

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Top of pages [167-168] are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>										

Emerson

# COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

VOLUME V.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1840.

NUMBER 21.

## MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY AT PARIS.— A. D. 1572.\*

The king, it is stated, speedily felt the most violent remorse for permitting the massacre. From the evening of the 24th Aug. he was observed to groan much when informed of the cruelties that had been perpetrated; and at length, after some conversation with Ambrose Pare, his surgeon and a Huguenot, he repented the continuance of the deed of blood. He endeavored to exculpate himself; for in letters sent by him to the provinces, he threw the blame of the whole proceeding on the members of the house of Guise. In eight days he changed his tone, declaring that the whole affair took place by his express command. He was certain that he was himself seen with a carriage in his hand during the massacre, which he is said to have fired on the Huguenots. It is not less true that he went with his court to view the body of Coligny while suspended at Montfaucon; and that one of his courtiers observed that it smelt ill. He replied, 'The dead body of a dead enemy always smells well.' The number of Protestants massacred in eight days, over the kingdom, amounted to 100,000.

The last ferocious act of Charles, which grew immediately out of the St. Bartholomew, says Mr. Smeley, 'was a mock trial, instituted against the accused admiral and his adherents in the pretended conspiracy. The sentence passed against Coligny, traitor, involved confiscation of all his property, eternal infamy, and the suppression of his name. His effigy, if it could be found (and if that were not the case, his effigy), was to be drawn on a hurdle through the streets, and gibbeted, first in the Place de la Bastille for six hours, afterwards on a loftier spot at Montfaucon. His armorial bearings were to be trampled at a horse's tail through every town in which he might have by the common executioner; his busts, and portraits, were to be demolished in the same manner. His chief seat at Chatillon was to be thrown to the ground; no building was ever again to be founded on its site; the trees in the park were to be cut down to half their natural height; the glebe was to be sown with salt; and in some central spot a monument was to be erected, bearing on it this deed engraved in brass. His children had escaped the hands of the king during the massacre; but they were proscribed, degraded from their nobility, and incapable of being witnesses in courts of law. They were stripped of all civil privileges, and the power of holding any public office, or of enjoying any property within the limits of France for ever. An annual religious service and procession was at the same time instituted, to commemorate the mercy of God which had so signally averted calamity from the kingdom on the festival of St. Bartholomew.

It was not, however, on the dead only that the vengeance of the court was content to wreak itself. The Church of England Magazine.

in these moments of subsidence. Two living victims also were provided for sacrifice. Cavagne, a counsellor of the parliament of Toulouse, and Briquemaut who at seventy years of age had retired from the profession of arms, in which he had long served with honour, were arrested as Huguenots a short time after the massacre. The escape of Briquemaut during the Parisian carnage was attended with remarkable circumstances. Perceiving that every outlet was blockaded, and that the murderers were in close pursuit, he stripped off his clothes, and throwing himself among a heap of bleeding corpses, lay upon his face and counterfeited death. His nakedness prevented examination and discovery by the wretches who followed in the train of the assassins to rifle their fallen victims; and at night, wrapping round him such rags as were near at hand, he stole away unobserved, and took refuge at the house of the English ambassador. There he found employment in the stables; and he was dressing a horse at the moment in which he was recognised and arrested.

The charge brought against him and Cavagne, was participation in the admiral's conspiracy; with the exception, therefore, of the merely personal clauses, their sentence was similar to that which we have just recited; and De Thou, who heard it read to them, notices the fortitude with which Briquemaut listened—notwithstanding the usual ignominy with which one nobly born was adjudged to the gallows—till he found that in some of the penalties his children also were included. 'What have they done to merit this severity?' was the inquiry of the heart-broken veteran. Between five and six in the evening of the 27th of October, the sad procession quitted the Conciergerie for the Place de Greve. In the mouth of the straw effigy, by which the admiral was represented, some heartless mocker had placed a toothpick, to increase the resemblance by imitating one of his common habits. At the windows of the Hotel de Ville, which commanded a near view of the scaffold, were assembled Charles (to whom his consort on that morning had presented her first-born child), the queen mother, and the King of Navarre, who had been compelled to attend. A considerable delay took place; and some proposal appears to have been made, by which, even at the last moment, the condemned might have purchased their lives, if they would have debased themselves by treachery and falsehood. When at length the hangman had thrown them from the ladder, Charles ordered flags to be held close to their faces, in order that he might distinctly view the variety of expressions which each exhibited in his parting agony. Suetonius does not record a more fiend-like anecdote of the worst of the Casars. The populace imitated the brutality of their sovereign. During the long and fearful pause which had occurred on the scaffold, and the many hours through which the bound and defenceless prisoners endured that lingering expectation far more bitter than death itself, their suffering

was heightened by cruel outrages inflicted by the rabble; who, when life was extinct, dragged the bodies from the gallows, and savagely tore them in pieces.

Sir Francis Walsingham was at this time the resident ambassador from England. His interview with Catherine after the massacre was truly interesting. He concealed not the disgust which would be felt by his royal mistress, Elizabeth, at such outrages; and his despatches notice the brutal sportiveness with which the Parisians spoke of them as 'a Bartholomew breakfast, and a Florence banquet.' The detestation in which the name of the French court was held in England, is thus described in a strain of rude, yet powerful eloquence, by his friend and correspondent, Sir Thomas Smith, the queen's secretary:—

'What warrant can the French make now, seals and words of princes being traps to catch innocents and bring them to butchery? If the admiral and all those murdered on that bloody Bartholomew-day were guilty, why were they not apprehended, imprisoned, interrogated, and judged? But so much made of as might be, within two hours of the assassination! Is that the manner to handle men, either culpable or suspected? So is the journeyer slain by the robber; so is the hen of the fox; so the hind of the lion; so Abel of Cain; so the innocent of the wicked; so Abner of Joab. But grant they were guilty, they dreamed treason that night in their sleep; what did the innocent men, women, and children do at Lyons? What did the sucking children and their mothers at Rouen deserve? at Caen, at Rochelle? What is done yet, we have not heard; but I think shortly we shall hear. Will God, think you, still sleep? Will not their blood ask vengeance? Shall not the earth be accursed that hath sucked up the innocent blood poured out like water upon it?'

In the general dispersion which succeeded these massacres, the Huguenots took refuge in England, in the Palatinate, and a part of them in Switzerland. A remnant, however, still remained behind.

When intelligence of the massacre, adds Mr. Smeley, 'was first announced at Rome, the Vatican gave loose to unbounded joy. The pope and cardinals proceeded at once from the conclave in which the king's despatches had been read, to offer thanks before the altar, for the great blessing which Heaven had vouchsafed to the Romish see and to all Christendom. Salvoes of artillery thundered at nightfall from the ramparts of St. Angelo; the streets were illuminated; and no victory ever achieved by the arms of the pontificate elicited more tokens of festivity. The pope also, as if resolved that an indestructible evidence of the perversion of moral feeling which fanaticism necessarily generates should be transmitted to posterity, gave orders for the execution of a commemorative medal. He had already been anticipated in Paris; and the effigies of Gregory XIII. and of Charles IX. may still be seen

MS. 111

in numismatic cabinets, connected with triumphant legends, and symbolical devices, illustrative of the massacre.

The Cardinal of Lorraine presented the messenger with a thousand pieces of gold and unable to restrain the extravagance of his delight, exclaimed that he believed the king's heart to have been filled by a sudden inspiration from God when he gave orders for the slaughter of the heretics. Two days afterwards he celebrated a solemn service in the church of St. Louis, with extraordinary magnificence; on which occasion, the pope, the whole ecclesiastical body, and many resident ambassadors, assisted. An elaborate inscription was then affixed to the portals of the church, congratulating God, the pope, the college of cardinals, and the senate and people of Rome, on the stupendous results and the almost incredible effects of the advice, the aid, and the prayers which had been offered during a period of twelve years.—*Concluded.*

### THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1840.

**CITY MISSIONS.**—We have often alluded to the happy efforts that have been made, and are still making, in populous cities and towns, both in England and America, for supplying the spiritually destitute with the ordinances of "Christ and the Church;" and we have occasionally noticed the process by which, from small beginnings, flourishing congregations have been formed. This process is beautifully described by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Columbia College, New York, in the following extract, which we are persuaded will interest our readers. Why might not such a plan be tried at Halifax and Saint John, where we doubt not that large numbers of people live and die unblessed by the happy influence of the sacred exercises of the Lord's Day, and perhaps unknown to the minister of Christ, whose duties in such places are generally overwhelming? From all we can hear, new churches and free churches are greatly wanted in both towns,—and in both there is wealth enough in the hands of churchmen to supply the want. Such an outlay will yield a good return in that day when all must give an account of their stewardship.

"It was on one of the early Sundays in Advent, in the autumn of 1832, that passing incidentally near the spot where now stands the Church of the Epiphany, then a wretched and neglected quarter of our city—I encountered throngs of idle, destitute children, loitering through the streets, or lounging in the sun. Addressing one of their groups with the inquiry why they were not at Sunday school? the answer was, 'there is no Sunday-school.' Why not at Church? 'there is no Church.' Who preaches in this neighbourhood? 'nobody preaches here.' Why then do you not read your Bibles at home on Sunday? 'we have no Bibles, and we don't know how to read.' Where is your school? 'there is no school.' Have you never been taught about your God and Saviour, and Heaven? 'we don't know.' Would you learn if a good friend were to come among you and teach you? To this last inquiry some said, 'yes,' others, 'no,' the greater part, 'don't know.' This conversation on my return was reported to two Christian ladies, to whom God had given alike the means and the will to engage in schemes of benevolence, one of whom was soon after called to her reward—the other still lives to witness and enjoy the blessing that awaits a Christian word spoken in season. Their response to my narrative was \$75 placed in my hands with the words, 'we will have on that spot a Mission Church—do you preach and we will help you.' Thus encouraged a room was sought, and with some difficulty obtained, not far from the chosen spot. On

the Sunday following, our beautiful Church service first consecrated those walls and that neighbourhood, in a small dark upper room over an engine House in Allen Street, where six adult worshippers with two Prayer Books, and the few ragged children that could be persuaded to enter, represented as it were the first fruits of the harvest that has since so abundantly followed. The second Sunday saw the room filled, and a Sunday school formed. The third witnessed our removal to a larger and more commodious apartment, at the corner of Allen and North Streets—where on Sunday, January 6, 1833, being 'Epiphany, or the day of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles,' I preached to a crowded and attentive audience, the fulfilment to them that day of that blessed promise, 'This day, (said I) is this word fulfilled in your ears,' and urged upon them their immediate union in a Church to be named in memory of that day, 'The Church of the Epiphany.' The call was responded to. The resolution unanimously taken, and a permanent lease soon after obtained of a building corner of Essex and Stanton Street, to serve as a Church Edifice.

After this, so rapid was its growth, that the lease was given up, and the erection of the Church determined on, retaining the spot chosen, and the name already given, and in six months after was the corner stone laid of this noblest of our Mission Churches, 'The Church of the Epiphany,' a name that seldom fails touching to recall to my mind the heathen answers that had on that very spot been given by the children, 'We have no Church,' 'there is no Sunday school,' 'we read no Bible,' 'we hear no preaching about a Saviour.'

**THE LATE MRS. LEAVER.**—It was with feelings of sincere sympathy for our bereaved and much esteemed Brother at Antigonish, that we lately recorded the severe affliction which has befallen him. The following tribute to the memory of his departed wife, has been sent us for insertion:—

THE friends of the late Mrs. LEAVER of Antigonish having been disappointed in procuring the attendance of a clergyman at her funeral, the following was hastily written by a friend of the family, to be read at the grave by the person who performs the funeral service. Circumstances, however, rendered it unnecessary.

Death is at all times a serious and important subject, whether we consider its effects upon our social relation, or on the future fate of its immediate victim. In the one case, families are bereaved and frequently remain inconsolable. In the other, a fear arises that the precious offers conveyed by the Gospel may have been rejected. These are the thoughts which render death fearful and call upon man to weep when perhaps he should rejoice.—But another view of the picture should be taken, in which its darker shades are merged in the glorious and full development of the light of the Spirit of God. We have been assured by that Spirit, that Death in itself is not fearful—that it is only the penalty originally incurred by our first parents, and by them entailed upon their progeny—that it is the fruit of sin alone!—but that it is atoned for and rendered blessed through the merits of Christ our Redeemer.

Upon this principle then, I now address you. Well might the prophet of olden time exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." The scripture also says that the righteous has hope in his death; and may not all present, if they obey the Divine commands, have hope also? Nay! will it not amount to the most positive certainty? We are warranted, from various circumstances, to suppose that the person to whom I allude in this short address, fully possessed that hope which is above all things essential.

I waive my description of her merits—her kindness—her benevolence—her active charity, have been too fully exemplified to require it; and I merely mention these qualities, which certainly are indicative of a high moral perception, to remind you that the possession of these

alone becomes too often a broken reed upon which men, as finite creatures, too generally rely;—they are good in themselves; but they require the support of a feeling of a higher order. Her character, however, was not merely amiable—it was religious.

It is painful to advert to the past. It is sorrowful even to recapitulate the virtues of one who forever has departed from among us; because the very enumeration serves to remind us of the extent of our loss. The Lord has laid his hands most heavily upon her family; but in taking her to himself, what mortal would be so rash and impious as to impeach his Providence? What else than can we say, than that "the Lord giveth—the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord?" Even so—Blessed be His name!

Psalm 30—verse 9.

"WHAT PROFIT IS THERE?"

What profit is there when my blood is shed?  
When to the pit humanity must go!  
Shall the dead praise Thee, when the soul is fled?  
Speaks it thy truth in darkness and in woe!

Yea, it shall praise Thee, God of very God!  
Father of the Redeemer! He who came  
To justify the law, yet spare the rod  
And on him take our sorrow and our shame.

Yea, it shall praise Thee! darkness now is light,  
And sin has faded in Religion's ray—  
Thou hast aroused thee in thy fearful might,  
And Satan's ancient power has passed away.

Yea, it shall praise Thee! Death's dark gloomy wing  
Flaps over us unheeded—Christ will be  
Our fond protector—will extract the sting,  
And give the christian all the victory!

**NEWFOUNDLAND.**—We have pleasure in extracting from a late No. of the St. John's Times, the following additional notice of the Bishop's progress, affording us does, gratifying proof of the benefits of his Episcopal labours.

**THE BISHOP.**—We understand His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland is progressing in his primary visitation to the Northern Churches to the great comfort of his people, and to the advancement of the holy cause in which he is engaged.—On Tuesday the 14th His Lordship succeeded in reaching Heart Content from Carbonear; and in the settlement of the South Shore of Trinity Bay he preached the times on the following day, administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper twice, interred an infant and confirmed seventy-three persons. After making arrangements for the repair of the Church at Heart Content, and contributing liberally towards the establishment of a school at Silly Cove, His Lordship passed on to Trinity Harbour, the flourishing mission of the Rev. William Bullock.—By the latest account from Trinity the Bishop had performed Divine service four times in the Church of St. Paul, and confirmed one hundred and ninety-two persons.

It was His Lordship's intention to return to St. John's in the course of the past week; but the pressing wants of Trinity Bay for additional labour induced him to remain there another Sunday, he might admit to the order of Deacons Mr. D. Martin—a gentleman of considerable theological attainments, and who has been for some time sought for the Ministry.

It is exceedingly gratifying to us to hear from that quarter which has been favoured, with a visit from His Lordship that a vast amount of good has been effected; whilst his kind and truly gentlemanly deportment to all classes has left an impression which will not be readily effaced.—His Lordship may be hourly expected in town.

**ECCLIASTICAL APPOINTMENT.**—The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland has appointed the Rev. William Bullock to be the Rural Dean of Trinity, with jurisdiction over the several Ecclesiastical and Missionary Stations from Twillingate to the Southern shore of Trinity Bay, inclusive, being the Northern District of the Diocese of Newfoundland.—*Times*.

**THE LATE REV. J. L. TRIMMINGHAM.**—In the Church of England Magazine for May we observe a sermon by the present Bishop of Newfoundland, preached at Bermuda eight years ago, with reference to the lamented loss of the above-named clergyman, whose melancholy fate is well known to our readers. Appended to the sermon is the following note furnishing some particulars which we had not met with before.

"The islands of Bermudas are occasionally visited by those awful hurricanes which desolate the islands over which they pass.

In June, 1832, the usual indications of a coming storm was observed, but as the season in which the hurricanes are most violent had not arrived, apprehensions were not gloomily awakened. As evening drew on, a brig was observed on the south side of the island, bearing herself gallantly against the increasing gale, and breasting the sullen and foaming surges 'like a thing of life.' The experienced island mariners, as they watched the conflict from the land, quaked for the safety of the bark, when they looked at the gathering clouds piled in awful grandeur, and darkening the heavens with an unaccustomed hue, in that bright and lovely climate, and they shuddered as they thought on the sharp ledge of coral reefs, with which those rocky islands are girt.

The hurricane soon raged in all its might, and in one of those still and solemn pauses of the elementary war, when it seems as if nature paused to re-collect her exhausted energies, a single gun was heard by one, whose thoughts were on the deep. Day dawned; the sun arose pouring light and fragrance all around, on a scene of withered beauty,—stately cedars were prostrate, large pride of Indies, with their magnificent clusters of sweet and clove-like flowers had been scattered on the ground like rose-branches by the resistless blast; palms everywhere thrown down; no ship seen near the coast. Weeks passed on, and the packet for July arrived, with the appalling news that the preceding one had left Halifax at the appointed time. Still there was a hope that she might have been driven far to the westward by the hurricane. Oh! the anxious inquiries concerning every brig which appeared in the offing.

The missing packet contained the eldest sons of three families, and who can describe the yearnings of the mothers' hearts, their unbroken thought of those for whom their ceaseless prayers went up on high, with the humble entreaty that they might be enabled to say, 'God's will be done.' Months rolled on, and all hope was fled,

"Oh were her tale of sorrow known,  
'Twere something to the breaking heart;  
The pang of doubt would then be gone,  
And fancy's endless dreams depart.  
It may not be—there is no ray,  
By which her doom we may explore,  
We only know she sailed away,  
And ne'er was heard of more."

Montgomery.

The lamented subject of the foregoing sermon had just obtained a living in the diocese of Nova Scotia, and was returning to his native island, to claim the hand of one who was to have been the helpmate of long expected years of exertion. The two others who shared his melancholy fate were boys from the collegiate school at Windsor, in Nova Scotia, who were joyously anticipating the pleasure of spending

their midsummer vacation with their parents in Bermuda, when, at the entrance of their 'desired haven,' in sight even of the homes where they were so fondly expected, they were summoned from the cares of this world by the inscrutable though unerring command of a heavenly Father.

Two years after, a spar, inscribed 'Recruit' (the name of the unfortunate packet), was discovered in one of the lonely little bays of the Bahama islands!

**A CONTRAST.**—The New York Churchman, in speaking of the form of Prayer and Thanksgiving lately put forth in England, on the occasion of the recent preservation of the Queen from a violent death, has the following observations:—

"We cannot help expressing our lovely sense of the difference between this form, proscribed by the authorities of the Church of England, and that published in one of the Romanist papers in this city, as having been offered in the Popish cathedral in Dublin by one of their preachers.—Apart from the utterly unjustifiable association of departed men and women with the Holy Spirit, in that production; the pert compliment to Almighty God, with which it commences, is sufficient to stamp it with the character of irreverence and almost of profanity.—We subjoin the prayer to which we allude:

'O! Almighty Creator and Ruler of the universe, whose wonderful providence is displayed in the dispositions of human affairs more strikingly, if possible, than in the economy of nature.—Eternal Father, King of kings, protect the Queen. O! Jesus, Lord of Glory, send thy holy angels to defend her; inspire her, like Israel's king, with wisdom to govern her countless subjects. O! thou Paraclete of God; patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, all ye saints of the heavenly court, befriend her! O! ever glorious and blessed Virgin Mary, pray for Victoria! O! mother of God, procure for her a mother's joys from thy divine Son, Christ Jesus, with the grace so to educate her royal offspring and so to wear her crown, as that with her royal Albert, she may deserve, through Christ our Saviour, to be crowned in that kingdom where traitors cannot enter, and woe existence, unalloyed by pain or apprehension, shall be ever blessed and immortal. Amen.'"

**UNIVERSALISM.**—This pernicious heresy has made some, though we hope but little progress in Nova Scotia. A preacher of it, we hear, is now retailing its delusions among the secluded harbours of our Western coast, but we hope he will soon find out that there is a bad market for them there. If he or any of his fraternity should read the following letter, we hope they may have grace to act like the writer, and sap the foundations of sound religion no more.—Among the strange preachers, by the way, we understand there is one who does not agree with St. Paul, that "women should keep silence in the churches,"—but lacking the goodly ornament of 'shamefacedness,' she has been for some time usurping the office of a religious teacher. Are they blameless who encourage such monstrosities by their presence? It is very plain that if hearers were wanting, these follies would not disgrace the land.

**Universalism Renounced.**—In the Universalist paper published in New York, we find the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, pastor of the 4th Universalist Society of that city. It will be seen that he professes to have learned the error of his ways, and with independence that does him honour, and is no small evidence of his sincerity, he boldly avows his change of views. May many others be led to a like acknowledgment of the truth.

New York, July 22d, 1840.

Dear Brethren—I hope you will pardon the liberty which I have taken in addressing to you these few lines

in relation to a subject which I deem of infinite importance

It is now about two years since I first commenced my labours in this city, and I think you will not deem it an evidence of vanity when I say, that my efforts to advance the cause of Universalism have been generally approved, and signally successful.

To this, you have frequently borne testimony, and for which, you have had my warmest acknowledgments.

But in looking calmly and dispassionately at the result of my ministrations, there is one drawback to my happiness; one source of disquietude, which weighs heavily upon my mind.

I have recently been led to ask myself the following important question—What have I done towards promoting practical piety among my congregation? Have I induced them to become a deeply religious people—a praying people?

Alas I am constrained to answer these questions in the negative, and to take unto myself shame and confusion of face.

Now if the doctrine of Universalism be the truth of God, ought I not to have expected a different result?

What then is the inference? Why that it is not a doctrine of the Bible.

Perhaps you may think this an hasty conclusion, but I will assure you it is not so.

I have been led to investigate its claims—I have prayed to the Almighty that he would enlighten my understanding, and lead me to a knowledge of the truth; and blessed be his holy name, he has heard and answered my petition.

I can truly say, that I now see, and feel the importance of personal religion in a manner that I have never done before, and I ardently beseech the 'Giver of every good and perfect gift,' that he would open your eyes, and give you to see that Universalism is but a 'cunningly devised fable,' calculated to darken the mind, harden the heart, and induce mankind to wander from the paths of righteousness and peace.

Such being my convictions, I can advocate it no longer; and I beseech you as you hope for mercy at the hands of the Almighty to renounce it immediately.

Do not I pray you, suffer yourselves to be deluded by a sentiment which is dangerous, and licentious in its tendency. By renouncing it, you lose nothing, for if it is true, you are in common with the whole world, will be saved—but if it is false, Oh! remember—remember the awful consequences.

But I must close, and may the Lord grant that you, together with my dear congregation may soon be led to see, and feel the necessity of an interest in the atoning blood of Jesus, which is the ardent prayer of  
Your sincere friend,

WM. WHITTAKER.

A signature, with place and date, is by mistake appended to the poetry in the last page, which is not original.

NEW AGENT for the Colonial Churchman at Gu'sborough—STYLES HART, Esq.

MARRIED.

At Halifax, by the Rev. Dr. Twining, Mr. Wm. S. Caio, of Miramichi; N.B. to Miss Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Trider, of the former place.

DIED.

At Barrington, on the 2d ult. William Brown of Wm. B. Sargent, Esq. aged 70 years.

## HYMN.

By the Rev. G. Bryan.\*

Sweet is the feast of Jesus' love,  
And bright the banquet shines  
Of things below and things above,  
From Truth's exhaustless mines.

Pardon, and peace, and life, and light,  
In holy paths abound;  
And grace shall guide their footsteps right,  
Who in those paths are found.

The lowly seek the living way,  
And humbly walk therein,  
Fast to the world of endless day,  
And from the world of sin.

O, for the eagle's rapid wings,  
To bear our spirits o'er  
To the fair land of priests and kings,  
To be enslaved no more!

How sweet to walk the courts above,  
And full salvation see;  
The purchase of Immanuel's love,  
For thee, vain man, for thee!

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

As the attention of the friends of Missions is now anxiously turned to that interesting territory, which takes within its limits the principal Islands of the Pacific Ocean, it will be interesting and instructive to peruse the following lively extract from "Bennet's Voyage round the World." The marks of civilization in those countries in which the inhabitants have so lately emerged from barbarism, cannot but interest the mind—"Are we not all brethren," and children of the same God?

One writer thus speaks of the Pitcairn Islanders, descendants from the crew of the *Bounty*.

O.

The only survivors of the first settlers are two aged Tahitian females, who possess some interest in association with the history of those islanders. The eldest, Isabella, is the widow of the notorious Fletcher Christian, and the mother of the first born on the island. Her hair is very white, and she bears generally an appearance of extreme age, but her mental and bodily powers are yet active. She appeared to have some knowledge of Captain Cook, and relates with the tenacious retrospect of age many minute particulars connected with the visit of that great navigator to Tahiti. The second, Susan Christian, is some years younger than her countrywoman Isabella. She is short and stout, of a very cheerful disposition, and proved particularly kind to us—indeed, I flattered myself that I had found favour in the sight of 'old Susan,' as she not only presented to me a native cloth, of brilliant colours, which she had herself manufactured, but, bringing a pair of scissors, insisted upon my taking a look of her dark and flowing hair, flowing profusely over her shoulders, and as yet but little frosted by the winter of life. This woman arrived on the island as the wife of one of the Tahitian settlers, and bears the reputation of having played a conspicuous part when the latter were massacred by their own countrywomen. She subsequently married Thursday October, the eldest son of Fletcher Christian, who died at Tahiti in 1831.

In person, intellect, and habits these islanders form an interesting link between the civilized European and unsophisticated Polynesian natives—They are a tall and robust people, and their features, though far from handsome, display many European traits. With the exception of George Adams, who

\* From the Church of England Magazine.

is much fairer than any of his countrymen, the complexion of the adults does not differ in shade from that of the Society Islanders. Their hair also is invariably black and glossy, and either straight or gracefully waved, as with the last named people.—Their disposition is frank, honest, and hospitable to an extreme, and as is common to races claiming a mixture of European with Asiatic blood, they possess a proud and susceptible sense of mind. In conducting the most trivial affairs they are guided by the Scriptures, which they have read diligently, and from which they quote with a freedom and frequency that rather impair the effect.

A modest demeanour, a large share of good humour, and, an artless and retiring grace, render the females peculiarly prepossessing.

The children are stout and shrewd little urchins, familiar and confident, but at the same time well behaved. They are early inured to aquatic exercises, and it amused us not a little to see small creatures, two or three years old, sprawling in the surf which broke upon the beach; their mothers sitting upon the rocks watching their antics and coolly telling them to 'come out or they would be drowned;' whilst the older children, amusing themselves with their surfboards, would dive out beneath the lofty breakers, and, availing themselves of a succeeding series, approach the coast, borne on the crest of a wave with a velocity which threatened their instant destruction against the rocks; but, skilfully evading any contact with the shore, they again dived forth to meet and mount another of their foaming steeds.

The ordinary clothing of the men is little more than the maro or girdle of cloth worn by the most primitive Polynesian islanders.

The females commonly employ for their dress the native material they prepare from the bark of the paper—mulberry tree, stained with vegetable dyes, but as opportunities offer they substitute for this rude cloth the handkerchiefs and cotton prints of Europe. They wear the petticoat and scarf in the Tahitian style, and complete their toilette, after the manner of the same nation, by passing a girdle of the seared and yellow leaves of the Ti plant around their waist, placing flowers in their ears, and encircling their tresses with a floral wreath. Some few wear their hair short, but the majority permit it to flow over the shoulders in luxuriant ringlets.

These people subsist chiefly on vegetable food. Yams, which are abundant, and of excellent quality, form their principal dependence; and next to these the roots of the mountain taro (*arum costatum*), for the cultivation of which the dry and elevated character of the land is so well adapted. Coconuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and watermelons, are also included among the edible vegetables, but of breadfruit they obtain only a scanty crop, of very indifferent quality. They prepare a common and favourite food with grated coconuts and yams pounded with bananas to a thick paste, which, when enveloped in leaves and baked, furnish a very nutritious and palatable cake called 'pilai.' On two days in the week they permit themselves the indulgence of animal food, either goat's flesh, pork, or poultry, while the waters around the coast afford them a sufficient supply of fish. They cook in the Tahitian manner, by baking in excavations in the earth filled with heated stones; the fuel they employ is usually the dried husks of the coconut.

The elder members of the Pitcairn Island family are but indifferently educated, scarcely any of them being able to write their own name, though most can read. For some years past an Englishman, named George Nobbs, has resided on the island and officiated as schoolmaster to the children, who, in consequence, exhibit a proficiency in the elements of education highly creditable both to their own intelligence and to the exertions of their teacher. George Adams had commenced instructing himself in writing but a few months before our arrival, and a journal which he had kept for that length of time, and which he put into my possession, displays much progress in the art. The few books they possess have been obtained from

sailors visiting their shores, and are chiefly of a religious tenour. Some volumes, also, which were removed from the *Bounty*, are still preserved in the house formerly occupied by the patriarch John Adams.

The English and Tahitian languages are spoken with equal fluency by all the islanders excepting the two Tahitian females, who speak little else than their native dialect, and are perhaps in the sad predicament of having partly forgotten that. They converse in English with some of the imperfections peculiar to foreigners; and this may be partly attributed to their usually discoursing in Tahitian with one another, as well as to practice among their British visitors of addressing them in broken English the better to be understood, a delusion into which most fall upon their first intercourse with this people.—They nevertheless pride themselves upon an accurate knowledge of the language of their fathers, and not only aim at its niceties, but also indulge in the more common French interpolations, as *faux pas*, *fracas*, *sang froid*, &c.

They were early and well instructed in the pure doctrine of the Christian religion, by their revered forefather John Adams, and it is to be sincerely hoped that no fanaticism may ever intrude upon their present simple and sensible worship of the Creator, nor the intemperate zeal of enthusiasts give them a bane in exchange for that religion,

Whose functions is to heal and to restore,

To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute.\*

Their Sabbath is now observed upon the correct day, or that according with the meridian of the island, which was not the case in 1814 when Sir T. Staines visited the spot, and found John Adams and his small community preserving Saturday as the day of rest; an error which had arisen from the circumstance of the *Bounty* having made the passage from England to Tahiti by the eastern route, without any correction of time having been made to allow for the day, apparently gained by this course.

## MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

BELIEF OF WITCHCRAFT IN CAFFRARIA, SOUTH AFRICA.

A Wesleyan missionary furnishes the following horrid incident:—

Only this evening, the news of a poor Fingoo being murdered was brought to me. The kraal where this act took place was about four miles from the station. To be assured of the truth of the statement, I rode to the place, and found it was true: already they had burnt two houses; and the people of the place were pulling down the other houses of the kraal, belonging to the friends of the murdered man. I inquired whether it was really true that a man had been murdered: they answered with much apparent composure, and as if approving of the deed, "Oh yes, he is dead: he has been bewitching people!" and when requested to know particulars, they stated that the man was sitting at the door of his house in the evening, when suddenly a number of men made their appearance, running over the hill toward the place.—The man, thinking some peril was coming upon him, fled: the party followed him—put a thong round his neck—and brought him back to his house; demanding of him in the most threatening way, all the bewitching stuff which he had. The poor creature, thinking to escape death, went into his house, and brought out a wild dried fruit, called by the colonists the bitter-apple, and which is used by the natives as an emetic: they demanded what use he made of that, he replied, "With this I bewitch men and cattle." This being laid by, they called for more; when he went again into his house, and brought out a piece

fert-root, telling them that he chewed this when was at the 'great place,' that he might get the captain's love.—After this they demanded more: he said 'I have no more;' when they dragged him to a neighbouring thicket, and strangled him at a tree!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ROAD TO LONDON.

The road which leads to London is not London.—A man gets once to confound these two things, and mistake one for the other; if he gets to fancy that his prayers is holiness, that coming to church is holiness,—his error is most dangerous, and, if not cured of it, will be deadly. In the case of the latter this is plain enough. If you saw a traveller sitting by the roadside, and he told you he was going to London, you would say to him, 'This is the way; get up, and walk along; and, if you keep your eyesight on you will get there in time.' So do we, ministers, say to all such as have the form of holiness, without the power, to all who come to church, without striving to obey God when they are at church,—to all such we say, 'You have the means, if you would only use them; you have the will of God's will, if you will only endeavor to do it. Preach, practise, practise what you learn; quicken your steps; move onward along the road to heaven; never slumbering and loitering by the way.'

But suppose the traveller, instead of following your advice, were to say, 'No, I shall sit on where I am; this, you yourself tell me, is the road to London; being in the right road, I shall soon get home.' Would the traveller to make you such an answer, would you think? Would you not pity him, amazed in mind? would not you try to rouse him? would not you warn him that the only home he was to get to was his last home? that he would starve or be frozen to death, if he did not jump and move on quickly? What then! are you not as much to be pitied, do you not quite as much to be warned, if you persist in the very same mistake about your heavenly journey, and lie motionless, saying that it is enough to know and see the road, without troubling yourself to follow it? So far is it from being enough, that better were it to be born an ignorant Turk or heathen; better, much better were it for a man never to have seen a church, nor to have heard the name of Jesus Christ, than to be all the religious advantages vouchsafed to us, and rest lazily satisfied with the forms of holiness, without endeavoring to obtain the substance. To talk with the lips, if that is all we do, is nothing worse than nothing. We must pray with the understanding, and above all we must pray at the same time with the spirit. And we cannot do, unless we are in earnest in our hearts, unless our heart is in them, unless we are truly striving to abide in God's holy law, and to keep in all his commandments.

THE SAMARITANS.

There was with no common interest that we entered the synagogue of these remarkable people, as a curiosity to which they required that we should take our shoes. Their 'cohen,' or priest, shewed us a copy of the Pentateuch on two rollers, which they said to be the oldest manuscript in the world, and that it was written by Abishag, the son of Bas, the son of Eleazer, the son of Aaron. It is of marks of very great age, and is here and there covered with pieces of parchment. Some of the scholars are of opinion that it is only a transcript of Ezra's copy written again in the old Hebrew or Chaldean letter, out of which Ezra transcribed it into the Chaldee, then first adopted, and commonly used by the Jews; others are disposed to regard it as an independent record, which has been preserved since the days of Jeroboam, first by the neighbouring tribes, and subsequently by the Samaritans. In either case, it affords a remarkable proof to the accurate preservation of the books

of Moses during a period of 2300 years; for as the rival sects of Christianity have acted as checks on each other to prevent the corruption of any portion of the Sacred Scriptures, since the first schism in the Apostolic Church, so the quick-sighted jealousy of the Jews and Samaritans has proved an infallible safeguard to the text of the Pentateuch since the days of their separation. In the earlier days of society, when MSS. were scarce, and the knowledge of letters confined to very few, it would have been easy for an unanimous priesthood to mutilate the inspired volume; but even suspicion itself can have no place in reference to a record of faith kept with equal veneration and care by men, whose national and religious antipathies have separated them in every other respect, but who, in their agreement as to that, afford incontestible evidence to its genuineness. Like the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, as to which alone their manuscripts differ, they present a front of irreconcilable opposition—but their very hostility enhances the value of their testimony, and renders them unconscious guardians of the truth of that Mosaic dispensation, a full belief in which neither party admits to be possessed by the other.—*Elliott's Three Great Empires.*

*Striking Instance of the Seasonable Influence of a Passage of Scripture.*—There are two brothers, in South Africa who had for some years lived on the same farm; and both were hard drinkers, and leaders in all the revels which took place in the neighbourhood. One of them became thoughtful, and laid aside all his former courses. The brother who was still in his old state, after using all the means which he could think of to get his brother to lay aside his Bible and return to his former habits, had recourse to the following stratagem: he prepared an entertainment for his friends and neighbours; and it was agreed among them; that such means should be used as would induce the religious man to unite with them so as to lead him into excess. Immediately before the company assembled, the young man who had laid the snare for his brother came to him, and found him with the Bible before him. The chapter which he was reading was the Eighteenth of Matthew. Provoked at seeing his brother reading the Bible, when he thought he should have seen him preparing to receive his friends, he addressed him in a style of sarcasm and ridicule; but, in the midst of his address, the Sixth Verse of the Chapter before him caught his eye—*But whose shall offend one of these little-ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.* His countenance instantly changed—he became pale—he confessed the cause of his agitation—entreated his brother's forgiveness—and has, ever since that day, given the most satisfactory evidence of being the subject of a saving change.

POPISH TOLERATION.

*Protestant Church at Naples.*—Lord Palmerston, in answer to a question from Mr. C. Bruce, said, that the strictness of the laws opposed some obstacles to Protestant worship at Naples. For a long course of time an apartment in the house of the Consul-General at Naples was appropriated as a chapel for British residents; and when the office of Consul-General was abolished, and a Consul with a reduced salary substituted in his place, a similar accommodation was still afforded in the house of the Consul. The room in his house, however, having been found too small, the British residents applied to the Neapolitan Government for permission to build a separate edifice as a chapel for public worship, and it was understood by them and the British mission that the Neapolitan Government had consented that such edifice should be erected, provided that its outward appearance should be free from any thing calculated to shock or annoy the feelings of the Neapolitan Government, acted upon by some other influence, took alarm, as he (Lord Palmerston) supposed, retracted their consent, and insisted that a stop should be put to the erection of such building. The British residents then, but without obtaining in writing the consent of the

Neapolitan Government, engaged a large room in the Palazzo Calabritti as a place of worship, which, however, when fitted up, the Neapolitan Government would not permit to be opened, their consent not having been obtained.

REMOVAL OF PERSECUTION.

Mr. Burt... read to the Wesleyan Missionary Society Meeting in London, in 1834—the following letter which he had just addressed to one of the West India Missionaries, who had opposed the progress of religious truth. "Sin bitet at the last like a Serpent."

'I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of some Religious Pamphlets from you. I cannot sufficiently express to you my feelings on the occasion, particularly, coming as they do from a Gentleman, whom I have done all that I could to injure, as also every one of his followers, without ever having received injury at their hands. I hope I shall read them with profit, both for my temporal and eternal welfare. Situated as I am, absorbed in sin, and having every allurements which either gratifies the eye or satisfies the taste—and knowing, as I well do, the sinfulness of such a course—I cannot dwell on these circumstances without regretting, that the many virtuous precepts which a dear religious mother attempted to instil into my mind have been thrown hitherto upon a barren ground. Except at certain periods feeling a poignancy of regret that my mind cannot dilate upon, I have brought forth no fruit, not even that of repentance; and when I review my past life, I cannot but think that one of the greatest mercies of the Almighty is, that of allowing a man to live, who was capable of organizing a band of sinners to destroy a temple devoted to His worship. Live I do, a monument of my own shame!

PRESERVATION FROM DROWNING.

The following valuable hints upon this important matter, are extracted from the London Times:—

'It is extraordinary, that notwithstanding the Royal Humane Society circulates gratuitously some thousands of its manuals upon that important subject, the most deplorable ignorance prevails; and I fear that many persons in whom the spark of life might have been still flickering have been destroyed in consequence of their being held up by the heels when taken out of the water. The application of warmth at this season of the year is not difficult. The application of friction is very simple. To keep the head and chest slightly raised, and the nostrils cleansed, is very easily accomplished; and a small portion of weak brandy and water (warm), when the patient is able to swallow, may be given.

The above treatment is simple, and may be pursued with safety until the arrival of a medical gentleman.

In conclusion, permit me to add the 'Cautions' recommended in the manual of the Royal Humane Society:—

- 'Send quickly for medical assistance.
- 'Cautions.—1. Lose no time. 2. Avoid all rough usage. 3. Never hold the body up by the feet. 4. Nor roll the body on casks. 5. Nor rub the body with salt or spirits. 6. Nor inject tobacco smoke or infusion of tobacco.'

DEATH.

A man would not be sorry to be ejected from a cottage, in order to his living in a palace: and yet how apt we are to fear death, when to a child of God is but the writ of ejectment that turns him out of prison, and transports, him to his apartments in court!

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN.

Messrs. Editors,

In your number of the 5th instant, you casually allude to a letter lately addressed by the present Pope, (Gregory 16th) to the Earl of Shrovsbury—the well known President of a society termed “the Catholic Institute of Great Britain.” It may be as well to add: that in that letter, the Pope makes the following misstatement:—he alludes to himself as “by divine appointment constituted the heir of the name and chair of that Gregory the Great, who by the church of the Catholic Faith, first enlightened Britain, involved in the darkness of idolatry.” A correspondent of the London Times, thus truly exposes the fallacy of one statement at least of this alleged unerring and immutable prelate:—

“I need scarce say, that although the assertion in the extract from the letter, ‘that Gregory the Great was the first who enlightened Britain by the torch of the Catholic faith,’ ought to have been substantiated by some reference to history, it was not; I therefore beg to supply the deficiency by the following extract from ‘The History of Britain, that part especially now called England. From the first Traditional Beginning, continued to the Norman Conquest. Collected out of the Ancientest and Best Authors, by John Milten. London, 1695.’ ‘The Abbot Austin, and his fellows, came safe to the Isle of Tanet, anno 597, and when called to the presence of King Ethelbert, advancing for their standard a silver cross, and the painted image of our Saviour, came slowly forward singing their solemn litanies; and sitting down as the King willed them, they there preached to him, and all in that assembly, the tidings of salvation.’ This is what the historian says was done at the instance of the Gregory of that time. (See page 173.) On consulting page 164, we find that the King ‘allotted them their residence in Doroverne, or Canterbury, his chief city;’ but (and mark this well) ‘there stood without the city, on the east side, an ancient church built in honour of St. Martain, while yet the Romans remained heer, in which Bertha, the queen, went out usually to pray. Heer they also began first to preach, baptize, and openly to exercise divine worship.’ Anno 598. The Romans finally left about anno 423, and in this church ‘Bertha, the queen went out usually to pray,’ but this is all before the arrival of Austin and his fellows.

At page 165, we are told that Austin was ‘ordained Archbishop of the English by the Archbishop of Arles, at the appointment of Pope Gregory.’ Pages 165 and 166 fully define ‘the torch of the Catholic faith,’ for we read that Austin ‘sent to Rome Lawrence and Peter, two of his associates, to acquaint the Pope of his good success in England,’ and ‘Gregory sends the great work of converting that went on so happily a supply of labourers, Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, Rufinon, and many others. Who and what they were may be guessed by the stuff which they brought with them, vessels and vestments for the altar, coaps, reliques, and for the Archbishop Austin a pall to say mass in. To such a rank superstition that age was grown, though some of them yet retaining an emulation of apostolic zeal. Lastly, to Ethelbert they brought a letter with many presents. Austin, thus exalted to archiepiscopal authority, recovered from the ruins and other profane uses, a Christian church in Canterbury built of old by the Romans’ (‘a Christian church,’ mark well, ‘built of old by the Romans,’) which he dedicated by the name of Christ’s Church, and joining to it built a seat for himself and his successors; a monastery also near the city eastward, where Ethelbert at his motion built St. Peter’s, and enriched it, with great endowments, to be a place of burial for the archbishops and kings of Kent—so quickly they stepped up into fellowship of pomp with kings. Thus we see that Christianity was not introduced to these islands by Pope Gregory, but that Popery was.”

August, 1840.

MORGAN MORGAN.\*

The following biographical sketch may serve to show the remarkable manner in which lay-agency has sometimes been blessed in the christian church:—

Morgan Morgan was a native of Wales, whence he emigrated in early life to the province of Pennsylvania. In the year 1728 he removed to what is now the county of Berkley, in Virginia, and built the first cabin which was reared on the south side of the Potomac, between the Blue Ridge and North Mountain. He was a man of exemplary piety, devoted to the church; and in the year 1740, associated with Dr. John Briscoe and Mr. Hite, he erected the first episcopal church in the valley of Virginia. This memorial of his zeal, it is believed, is still standing, and now forms that part of the parish of Winchester which is known as Mill Creek church. But he has left behind him other and more valuable records of his quiet and useful life. ‘He went about doing good,’ and was most frequently to be found by the bedsides of the sick and dying. With no mad zeal, assuming to itself infallibility and superior holiness; but with the soberness of a sound mind and the earnestness of a pious heart, he sought to impress upon others the value of the gospel of Christ. In this good work he forgot not his household, but laboured to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The fruit of his labour was abundantly visible in the piety of a son who bore his own name; and who, in the destitution of episcopal clergymen in Western Virginia, officiated at the early age of sixteen as a lay-reader in the church which his father had erected. The father lived on, a pattern of piety, enjoying at times, under the ministrations of an episcopal clergyman, the solemn services and comfortable sacraments of that church which had his heart’s best affections, until, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, he died under the roof of that son, whose piety and filial tenderness smoothed his passage to the grave.

But clergymen were not always to be had; and Morgan Morgan had been taught by his father that the public worship of God was not to be neglected on that account. He officiated himself, but never was known to assume the dignity nor exercise the duties which belong peculiarly to the ministry. He confined himself strictly to that which a lay-man might lawfully do. In the latter years of his life, the wants of the church were greatly increased from the distracted state of the country, and he was consequently often called from home to perform in vacant churches those religious duties which were proper for a lay-man; and, as his circumstances were easy, he determined, in the urgency of the case, to devote himself exclusively to the work of keeping alive and quickening piety in the church of his fathers; and thus did he exhibit the singular spectacle of a lay-man, in his appropriate station, and with due regard to all the peculiarities and regulations of the Church, seeking to keep up her institutions under circumstances of peculiar discouragement. The history of his success is thus related by the writer, to whom we are indebted for our sketch; and it certainly affords abundant encouragement to the zeal and efforts of the pious layman who may be engaged in building up the church. ‘While the church to which he belonged shall have existence in the valley of Virginia, his pious labours must and will be remembered with gratitude. In a dark day, when desolation and death seemed brooding over her interests, he commenced a career of active exertion, which was hoping almost against hope; and, by efforts of the most disinterested nature, revived the attachment of her friends, and kept her from descending to the dust. Though encumbered with the weight of years, and though but a layman, thus precluded from some of the most interesting exercises, yet his labours were abundantly blessed by God, and the spirit of piety was kept alive. Through the counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, and that of Fredrick, Hampshire, and a small portion of Maryland, he exercised the duties of a lay-reader. He was a welcome visitant everywhere, and was beloved by

STGMA.

\* From “Dr. Hawks’s Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States.”

rich and poor; and, what does not always follow when the services of the church are kept up by man, he had large and attentive audiences. The character of the man was his passport to respect and attention, and his love for the church of his country stimulated the love of others. It is firmly believed that the fruits of his labours will be long traced in the valley of Virginia.

His bones are now resting in the Churchy Mill Creek church; and, though his name was but little known out of the immediate sphere of his usefulness, yet, doubtless, ‘he shall be known at the resurrection of the just.’

WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

“There is hardly a mistake more injurious to the interests of Christian charity, one which has more effectually impeded the progress of the Gospel, than that which has prevented that Gospel from having free course, being glorified as it will be glorified where free course, than that erroneous notion which has prevailed—I would almost say universally, but very generally, and I fear still too widely,—that the Church is the Clergy. The Clergyman, Am I again asked what is the Church? The man at his daily toil; the workmen who ply the shuttle; the artificer in his useful avocation; the tradesman in his shop; the merchant in his counting-house; the scholar in his study; the lawyer in the courts of justice; the senator in the hall of legislation; the monarch on the throne;—these, as well as the clergyman in the walls of the material building which is consecrated to the honour of God; these constitute the Church. The Church, my Lord, as defined in our own Article, is ‘the whole congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered.’ Therefore, are the Church, as well as we who are called to dress you in this language of exhortation, and upon you that we make the call, while we are to be binding upon ourselves; and, therefore, because it is the Church’s duty, that it is the duty of every member of the Church; for the Church, so constituted under its Divine Head, that no member can suffer but the whole body suffers; nay, the great Head himself feels in the remotest member of his body; not the meanest member of the body can make an exertion in favour of the whole, but the blessed effects of it are felt, to the benefit of the whole, which groweth by that which is joint supplieth, to the increase of itself in love. Therefore it is, because I feel that you are a member of that Church, that I venture to point out to you a duty incumbent upon you in that character to use as far as you can, the want which is left unsupplied by those whose duty we think it was to supply to use your best exertions as individuals, to mend for that national deficiency.”

THE WORKHOUSE BOY.\*

I HAVE been so much pleased with an event which lately occurred in my parish, that I am induced to set the particulars of it to paper, believing that they will cause others to share in my feelings. A labourer and his wife, of careless and idle habits, the wretchedness and contention common to such characters, were separated, fourteen years ago, by the desertion of the husband. The woman, with a young child, took refuge in the work-house. She remained there for four years, and, during her stay, the child was put out to service, with the exception of a son, who was soon after the husband deserted her. On quitting the workhouse, she left her son an inmate of it—the place of his nativity, and went to a neighbouring cottage, where she lived with a single man, with whom she lived, until within the last year. While she followed this miserable course, she won the regard of those set over her by his good character. He was sent to the parish school, and, when the poor law came into force, was removed to the workhouse.

\* From the Church of England Magazine.

INTEMPERANCE.\*

A WORD TO MEN WHO WISH TO REFORM THEMSELVES OR OTHER FROM INTEMPERANCE.

There are some few general principles which are to be impressed upon the mind.

1. Reformation is possible. No man is so intemperate, so wedded to his cups, that he cannot be saved from them. That is, the disease admits of a remedy. All that is required is self-denial and perseverance. To induce to this may be urged character, family, friends, health, life, temporal and eternal good.

2. Any attempt at reformation will be in vain, unless total abstinence from all alcoholic drinks is observed. Intemperance is a disease, as literally and truly as fever, palsy, or consumption are diseases. Indeed it is a complication of all these and of some others. A loathsome, burning plague spot has been fixed upon the vital, by the long continued use of ardent spirit; a raging appetite has been created, which, by day and by night, has cried, 'give, give.' This demand must never be gratified—no, not in any instance, or in any way or form; because, if gratified once, it will be renewed with greater importunity. Remember character, family, happiness, all are at a hazard. A non-intercourse act must be passed, and rigidly enforced. Wine, beer, cider, cordials, as well as rum, brandy, and gin, must be deemed contraband, and excluded.

3. Old associates must be forsaken. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and as the society of drinking men first led to habits of drinking, so, as long as their society is frequented, will there be a danger of again falling into former practices. Temptation will come unsought, and great wisdom and self-denial will be required to avoid its influence. Any one seeking to form new habits of life, must seek new associates; men who will strengthen, not weaken the resolution.

4. False shame, or if you please, false delicacy must be avoided. This has ruined many a man. They have been addicted to some habit injurious to their health and prospects, but from false delicacy they have neglected advice, avoided attempts to reform, pursued a vacillating course of conduct, and gone to the grave unreformed.—This will not answer. No man should ever be ashamed to acknowledge an error; for it is only saying he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. There is nothing disgraceful in striving to break off habits of drinking; the disgrace is in yielding to them.

5. Self-confidence must be guarded against. It is the rock upon which many a bark has been wrecked. I am always pained when I hear a man say, 'I can govern myself.' Many an one who has said this and confided in it, now sleeps in a drunkard's grave. 'Be not high minded, but fear,' should be impressed upon the mind.

6. I will add but one thing more, and that is, if the man who is attempting to reform from drinking is in the practice of chewing tobacco, or smoking, by at once abandoning these practices, he will lessen his danger of relapse, and accelerate his progress toward a perfect cure. Tobacco stimulates the system, induces thirst, and disorders the vital powers; and no doubt its use has, in thousands of instances, been the first step in the road to intemperate drinking.

PLAYS.—They are intolerable, and not fit to be permitted in a civilized, much less a christian nation:—they do most notoriously minister to vice and infidelity.—Archbishop Tillotson.

must be beneficial. The incident so kindly forwarded to us, is peculiarly interesting; we think, however, it is not the only one, that might be recorded, of the advantages derived by the children of the poor from the regulations of a well conducted union workhouse.—Ed.

\* Selected.

From the Christian Witness.

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

Descend! blest Comforter, and rest  
In every faithful shepherd's breast;  
Instruct in delusion's hour,  
And shield it from each traitor's power.

In sorrow's hour be ever near,  
And whisper in each anxious ear,  
'Tis I, thy Lord! who died for thee!  
Lift up thine heart, and follow me.

'I will thy trembling footsteps guide,  
If thou wilt in my love abide:  
Kind mercy guides my chastening rod,—  
To Zion say, Behold thy God!

'Behold thy God, Emanuel!  
Hath triumphed over death and hell!  
To me eternal power is given,  
O'er all in earth, and all in heaven!

THE BIBLE.

The following lines were written by Lord Byron, on the blank leaf of a Bible, a few weeks before his death.

Within this awful volume lies,  
The mystery of mysteries.  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way.  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

WONDERS OF A WATCH.

The common watch, it is said, beats or ticks 17,100 times in an hour. This is 411,840 a day; and 150,424,560 a year, allowing the year to be 365 days and 6 hours.

Sometimes watches will run, with care, a hundred years; I have heard people say. In that case, it would last to beat 15,042,456,000 times! Is it not surprising that it should not be beat to pieces in half that time?

The watch is made of hard metal. But I can tell you of a curious machine which is made of something not near so hard as steel or brass; it is not much harder than the flesh of your arm. Yet it will beat more than 5,000 times an hour; 120,000 times a day; and 43,830,000 times a year. It will sometimes, though not often, last 100 years; and when it does, it beats 4,383,000,000.

One might think this last machine, soft as it is, would wear out sooner than the other. But it does not. I will tell you one thing more. You have this little machine about you. You need not feel in your pocket, for it is not there. It is in your body—you can feel it beat,—it is your heart.—Epis. Rec.

'I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday,' said a deacon who had slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon. 'Didn't like it, brother A.? Why I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the Parson.'—An. paper.

The difficulties of life must not retard your growth in piety; for no pious action, no pious thought, no holy inclination, no godly resolution and wish, nothing shall be unrewarded. Even the afflictions you suffer for religion's sake are not lost:—they work out for you an eternal and unspeakable weight of glory.—Anon.

Carefully avoid these vices which most resemble virtue; they are a thousand times the most ensnaring of all vices.

district. There he made great progress under a school-master, and derived better knowledge from the teaching of a faithful chaplain.\* So superior was he to other boys of his class, that a proposal was made to his father to subscribe for his apprenticeship to trade. But his kind intention was fulfilled, an assistant poor law commissioner, observing the high promise of the lad, then ten years old, transferred him, for further improvement to the admirably conducted establishment at Norwood, at the end of a twelvemonth, took him into his employment, as a clerk, benevolently engaging to give him the advantage of additional school instruction, and to be his friend and protector, if he persevered in right behavior. His first act of the youth in his new station, proved him worthy of the favour, of which he had been the object.—An endeavour to reclaim his mother. She had been at peace, while she so offended God. She had been happily exhorted by the minister of the parish to leave her with which inclineth unto death," but, deaf to his entreaties, she persisted in giving place to her spiritual enemy. The son addressed a letter to her, in which he pointed out the awful consequences of her iniquity, if not entirely forsaken, and deeply repented of. It was a touching appeal. He stated that nothing but the strongest call of duty could prevail with him, a son—and nearly an age—to offer counsel to a parent, but that affection impelled him to entreat her for her soul's sake to turn from her evil way. He added, that he should be glad to make her such a weekly allowance as would enable her to live in an honest course, if she would instantly leave her mode of sin and shame. The woman had a trial to enter the workhouse. Her partner in guilt was one, probably, whom she ceased to care—the friendship of the wicked she shunned with horror—but from the children she felt it to part. This tie she had resolution to break. The persuasion of the good son was irresistible; she read it, it reached her heart, and she hastened to a married sister, prepared to afford her retreat. The companion from whom she fled has invited her back in vain. She stands that she has escaped for her life; she sees the destruction on the brink of which she stood.

What a happy change has this youth effected! and how glorious the result, if the woman should become a believing and lasting penitent. See the benefit of education in religious wisdom—see how it may be accomplished even in a workhouse. The hand of God directed these occurrences. Doubtless 'it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;' but God is pleased to work in human affairs by human instruments, and his blessing, which he graciously vouchsafed to the labourer of this poor boy, he confers on the labours of all who live in his faith and fear, and, 'as the servants of Christ, do his will from the heart.'

The beauty of this narration is, that it is strict and literal truth. It has no colouring or embellishment, it is plain and of fact. The relator tells that which he knows, and testifies that which he has seen.

P. S. D.

March 3rd.

Without at all entering on the merits or demerits of the poor law question, there is every reason to hope that the regulation afforded in the union workhouses, and the ministrations of pious, and pains-taking chaplains, will be productive of incalculable benefit. To the board of guardians of the union, a most solemn charge is entrusted—to see that young persons in the workhouse shall be well instructed, that every proper attention shall be paid, not only to the celebration of divine service, but to private admonition and exhortation. Hard as the lot of a pauper child may seem, it is doubtful whether it may not be more advantageous than that of a child nurtured, as is too often the case, in the streets and alleys of a cottage. The very habits of regularity, cleanliness, and subordination, acquired in a workhouse

H Y M N.

DEAR is the hallowed worn to me  
When village-bells awake the day,  
And by their sacred minstrelsy  
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord,  
'To feel Devotion's soothing power  
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud "Amen"  
That echoes thro' thy blest abode—  
That swells and sinks and swells again—  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the simple melody  
Sung with the pomp or rustic art—  
That holy, heavenly harmony—  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,  
And oft the anxious tear would fall,  
Till on 'the sacred altar laid  
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands  
Has bound me in its six days chain,  
This burst them like the strong man's bands,  
And set my spirit free again.

Go man of pleasure—strike thy lyre—  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;  
Ours is the Prophet's car of fire  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

Corwallis, August, 1840.

PARAPHRASE

On the Proverbs iii. 16, 17.—By E. T. Pilgrim.\*

"In her right hand is length of days, and in her left hand are riches and honour; her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

FOLLY and dissipation lead  
To scenes of human woe;  
Since poverty and death they bring  
On mortals here below.

But 'Wisdom,' by her kindly aid,  
Doth 'length of days,' extend  
And every comfort sheds on those  
Who to her counsels bend.

Then let her be thy constant guide,  
Who will thy joys increase:  
'Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.'

CONVERSION OF THE HINDOOS.

The following pleasing testimony on this subject, was borne by Rev. J. HILL, one of the missionaries to India, at a May-meeting of one of the Missionary Societies, in London, in 1834. Ought it not deeply interest any reader?

*Evidences of the Decay of Hindooism.*—Hindooism has received a wound—a deep wound—which, though it may be staunch'd, can never be healed: it has received a wound which must be deadly. There has been a mine dug beneath the ramparts and the citadel of Hindooism: we wait only for the springing; but we want men to advance, like Joshua's army.

\* From the Church of England Magazine.

and take possession of the city when the walls come down.

As proofs of what I have said to the Hindoo System, I will allude to two or three things as related by Mr. Lacroix, at a meeting in Bengal. Mr. Lacroix had a particular advantage in speaking on the spot: he could say, 'I appeal to you, if what I am saying is not what your own observation confirms.' On the present occasion, I cannot do that to any extent; but there may be many here who have been in India, and I shall be happy to ask them if they can rebut a single statement which I am now about to make.

As a proof that the Hindoo System is decaying, there never is, or very rarely, a new temple erected in that land: I do not say that there is no such thing, but it is a rare occurrence: for but one new temple built, there are scores in ruins. This needs no commentary: it carries its meaning on its front, and he that runs may read. For what would you say of the state of Christianity in this country, if you saw no new places erected, and if the places erected by the piety and patriotism of your ancestors were going to decay: and, in a short time, it will vanish away.

Another point is, the circumstance, that many of the Hindoo Colleges—I do not now speak of the Colleges supported by the British Government, where English Literature is taught, but of the Native Hindoo Colleges, in which the Shasters and all their native literature are studied—are closed for want of students, and many others are in a state of decay. Nudera and Santapore, the Oxford and Cambridge of Hindoo Literature, which formerly numbered from 3000 to 5000 students every year, have not now as many hundreds in their establishments. I mentioned this in conversation with a Gentleman, high in the Civil Service, and one of the Board of Education at Calcutta, and he corroborated it in this way:—He had heard that the fact was so; and the Board of Education was so impressed with it, that a Committee was appointed by that Board to investigate the state of things; and they found that the fountain of Hindooism was almost dried up, and (I use his own words) the Brahminical system a Pauper Establishment. At this day there are not more than from 300 to 400 students in those very places, where from 3000 to 5000 students used to graduate. This is another fact, on which I need not comment.

I will now advance to another point equally clear; viz. the light in which the Brahminical Order is regarded in that country. There was a day when the Brahmin was sought after with the most fawning and cringing adulation; when his curse was dreaded as the severest affliction which could befall an individual or a family. I cannot say that in every case that state of things had passed away; but there are thousands so far set free, that they neither court the Brahminical Blessing, nor dread its Curse. The Brahmins are less supported by the offerings of Hindoos than formerly; and hundreds of them have been constrained to change their craft, and, for want of food, to devote themselves to secular employment.—*God hath famished the idols out of the land!*

*The value of the Scriptures.*—The Jewish Nation, highly as it was privileged, was supposed, by an inspired Apostle, to have obtained the crowning point above every other, because that chiefly unto them were committed the Oracles of God.

BOOKS,

For Sale by the Subscriber.

- Chambers' Edinburgh Journal
- Historical Newspaper
- Information for the People.
- The Saturday Magazine
- The Penny Magazine
- Wilson's Border Tales
- The Penny Cyclopaedia
- Dublin Penny Journal
- Library of Useful Knowledge
- ditto Farmer's Series
- of Entertaining Knowledge
- Edinburgh Cabinet Library
- Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia
- The Family Library
- Molsworth's Domestic Chaplain; or Sermons on Family Duties for every Sunday in the year, 2 vols.
- The Church of England Magazine
- The Scottish Christian Herald
- The Christian Lady's Magazine
- The Magazine of Domestic Economy
- Fessenden's New American Gardener
- Complete Farmer
- Kenrick's New American Orchardist
- THE CULTIVATOR, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6.
- Nichol's View of the Architecture of the Heavens
- Phenomena and Order of the Solar System
- Dick's Celestial Scenery
- Wilson's Greek Exercises
- Cruden's Concordance
- Cutton's Mathematics, by Ramsey, 1 vol.
- American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1840
- Travels in Egypt and Arabia Petraea, by Alexander D. Medhurst's China, 1 vol.
- William's South Sea Islands, 1 vol.
- Wilson's Greece, Malta and the Ionian Islands, 1 vol.
- Clinch's (Rev. J. H.) Poems, contents,
  - The Captivity in Babylon
  - American Antiquities
  - Memory
  - The Play Ground Revisited
  - By Gone Days
  - Niagara---Athens---Spring
  - To a Cloud---Rizpah---Letha
  - The Passage of the Jordan
  - Kennebec.

C. H. BELCHER

Halifax, May 5th, 1840.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF NOVA-SCOTIA SCENERY.

- PART 1 contains I. Vignette, Rotunda at the Priory Lodge, near Halifax
- II. Halifax, from the Red Mill, D. mouth.
- III. Entrance to Halifax Harbour from Reeve's Hill, Dartmouth
- IV. View on Bedford Basin.
- PART 2 contains I. View of Halifax from McNamara Island.
- II. View on the North West Arm
- III. Ruins of the Duke of Kent Lodge, Windsor Road.
- PART 3 contains I. Windsor, N. S. from Retreat Farm.
- II. View from Retreat Farm, Windsor, N. S.
- III. View from the Horton Mountains.

For sale by

Halifax, May 5, 1840.

C. H. BELCHER

PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY THE PROPRIETOR, E. A. MOODY, LUNenburg, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum—when sent by mail, 11s. Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months. No paper will be discontinued until all dues are paid.

All Communications addressed to the Editors, or Publisher, must be POST PAID.

General Agents—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax, N. S.

L. H. De Veber, Esq. St. John, N. B.

Hon. A. W. Cochran, Quebec.

Charles Desbrisay, Esq. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Rev. Charles Blackman, St. John's, N. F.

COMMUNICATIONS.—We do not consider ourselves any time answerable for the opinions of our Correspondents, except so far as we openly adopt them in our journal.