Missionary.

"GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD!"

The effect of this ancient ascription of praise to God for the blessings of the Gospel, is nearly lost in many of our Churches, by the careless habit of the people. Instead of rising as soon as the Epistle is ended, that they may utter forth their praise with countenance erect, and on established feet,—as it is written of some Polish nobles, that at this place they were wont to lay their hands on their sword: as much as to say, *We stand prepared to guard it with our blood!*—the people are getting up, one at a time, at the very moment the words are said, so that they are scarcely heard above an inarticulate whisper. Let our congregation attend to these small matters. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well. In the tabernacle, the divine direction extended even unto the fringes of the curtains. Let every thing be done, says St. Paul, *decently and in order*.—Missionary.

The thousand newspapers issued in the United States, would be equal, in book form, to publishing six volumes a minute as large as the Bible. They amount to 100,000,000 sheets annually.—*W. Mess.*

It is ascertained that during the past year no less than 746 lives have been lost on the Mississippi river, by various accidents.

TE DEUM.

A hymn glowing with holy thought, and expressed in language worthy of a seraph. It occurs in the Morning Service of the Church, immediately after the first lesson. It was a custom of the Primitive Church to follow the reading of God's holy word with songs of thanksgiving. Some of these were taken from Scripture, and others were of human composition. In the latter class stands the *Te Deum*, a hymn said to have been written by St. Ambrose, though this has been disputed. It is certain, however, that its use in the Church can be traced up to the middle of the sixth century. "In two ancient MSS., an old collection of Hymns and an old Psalter, Archbishop Usher found *Te Deum* ascribed to St. Nicetius, Bishop of Triers, who, as Stillington, Cave, and the learned in general think, composed this hymn for the use of the Gallican Church. He flourished about A. D. 535, nearly 100 years after the death of St. Ambrose. From this period the hymn is often mentioned, and the use of it is repeatedly prescribed." The Episcopal Church loves antiquity, because antiquity is impressed with the footsteps of her great Bishop and Shepherd, and these she delights to discover and contemplate. And she loves antiquity too, because to revert to it, is but to unroll the table of her own genealogy, and to behold her own noble pedigree, and to find that her children are all the fruit of the truest spiritual wedlock. Honored may she be, that in her young days she learned to give thanks to God, and say, *Te Deum laudamus!* "The hymn itself," says one, "is rational and majestic, and in all particulars worthy of the spouse of Christ; being above all the composures of men uninspired, fittest for the tongues of men and angels." "Indeed," says another, "the composition alone is human, the materials are of divine composition." But, asks the objector, was it not gendered in the dark ages, and amid the wild revelry of superstition? Friendly reader, be not deluded by names, and carried away by arbitrary associations, nurtured in prejudice. There were "bright beams of light," irradiating the church at that period; and there were giants in those portentous days, able and willing to take unto them "the whole armor of God." Very true, the cloud was up, high above the horizon, and was rolling on apace to enshroud in darkness the city of our God. And I therefore admire the more the tongue that could then chant a song so saint-like and so holy. Call it a jewel brought from the cavern-depth; or a meteor lit up in the gloom: it suffers not, for it adorns and illumines the character of Him who is Head over all things to the Church: it discourses of One who is the "chief among ten thousand"—it heralds in the "King of Glory"—the everlasting Son of the Father, whom, day by day, we love to magnify, and whose name we hope to worship "ever, world without end."—*S. S. Visitor.*

BISHOP WILSON

Is now the only English Bishop in India; and the diocese of Madras falls under his superintendence till a new Bishop arrives. Archbishop Carr, was in September last appointed Bishop of Bombay. The bishopric was to commence this last July; by which time it was presumed a Commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishops of Calcutta and Madras to consecrate the Archdeacon would have arrived in India. The death of Bishop Corrie, will, it is supposed, render the commission nugatory, and some time must therefore elapse before the Bishop elect of Bombay can enter on his office. It is impossible not to feel an earnest desire that some plan could be adopted which might preclude the necessity of a voyage from Madras or Bombay to England, and back again for consecration. We are not aware of any passage in the New Testament which imposes such wearisome voyages, and we cannot but think that the present necessity might be obviated. We see no valid reason why a Commission might not issue to the Bishop of Calcutta, empowering him, with the aid of his Archdeacon, Chaplain, &c. to consecrate Bishop Carr. We do not find that Titus in Crete, or Timothy at Ephesus, had any other Bishop present to assist in their ordinations, and though consecration is a somewhat different matter, we are not sure that the distinction rests on any Scriptural authority. It is at all events quite time that some plan

should be adopted, by which the Christian Church in India might go alone, and not seek its Holy Orders from an Episcopate, at the distance of ten or twelve thousand miles.—*Chr. Guardian.*

### THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1838.

**HENRY MARTYN.**—This is a name familiar and dear to the Christian reader, as one of the most eminent followers of the Redeemer in latter times, and a most devoted labourer in the missionary field. His interesting biography by J. Sargent—a most delightful book—we strongly recommend to the perusal of those who can admire “the mind that was in Christ Jesus.” We have lately arisen from a fresh perusal of it, from which we have derived new pleasure, and we hope additional profit. No minister, we think, can observe the spirituality, the humility, the love, the surpassing zeal for the cause of God, the entire devotedness of this honored herald of the Cross, without being humbled at the contrast to be found in his own heart and life, so as to lead him in fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace for power to be a follower of such an example, that with him he may be partaker of a crown of glory hereafter.

Desirous of imparting to others who may not be so rich as to possess the life of this holy man, the profit and enjoyment to be derived from its contents, we purpose in this and future numbers, to furnish some extracts from the work. It is known to many of our readers, that Henry Martyn was a clergyman of the church of England. That after a brilliant course at college, he was led by the Spirit of God, to devote himself to the cause of missions among the heathen. That he arrived in India in the year 1806, where he applied himself with such intense zeal and assiduity to the work of the ministry, and especially to the translation of the Scriptures, that his weak constitution, enervated still more by the nature of the climate, soon sank under it; and in little more than six years, his pure spirit was wafted to the regions of the blessed.—“A more perfect character,” says one who bore the burthen and heat of the day with him in India (the late Bishop Corrie) “I never met with, nor expect to see again on the earth.”

Though it pleased the inscrutable wisdom of God that his servant should thus early rest from his labours of love (he was scarcely thirty two)—yet he left behind him works which have exercised, and continue to exercise, a powerful influence on the evangelization of the Eastern world.

“By him, and by his means, part of the Liturgy of the church of England, the Parables, and the whole of the New Testament, were translated into Hindoostanee—a language spoken from Delhi to Cape Comorin, and intelligible to many millions of immortal souls. By him, and by his means, also, the Psalms of David and the New Testament were rendered into Persian—the vernacular language of two hundred thousand who bear the Christian name, and known over one-fourth of the habitable globe. By him, also, the imposture of the Prophet of Mecca was daringly exposed, and the truths of Christianity openly vindicated, in the very heart and centre of a Mahometan empire.

“If success be demanded, it is replied—that this is not the inquiry with him “of whom are all things,” either in this world, or in that which is to come.—With him the question is this: “What has been aimed at: what has been intended in singleness of heart?”

“God, however, has not left Mr. Martyn without witness in the hearts of those who heard him in Europe and in Asia. Above forty adults and twenty children, from the Hindoos, have received Christian Baptism, all of whom, with the exception of a single individual, were converted by the instrumentality of one man, (Abdool Messee) himself the fruit of Mr. Martyn’s ministry at Cawnpore. At Shiraz, a sensation has been excited, which, it is trusted, will not readily subside; and some Mahometans of consequence there, have declared their conviction of the truth

of Christianity—a conviction which Mr. Martyn was the means of imparting to their minds. But when it is considered, that the Persian and Hindoostanee Scriptures are in wide and extensive circulation, who can ascertain the consequences which may have already followed, or foresee what may hereafter accrue, from their dispersion?”

His biographer thus justly and eloquently concludes his memoir—

“Nor is the pattern which he has left behind him, to be laid out of our account, in estimating the effects of his holy and devoted life. He doubtless forsook all for Christ; he loved not his life unto the death. He followed the steps of Zeigenbalg in the old world, and of Brainerd in the new; and whilst he walks with them in white, for he is worthy, he speaks, by his example, to us who are still on our warfare and pilgrimage upon earth. For surely as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and apostolical Church, of which he was so great an ornament; as long as India shall prize that which is more precious to her than all her gems and gold; the name of the subject of this memoir, as a Translator of the Scriptures and of the Liturgy, will not wholly be forgotten: and whilst some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Swartz; there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of HENRY MARTYN, and be led to imitate those works of mercy, which have followed him into the world of light and love.”

#### HENRY MARTYN AT SCHOOL.

“Little Harry Martyn,” for by that name he usually went, says one of his earliest friends and companions, “was in a manner proverbial among his school-fellows for a peculiar tenderness and inoffensiveness of spirit, which exposed him to the ill offices of many overbearing boys; and as there was at times some peevishness in his manner when attacked, he was often unkindly treated. That he might receive assistance in his lessons he was placed near one of the upper boys, with whom he contracted a friendship which lasted through life, and whose imagination readily recalls the position in which he used to sit, the thankful expression of his affectionate countenance when he happened to be helped out of some difficulty, and a thousand little incidents of his boyish days.”—Besides assisting him in his exercises, his friend, it is added, “had often the happiness of rescuing him from the grasp of oppressors, and has never seen more feeling gratitude than was shewn by him on those occasions.”

#### AT COLLEGE.

His residence at St. John’s College, Cambridge where his name had been previously entered in the summer, commenced in the month of October 1797; and, it may tend to shew how little can be determined from first attempts, to relate that Henry Martyn began his mathematical pursuits by attempting to commit the propositions of Euclid to memory. The endeavor may be considered as a proof of the confidence he himself entertained of the retentive powers of his mind; but it did not supply an auspicious omen of future excellence.

On his introduction to the University, happily for him, the friend of his “boyish days” became the counsellor of his riper years: nor was this most important act of friendship either lost upon him at the time, or obliterated from his memory in after life.

The tenor of Henry Martyn’s life during this and the succeeding year he passed at college, was to the eye of the world in the highest degree amiable and commendable. He was outwardly moral, with little exception was unwearied in application, and exhibited marks of no ordinary talent. But whatever may have been his external conduct, and whatever his capacity in literary pursuits, he seems to have been totally ignorant of spiritual things, and to have lived “without God in the world.” The consideration, that God chiefly regards the motives of our actions,—a consideration so momentous, and so essential to the character of a real Christian, appears as yet never to have entered his mind: and even when it did, as was the case at this time, it rested there as a theoretic notion never to be reduced to practice.

Providentially for Henry Martyn, he had not of the great blessing of possessing a religious friend at college, but the singular felicity likewise of having a sister in Cornwall, who was a Christian of a noble, heavenly, and affectionate spirit.

It may be well supposed, that to a sister, such as his, her brother’s spiritual welfare would be a most serious and anxious concern: and that she often conversed with him on the subject of religion, we have his own declaration. “I went home this summer, was frequently addressed by my dear sister on the subject of religion; but the sound of the Gospel, conveyed in the admiration of a sister, was grating my ears.”

At length however it pleased God to convince Henry by a most affecting visitation of his providence that there was a knowledge far more important to him than any human science; and that, whilst contemplating the heavens by the light of a telescope he should devote himself to His service, who had made those heavens, did in his nature pass through them as his Mediator and Advocate. The sudden and heart-rending intelligence of the death of his father was the proximate, though doubtless not the efficient cause of his receiving these convictions. How poignant were his sufferings under this affliction, may be seen in the account he himself has left of it:—from whence it is evident, that it was not only a season severe but of sanctified sorrow; a seed time of the promising that harvest of holiness, peace, and which succeeded it.

“At the examination at Christmas 1799,” he writes “I was first, and the account of it pleased my father prodigiously, who I was told was in great heaven and spirits. What was then my consternation, when in January, I received from my brother an account of his death! But while I murmured the loss of an earthly parent, the angels in heaven were rejoicing at my being so soon to find an heavenly one. I had no taste at this time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable to this solemn time; nevertheless I often took up other books to engage my attention, and should have continued to do so, had I been advised me to make this time an occasion of serious reflection. I began with the Acts, as being the most amusing; and, whilst I was entertained with the narrative, I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrine of the Apostles. It corresponded nearly enough, with the few notions I had received in my early youth. I believe on the first night after, I began to pray from a precomposed form, in which I thanked God, in general, for having sent Christ into the world. But though I pray for pardon, I had little sense of my own sinfulness; nevertheless I began to consider myself as a religious man. The first time I went to chapel, I saw, with some degree of surprise at my former inattention, that, in the Magnificat, there was a degree of joy expressed at the coming of Christ, which I thought reasonable. ——— had lent me Doddridge’s *Man and Progress*. The first part of which I could bear to read, because it appeared to make religion consist too much in humiliation; and my proud and wicked heart would not bear to be brought down into the dust. And ———, to whom I mentioned the gloom which I felt, after reading the part of Doddridge, reproached it strongly.—Alas! he thinks that we can go along the way that leads unto life, without entering in at ‘the straight gate!’

In the year 1800, in writing to his sister, he thus describes the progress of his religious impressions:—

What a blessing it is for me, that I have such a sister as you, my dear ———, who have been instrumental in keeping me in the right way. When I consider how little human assistance you have had, and the great knowledge to which you have attained in the subject of religion,—especially observing your extreme ignorance of the most wise and learned in this world, I think this is itself a mark of the wonderful influence of the Holy Ghost, in the mind of well-disposed persons. It is certainly by the Spirit alone that we can have the will, or power, or knowledge, or confidence to pray; and by Him alone we come unto the Father through Jesus Christ. “Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.” How I rejoiced to find that we disagreed only about words! I did not doubt, as

suppose, at all about that joy, which true believers feel. Can there be any one subject, any one source of cheerfulness and joy, at all to be compared with the heavenly serenity and comfort, which such a person must find, in holding communion with his God and Saviour in prayer—addressing God as his Father, and, more than all, in the transporting hope, of being preserved unto everlasting life, and of singing praises to his Redeemer when time shall be no more. O! I do indeed feel this state of mind at times; but, at other times I feel quite humbled at finding myself so cold and hard-hearted. That reluctance to prayer, that unwillingness to come unto God, who is the fountain of all good, when reason and experience tell us, that with him only true pleasure is to be found, seem to be owing to Satanic influence. Though I think my employment in life gives me peculiar advantages, in some respects, with regard to religious knowledge, yet with regard to having a practical sense of things on the mind, it is by far the worst of any. For the laborer, as he drives on his plough, and the weaver who works at his loom, may have their thoughts entirely disengaged from their work, and may think with advantage upon any religious subject. But the nature of our studies requires such a deep abstraction of the mind from all things, as completely to render it incapable of any thing else during many hours of the day. With respect to the dealings of the Almighty with me, you have heard in general the chief of my account; as I am brought to a sense of things gradually, there is nothing peculiarly striking in it to particularize. After the death of our father you know I was extremely low spirited; and, like most other people, began to consider seriously, without any particular determination, that, invisible world to which he was gone, and to which he was gone, and to which I must one day go. Yet still I read the Bible unenlightened; and said a prayer or two, rather through terror of a superior power, than from any other cause. Soon however I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight: when the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace, with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever-blessed Trinity, for not leaving me without comfort. Throughout the whole, however, even when the light of divine truth was beginning to dawn on my mind, I was not under that great terror of future punishment, which I now see plainly I had every reason to feel: I look back now upon that course of wickedness, which, like a gulph of destruction, yawned to swallow me up, with a trembling delight, mixed with shame at having lived so long in ignorance, and error, and blindness.

REV. FITZGERALD UNIACKE.—We most cordially transfer to our columns from the Times, the following Address presented to this esteemed Brother by his parishioners, before his departure, together with his answer:—

ADDRESS TO THE REV. R. F. UNIACKE, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

Halifax, January 27th, 1838.

Reverend and dear Sir,

We, the Churchwardens, Vestry and parishioners of St. George's Church (over the spiritual concerns of which, you have presided as Pastor, for nearly thirteen years,) beg leave in behalf of themselves, and others of the congregation and parish, to express our unfeigned regret, that it has become necessary for the restoration of your health to undertake a voyage to Europe—and to assure you, that we cannot allow you to depart from us, without offering some testimony of our affectionate regard, for the many kind proofs of personal attention and friendship towards us—and more particularly and especially for the great interest you have ever taken in our spiritual and eternal welfare, the improvement and completion of our house of prayer, the increase of its members, and the encouraging and promoting of harmony therein—the attention to the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor—and the establishment and progress of Schools, where several hundreds of children of both sexes, have received and are still receiving Christian instruction and education—many of them gratuitously, who might otherwise have been destitute of that blessing.

“We now, Reverend and dear Sir, take our leave

affectionately of you and of your amiable and pious lady, humbly praying that Almighty God in his great goodness and mercy, may grant you an agreeable passage and conduct you in safety to your intended haven. That he may vouchsafe his blessing to you and all who are with you on the mighty deep—that he may be graciously pleased to return you, with restored health, in due time, to your favoured flock and to your numerous family connections and friends in your native Province, as an instrument in his hand (through the influence of his holy spirit) of turning many to righteousness.

We are, Reverend and dear Sir, with great esteem and respect, your affectionate friends and humble servants,

Signed by the Churchwardens, Vestry, and a large number of Parishioners.

To the Revd. ROBERT F. UNIACKE,  
Rector of the Parish of St. George, Halifax.

Halifax, January 30th, 1838.

My dear Friends and Parishioners,

At a moment like the present, when my feelings are deeply exercised in parting from those whom I love in the Lord, and from whom I have ever received the most affectionate respect and esteem; nothing could have been more gratifying and consolatory, than the assurance which I have this day received of your continued friendship and christian sympathy.

What I sincerely regret the occasion which has interrupted my Pastoral connection with you, and which requires a temporary absence for the restoration of my health, under God's blessing; I feel thankful for the many years of peace and happiness which I have enjoyed among you, and the blessing which has attended my feeble efforts in the ministry. To the sovereign grace and mercy of God, I desire to ascribe all the praise and glory, looking unto Jesus the Saviour of mankind, for the pardon of my many imperfections, and relying on his death and merits for acceptance with my God.

I shall soon indeed be absent from you in body, but ever present with you I trust in spirit; my thoughts will often turn towards those from whom I have received such repeated marks of friendship; and however my present indisposition may terminate, I pray that it may prove a sanctified affliction to us all; that glory may be given to God, the spiritual interests of His church advanced, and our souls benefited in time and in eternity.

I desire to acknowledge with gratitude, your kind recollections of my past endeavours to promote your temporal and spiritual welfare, to advance the interests of our Church and congregation, and preserve peace, unity, and love, amongst those committed to my care. I thank you, in the name of Mrs. Uniacke, for your affectionate expressions of attachment to us both; and above all, for the assurance of your prayers to Almighty God, for our protection and safe return.

And now dearly beloved in the Lord, permit me to commend you and your families, the Church to which we are attached, and all who unite with us in the House of prayer, to the guidance and protection of Almighty God. May his Holy Spirit daily influence your hearts, and the love of Christ constrain you to be holy, thoughtful, and serious. And may God bestow upon each one of us the abundance of His heavenly blessings, that growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of his son Jesus Christ, we may, through his death and merits inherit life everlasting.

“Finally, brethren farewell, be perfect be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.”

I remain with affectionate attachment and christian esteem, your faithful friend and pastor

ROBT. FITZGERALD UNIACKE.

To the Churchwardens, Vestry, and Parishioners, of St. George's Church.

A SERMON, preached at Trinity Church, St. John, N.B. 22d Jan. 1837, by the Rev. J. W. D. Gray, assistant minister, from Hebrews, xi. 12—“Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

We ought sooner to have noticed this excellent sermon, with a copy of which, as well as of one on the death of the

King and the accession of the Queen, we were some time since favoured. The name of the Reverend author is a guarantee for their claim to an attentive perusal; and we shall impart to our readers a few extracts from both.—The first was preached with reference to a young member of the church at St. John, “Mr. Robert Parker DuVernet, whose pious life and peaceful death have rendered his memory peculiarly dear not only to his immediate relatives, but to others who feel an interest in the progress of vital religion.” We subjoin that portion of the discourse which relates to him. We shall notice, and extract from the other sermon in our next.

“Our departed Brother, was one of that favoured number who knew from his childhood, “those holy Scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” He was early taught to cherish feelings of deep veneration for the word of God. When about sixteen years of age, however, he was led, under divine teaching, to apply the testimony of that word more pointedly to his own case, to perceive with greater clearness the value of his soul, and to seek at a throne of grace a personal interest in the salvation of Christ. From this period faith began to display its decided influence upon the life. Though young and surrounded, while pursuing his Academic studies, by gay and youthful companions, he “walked with God,” and “kept himself unspotted from the world.” Some perhaps of those companions may now be listening to me, and could testify if it were permitted them, to the steadfast consistency of his walk.

The wise Disposer of events decreed that walk to be short. At a brief interval from the time I have alluded to, he visited him with an illness, which human care and skill could alleviate; but not arrest. Three years of gradual declension supervened. They were years of bodily decline but spiritual growth. At home and abroad, in this and in other lands, among strangers and friends, amid the serious and amid the worldly, one uniform character was maintained, the character of one who knew his accountability to God, who practically felt, that “the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

In the last stage of his illness however, a marked advancement in grace became apparent. A deeper acquaintance with the heart was evinced. A clearer view of the holiness and majesty of God was present to the mind. A more intense interest in Divine things was shown, and a holy anxiety, that no mistake or delusion might be cherished, upon a subject so unspeakably important, as the soul's eternal salvation. At this period our departed friend, displayed more of faithfulness than joy. He aimed at the possession of heartfelt religion. He could be satisfied with nothing short of having “the love of God shed abroad in the heart,” and every indication, he discovered, or thought he discovered of the absence or feebleness of this principle, occasioned that distress of soul, which the child of God alone comprehends. He was truly “working out his salvation with fear and trembling.”

The time however was at hand when fervent and persevering prayer, was to receive the answer, which the God of truth has pledged in itself to give, when fear was to give place to hope, and trembling anxiety to the experience of holy joy. On the last day and night of our departed brother's life, the power of religion was shown in its most attractive form. It then became indisputably evident that as flesh and heart were failing, God was indeed the strength of his heart and his portion forever. Evidences too plain to be mistaken, of holy delight in God were evinced, and a strong desire to exchange the earthly scene for the immediate presence and more intimate fellowship of his Redeemer.

As the moment of dissolution drew near, the power of faith was increased. Whatever clouds had obscured the mind before, they were now removed. The peace of God, that holy bequest of the departing Saviour, took full possession of the soul. That love for others which is the characteristic of a holier world, discovered its powerful influence. And above all an overwhelming sense of the greatness of redeeming love, and the glory of our redeeming God, appeared to be constantly present to the mind.

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## P O E T R Y.

From the Sunday School Visiter.

## S U N S E T.

I mark'd the sun in glory sink  
Behind the distant hills,  
One gorgeous mass of gold and pink  
The whole horizon fills.  
I mark'd the waters dark and still  
Illumined by the light,  
Till o'er the waters and the hill,  
Fell soft the veil of night.

And thoughts came o'er me, dark and drear,  
The thoughts of other days,  
When life's young son shone bright and clear,  
With nought to dim its rays.  
But clouds arose, the dews were gone,  
The grass was parch'd and dry,  
And still I wander'd on forlorn,  
And still I fear'd to die.

Again it sank, the dews distill'd  
Their pearly drops apart ;  
'Twas then the Holy Spirit fill'd  
My sear'd and scorching heart.  
O may life sink as calm and mild,  
As did that glorious sun ;  
And at his rising, I appear,  
A heavenly mansion won.

## A P A R I S H C L E R K.

For forty years, James Crocker was the generally respected clerk of our parish. From an early age, he is said to have had a thirst for knowledge, and a mind far beyond the generality of those in humble life; and his highest delight was to read and read again the books he could get, when stealing a moment from his daily work, or returned from the field to the cottage hearth.

More, perhaps to the credit of his spirit of inquiry, than to the establishment of his character for self-restraint, it is related, that having many years since been entrusted with the key of the Rectory, during the absence of its bachelor proprietor, it was his custom, after the toils of the day were ended, to find his way into the study, take down volume after volume from the shelves; and after having attentively conned over many a broad page, carefully to replace them in their respective positions. The general information he had in this way required was truly surprising; and I have often been amazed by the rough eloquence with which he recited the numberless events in English and Church History, which his good memory had never suffered to slip. Equally wonderful was his head knowledge of the Gospel itself. A large portion of the Scriptures he had at his fingers' end, and the greater part of the Psalms, both in prose and verse, he had by heart. His conversation on the best subjects was always sprightly, and often apparently spiritual, but ever, alas, unsatisfactory. There was the surface cultivation, but not the deep-rooted grace; the broad leaves of the fig tree, but not the fruit; the alabaster box, but not the fragrant perfume. No one could help admiring the expanded intellect, and the leafy memory, so unusual in such a situation; but alas, neither heavenly-mindedness, nor fervent charity, nor any other bird of paradise, was found building its nest in the character of our precentor.

Contemplating our demi-clerical friend, an observer would have seen the altar erected, the trench dug around, the wood laid in order, and even the victim bound; but where, would he ask, is the enkindling fire, or where the flame to cover the sacrifice, consume the wood and lick up the water? Nor more certainly from heaven came the fire on Mount Car-

mel, than from heaven came the grace which, after long delay, melted, humbled, and refined the heart of James Crocker.

Never would I forget my surprise and delight when, on hearing of my poor neighbor being confined by the same epidemic that had for some time detained myself from visiting him, I called at his cottage, and heard him utter, with godly sorrow and lively emotion, the long-looked for words, "Oh! Sir, I am a poor miserable sinner. I have had a dark, dark time (he went on to say) since I saw you; the mighty hand of the Lord has been upon me, and I have been brought nigh unto death. Like the Psalmist, I can truly say, 'all thy waves and storms have gone over me.'"

Lost in admiration at God's own gracious dealings, I said little at this interview; but finding on the following day that the depression of his mind continued, I ventured to whisper a word or two of comfort; and rejoiced to learn, on my next visit, that the Spirit of peace, following the deep conviction which had prepared its way, had taken up his abode in the now contrite heart. Never before had I beheld so striking a display of the difference between self-confidence, and Gospel peace; the one the dazzling gleam, suffused from the impending cloud and foretelling the coming storm; the other the calm serenity of the summer's evening, with the sky clear, the air elastic, and the horizon radiant, with full-orbed glory descending into the bosom of the waiting believer.

From this time, how wonderfully was the manner and conversation of my friend altered! His motto now seemed to be that of the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." No longer did I hear of Josephus, and Rollin, and Rapin; nor any allusion to the old legends which he had carefully collected from numberless sources, and had ever on his tongue: and his theme was now what Christ had done, and what Christ would do. Often would he take the words out of my lips when I endeavored, at the side of his bed, to present his prayers to the mercy seat; and frequently at the midnight hour was he heard to utter the humble sigh and the heaven-sent aspiration. Alluding to his own rapidly declining strength and frequent sufferings, but following his own characteristic vein's, he said to me, in reply to an expression of condolence, "Ah, Sir, it is far better to go with Elijah in Jacob's rough wagon to heaven, than it would be to ride with Dives in Elijah's bright chariot to hell."

Standing near his bed not long before his death, he stretched out to me his feeble hand, already beginning to tremble under the final conflict, and grasping mine with all his remaining strength, he affectionately exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, I have loved you very tenderly on earth, and I think I shall not lose sight of you in heaven. If it be permitted the saints to look down upon the things below, I know what my employment will particularly be till you join me; it will be that of the mother of Siseria, to look out of heaven's window, and say, 'Why are his chariots so long in coming?'" He then with great fervor joined me in repeating those stanzas of Doddridge:—

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak,  
But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies!

Much to my regret, I was prevented from being present at the closing scene; but delighted was I to hear that he summoned many of his neighbors around him, and conversed with them with as much affectionate earnestness as his ebbing strength would permit, concerning their eternal prospects. On his weeping partner saying, "O my dear husband, what shall I do when you are gone?" He exclaimed, "Do, Mary, do as I have done, do as the dying thief did; say, Lord remember me! My Saviour has remembered me, and oh! fear not, he will remember you." These were the last words which ever fell from his lips. It seemed as if the Saviour had responded and said, "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

But a few moments after, and mortality was forever laid aside, and death swallowed up of life. I

entered just as the final struggle had ceased. Heavenly the smile which still lingered on the thin worn countenance. It seemed to say, "the last of my is vanquished, and now, (like the beloved disciple,) I sleep on my master's bosom." The morning of the event was one of unusual brilliancy for the season of the year, and the unclouded sun, as it glistened the prospect from the window of the chamber of death, afforded a faint emblem of that heavenly light which had now commenced shining upon the glorified spirit. Assembling the attendants around the placid remains, I expressed our common sentiment of thanksgiving to Him who had constituted servant more than conqueror, and commended the widow and the fatherless to the God who never leaves, and much less ever forsakes. Rising from our knees, the voice, once respondent at the close of every prayer, was silent; but as I drew after me the door of the house of mourning, I heard the deep-toned passing bell from the neighboring steeple taking the answer for him, and announcing to the village that he, who for many years had sustained their public devotion was adding another amen to the anthem of the redeemed in the Church triumphant.—(Landon) Friendly Visiter.

*An appalling fact.*—In 1833, there were in the state of New York, 9849 persons. An equal number in proportion to the population would make in the United States 70 thousand. Seventy thousand persons in jail in the United States!!! These persons, if congregated together, would fill several churches; would crowd a larger amphitheatre than ancient Greece or Rome possessed; would man seventy large ships of war; would make a city larger than any except four, we have in America; could cultivate twenty thousand respectable farms, and raise provisions for the maintenance of 200,000 people if marching four abreast, and three feet apart, would make a procession ten miles in length; if formed to an army, would compose one four times as large as Washington ever had to effect the revolution; if connected with three times their number, are the disgrace and trouble of 200,000 innocent individuals; if they were virtuous and industrious, would diffuse happiness and intelligence through a large circle, and hand down a blessed inheritance to succeeding generations.—*Epis. Rec.*

*Parliamentary usage in Arkansas.*—The power of the Gospel needed in high places.—On Monday, the 10th ult., a member upon the floor of the Arkansas House of Representatives having thrown out some allusion personal towards the Speaker, that personage sprang from the Chair with a drawn Bowie Knife, and laid the offender dead at his feet! The murdered member, before he received his death wound, almost severed one of the hands of the Speaker from his arm, and severely cut the other hand. The Speaker was forthwith arrested by the civil authorities, and his name stricken from the roll of the House, by a nearly unanimous vote. He is pronounced "an amiable gentleman." We are not aware of the standard of amiability in Arkansas.—*Ibid.*

*Gospel Consolations.*—It is a mercy, to have taken from us, which takes from God and Christ. Let the chain of second causes be ever so long, the first link is always in God's hand. God will never leave any until they first leave him. Riches cannot purchase for us peace of mind, and poverty cannot deprive us of it.

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