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# THE HARBINGER.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

VOL. II.

APRIL 15, 1843.

No. 4.

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## THE HEART OPENED.

MY READER, have you ever seen that beautiful but tender flower which, as if instinct with life, closes its delicate leaves and droops its head at sun-set;—but, at sun-rise, when it feels the first warm rays of the heavenly luminary, gently unfolds its beauties, and sends forth its sweet perfume. In the exquisite mechanism of that flower, and the manner of its operation, I have often admired the wondrous union of *gentleness and power*. Omnipotence alone could create, adjust, and preserve that mechanism—but how tenderly, how silently, how softly, if I may so speak, does the all powerful God move its component parts, open on each returning morning the beauteous valves, and spread the stamen and petals they enclose to the genial influence of the rising sun!—Just so was the heart of *Lydia* opened. She was a native of Thyatira, famed for its production of the royal purple, and had repaired to Philippi, to dispose of that article in traffic with the luxurious inhabitants of that colonial city. She had heard of the true God, she had renounced the service of idols, and finding a few females like herself disposed to the exercises of devotion, she retired with them, on the morning of a Jewish Sabbath, to the banks of a neighbouring stream, there to blend their supplications to the God of Abraham. Thither the spirit and providence of the Most High conducted the footsteps of the great Apostle of the gentiles. He embra-

ced the favourable opportunity of preaching Jesus, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace, and opened the heart of *Lydia* that she attended to the things spoken by Paul. Here was gentleness and power—the noiseless energy of omnipotence acting under the influence of love.

This is only one instance of what is far from being uncommon in the work of grace. There have been many *Lydias* in the church of God, and the writer has met with not a few illustrations of this wondrous union of tenderness and energy. Some years ago, he was preaching the gospel to a small congregation—in which, small though it was, there were some whose hearts were *closed*. He told his audience, with great simplicity, that they were sinners, guilty, polluted, condemned—unable to atone for their sins, to purify themselves from moral uncleanness, to avert the condemnation impending over them. He then told them of the son of God—his meritorious righteousness, his atoning sacrifice, his ability and willingness to save even the chief of sinners. In the course of his closing appeal, his eye rested unconsciously on a young person who listened most intently to the truth—and at that instant, these words escaped his lips—“Suffer me, my friend, to take you by the hand and lead you to the Saviour. He waiteth to be gracious—he will not cast you out—he invites, he urges you to come,—come then without hesitancy—with-

out procrastination—come!" At that moment the hand of Omnipotence opened the heart of—,and threw its interior—till now dark and cold—open to the light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. She was poor in circumstances and low in station—but she soon became distinguished for her sanctity, fidelity and zeal. Her mistress, displeased with her "enthusiasm," insisted on her going to a place of worship where Christ was not preached—she meekly but steadfastly refused, and the mistress, sensible of her value, desisted from her urgency, and retained her in her household. She subsequently gave her hand to a pious youth on condition that she should still attend at the birth-place of her soul. There, in answer to her fervent prayers, and by the blessing of God on the simple exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus—her father, and then her mother were convinced and saved. There, month after month, they united in shewing forth the dying love of their Redeemer. They still inhabit the deep vale of poverty, and are noticed by few—by fewer still appreciated; but they walk with God—they live by faith—the peace of God rules in their hearts—and when communing with each other on the ways of God—the retrospections of their gratitude often rest upon that precious moment—when the first, and she the youngest of their number, felt the *gentle force of Almighty love* opening her heart to the enlightening, enlivening beams of the Sun of righteousness.

The conversion of a sinner even at the *eleventh* hour of the day of salvation, is a just cause of devout thanksgiving to the God of grace, the more so that such instances are rare indeed—so rare as barely to prevent despair on the part of those who seek to the last, to save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But how much more intense the gratitude awakened in every enlightened mind by the spiritual renovation of one just entering into life, the heart as yet unhardened by the deceitfulness of sin—the conscience unseared by habitual transgression, unburdened by the terrible retrospect of talents prostituted, time mispent, and injury incalculable inflicted upon others by the influence of unholy example. Nor is this all, the youthful disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, becomes, if spared, through the whole of after life the source of blessing to all around. The atnos-

phere of domestic and social life is thus impregnated with the refreshing fragrance of piety,—a "living epistle" is thus placed before relatives and friends, to arrest their attention, excite their curiosity, and impress their minds with the beauty and value of true and undefiled religion. If, in any circumstances, the conversion of a sinner gives joy to Angels; how intense must be the delight with which they contemplate the youthful heart opening to receive the truth, to imbibe the spirit of holiness, to become at once the subject and the source of sacred influence. The mind of the writer here turns involuntarily to a lovely child who, in her fifteenth year, experienced this glorious change. She was, as a child, as a sister,—all that could be wished. In disposition mild, in manners gentle, modest, affectionate and kind. But "she lacked one thing," and her parents could not be satisfied with any thing short of the dedication of her heart to God. Prayer was offered to God continually on her behalf—and prayer was heard. Dr. L. an eminent and useful minister of Christ was preaching on a public Missionary occasion in the town in which they lived—and, at the earnest solicitation of his brethren, delivered an address to the youth of several congregations. H. was one of his numerous hearers. With great plainness of speech and a pathos all his own, he besought them to remember that each of them was either "in Christ or out of Christ," an inmate or an outcast from the household of God,—and entreated them now, in the days of their youth, to choose the better part, to repent, to believe, to obey, and to be happy. She was deeply affected. She became unusually thoughtful, and seemed for several weeks, to be the subject of an inward struggle. The work of grace was begun. *The Lord had opened her heart.* One memorable evening, she unexpectedly threw her arms around the neck of her beloved mother, and bursting into tears, asked her kind parent to retire and converse with her. What was the joy of the latter to hear from the lips of this dear child the acknowledgment of her sinfulness—the confession of her faith in Christ. The tears she shed were those of gratitude and joy.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish to be in Christ; I love him who so loved me as to give himself for me; I desire to confess him before men. I am no longer afraid or ashamed to take up

my cross and follow him. I long to be numbered with his people and to shew forth his praise."

"But you know, you must see the ministers and the officers of the church and speak with them, before you can make an open profession, and you know, my dear, how you have hitherto shrunk from observation."

"Yes, dear mamma, but I feel it to be my duty, my privilege to obey the command of my beloved Saviour. Will you communicate my wish to Mr. —, I am willing to meet him and any others who may desire to know what God hath done for my soul."

In a few weeks more, this beloved child sat down at the "Lord's table," and publicly avowed her separation from the world—her self-consecration to the service of her Saviour. Her treasure was now in heaven, and her heart was also there. The Bible was now her companion, her counsellor, the guide of her life, the source of her comfort and consolation. Dear child, she has since been the subject of severe affliction—she has passed through many trials; but the peace of God has ruled in her heart. No murmur has escaped her lips,—she cleaves to the Lord with full purpose of heart,—and all the affections of her soul are centred on her Saviour. She now earnestly seeks the salvation of others, especially of her brothers and sisters. She is tenderly loved by all, and her affectionate parents often lift up their hearts in adoring gratitude to Him who has thus realized all their most sanguine hopes concerning her. My reader, how grievously mistaken are those who imagine that religion is unfriendly to youthful happiness and pleasure!—O could such but hear the conversation and witness the daily conduct of this loved child, they would need no further confirmation of the fact that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

J. J. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER.

Sir,—It is of great importance that we understand the word of God, according to its design or meaning. In proportion as right views of it tend to life, wrong views tend to death. Peter tells us that they who wrest the Scriptures, do it to their own destruction. Every absurd system in religion, by which artful and ambitious men make gain of their fellow-creatures, is recommended by perverted scriptures. I wish, therefore, that you

would favour your readers with some plain remarks on such passages as are brought forward in favour of error, and those which tend to preserve the minds of the simple against the dangerous opinions which are spreading around us. Many of your readers are without any commentary.

To give you some idea of what I mean, I send you a few thoughts on Acts ii. 39. The little that I know of Mormonism led me to think on this text more than I did before; and the more I think on it, the more I wonder at the view given of it by good men of different denominations, and by men whom I consider far superior to myself. But you know, sir, "that great men are not always wise," or wise in every thing, but sometimes fall into mistakes which an ordinary person may discern. Some, with great confidence, assert that the promise in this passage is the promise quoted from Joel in the preceding context. If what Peter says here were true of the promise in Joel, it would be proper to consider him as intending it rather than one not mentioned in the preceding context. But I cannot see how Peter's words can be true of, or apply to, the promise in Joel. That is evidently a promise of miraculous gifts, as appears by Peter's application of it to the gifts then given to the Apostles, v. 16. This view, then, represents Peter as saying: "Repent and be baptized every one of you; the promise (of miraculous gifts) is to you," &c. But as such gifts were never possessed by all believers, it is certain they were never promised. That they were not possessed by all believers in the days of the Apostles, is evident from 1. Cor. xii. 29, 30; nor is there any clear evidence that they were, since their time, possessed by any. Nor is there any need for them, unless it be necessary that God should be *always proving the same truth!* If such gifts were necessary since their time, in any place or period, it would be where and when the Gospel is first introduced among the Heathen; but those who preached Christ among the Gentiles did not pretend to such gifts; they succeeded without them; and those who pretend to them, do thereby fulfil the scriptures, which foretold men who would deceive others by "lying wonders." Peter could not—would not say of the promise in Joel, without any limitation, that it was to every one who would believe, and their children, for that would raise false hopes in them, which, when disappointed, would lead them back to infidelity. I think, then, he meant a well known promise, which contains all other promises, which was then to believers and their children, is the same now, and will continue to be to all who believe and their children in every future generation. What that promise is,

my time will not allow me to dwell on, nor is it necessary. Those who wish it may easily satisfy themselves on that head when they consider that it *cannot* be the one referred to in Joel.

Before I conclude I may mention another passage which some people wish to press into their service, Mark xvi. 17, 18. The signs here mentioned, and all miracles were designed to prove the truth of the gospel, Hebrew ii. 4, and no doubt were bestowed on as many believers as Christ saw proper—as far as he in the promise intended; but it is evident from 1 Cor. xii. 20, 30, as already observed, that all believers did not possess them. And those who are absurd enough to insist that the words were intended to refer to believers in all ages must admit that if their view be just, it necessarily follows, that there are not now, and that there were not for many ages past, any believers at all in the world; and that they themselves must be *unbelievers*, for they do not possess these gifts, or they would not have recourse to such Jesuitical shifts, when called to exercise them.

Absurd and pernicious notions are increasing as noxious creatures do in stagnate waters, in warm weather; let this impress on the minds of all who would be safe, the importance of the conjunction. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

Yours,

W. McKILLICAN.

#### FOR THE HARBINGER.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED, in Stanstead, on the 4th of February, Capt. John Brown, aged 62 years.

On the 21st of March, Mrs. Hepzibah Brown, relict of the late Captain John Brown, aged 61 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, were formerly from Epsom, N. H., and Members of the Congregational Church in that town. About 36 years since they removed to Stanstead where they resided till they were called to bid adieu to earthly scenes.

Captain B. was generally known by the inhabitants of Stanstead, and respected by all who knew him. He was called to discharge various public offices, which he always did faithfully and in the fear of God.

He was an industrious man, an upright citizen, an obliging neighbour, and a humble Christian.

When the Congregational Church of Stanstead, was organized, 27 years since, he with twelve others entered into solemn covenant to be "on the Lord's side," and do what they could to sustain the preaching of the Gospel, and other means of grace, in this then, natural and moral wilderness. From that time till the day of his death, he adorned his profession of godliness by a consistent humble walk. His regard for all the means of grace, and the ordinances of God's

house was worthy of notice and imitation. Although he lived several miles from the sanctuary, yet he was a very constant worshipper in the Lord's house, and not unfrequently was the first to enter it on the morning of the holy Sabbath. He loved the gates of Zion, and "preferred Jerusalem above his chief joy." Although he loved all Christians, yet he felt that he was under peculiar obligations to use his influence to promote the cause of Christ in the particular church with which he was connected. And this he did by his prayers and his means, till called to leave the church militant for the Church triumphant. He could say in sincerity:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The church our blessed Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood,  
For her my tears shall fall  
For her my prayers ascend  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

We have only space to add that as he lived the life of the righteous, so he "died the death of the righteous," and "his last end was like his."

Of Mrs. Brown, it may be said that she was a help-meet for her companion, and well worthy of his confidence and affection, which she enjoyed for about 40 years. She was a member of the same church, and adorned her Christian profession by a life of exemplary piety. While all the graces of the Spirit were happily blended in her character, if any one was more conspicuous than the rest it was HUMILITY. She always entertained a sense of personal nothingness, and often spoke of herself as a sinner saved by grace, and as placing all her dependence on the righteousness of Christ. When called to part with the companion of her youth, her heart was wrung with anguish, but not one word of murmuring was heard from her lips. On one occasion she said I am prostrated to the ground and all my earthly hope is gone, yet I can say "The cup which my FATHER hath given me shall I not drink it?" About 10 days before her death, her pastor called to see her, she said she was a lonely widow, but she did not think she should be left to sorrow long in this world, for she thought she should soon be called to follow her companion, she expressed a desire to depart, and the Lord soon granted her the desire of her heart, for in less than two weeks we laid her remains by the side of her husband's.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Their bodies have found a quiet resting-place, and their souls we trust are with those who sing the song of redeeming grace in glory.

"The grave is now a favour'd spot,  
To saints who sleep in Jesus blest;  
For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.  
These happy souls who've gone before  
To that inheritance divine!  
Thy labour, sorrow, sigh no more  
But bright in glory shine,  
Then let our mournful tears be dry  
Or in a gentle measure flow.  
We hail them happy in the sky  
And joyful wait our call to go."

Stanstead, March 30, 1843.

R. V. H.

## The Harbinger.

MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1843.

UNION OF BISHOPS AND CHURCHES.—We confidently anticipate the congratulations of our Christian readers on the event which it is now our privilege to announce. On another page, they will find a notice of a meeting of evangelical ministers of all denominations to be held in July next in the British Metropolis; and we are happy to inform them that a similar meeting, on a smaller scale, will be held in this city, on the *twentieth* of the present month. Amidst the strifes of party spirit, and the rage of ecclesiastical domination, from which Canada is not entirely free, it is delightful to contemplate the essential unity, in *faith* and *hope* and *charity*, of so many Bishops and Members of Christian Churches who, though conscientiously differing from each other in subordinate matters, are willing and anxious to avow before the world their common adherence to the cardinal principles of the Christian religion—and their common devotedness to the great objects of their high vocation. One of these objects is the *evangelization of the world*, and this will have a prominent place in the proceedings of the approaching convocation, of which we hope, in our next number, to give some particulars. Meanwhile we would very earnestly urge on our beloved brethren in other parts of the colony the expediency of following up this movement by similar assemblages, since, by so doing, they will lift up a practical testimony to the unity of the Churches, strengthen each other's hands, increase by mutual communication their fraternal love, and secure the large and liberal bestowment of that "blessing from on high," which is to the moral soil what "the dew" was to the Mount "of Hermon." Let us shew that there are "joints and bands" which unite the members of the Body of Christ, and constitute them *one*, and that the artificial ligatures which human folly has formed and human authority has sanctioned, though securing to some extent an outward *uniformity*, are but awkward and unworthy substitutes for that divine mechanism which combines so marvellously yet so effectually the distinctness and freedom of each member, with the mutual subserviency, and harmonious union of the whole. Let us seek for

ourselves and for all our Christian brethren, the divine spirit of truth and love, that under its influence, vitality may be diffused throughout "the workmanship of God;" and the Body of Christ, complete in Him who is the Head, may stand before the world, erect in all the moral dignity of freedom, and earnestly intent on the realization of those great designs for which it "lives and moves and has its being." Such a theme tempts us to dilate, and did our space permit, we might dwell at length on the advantages, immediate and remote, which this manifestation of Christian unity is so well fitted to secure. Let the earnest prayers of our devout readers ascend to heaven, that the measures thus adopted and commended, may be sanctioned and sanctified by the effectual benediction of "the Lord of all," and that we may speedily and largely realize the desired result, in the extension of his spiritual kingdom, and the universal recognition of his sole supremacy over the conscience and the heart!

*Second Congregational Church.*—An interesting Social Meeting, in connexion with this Church, was held on the evening of the 6th instant, in the large room, *Place d'Armes*, at present occupied as a place of worship. After partaking of tea, &c. provided by the ladies of the Congregation, the Rev. J. J. Carruthers took the chair, and Messrs. Mackay, Robinson and Bowles, from the Congregational Institute, Messrs. Hewson and Merriman, from the Baptist Theological Seminary, Mr. Robertson, Advocate, and several male members of the Church, addressed the meeting in support and enforcement of the following sentiments:

1. The gospel of the grace of God, whilst instrumentally the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation, directly promotes our personal happiness in the present life, and strengthens whilst it sanctifies the bond of social union.

2. Benevolence is the peculiar characteristic of Christianity, and it is our privilege to live in a day, when Christians are, in some measure, alive to the claims of sinful and suffering humanity on their practical compassion.

3. The present state of the world and the recent events that have transpired, especially in Asia, demand our grateful acknowledgments to divine providence, and should stimulate us to perseverance and enlarged liberality in the work of the world's conversion.

4. It is matter of devout congratulation, that no Christian Church can now be deemed complete in its organization, that does not contain some provision for the spread of the everlasting gospel.

5. The activity of the enemies of the truth

should excite us to earnestness and diligence in its propagation.

6. No Christian Church can be earnestly and practically zealous for the conversion of mankind without realizing a beneficial reactive influence on its own purity, prosperity and peace.

Intermediately betwixt the 4th and 5th of the above sentiments, an Auxiliary Missionary Society was formed.

All present unfeignedly regretted the absence of the Rev. H. Wilkes, Bishop of the first Congregational Church, who was engaged, on the previous day, in forming a Christian Church at Russeltown.

An eligible piece of ground has been purchased for the erection of a place of worship, for the accommodation of the second Congregational Church in this city, and it is hoped that, in the course of the present year, the edifice will be completed.

### THE DEATH-BED.

FOR THE HARBINGER.

It was evening, and the fire burned brightly in the grate, lighting with a pleasant glow a small apartment, tenanted, at the time of which I write, by two ladies. The youngest was not a beauty, nor was the natural expression of her face very pleasant; but religion had done its office there, and a benevolent smile played upon her features. She was enveloped in a loose robe, her head resting on a pillow, and her whole appearance betokening extreme debility. There was silence for a little time; at length the invalid spoke:

"Tomorrow is the evening for our Christian inquiry society, is it not?"

The reply was an affirmative.

"I shall not be able to prepare for it the paper I intended on my field of future labour. Yet stay; I will not delay, for I know not what may happen. Will you ask Miss Richmond to come to me?"

In a few moments the merry girl put her head in at the door; but on seeing the marks of suffering on her friend's countenance, she became grave, and seating herself on a low stool by her side, said:

"You are ill tonight, dear Miss Bradford?"

"Yes, Mary, my head aches badly; but I sent for you to ask if you will do me a favour?"

"Anything you can ask me."

"You know I was to read a paper tomorrow on R——. I have all the facts in my last letter from Mr. L., but have not strength to arrange and prepare them for the society."

"Oh! my dear tea-her, just give me Mr. L.'s letter, and you shall see what I will accomplish."

A slight flush passed over the pale countenance of the invalid, as she said:

"Not so fast, Mary. I did not offer you the letter: I will copy the facts for you myself."

"Miss Johnson, you see Miss Bradford is not very ill, since she has still sufficient presence of mind not to trust me with the precious document."

"Nay, Mary," replied Miss Johnson, "I deny your inference. One of the last things a true woman would forget would be the inviolacy of such an epistle. But you must not tire my patience by your jesting. Nor, my dear friend," added she to the sick one, "can I allow you to increase the pain in your head by the exertion of writing."

"Oh! Sarah," exclaimed the invalid, earnestly, "do not try to dissuade me. I may never be permitted to do anything for those poor Heathen in their own land. Do allow me to awaken an interest in their behalf among our pupils. We know not how many future missionaries we meet from day to day."

The plan was a successful one, and until a late hour, Miss Bradford sat up in bed, copying facts, which her young friend afterward arranged and laid before the society above mentioned. The interest excited was thrilling; many a youthful heart burned to carry to that province of Hindostan the words of eternal life. Some then present have since toiled for Jesus in that fervid clime, and their dust now reposes beneath its burning sun.

A week passed away, and she who had thus desired to do good as she had opportunity, lay ill with typhus fever. All were excluded from the room save the necessary attendants. The crisis approached, and at length the lively Mary Richmond obtained permission to spend one day by the sick bed of her friend, and at five in the morning was summoned to her office.

And here let me remark how foolishly those err who, if they could, would repress in their young friends the high flow of spirits which the sorrows, the disappointments, the anxieties of life soon tame, and the remains of which, thus subdued, give us those cheerful and happy beings who are so acceptable in a sick room, any or any where else—whose hope never wavers, whose zeal never tires. True, the parent should watch lest this cheerfulness should degenerate into levity, but that is all.

The natural course of things will sufficiently check it.

As the young nurse entered the room her heart sank within her. The morning light just paling the night-lamp, cast a dreary and desolate appearance over the apartment. But the patient at once attracted her attention. Her luxuriant hair was gone: a bright flush sat upon her cheek, and her eyes shone with a feverish lustre, but the intelligence which had ever beamed from them was gone. Reason had fled; and, unconscious of anything but paroxysm of pain, lay she who had guided so many to Jesus.

As the day advanced the invalid became unmanageable, and manifested no signs of consciousness until about ten o'clock. The Principal of the school entered the room. This lady was one of the few who possess a wonderful power of influencing those with whom she came in contact. She stood some time by Miss Bradford, and as she turned away, the eye of the sick one seemed to follow her teacher.

"Can it be she knows me," said Miss N. "It seems so: perhaps she may be more sensible than we imagine. Let us see if she will notice prayer."

In her own sweet voice, which was familiar to all her pupils as one of encouragement and consolation, Miss N. offered up a simple petition—such an one as, did the sick one really hear, could be grasped even by her feeble mind. Was it magic,—the soothing influence that relaxed the muscles, softened the expression, and composed the dying soul? No, no; it was but a tribute to the power which religion exerts in the souls of its subjects—a power, which even the dethronement of reason cannot always subdue.

It was then suggested by the same kind friend, that scripture might charm the troubled spirit; and so it did, like the melody which of old drove from the breast of the Hebrew monarch the dark images of despair; and through the whole of that long day were Miss N. and Mary Richmond employed in repeating those divine words which, by their wonderful adaptedness to the human heart, prove the reality of their heavenly origin.

About noon a ray of intellectual light seemed to irradiate her face, and seizing the hands of her friends, she soon after spoke—but so incoherently, that it was with difficulty

could be heard the word "stone." She then proceeded to explain by gestures her meaning, and seemed to be describing the kind of monument she wished to mark the spot where her dust should slumber. "Not high." "Plain." "Daughter of William and Ellen Bradford."

Miss N. said: "You are sick, very sick. Is there any thing you would like to have done?"

For a moment she was herself, and made a great effort to speak; but not succeeding, the mind immediately lost again its balance.

Soon after a change was observed in the disorder, and the pain seemed dreadfully acute. The physician came in at sunset, and opening the shutters at the head of the bed, the mellow lustre shed its radiance through the gloom of the darkened room, faint emblem of the glory awaiting the departing saint. But the sufferer heeded it not. Her mind speedily became more excited—her bodily agony more intense. Scripture seemed for a moment to have lost its power to calm, and Miss N. commenced singing the cradle hymn. Apparently Miss Bradford was unused to it in childhood's hours, for it produced no effect.

"Dear Miss N.," said Mary, "try 'There is a fountain'; you know Miss Bradford loves it so much."

It was commenced: gradually the excitement and irritation previously manifested seemed to subside, and her attendants supposed her falling asleep, till in the last verse but one, the sick one hummed the tune, and, to the great joy of her anxious friends, sung not only the tune but the words of the last three lines of the concluding stanza:

And when this feeble, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave;  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

Again reason's clue was broken, although she now lay quietly, and slept some. About ten o'clock, Mary Richmond bent over her, and repeated the hymn:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

As the first line was completed, the dying believer clasped her hands together, exclaiming "Dear Sa—Sa—but she could not finish the name of her Saviour. In a few moments after, as the beautiful psalm of Watts' was recited:

"Lord I am thine, but thou wilt prove," she repeated the first sentence of the last verse with much energy :

"O glorious hour!" &c.

It was the last effort of expiring nature, or rather the manifestation of commencing glory. From that moment she sank quietly away, until, at the expiration of an hour, her ransomed spirit joined the blood-bought throng around the throne,—another seal to the ministry of the devoted Payson.

Reader! are the Scriptures so precious to you, that their power to soothe would, in similar circumstances, be thus great? Are your thoughts so pure and heavenly, that even delirium would manifest only that which would impress all around you with the reality of your trust?

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slayer, at night,  
Scourged, to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and  
sooth'd

By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

March 4, 1843.

#### FOR THE HARBINGER.

#### THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS OF BEES.

WHILST the honey bees are engaged in laying up their stores, they have to contend with many enemies, and to surmount many difficulties.

In order to preserve their property, they display such watchfulness, courage, and ingenuity, as would almost appear to be the result of reason rather than blind instinct. Sentinel bees are generally stationed at the entrance of their hives, yet slugs, snails, beetles, moths, wild bees, and wasps with other noxious tribes occasionally enter, tempted by the luscious spoils.

When any of these are found within the guarded precincts, the bees unite to expel them; and this is accomplished without any cessation of the general labour.

If an unfortunate slug trespasses thus, five or six of them buzzing rapidly around it, plunge their stings into its body. The poison is quickly fatal; and standing on the dead body, they exultingly hover their wings, evidently pleased with their victory.

A snail protected by its shell, is not so easily beset, and it frequently succeeds in reach-

ing the farthest parts before they can stop it. Then however they exact a heavy penalty; fixing it in its shell to the place on which it rests, with a kind of glue, termed propolis. Thus secured, it cannot by any effort move, and inevitably starves, whilst its house being impervious prevents any annoyance to the bees from decomposition.

Beetles are more active enemies, and secured in their coats of mail defy the deadly stings, but not the resolution of their antagonists; who drag them out by main strength. Wild bees, and wasps, sometimes attempt a predatory entrance, and serious conflicts, which last many hours, ensue; in which many bees are killed.

Sometimes these piratical marauders, are so numerous as to become masters; when the swarm either quit the hive, or associate with the robbers, to the terrible annoyance of all their neighbours.

Their most insidious enemy is the great death's head hawk moth, which enters the hive in the fall of the year. All the preceding intruders are vigorously attacked. Not so this one. It is allowed to help itself without molestation, and as often as it returns, gorges its capacious body at leisure.

During its visit, it makes a shrill singing noise, and flutters or shakes its wings without intermission. The bees are completely fascinated, but whether by the noise, motion, or appearance, or all these together, is not ascertained. After two or three of these visits, unless some preventive is used, the bees quit the hive for an unmolested retreat.

As these giant robbers are nocturnal in their habits, and visit during, or after twilight, the mischief is not easily detected; yet some active apiists have done so; and provided a remedy for it, by fitting to the entrance, a piece of tin plate, having in it holes punched, just large enough to admit the bees.

They do not always wait for this assistance, for occasionally they have been found to barricade the entrance, as completely, and far more beautifully than man's contrivance, by rearing in the doorway, an arch of propolis, with interstices for their entrance and exit.

There is ingenuity and constructive talent of a kind totally different from anything which we are apt to name instinct; called into exercise on an emergency.

Here are precautionary measures taken to guard against surprise; a surprise too, which the whole swarm are consciously unable to oppose.

Here is the adaptation of means to an end, evident in the material employed; a viscous sub-

stance, which is more readily procured, and more easily worked, than wax; and speedily hardens on exposure to the air.

Their love of home, and jealousy of intrusion, are, or appear to be powerful feelings, manifested by these operations; which are extraordinary results of their latent powers, when stimulated to exercise by an adequate cause.

If then these tiny creature can perform such prodigies, what may not man be able to accomplish, if a sufficiently powerful motive is presented, and what is the nature of that motive which would fully develop all our latent energies? what would be our condition if they were so?

OBSERVER.

#### HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

ADDRESSED BY WILBERFORCE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Accustom yourself to be spiritually minded, which, as the Apostle truly says, is life and peace. Frequent self-examination is one of the means which you will find eminently useful for this end. You would do well to practise it in the middle of the day, as well as in the morning and evening. A very few moments will suffice for a general retrospect of the past morning. I have often kept written on a small slip of paper, a note of my chief besetting sins, against which it should be especially necessary that I should be habitually watching and guarding; of the chief Christian graces I wished to cultivate; of the grand truths I desired to bear in remembrance; and I used to look over this paper at my seasons of prayer and self-examination. My chief duties and relations (such as father, brother, friend, acquaintance, master,) were down on this paper and were thus kept in constant view. But in using this, or any other expedient, you will, I am sure, remember to be ever looking up for that grace, which can alone enable you to will or to do what is well pleasing to God. It is a very different thing to acknowledge this as a doctrinal tenet, and to live under the habitual impression of its truth, and to be carrying on, as it were, a continual intercourse with heaven by ejaculatory prayer.

I rejoice to know that my dear girl is striving to live under the practical influence of this blessed principle of spiritual-mindedness; and having been engaged in prayer for you, and knowing that to-morrow I shall be extremely engrossed, and indeed not to-morrow merely, but for the whole week, I resolved to do that which you must observe I scarcely ever have done on this day, I mean, to write to my absent daughter. The truth is, I have always been afraid to make a practise of writing on Sunday, even to my children, lest they should adopt the same habit, without so

much necessity for it as I can plead from the little command of my own time; and there is nothing, you must have observed, of which I have been more jealous, than of any thing which might tend to impair the sanctity and spirituality of the Lord's day.

#### THE PULPIT OF RICHARD BAXTER.

His pulpit rose in the ancient aisle, hallowed by the footsteps of the many generations who have traversed it. Above him stretched the arches of the old Gothic roof. Before you and around are the curiously carved and half-decayed enclosures, within which a lengthened succession of kneeling worshippers have paid their homage to the Omniscient and Everlasting. Beneath you are the tombs of the dead, and about you, on every space that can meet the eye, are there mouldering monuments. In the pulpit, stands the man of God. The look, rich in the idiom of our mother tongue, and richer still in its heavenly treasure, is open before him. The mingled force and tenderness of his dark eyes comes forth in beautiful keeping with the brow that covers them, and with the curvature of those lips, so fraught with sensibility, while in so little sympathy with the animal nature, and in such near affinity with the intellectual. Over the limning, the expression, the complexion, and the whole cast of that countenance, you see the signs of feeling and of thought—of feeling ever active, of thought ever intent upon its labor. On every hand, and off to the walls and doorways, you see gathered men, and women, and children, of all grades, embracing minds of various adjustment, power, and culture, and all moulded into a greater variety still, by the various pressure of those memorable times.

But as the preacher proceeds, you find that he knows them all; their coming-in and their going-out. So much skill has come to him from long practice, that the most learned and acute may not readily evade him. The busy and the worldly soon become aware that their working-day kind of life has been his study. The most obscure are made to feel that his benevolent thought has penetrated into their lot also; and even the young children, as they look up, here and there, from the family groups about, learn, with a mixture of surprise and fear, that the preacher has been careful to watch the budding thought and feeling even in children; while upon them all you see his words distil like the dew, words which breathe the mercy of the cross, and point as with a power from heaven, to the visions of hope and blessedness which that cross has revealed to the children of mortality! What wonder if you see every eye intent on such a preacher, every ear open to him, every countenance sending forth the signs of a deep interest, and every heart vibrating beneath the touch of thoughts so devout, of emotions so heaven-born. In him they see the purified nature of the saint, without the

perverted nature of the ascetic. He is an ambassador from God, but he is one with man. His devotion is impassioned, celestial; but it is a devotion which has given a new tenderness and force to every feeling of humanity, to every social affection. His preaching points to heaven, but his sympathies identify him with everything in the allotment of humanity on earth, and all that he might become thus potent in leading men to heaven. Such, in the pulpit, was Richard Baxter, and such in no mean degree, according to the testimony of Baxter, were many, very many, of the Puritan preachers in the seventeenth century.—*Dr. Vaughan.*

#### LUTHER AND IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

Luther took to wife a nun. For thirty years together, Loyola never once looked on the female countenance. To overthrow the houses of the order to which he belonged, was the triumph of the reformer. To establish a new order on indestructible foundations, the glory of the saint. The career of the one was opened in the cell, and concluded amidst the cares of secular government. The course of life of the other, led him from a youth of camps and palaces to an old age of religious abstraction. Demons haunted both; but to the northern visionary they appeared as foul or malignant fiends, with whom he was to agonize in spiritual strife; to the southern dreamer, as angels of light marshaling his way to celestial blessedness. As best became his Teutonic honesty and singleness of heart, Luther aimed at no perfection but such as may consist of the every-day cares, and the common duties, and the innocent delights of our social existence; at once the foremost of heroes, and a very man; now oppressed with melancholy, and defying the powers of darkness, satanic or human; then 'rejoicing in gladness and thankfulness of heart for all his abundance; loving and beloved; communing with the wife of his bosom, prattling with his children; surrendering his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of nature or of art; responding alike to every divine impulse, and to every human feeling; no chord unstrung in his spiritual or sensitive frame, but all blending together in harmonies as copious as the bounties of Providence, and as changeable as the vicissitudes of life. How remote from the 'perfection' which Loyola proposed to himself, and which (unless we presume to distrust the Bulls by which he was beatified and canonized) we must suppose him to have attained. Drawn by infallible, not less distinctly than by fallible lines, the portrait of the military priest of the Casa Professa possesses the cold dignity and the grace of sculpture, but is wholly wanting in the mellow tones, the lights and shadows, the rich colouring, and the skilful composition of the sister

art. There he stands apart from us mortal men, familiar with visions which he may not communicate, and with joys which he cannot impart. Severe in the midst of raptures, composed in the very agonies of pain; a silent, austere, and solitary man; with a heart formed for tenderness, yet mortifying even his best affections, loving mankind as his brethren, and yet rejecting their sympathy; one while a squalid, care-worn, self-lacerated pauper, tormenting himself that so he might rescue others from sensuality; and then a monarch, reigning in secluded majesty, that so he might become the benefactor of his race, or a legislator exacting, though with no selfish purposes, an obedience as submissive and as prompt as is due to the King of Kings.

Heart and soul we are for the Protestant. He who will be wiser than his Maker is but seeming wise. He who will deaden one-half of his nature to invigorate the other half, will become at best a distorted prodigy. Dark as are the pages, and mystic the character in which the truth is inscribed, he who can decipher the roll will read there, that self-adoring pride is the head spring of stoicism, whether heathen or christian. But there is a roll neither dark nor mystic, in which the simplest and the most ignorant may learn in what the 'perfection' of our humanity really consists. Throughout the glorious profusion of didactic precepts, of pregnant apophthegms, of lyric and choral songs, of institutes ecclesiastical and civil, of historical legends and biographies, of homilies and apologies of prophetic menaces, of epistolary admonitions, and of positive laws, which crowd the inspired Canon, there is still one consentient voice proclaiming to man, that the world within and the world without him were created for each other; that his interior life must be sustained and nourished by intercourse with external things; and that he then most nearly approaches to the perfection of his nature, when most conversant with the joys and sorrows of life, and most affected by them, he is yet the best prepared to renounce the one or to endure the other, in cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.—*Edinburgh Review.*

#### THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

There is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business. No, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man I feel this kind of respect. Generosity seems to me a lower quality, a mere impulse compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities,—who bestows magnificent donations. That may be all very well. I speak not to

disparage it. I wish there were more of it; and yet it may all consist with a want of the true lofty unbending uprightiness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands amidst all the swaying interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another man's distress as well as his own. It is the man, whose mind his own advantage does not blind nor cloud for an instant,—who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbour just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of Justice. Ah! how much richer than crime, —how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority,—how much more awful than the guarded bench of majesty, is that simple magnanimous and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbour, and his God; true to his right, true to his conscience,—and who feels the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring an hundred estates.—*Dr. Dewey.*

#### USE OF INSECTS.

Insects appear to occupy an intermediate station between vegetables and birds. They convert or animalize crude vegetable matter, and render it more nutritive. Most kinds of small birds greedily devour incredible numbers of them. Their second stage of existence, as Larvæ, is generally the longest, and in this period their appetite for food is insatiable. In gratifying it they are constantly exposed to the keen eyes of their enemies, who fatten on the rich juices with which their bodies are filled. Men generally are so much engaged in the acquisition of mere matter, that they can spare little or no time to examine into the objects of their existence, and as they, unlike the caterpillar, achieve no good object to society by their death, (unless it be for the anatomist, who never thanks our bodies,) this self-deception must be an absurdity as regards our life in this world, and an impious mockery of the wisdom of God in forming us in immortal spirits.—*Communicated.*

B.

#### THOUGHTS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

From the little work on the Lord's Prayer, written by the children of a Deaf and Dumb institution in England, we extract the following tender passages:

"Which art in Heaven." Art thou not with me in all places, O spirit of omniscience and all power? Dost thou not fill heaven and earth with thy presence and glory? O my Father, thou art ever witness to my thoughts, and the least motion of my heart is known to thee, but I say thou art in the glorious heaven, and I lift my mind to thy splendour and majesty. My eyes forsake the world, and my heart is silent, and my mind is up to thee,

O God, in heaven. I can make no image of thee, O my Father. I read books to know about thee, but men cannot draw thy likeness; their eyes are too little to hold thee, and their minds cannot look on thee because thou art immense, and thou art not ended in longest breadth. Thou art in the heaven and angels are singing to thee. Shall I sing to thee O my Father, when I go from this world? My thoughts have sweet music to thee, but my tongue is dumb, about thee to men; but I must show them example to love thee and do for thee.

I look upon this earth full, beautiful; it is all in thy wisdom: thy air is now cheering to me, and the rich sun is smiling on all things. O my Father, I have watched the fair landscape, and I will tell thee about it.

Some fields were dark in green, and some fields were light in green, and the sun was on them bright and beautiful, and the clouds came before the sun, and then the fields were dark and solemn, and the cloud passed away and all was beautiful and bright again, and I did think of thee when I was looking at the landscape, and my mind said to me, "God is in all things, and when God is over all in his spirit and blessings, then all things are glad, but when God is away in his smile from all things, then all are gloomy and unhappy."

So when God is in my mind, I am cheerful and at peace, and men cannot make me in grief or passion, but when God goes away from my vicious thoughts, then I am dull and have no pleasure.

I have seen letters cut deep in the old hard stone. Years and the winds could not wipe away the marks, and I said to thee, O my Father, "Place deep in my mind thy commands and promises. Let nothing remove them from me. Confirm in me unfriendly hatred toward sin, and keep me to myself for ever."

Thou, O my Father, art visible in heaven—thy complexion is grander than the early morning's gold colours, or the bright blue sky, or the flowers tints. Thy crown is like sun's beams that never set. Thy mantle is like the summer's richest sky that never fails in beauty. The sea in tempest is like the dust of thy feet, and thy sword is like the fierce and mighty lightning, and thou art greater than these thoughts of thee. O my Father, what art thou? Shall I be with thee in heaven? Thou dost not say yes to me, but thy true Bible tells me I must believe in Jesus-Christ and obey thee in my doings, and then I shall go to thee away from earth. I wish to know about my name in thy book of heaven. Please, O my Father, what is my new name in the heaven? Do thine angels know about me? Thou art silent to me.—Why art thou silent, O my Father? but I hope in thee for ever, through Christ Jesus.—*New York Observer.*

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

**CHRISTIAN UNION.**—Very gratifying indications of union are beginning to present themselves on the part of the various evangelical denominations in Scotland. We noticed lately, in the *Witness*, that Dr. J. Brown, well known as a leading dissenting minister, who took an active part a few years since against the principles of Ecclesiastical Establishments, had preached in the pulpit of Dr. Candlish, of St. George's; and we perceive, in a late number of the same paper, that a course of lectures on Christian Union has been commenced in Edinburgh; while, in the list of those who have agreed to take part in the arrangement, we observe the names of the principal ministers in the Established, Secession, Independent, and Methodist churches.

**DR. CHALMERS IN LONDON.**—A very earnest request has been forwarded to Dr. Chalmers, from a large number of eminent men, to deliver in London a series of lectures, on the proper and essential independence of a church, in connection with the State. Among the signers are the Duke of Argyle, the Hon. Fox Maule, M. P., Isaac Taylor, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and other individuals equally distinguished. The Doctor's recent experience has been peculiarly fitted to give him impressions concerning the independence of the church, and the evils of establishments, which would render a course of lectures not only very valuable, but decidedly different from that in which a few years ago, he lent the powerful sanction of his name and eloquence to the most thorough-going-high-church views of religious establishments.—*New York Evangelist*.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—We copy the following items from the *Christian Guardian*:

The *London Record* says, that, at a recent meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Mr. Campbell, the Secretary, distinctly stated "that the fact of holding the views advocated in the Tracts for the Times neither is, nor eve. has been, a ground of objection to Clergy, in offering themselves to be employed by the Society."

Sir Peter Laurie is said to have given up his pew in Dr. Penfold's church on account of Puseyite practices in the services, and to have offered £1,000 towards erecting a church where those practices shall not be allowed.

Mr. Newman has again become Editor of the *British Critic*,—Mr. Mosely having resigned, being offended with the Bishop of London's Charge.

Mr. Moffatt, the African Missionary, lately addressed a congregation of more than 3,000 Sabbath-School children in a church in Edinburgh.

The Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, who is building a church there, has been informed by Izzet, the Pacha of Jerusalem, that he has

no authority for building it, and has caused the works to be suspended.

The Wesleyan Centenary Committee in England, in February, presented £1,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a token of regard and esteem, and in consideration of the liberality of the Society to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in making grants of the Holy Scriptures on many occasions. Lord Bexley acknowledges the donation in a very suitable manner.

## BICENTENARY OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.

We perceive that the Presbyterians of Great Britain and America, propose to celebrate the second centenary of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. It is in contemplation to hold the commemoration in London, during July of this year. All evangelical Protestants are to be invited to join in the celebration, and to make a united demonstration in favour of the great doctrines on which they are agreed. We shall rejoice, if such a meeting takes place; for we are persuaded it may be of great service in counteracting Puseyism and Prelacy, and perhaps also in reviving Puritan piety and zeal. Should the Kirk of Scotland become, in the mean time, disconnected with the State, as now it seems almost inevitable, the proposed celebration will be of intense interest and incalculable importance. The following extract gives an idea of the great design of the meeting. To send forth a protest embodying a denial and renunciation,

"(1.) Of Socinian and Rationalist principles as these affect—

"1. The inspiration and interpretation of Holy Scripture.

"2. The doctrine of the Trinity.

"3. The person of Christ.

"4. The doctrine of the atonement.

"(2.) Of Popish principles, as these affect—

"1. The supreme and exclusive authority of Scripture.

"2. The doctrines of the Mass, Transubstantiation, Purgatory, &c.

"3. The power of the Priesthood, Auricular Confession, Supremacy over Civil Rulers, &c.

"(3.) Of Popish and Tractarian principles as these affect—

"1. The doctrine of Justification.

"2. The doctrine of Regeneration.

"3. The doctrine of the Sacraments.

"4. The Apostolical Succession and the Catholicity of the Church.

"The object to be sought by such a meeting.

"1. The exchange of mutual and brotherly affection among various bodies of Protestants might be expected to strengthen and encourage the several churches in the work of the Lord.

"2. While the meeting would, of course, be strictly precluded from all authoritative interference in the affairs of any of the bodies represented in it, and while controversial

discussion on matters on which they differ must necessarily be avoided, a free interchange of advice and consultation might be encouraged; and by prayer and the searching of the Word of God together, light might be expected to be cast on the principles of our common faith, and the duty and prospects of the Church at large in the present critical state of the world.

"3. The various missionary operations of the several bodies or churches would furnish an interesting theme.

"4. The spectacle might be exhibited of Protestant unity, as distinguished from Popish uniformity and latitudinarian compromise.

"5. Out of such a meeting, besides the immediate advantage of a suitable commemoration of the Westminster Assembly, and a pleasing opportunity of brotherly fellowship in the Lord—some plan for future fellowship and co-operation might arise."

#### A COMMON CHANGE.

(FROM "THE FAMILY AT HOME.")

A respectable widow lady, with a very small income, which she was obliged to eke out by the produce of her own industry and ingenuity, was remarkable for her liberality, especially in contributing to the cause of religion. When any work of pious benevolence was going forward, her minister hesitated to call on her, lest her liberal spirit should prompt her to contribute beyond her ability, but she was always sure to find out what was in hand, and voluntarily to offer a donation equal to those of persons in comparative affluence, accompanied by a gentle rebuke to her minister, for having passed her by. In process of time, this lady came into the possession of an ample fortune, greatly to the joy of all who knew her welling liberality. But it was with no small degree of regret that her minister observed, she no longer came forward unsolicited to contribute towards the good cause, and that, when applied to, she yielded her aid but coldly and grudgingly, and sometimes excused herself from giving at all. On one occasion she presented a *shilling* to the same cause to which she had formerly given a *guinea*, when in a state of comparative poverty. The minister felt it his duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity, when her means were so circumscribed.

"Ah! sir," she affectingly replied, "then, I had the *shilling* means, but the *guinea* heart; now I have the *guinea* means, but only the *shilling* heart. Then, I received from my heavenly father's hand, day by day, my daily bread, and I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, but I live in constant apprehension that I may come to want!" Can any reader be at a loss to decide which was the time of her *poverty*, and which of her *riches*?

TEMPERANCE ABROAD.—The prospects of the cause of Temperance in Europe are at present very flattering. Recent information from England shows a progress there which is, perhaps, more solid and permanent than at any period hitherto. The able editor of the British Temperance Recorder thus remarks upon the aspect of things in that country.

"The results of our deliberations are, that in Great Britain we are increasing in numbers every month, though we do not move with the same speed as formerly in adding pledged members; but still our members are taking firmer root, and the principles are deepening with them—that they better comprehend the various points in teetotalism, and are prepared to reply to the objections raised against it; to meet the *physiological* as well as the *expediency* arguments; to meet the doctor as well as the moralist; to look at the subject scripturally; in fine, to analyze teetotalism, and feel afresh convinced of its harmony with natural and revealed truth.

"Look at the tables of the religious public, and observe those who profess not to favour teetotalism. Go to the quarterly meeting of ministers, to public dinners for religious and charitable objects, and observe what a number of untasted glasses there are, and how few bottles there are uncorked. Go into their families, and observe the moderationists becoming yet more moderate; many are discarding the beer—some the wine—not allowing their children to partake—adopting homœopathy or hydropathy for the seniors. Go to the beer houses and see the reduced quantity that the carter will take; go on to the work room and observe how many less cans come in from the pot house, and test the whole of this view of our case by the government returns, and see if we have not come to a right conclusion that the indirect effects of teetotalism are marvellous. The decrease in the quantity of wine on which duty was paid in the port of London alone, in 1841, as compared with 1840, was 295,662 gallons; the decrease in licenses for the sale of beer for the nation this year, compared with the year 1839, 5,932."

#### TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

Father Matthew writes to Mr. Delavan as follows:—"Teetotalism was never more triumphant in Ireland than at the present moment. We number over *five millions two hundred thousand*. All opposition has in a manner ceased; and should you again visit Ireland, you would be exceedingly gratified. It is the work of God. You have truly said that you did not labor alone. The Lord was with you; even as He has in mercy given wonderful increase to the grain of mustard seed planted in Ireland."

The following further information is communicated by late English newspapers:—"The higher classes are rapidly following the lower in Ireland, in signing the pledge of total abstinence. In Meath, 76 priests had joined the ranks of teetotalism. Sir Richard Musgrave, one of the most amiable men in Ireland, has taken the pledge, in the presence of thousands. The Earl of Erne had taken it during the cattle-show at Cork. In Dublin,

more than 500 ladies, headed by the Countess of Clanricarde, have joined the ranks."

#### CHINESE WOMEN.

The uniform custom of the Chinese in Sambah, is to buy and sell their wives as if they were common goods. When a journey is to be undertaken, they do not trust that their wives will be faithful, but sell them to the highest bidder, and, on arriving at their destination, buy other wives in return, and when they are in difficulty or in debt, or believe themselves to be in their last illness, they give up their wives as part of their estate. When asked how they can think of treating their wives in such a fashion, they very coolly reply, "O, they are but women!" How deeply ought British females to reflect on what they owe to Christianity, and also on what they ought to do for extending the knowledge of the gospel amongst heathen females.

#### MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

(From *Moffatt's Missionary Travels*.)

##### A MOTHER LEFT TO PERISH.

Among the poorer classes it is, indeed, struggling for existence; and when the aged become too weak to provide for themselves, and are a burthen to those whom they brought forth and reared to manhood, they are not unfrequently abandoned by their own children, with a meal of victuals and a cruise of water, to perish in the desert; and I have seen a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned. In one instance I observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left. "What is this?" I said, pointing to the stakes, addressing Africaner. His reply was, "This is heathenism;" and then described this parricidal custom. A day or two after, a circumstance occurred which corroborated his statements. We had travelled all day over a sandy plain and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready to follow, I went forward with one of our number, in order to see if we could not perceive some indications of water, by the foot-marks of game, for it was in a part of the country where we could not expect the traces of man. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered, at a distance, a little smoke rising amidst a few bushes, which seemed to skirt a ravine. Animated with the prospect, we hastened forward, eagerly anticipating a delicious draught of water, no matter what the quality might be. When we had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, we stood still, startled at the fresh marks of lions, which appeared to have been there only an hour before us. We

had no guns, being too tired to carry them, and we hesitated, for a moment, whether to proceed or return. The wagon was yet distant, and thirst impelled us to go on, but it was with caution, keeping a sharp look out at every bush we passed.

On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear, "My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm." I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless, or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, "Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?" to which she replied, "I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die." "Your children!" I interrupted. "Yes," raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, "my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die." "And, pray why did they leave you?" I inquired. Spreading out her hands "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." This last sentence was more than she could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, "I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent." At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon, and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. "It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again." The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of

dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us; only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone, but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and, dreading the vengeance of the great chief, whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which, they would only laugh. It may be imagined, that people might devote their friends, and nobles their first-born, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers, too, should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives; but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity, when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breast they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just taste it, and give it to her child, when, perhaps, that very child, instead of returning grateful service to the infancy of old age, leaves that mother to perish from hunger.

#### "TWO GREAT RELIGIOUS SCANDALS."

Such is the title of an article in last week's number of the *Semeur*, referring to two "outrages" upon the Christian religion recently committed; the one by a British Protestant holding a high official station, the other by the Priests of Rome.

The Proclamation of Lord Ellenborough directing the restoration of the Gates of the

Temple of Somnauth, is pointed at in the first instance; and its ridiculous as well as scandalous character is fairly exposed. Yet, it is added, "it must be admitted that the Governor-General is not the only offender. For how many years has the English Government, paying no attention to the numberless remonstrances of the religious men in the country, flattered, honoured, patronized idolatrous worship in its Indian possessions? The car of Juggernaut, which was drawn under an escort of British troops, ought to render it indulgent in respect to the gates of Ghuznee. It is well known that the officers of the English army in India have in vain protested, more than once, against being compelled to pay military honours to the priests of idols and to the idols themselves."

There is but too much truth in this statement, though it will avail nothing in extenuation of Lord Ellenborough's conduct. But now for the other offence against religion, of which our contemporary speaks in the following terms:—

"But here is another scandalous offence, which certainly does not in any respect come behind that which we have just exposed. Conversions and cures by means of the *Medal* (of the Virgin) "are not enough: the success of these juggleries renders parties more enterprising. They are no longer content with little miracles, but must have great ones; and it will be seen whether there is wanting audacity to affirm them.

"China, so long shut up, at length opens her portals. Unexpected events have put an end to the isolation which she had maintained in regard to the rest of the world. That country, which has had its martyrs, will perhaps soon have its apostles. It is no longer the hour for prayer only, but the hour for action. But affairs are not carried on quite so simply at Rome, when the conversion of three hundred millions of souls is in question. Here is what is set forth in the clerical papers: 'According to news which has come from a certain source, from the Apostolic Vicariate of China, a great multitude of Christians and of heathens belonging to that nation, have seen appear in the air, and on a day calm and clear, the image of *Jesus Christ*.'

"This apparition, destined to serve, next to the *Cross of Migné*, as a *pendant* to the *Cross of Constantine*, is affirmed to have taken place, we are told, in letters written from Rome by persons of the greatest weight: the conclusion is, that the Emperor of China is about to embrace the Catholic faith; and it is added, that the Propaganda has ordered the departure of *forty Missionaries for the Celestial Empire*.

"If in England, indignation has been awakened by the Proclamation of Lord Ellenborough as an outrage upon the religion of *Jesus Christ*, will not some little indignation be kindled in France by this mummerly with

which they have dared mix up the Lord himself? We are aware that, among us, indifference has reached that point at which people pass over in silence what would once have shocked them: but if not from religion, if not from philosophy, let us at least, from a proper national pride, rise against impostures which they dare throw to France as good enough for her. There is a great deal of contempt implied in these lying fictions; and we can hardly believe that France will endure to be treated with contempt, although it were even by her priests."—*Patriot*.

#### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—Parliament was opened by commission on Thursday, Feb. 2.—The last intelligence from India states that tranquillity has been thoroughly established in our Eastern Possessions.—Lord Ellenborough has been the subject of severe but well merited animadversion in both houses of Parliament, on account of his recent proclamation to the people of India, in reference to the sandalwood gates of the temple of *Somnauth*. These gates were taken from the said temple about 800 years ago by a Mahomedan Conqueror, and are now restored by a *Christian* Governor, the temple meanwhile having perished from the earth. We trust that the universal reprobation of this foolish edict, is but the first step towards the entire withdrawal of all protection or patronage on the part of the Indian Government, from the idolatrous rites and services of the Hindoo population.

**COLONIAL.**—Our new Governor General, Sir Charles Metcalfe, arrived in Kingston on the 29th ult. We rejoice to see in the tone and phraseology of his replies to various addresses, the indications of a settled purpose to administer the government in the spirit of the constitution and to promote that social harmony and union which are so essential to our Colonial prosperity.—From the English papers, we are led to calculate on a very extensive immigration during the present year.

#### POETRY.

##### THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though Earth has full many a beautiful spot,  
As a poet or painter might show;  
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,  
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,  
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from  
the Throne,  
Flows on and forever will flow;  
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,  
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,  
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,  
With its fruits healing sickness and wo,  
The fair tree of life! in its glory and pride,  
Is fed by the deep, inexhaustible tide,  
In the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we loved on this  
earth,  
With those mem'ries our bosoms yet glow;  
Their reliques we gave to the place of the dead,  
But their glorified spirits before us have fled  
'To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of Night, and the fountain of  
Day,  
Nor beauty nor splendor bestow;  
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM!  
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!  
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,  
From its clouds and its shadows to go;  
To walk in the light of the glory above,  
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the  
love,  
Of the land which no mortal may know.

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#### AGENTS FOR THE HARBINGER.

**CANADA.**—The Pastors and Deacons of the Congregational Churches.

**NEW BRUNSWICK & NOVA SCOTIA.**—A. Smithers, Esq., Bank of British North America, St. Johns, N. B.

**NEWFOUNDLAND.**—Rev. D. S. Ward, St. Johns.

**ENGLAND—LONDON.**—The Rev. Algernon Wells, Congregational Library, Bloomfield Street, W.

**LIVERPOOL.**—George Philip, S. Castle Street.

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