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# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME IV. LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1839. NUMBER 10.

From the New York Churchman.

## "HOW OLD ART THOU?"

Count not thy days that have idly flown,  
The years that were vainly spent;  
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,  
Whon thy spirit stands before the throne,  
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeem'd from sin,  
The moments employed for Heaven—  
Oh, few and evil thy days have been,  
Thy life a toilsome and worthless scene,  
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shades go back on thy dial-plate!  
Will thy sun stand still on his way?  
Both hasten on, and thy spirit's fate,  
Rests on the point of life's little date—  
Then live while 'tis called to day.

Life's waning hours, like the sybil's page,  
As they lessen, in a value rise:  
Oh! arouse thee and live, nor deem that man's age  
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,  
But in days that are truly wise.

For the Colonial Churchman.

## NEW CHURCHES.

Messrs. Editors,  
Meeting a few days since with a respectable friend of the church, the conversation turned upon the present state of the Church in England, and the expectations that the friends of our beloved Zion were now making for her increase and prosperity. Before leaving him he directed my attention to the following extract from the London Atlas, and expressed a wish that it might appear in your columns, being a mass of information, gratifying not only to churchmen, but to every sincere friend of true religion, and all such must rejoice at the increased opportunities thus afforded to their fellow christians to make with one accord their common supplications to God," in the House of Prayer:—

"The building of new churches in England is proceeding very rapidly, and our readers, probably, have a notion of the extent to which the erection of these sacred edifices has been carried since 1827. In the diocese of Winchester within that period 56 have been built and consecrated; between 200 and 300 have been enlarged; and 27 are now in progress. In the diocese of London 57 have been consecrated by the present Bishop, and arrangements have been made for the construction of 21 more. When he was Bishop of Chester, this prelate opened in that see; and the present diocesan, in the last 3 years, has consecrated 103 churches."

The following which I noticed in a late New York Churchman, taken from the Conservative (Eng.) Annual, will likewise, I think, afford some gratification to many of your readers:—

"Within the last few weeks the Church has engaged into an activity which will warm the hearts of every pious Christian in the land. Meetings have been, and are now being held in different parts of the country, for the purpose of replenishing the funds of that excellent institution, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. We are glad that this is at length the case. Long have we waited to see it; in the full assurance of its glorious results. Churchmen have been far too backward in bringing their cause, their principles, their

truths, their excellencies, and their wants before the Public, and the result is, that thousands of people, lay, and Church people too, are living in the country entirely ignorant of the existence of the society just named. But where shall we go to find the Church Missionary Society, and the Bible Society, unknown? Scarcely a village in the land. And what has made the difference, but that while the friends of these two and other similar institutions have been canvassing the country, and making known their wants, and getting them supplied too, the old Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, have dozed away their time in their offices, and left the great mass of the money-giving public almost ignorant of their existence, and entirely so of their wants. We are no advocates of public parade, and can easily understand the reasons which have induced the Church societies to move on more quietly; for, in truth, few pious, thinking men will attend the annual exhibitions at Exeter Hall, and other such places without being most heartily disgusted. But that other parties have practised a great deal of delusion and cheaterly upon the public is no reason why the Church societies should not have honestly and discreetly brought forward their works, their wants, and their claims, especially as there is essentially no sin in the business, and rightly conducted, must be a great benefit. The wickedness of the government in abandoning not only this country, but more especially the colonies, to the abominations and horrors connected with, and resulting from the infidel "voluntary principle," which leaves the people to the choice of any heresy which any impostor may see fit to propagate amongst them, renders it necessary that the Church should at once call upon every Christian to come forward with his subscription towards supplying the destitute millions of the British empire, at home and abroad, with all the knowledge and blessing of the Gospel of Christ. We declare that when we sit and think of the thousands of immortal souls, subjects of this professedly Christian country, who are "perishing for lack of knowledge," and think of the means which might, and which ought to be adopted for their spiritual and eternal welfare, we feel as it were a fire within our bones. That our Church and nation will shortly be severely punished by Almighty God for such unchristian, unreasonable, and impolitic neglect of the souls under their care, is our full conviction.

We are at present receiving no small part of that punishment in the existence over us of the present whig government, which is encouraging popish idolatry, and every infidel abomination, while oppressing and robbing the Church, which, like unprincipled traitors and perjured infidels, they have, every man of them, solemnly sworn to uphold. But, as we have so repeatedly said, so say we again, let the Church, the salt and preserver of our country and our liberties, only arise from that shameful lethargy, unfaithfulness and lazy squeamishness which she has so long manifested, and in all her native strength and dignity, make known her eternal and heavenly principles, her excellencies, wants and claims, and she may command the country. Let her excellent clergy throw to the winds that timidity and delicacy, backwardness and morbid piety which in their results are little better than positive unfaithfulness, and so pleasing to their enemies, and on the basis of a strong and manly piety, come forward to the rescue of the destitute people of their charge, and of the empire from the jaws of everlasting death. But we must not give way to our feelings, we are cheered and encouraged beyond expression at the life, activity and zeal which is becoming every day more and more manifest."

A little more such life, activity and zeal, and a little more widely extended in the old and new world,

would soon make our Church what with the blessing of its Divine Head it ought to be, the joy and glory of our land.

INDAGATOR.

## DEVOTIONAL.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.—NO. V.

THURSDAY.

*A prayer for the penitent soul.*—  
Wash Lord, and dry these bitter tears;  
O let my heart no further roam!  
'Tis thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,  
Long since—O call thy wanderer home!  
To that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,  
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may  
hide.

FRIDAY.

*Habakkuk.*—The conclusion of Habakkuk is, in fact, a beginning of Christ's proper doctrine; and whoever will read it, and then pass to the beatitudes of the sermon on the mount, will see in both the sanctions of Canaan recede, and the vision of the better kingdom opened.—*Rev. J. Davison.*

SATURDAY.

*Heavenly Wisdom.*—

Oh happy is the man who hears,  
Instruction's warning voice;  
And who celestial wisdom makes;  
His early—only choice.

SUNDAY.

*Christian's meditations on the approach of death.*—  
O Lord, my Redeemer, I am willing, yea, I rejoice to depart; in humble hope of entering into that rest which remains for thy people. Thou hast shown me the path of life, and supported me therein unto the present day. And now I go down to the grave without fear, still looking unto thee, who art the Resurrection and the Life, whom I have hitherto known only in part, but whom I shall shortly know, even also as I am known. My flesh and my heart fail; but thou, O God, art the strength of my heart, and portion forever.—*Mrs. Sherwood.*

MONDAY.

*Death-bed.*—This is a wonderful Reasoner. Many a proud infidel hath a death-bed humbled and refuted without a word, who but a short time before would have defied all the ability of man to shake the foundation of his system.—*Kirwan.*

TUESDAY.

*Gospel invitation.*—See 55 Isaiah.

"Ho! ye who thirst approach,  
Where living waters flow;  
Free to thy sacred fountain all  
Without a price may go."

WEDNESDAY.

*Obedience to Christ.*—22 Rev. 14.

Blessed are they who do His (Christ's) commandments, that they may have right to the tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

THURSDAY.

*Backsliding.*—If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. 10 Heb. 38.

O LAMB of God, without blemish and without spot, who hast redeemed me with Thy precious blood; by that same blood, pity and save me; even for that blood and that name's sake, besides which there is no other under Heaven given unto men, whereby we must be saved.—*Bishop Andrews.*

## THE APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.\*

On this subject no controversy exists at the time of the Reformation. It was, at that time, as it had been for 1500 years, taken for granted, that no man might presume to minister in sacred things, unless he were first appointed to the office by persons having authority to make the appointment by their regular succession from the apostles. Upon this point is no one more eloquent or more decided than our own reforming Archbishop, Dr. Cranmer. Accordingly, when in the reign of Elizabeth the Thirty-nine Articles were agreed upon in a convocation of our clergy, the doctrine was assumed: "It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching or administering the sacraments in the congregation before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same. And those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them in"—not *by*, but *in*—"the congregation to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard." (Article xxiii.) But the point being settled that there are some persons in the congregation or Church who have powers to ordain, the question is who those persons are? This was the question in debate at the Reformation, and it is easily answered so far as the Church of England is concerned, since it was settled, before the Thirty-nine Articles were received, in the ordinal, in which it is affirmed: "It is evident to all men diligently reading the Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the apostles' time there have been these three orders of ministers in Christ's Church, bishops, priests, and deacons." (Pref. to the Ordinal.) In the order for consecrating bishops, as well as in the Ordination Service, she speaks of the offices of priests and deacons as offices *divinely* instituted; and, if instituted by God, of course they cannot be lawfully abolished. But it is a point not controverted, that wherever these officers exist, the power of ordination rests with the first, assisted by the second. And accordingly, in legislating on this subject, the Church of England ordains that "no one shall be accounted and taken to be a lawful bishop, priest, or deacon, among us, or be suffered to execute any of the ministerial functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to our form of Episcopal ordination, or hath had formerly Episcopal consecration or ordination." (Pref. to Ordinal.) A more complete answer to the question, who are they that have authority in the congregation, could not be given by a Church which reverences Scripture and the ancient authors. And hence it is, that while a minister of the Roman Church officiates among us, upon the renunciation of his errors, without a further ordination, a converted Presbyterian minister is unable to do so. The one has had, the other has not had, Episcopal ordination.

Now this regulation very naturally offends the various self-appointed ministers and teachers who have, of late years, abounded in the land. They accuse the Church of intolerance, bigotry, and illiberality, since they conclude that she implies, by this regulation, the invalidity of all but Episcopal ordination; and in this conclusion they are the rather confirmed when they find our canons denouncing, as *ipso facto* excommunicated, not only those who affirm that the Church of England is not a true and apostolical Church, (Can. ii.) or that the form of God's worship in the Church of England is corrupt, (Can. iv.) but also those who, not being of the Church of England, challenge to themselves in England the name of true and lawful Churches, (Can. xi.) Under such a reproach some of the members of our Church are impatient, and deny that the conclusion must of necessity be drawn. Others, rejoicing in every thing to hear the scandal of the cross, admit the justice of the conclusion, but contend that the Church is no more to be blamed for this than a mirror for the wrinkles or deformities it may bring to view. The Church injures no one by asserting the fact, for, if it be a fact, a fact it is whether she asserts it or not. It either is a fact that a society of believers, organized without the Episcopal order, is not a Church, but merely a sect not organized according

to apostolical and scriptural rule, as our Church insinuates, or it is not a fact. It is open to discussion whether it be a fact; there is no want of charity in our declaring what we believe to be such. As maintainers of God's truth we are to declare it in this as in every other instance, and in God's good time the truth will be known and recognised, and those who have deserted it will perceive that Christian unity is to be restored, not by our yielding to them, but by their returning to us. As we may preach that faith in the Lord Jesus is necessary to salvation, without denying the salvability of the heathen; so none will refuse to admire and reverence and love the pious and consistent Christian of every communion, whether Romish or Protestant; none—God forbid,—will doubt of his being capable of salvation, though we may still believe that in many respects he may have fallen short of gospel truth. But be this as it may—it is a principle to be discussed with those who are in principle separated from us, it is certainly no just cause of angry dispute among ourselves, who have declared our unfeigned assent and consent not only to our articles, but to our ordination offices, the first of which declare that those only may minister in sacred things, who are duly ordained, and the second that those only are to be considered by us as duly ordained who have received Episcopal orders.

Remember, brethren, that our enemies are many and mighty: the two extremes of Romanism and Ultraprotestantism are banded, together with infidelity, against us, and if, like Sampson's foxes, they are pulling different ways, the brands which are attached to them have one and the self-same object—our destruction. And is this a time to divide our house, and form parties and factions? Is this the season for discord? Remember, brethren, the ties, the sacred ties, which bind us to one another: as men we are all under the same condemnation, we are all heirs of the same corrupted nature, equally one and all children of wrath: as Christians, we seek for reconciliation with an offended Maker, through the atoning merits and the all-prevailing intercession of the same crucified, the same glorified Saviour, through the sanctification of the same blessed Spirit: we worship the same God, the Trinity in Unity. We are brethren of the same household, with one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all; ministers of Christ acting under the same apostolical commission, pledged all to walk by the same rule, and to speak the same thing; bound all by the same vows with interests, and pursuits, and duties, and privileges identical; where, I ask again, can Christian unanimity and harmony be found if we find it not here? "Sirs, ye are brethren," Oh, wrong not one to another. "Sirs, ye are brethren," and your Master is praying in heaven that ye may be one even as he is one with the Father; Oh seek not by your passions to frustrate his work! "Sirs, ye are brethren,"—as brethren let us act cordially together, and gradually our differences will lessen, our agreements will extend. Then shall we stand, a holy army, closely embodied together, prepared with redoubled vigor to prosecute our warfare against the powers of darkness,—and then we shall find how sweeter than the ointment with which Aaron was anointed, how refreshing, as the dews of Hermon, it is for brethren to dwell together in unity—then the peace of God will rest upon us; that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

My Brethren.—Build not upon the privilege you possess of visible connexion with an orthodox Church. If her doctrines be not savingly wrought into your hearts, and the spirit of faith which glowed so brightly in many of her martyrs has not descended upon you, your baptismal enrolment amongst her children will profit you nothing.—He was not a Jew which was one outwardly: nor is he a heaven-born christian who possesses but the privilege of professional church membership. God can write folly upon the charter of the most glorious privileges, if they lead not to sanctification. He can cast the unfruitful trees out of the richest vineyard, and out of its stones raise up children to Abraham.—*Boyd on the Church.*

## SATURDAY EVENING.

Sweet is the last and parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in,  
When with the still expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:  
How grateful to the anxious breast,  
The sacred hours of holy rest!

Hush'd is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and business cease,  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace!  
Delightful season! kindly given  
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven!

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,  
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,  
And bear them to my heavenly home,  
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—  
Till the last gleams of life decay  
In one eternal Sabbath Day!

Anon.

## BAPTISMS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

The congregation was dismissed, for the afternoon service was ended, and the parting blessing had been given; but there still remained two or three scattered groups. There were mothers who came to return thanks for their deliverance from their "great pain and peril." Little children brought to be washed in the water of baptism, and presented in faith as heirs to their merciful Saviour. Grave fathers thinking, perhaps, of new exertions to be made in answer to the calls of an increased family; and young sponsors, serious, yet evidently pleased with their interesting office. I left my accustomed seat, and went as I sometimes do on such occasions, into the gallery behind the font. I was alone! The christening parties went into the vestry, and I sat looking on the seats and silent aisles, which, as the evening closed, became every moment more and more dim. The rising wind in the tossing chesnut branches, was for a short time, the only sound I heard; and the light was placed on the communion table, and an orderly party knelt at the rails, and there arose a sweet, clear voice of praise and thanksgiving. It ceased, and the train moved down towards the font. There was the priest, in his simple dress of "liver clean and white." Long may such a dress be a memorial that thy priests, my country's church, are "clothed with righteousness." And when he had taken his station at the font, the light which was needed, and yet which struggled imperfectly with the fading gleam of evening, shone on a varied and pleasing group. The elder women's scarlet cloaks formed a bright contrast, with the long white robes in which the infants were arrayed; and the mothers and the young female sponsors, wearing their beautiful, light, cotton gowns, silk shawls, and new straw bonnets,—formed, for a poor country parish, a very gay assembly. Do not quarrel with my word,

"The innocent are gay,—the lark is gay."

I assure you, that, as the service began, there was a silence that spoke of the mind's attention, and the heart's prayer.

The priest took one fair child after another in his arms, "received him into the congregation of Christ's flock, and did sign him with the sign of the cross," and one mother after another stepped trembling forward and took her own precious one, and followed to her heart, feeling more than she had ever felt before, all the depth of a mother's blessing. There was a pause, and two or three persons dressed in shabby mourning, which had evidently been worn for many a relative, and many an acquaintance,—brought to the font an infant, whose size, form, and weak, moaning cry, told more than a narrow band of crape round its head, or the black shawl in which they had wrapped it, a tale of "father and mother forsaking." It might be said, but I thought the tone of tenderness, in which the minister had addressed each unconscious child, who lay in his arms, was yet more tender, when he looked on this one. The mothers, I thought, gazed

\*From a Visitation Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Hook.

deeper love on their own happy children, as the cry of this little motherless one reached their ears. The fathers looked graver, and there were tears in the young women's eyes :

And well the gathering tears might start,  
As they nam'd the infant's name;  
Whose mother had died of a broken heart,  
From mourning its father's shame.

Poor little thing! it was come into a troublesome world to be sure; it was tossing on rough waves; but the frail bark was soon to be in port, where no storms come. The woman, whom the parish officers engaged to nurse the child, proved extremely careless of it; and the next thing we heard, was, that in consequence of her neglect, it had met with a frightful accident; and the overseers removed it to another nurse. Having heard thus much, I could not, of course be surpris'd, when passing one winter's day through the churchyard, I saw a little, narrow grave, dug in the part called the poor's ground; and heard, upon inquiry, that it was for Martha's child. It was buried that evening. No knell had tolled for it when it died; no mourner stood by the grave; the nurse brought the unornamented and nameless coffin under her cloak, and there was no pall to cover it. It was of little moment; the grass, and the spring violets grew there in token that, being "sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power;" and the spirit so forsaken, so lonely on earth, found, doubtless, a bright and innumerable company to welcome it at the gates of heaven.—*Scenes in our Parish.*

#### THE LAW-SUIT.

The village of Yewford very much resembles a hundred other villages in England. It has its parish church overgrown with ivy on the south side: the parsonage house is very much like other parsonages, and the squire's mansion on the hill, with its tall chimneys and its rookery, is as like what I have seen in half a dozen other counties as one pea is like another.

Again, the churchwarden of Yewford is a man beforehand with the world; one who likes to keep up the different grades in society. The lawyer is an incessant talker; and the schoolmaster a tall, thin man, with a pale face. The butcher, too, has a broad back and a capacious front; and the landlord of the Bull, a face as red as a rose.

Beside these characters, Yewford has many others, male and female, old and young, gentle and simple, all of them well worthy of being introduced into this narrative; but as such a proceeding would materially interfere with our present object, we must leave them to be severally described by those who have more talent and more leisure. One personage, however, we must not forget, especially as he happens to be the principal hero of our history.

A Mr. Douglass had taken a lodging at the widow Freeman's but as the village knew next to nothing of him, and of his concerns, so the good people were at a loss how to speak of him one to another. He was a civil, well-behaved man, respectful to the rich, and kind to the poor; but no one can live long any where, and least of all in a village, without making friends or foes; and doubtless Mr. Douglass would have received an earlier intimation of the position which he occupied in the estimation of those around him, had it not been for a circumstance, which, for a time prevented the worthy inhabitants of Yewford from making up their minds about him.

The lawyer, though not professionally employed by Mr. Douglass, had discovered that a trial was pending, the issue of which would put Mr. Douglass in possession of five hundred a year, or reduce him to the situation of a beggar: who could expect, then, under such circumstances, that the villagers of Yewford could come to any satisfactory conclusion as to the estimation in which Mr. Douglass ought to be held, until the issue of the trial should be known?

Mr. Douglass, whatever good qualities he might possess, was evidently not a rich man; and, by degrees, an opinion got abroad that he was poor. For some months he was punctual in his payments as the church clock was to strike the hour; indeed more so, for it sometimes happened that the clock was sadly beyond time.

At length symptoms appeared which most people,

whether living in town or country, are quick to understand. A few articles sent to Mr. Douglass by the village draper were not paid for on delivery. The butcher had a small account unsettled, and Widow Freeman had whispered to Mrs. Perkins, the publican's wife, that her lodger for the last month had not paid her a single sixpence.

Things were in this critical state, and the reputation of Mr. Douglass hung trembling in the balance, when a few of the village worthies met together at the Bull, to settle something connected with the poor rates.

The important affairs of the parish being discussed, the lawyer took up the newspaper, which had just been brought in by the landlord, and soon read, in a rapid manner, the following announcement:—

"The long-pending cause, 'Douglass versus Paisley,' is at length decided. The plaintiff proved unsuccessful."

The lawyer immediately threw down the newspaper on the table. "Just what I expected," said he, "and just what I think Douglass deserves. If he had applied to me before he had commenced his suit, I could have saved him some hundreds of pounds. A man must be non compos mentis to take such a cause into court. But I saw how the case stood, he has been led on by a swindling attorney, who will now most likely arrest him for costs. So that Mr. Douglass, instead of having a rent-roll of five hundred per annum, must be content to live in *forma pauperis*."

"I never thought that he would help to pay poor rates," said the churchwarden.

"Poor rates!" cried the butcher, "was it ever likely that he would pay poor rates, when he couldn't pay his butcher's bill? It run, in my head for some time past that this noble would come to nine-pence and I told my wife so."

"Had Mr. Douglass taken a lesson from those who were able to instruct him," said the schoolmaster slowly delivering his opinion, "had he correctly calculated his profit and loss, he might have been aware that the sum total of all his expectations would only amount to a cipher."

"There was always too much froth about him for me," said the publican; "for though he could talk fast enough when it answered his purpose, he was never the man to stop to take a mug of ale, or a glass of brandy and water, from one month's end to another. However, he has run up no score at the Bull, and I'll take pretty good care that he has not even a pipe of tobacco without paying for it."

For some time nothing interrupted the tide of unpopularity which had set in against the unfortunate Mr. Douglass. Each expressed his opinion, in his own way, but all agreed that too much forbearance had already been exercised, and that it was high time to let Mr. Douglass understand, that an upstart, having nothing but a trumpery claim to five hundred a year to support him, would no longer be countenanced by the worthy inhabitants of Yewford.

At length, during a momentary pause, the schoolmaster took up the newspaper, with the idle curiosity of one who has pleasure in reading with his own eyes what has already been read to him by another, when, to his great astonishment and apparent confusion, he made the discovery that the paragraph had been incorrectly read by the lawyer, and that, instead of Mr. Douglass, the plaintiff, having been unsuccessful in his suit, he was reported to have been successful!

This announcement having been made by the schoolmaster, accompanied with an observation on the great advantage of correct reading, a thing which he always tried to impress on the minds of his scholars, every countenance underwent a sudden change.—

The lawyer looked as keenly at the newspaper as though he would cut out the piece with his eyes; the churchwarden, half-opening his mouth and raising his brows, sat like a statue; the butcher started at the publican, and the publican started at the butcher. A clap of thunder would scarcely have been more instantaneous in producing an effect on the whole group.

The unbelieving lawyer was the first to take the newspaper from the hands of the schoolmaster, and so soon as he was convinced of the error into which

he had fallen, he burst into an affected giggle, a little resembling a laugh. "You must," said he, "really forgive the hoax I have put upon you, but I wanted to see whether it was possible to persuade you to believe so improbable a thing as that of Mr. Douglass losing his cause. I was convinced, *a priori*, that a verdict must be given in his favour. The defendant had no evidence to bring forward, and I quite expected that he would have allowed judgment to go by default. Never did a jury decide more uprightly, and I shall have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Douglass on his deserved success."

"Ha! ha! ha!" here burst from the opened mouth of the churchwarden, who in his turn affected to be very merry. "I saw plain enough," said he, "the trick you were playing us, and was willing to keep up the joke as long as possible. From what had been told me of Mr. Douglass, I knew that he had too much good sense to bring an action that he could not sustain, and it was but the other day I was saying to the justice Villers, that, before long, I hoped to see Mr. Douglass in the office of churchwarden, for that a more respectable man was not to be found any where. We must set the bells to ring on the occasion, that Mr. Douglass may see that his neighbours are almost as much pleased at his good fortune as he is himself."

The schoolmaster, though not bold enough to assert that he had at first been aware of the incorrect reading of the lawyer, maintained that, had the verdict been as described, he should have been justified in the sentiments which had escaped him, inasmuch as the decision of a British jury would have proved, as plain as two and two make four, that the calculations of Mr. Douglass had been worked in error. He declared that he had much rather enumerate the good qualities of Mr. Douglass, whom he always considered a man of education, than subtract from his merits; pronounced him worthy to be classed among gentlemen, and considered it the undoubted interest of the inhabitants of Yewford to cultivate good fellowship with so respectable a character.

The publican confessed that he had been fairly taken in, but no wonder, as he should as soon have thought of drinking a pint of neat brandy, as differing in opinion from his good friends, the lawyer, the churchwarden, and the schoolmaster, who had so long frequented the Bull. Mr. Douglass, he had no doubt, was a good fellow at bottom, and he should be glad to take from him an order for the best hogshhead of ale he had in his cellar.

Though the churchwarden saw through the deceit of the lawyer, and the lawyer understood the trickery of the churchwarden; though the publican laughed at the backing out of the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster despised the selfishness of the publican; yet every one tried to persuade himself that his hollow-heartedness was unknown to his neighbour.

When the party broke up, each individual determined in his own mind to pay some immediate tribute of respect to Mr. Douglass, and secure his favours; thus affording another instance of the insincerity and meanness of those who pay homage to wealth rather than to worth; who would honour the rich, though adorned with every vice, and despise the poor though adorned with every virtue.

"Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts. All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more do his friends go far from him!"—Prov. xix. 6, 7—*London Visitor.*

The government of the Sandwich Islands had issued an ordinance prohibiting the use of the Roman Catholic religion in that kingdom, and forbidding the entrance of any priests of that persuasion; on the ground that the introduction of two religions in those small dominions has been attended with troubles and dissensions. Two French priests, who landed at Otahite in November last, had been forcibly expelled the island.—*Barbadian.*

The Roman Church in Scotland and England.—According to the "Catholic Directory," just published, there are 446 chapels, 9 colleges, 16 convents, and 557 Clergymen in Great Britain; and 67 chapels, 1 college, 1 convent, and 74 Clergymen in Scotland.—*Ban. of the Cross.*

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

You will oblige one of your youthful readers, and perhaps gratify others, by inserting the following in your valuable paper.

## THERE IS A WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,  
Which time shall never dare destroy ;  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear hath caught its songs of joy.

There is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.

It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose ;  
And there to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale,  
'Tis not refreshed by summer showers ;  
It never needs the moon-beam pale,  
For there are known no evening hours.

In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view this fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtained sky—  
It is the dwelling-place of God !

ANON.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

## FATAL PRESUMPTION.

I found so much instruction and interest from the perusal of the following affecting Narrative, that I feel persuaded that many of your readers will bid it welcome to your pages. The person who narrated it to the traveller, was himself a mournful witness of this sad tragedy: and added that anxious efforts to recover the bodies of the presumptuous Englishmen, proved abortive. Would that they had remembered the injunction—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God!"

II.

An account of two Englishmen who were swallowed up in the falls of the Rhine.

From the Journal of a traveller through Switzerland, in 1794.

1. When I passed through *Lauffenburg*, I left my carriage and walked over the bridge in company with a man of that place, who, seeing me look with great attention at the Rhine foaming through the arches over a bed of rocks, said to me, pointing with his hand to a sharp angle—"There the two English lords were swallowed up." This was, in fact the place where a few months ago, Lord M—— and Mr. B—— made so deplorable an end.

2. When one sees the rapid and deep course of the Rhine at this place, dashing its water through a narrow bed of rocks, presenting for three hundred yards acute and sharp winding angles, it is not easy to believe that so desperate an attempt would have been hazarded as that which cost those unfortunate young men their lives.—They were travellers; the beauty of the country tempted them to stop for a few days at *Lauffenburg*. The novelty and danger of this unattempted navigation excited in them the wish to do what other people deemed impossible.

3. The moment their idea was known it was strongly opposed; and the opposition only served to confirm them in their purpose. They proceeded, however with some caution. They first put an empty boat into the stream, and unfortunately for them, and incredible as it appeared to the spectators, who had crowded both sides of the Rhine to see this experiment the boat went through undamaged. This success, achieved in the presence of five hundred people, was a spur to the foolish pride of the two young Englishmen, who thought that they could not now relinquish the scheme without being laughed at. A second boat was prepared, and the next morning appointed for the experiment.

4. Deputations were sent to them from the magistrates, who strongly remonstrated against the guilty madness of the enterprise, but without effect.—Next came some of the clergy to warn them against perdition, and to prophecy certain death; their efforts were equally unsuccessful, and on the appointed morning they sallied forth, both dressed in white waistcoats without coats, and slippers. They gave their money and watches to their servants: they knew therefore, that there was a great chance of death.

5. Mr. B—— went to the boat with a heavy heart, and even said he would not go, and remonstrated with Lord M——: but his lordship jumped into the boat, and said he would go alone; upon which poor Mr. B——, unwilling to leave his friend, went in after him.—They pushed off. They had each a long pole with which they hoped to keep the boat clear of the rocks. On both shores stood an overawed multitude, some crying, all vociferating entreaties to desist, and not rush into eternity.

6. It was now too late: no human strength could have stopped the boat when at once it had got into the rapid current. To the amazement of the trembling spectators, they went unhurt over the first breakers, and, rushing into the foaming torrent, evaded the first threatening angle. Life was then for a few seconds once more in their power. They might have jumped on the rocks, from which they were not more than three or four feet distant. The people on the shore screamed out to them to do it; instead of which, elated with this momentary success, they huzzaed, and waved their hats.

7. Alas! blind unfortunate youths! that salute was a last farewell to this world: they were just plunging into eternity. With the swiftness of an arrow they were carried to a tremendous vortex: their boat was instantly overset: they struggled for a short time against the roaring billows, swam even the space of two hundred yards on their backs, calling out for help and mercy. No help could be given.—the multitude gazed on them as they passed, and saw them swallowed up—never to appear again!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## TAYLOR'S MEMOIR OF HANNAH MORE.

## BISHOP HORNE.

After a few weeks' exertions in the villages, Miss More became so much indisposed, as to be again compelled to repair to Bath: she had only been there a few days, when she received the mournful tidings of Bishop Horne's death, one of her most valued correspondents: he had repaired to Bath for the benefit of his health, and was recovering when he suddenly relapsed, and in a few days expired. It afforded Miss More great satisfaction to learn that this excellent prelate died as he lived, an honour to his Christian profession. In her letters, she adverts to the event with much Christian sympathy, for the surviving relatives, and at the same time gives her opinion of the Bishop's piety. "I hope your mind is somewhat prepared for the sad news I have to impart to you: but your mind is so schooled and broken to losses and afflictions, that I believe it is always in some degree of preparedness to receive them. You will too naturally conclude, that this is a prelude to the closing scene of our beloved friend, the Bishop of Norwich: he was so much better a few days ago, that I was expecting he would have sent for me to sit with him in the evening; but Patty called yesterday, and found him actually dying. He had just received the sacrament with his family, with extraordinary devotion: every word he uttered, every text he repeated, consisted of praise and the most devout thankfulness. He took leave of all, separately, exhorted and blessed them, and calmly expired, pronouncing the words, 'Blessed Jesus!' A more delightful or edifying death-bed cannot well be imagined. As I contemplated the dead body of my beloved Bishop, I could not help reflecting to what a mind it had belonged. How wise, how witty, how pleasant, and how good he was, we shall all often remember. We ought to rejoice that he is released from a painful and burdensome body; and surely we do rejoice, that his death was so consistent with his life, and

that he honoured the Christian profession with his dying breath."

Miss More's efforts to soothe the minds of the Bishop's surviving relatives were incessant. While seeking to comfort them, which none could do better than herself, she was summoned to the death bed of a young lady, who in the morning of life was called to render up her final account, and who met death with Christian magnanimity.

DANIEL WILSON AND ROWLAND HILL.

Though Mrs More had always adhered conscientiously to the Established Church, of which she ever avowed herself from principle a member, yet such was her liberality of sentiment, and so entirely was she divested of every thing like bigotry, that her writings were read with almost equal pleasure by all denominations of Christians. Eminently pious and talented individuals, to whatever Christian community they belonged, were sure of a reception at Barley Wood, equally cordial and affectionate. Where true piety existed, she inquired not with which class its possessor associated. On one occasion, she writes, "Daniel Wilson has been staying here several days and nights. O, how you would enjoy his devout energy, the heart-felt, and heart-awakening piety of his prayers, and the interesting manner in which he expounds the Scriptures!" Shortly afterwards, she says, "Among my too numerous visitors, I have the pleasure to say, that there are many who are among the excellent of the earth. Early this morning arrived dear old Rowland Hill, and another saintly visitor." At the same time, Dr. Marclman, the Baptist Missionary, paid Mrs. More a visit, and the interesting interview between these distinguished individuals is thus affectingly narrated by an eye-witness, "You cannot conceive how much we were delighted with Rowland Hill: instead of a coarse, quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all who were not of his particular genius, we found him a mild, mellowed Christian, with a liberality of sentiment that quite astonished us. His conversation was so truly pious, so seasoned with point and humour, and a delightful oddity peculiar to himself, that Mrs. More, and all present, were beyond measure entertained, and not a little edified. So unconsciously did the evening glide away, that the three hours he spent with us did not appear more than half an-hour. We talked of every body from John Burman to John Locke; and Mr. Hill really showed that he possessed great discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature in the character of this veteran, was the spirit of Christian charity, which was eminently conspicuous in all he said. I cannot express to you how interesting it was to see those two venerable servants of God, who both seemed to be metened for their future rest, greeting one another for their first and probably for their last time on this side Jordan, preparatory to consummation of an eternal union and friendship, in the regions of endless purity and happiness. Perhaps two individuals could hardly be found, who in their day had done more good, than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both had then exceeded the age of fourscore, both retained health of body and vigour of intellect, both were on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the gladdening message, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.' Mr. Hill concluded this interesting visit by offering up a solemn and most appropriate prayer. I know not, that upon any occasion I have been more gratified."

From the Rev. Mr. Southgate's Journal.

## N I C E.

The next morning we crossed the range, to which I have before alluded, as forming the southern boundary of the lake of Nice. When we had reached the highest point, the lake again opened upon us, far below, and we soon came in sight of the walls of the old city, on a plain at its south-eastern extremity. The whole scene lay beneath us, the clear tranquil expanse of nature, reposing quietly in the bosom of its guardian hills; the plain sloping gently up from its edge, and losing itself at length among the mountains, and the venerable walls on one side, stretching far back upon the plain, and on the other, close along the side of the water. In the distance they seemed

like the enclosures of a great city, but when we had descended to the plain, and entered the gate, we found the interior void and desolate. We pursued our way through it, over ground once thronged with a busy multitude, of whom no monuments met our eye, more than a fragment of a broken column or a sculptured stone. The soil, excepting here and there a cultivated patch, was covered with a wild and rank vegetation. The silence was so awfully oppressive, that the stirring of an insect startled us. It was not till we had traversed this desolate spot, that we came to a small village, lying within the walls, but on the opposite side from that at which we entered. Here we were detained a day from want of horses, a detention which was less regretted, as it gave us an opportunity of surveying a spot so full of interest to the Christian. The place which Nice holds in oriental history, would give it an importance, even if it had no other claim upon our regard. Few cities have seen so many changes. Originally a royal city of the Greeks; then the seat of empire of the Seljukian sultans; afterwards taken by the Crusaders, seized by the Franks, repossessed by the Greeks, and at last lost to the Ottomans. But to us its chief attraction was that here originated that celebrated creed to which the city gave its name, and which in return has preserved the memory of the city, that might otherwise have passed into the same forgetfulness with most of the magnificent cities once scattered over Asia Minor. It was here, too, that a second council restored the worship of images, declaring it agreeable to Scriptures and reason, and to the fathers and councils of the Church. Thus from the same place has gone forth a blessing and a curse.

The most perfect remains of the city are the walls, which are strongly built of tile and stone laid in mortar. A large portion of the lake side has been entirely removed by the encroachment of the water, which, we were told, is constantly gaining upon the place. There are Greek inscriptions in several places which have all been copied by travellers, excepting one, which was pointed out to us in a secluded spot, that seems to have escaped observation. It was long and remarkable clear. The numberless fragments of sculpture inserted in the walls, evidently the remains of more ancient structures, seem to indicate that the walls are of recent origin. At the entrance, called the gate of Constantinople, there are two groups of figures in bas-relief; and on the face of a stone in the interior wall, is a sculptured representation of the head of Medusa, staring out at every one who enters the gate, as if it would turn an intruding enemy into stone. The wall in this part is constructed of large rectangular blocks of solid rock. In pointing them out to me, the guide, who was a Greek, said, 'Our fathers were giants.'

In another part, near the south-western wall, we were conducted to a circular mound, beneath which was a structure on a still more gigantic scale. It consisted of twelve large vaulted caves, opening out upon the circumference, and extending back downward at an angle of about twenty degrees below the horizon, and some forty or fifty feet in length. The niches are in the round Roman form, and are built of ponderous blocks of heavy stone. Our guide informed us, that all these vaults are connected within, by small passages, but no one knows for what they were constructed. We imagined, that this might be the site of the citadel, and these vaults its subterranean apartments, designed as places of refuge, or repositories for stores. Others have imagined differently, and doubtless many purposes might still be assigned, all alike conjectural.

Travellers have naturally sought among the ruins, for some traces of the Church of the council, but in vain. There are to be seen the remains of an old mosque, the walls of which are still quite perfect, and show abundant proof originally of having belonged to a Christian church. On the interior of the wall some faint traces of paintings are yet visible. The ground within the walls, where many generations of Christians and Mussulmans have worshipped, is now overgrown with brambles and thorns. The church, now occupied by the Christians, had been lately repaired. It has some beautiful work in fresco, on the arched ceiling over the altar, and the pavement is tessellated with small pieces of variously colored marble.

All that now remains of Nice is the Turkish village, to which I have before alluded. Among the Greeks it still preserves the old name of the city, Nicaea, but is called by the Turks, Isnik, which is supposed to be a corruption of Eis Nikaia. It is, also, sometimes called Tchenislik, to distinguish it from Ismid, (Nicomedia.) It contains about one hundred and fifty families, and is the head of a district of thirty-two villages, of which two are Armenian, and thirty Mussulman. There are no Greeks in the district, excepting about twenty families in Isnik, who belong to the bishopric of Ghemlik. In one of these families we found a hospitable reception. Our worthy host furnished a large upper room for our use, conducted us wherever we wished to go, and on our return from our ramble, provided us with an excellent dinner and comfortable beds. The lake of Nice, the ancient Ascarus, is a beautiful sheet of fresh water, stretching away from the city to the distance of about ten miles, and about four miles in width. It abounds in excellent fish, but the only vessels which sail upon it are the small boats of fishermen.

## POMPEII.

Pompeii is not a ruin, that is, not a monument of crumbling and mouldering decay; it is only a forsaken city. That the inhabitants had time to fly, and bear with them the greater part of their possessions, is sufficiently evident; but a few perished, and they are brought to our notice in a manner that renders their fate more impressive and affecting.

Here, in this villa, (his skeleton hands grasping coins, and jewels, and his coffer-key,) was found the perished master, stricken in his flight, and a slave behind him with silver and bronze vases: then fled the shrieking family below to a subterranean passage, and there they perished, slowly perhaps, seventeen of them, mistress, and handmaids and faithful servants.

Here is a sadder thing;—in a little circular-roofed seat by the wayside, a kind of traveller's resting-place, or a spot to which friends would walk, and sit chatting in the shade, here was found the skeleton of a woman, and an infant skeleton in her arms, (safely may the antiquarian write, a mother,) and two other children lay by her side; precious ornaments were found on all. Perhaps she waited for the lord she loved, or for her poor hand maid, or, perhaps, the car was to return and take her.

Here again, near a portico, was found some miser, flying with his heavy, strong-wrapped hoard; the guide tells you it was a priest of Isis; and here, in her temple, was found other skeletons of men, who staid to guard or worship her revered image: and, lastly, in a prison or guard-house were found skeletons fastened and secured in stocks!

However, my attempt to describe Pompeii comes not within the compass of my plan or ability. Here we follow the antiquarian with a silent and thankful attention. We are taken by him into the forum of ancient Romans, their temples, schools, theatres; led along their streets: introduced into their houses, and shown the distribution and use of their apartments, the laying out of their gardens; we see their baths, their places of feasting, and that of repose.

You stand before their shops, and put your hand on little counters of marble, one whereof has the stain of a goblet's bottom; and where you lean, hundreds of men have leaned, in their times, to take a drink, perhaps of vinegar and water, a draught common among them, and most grateful to the thirsty. You walk along the raised footway, and mark, in the carriage-road, the worn wheel-track; you cross at the stepping-stones, and think of the lifted toga; you stop at the open spots where streets meet and cross, and look for the camels who came crowding with their wns to the convenient wells.

The bakehouse, the wine shop, and the cooks' shops, exactly similar in plan to those I have seen in mocha and Djidda, with stoves and large vessels for boiling and preparing food, are all to be found in this silent city. You pass among the columns of many temples; you enter the hall of judgment, and walk up between its Corinthian columns, and look with suspicion on the raised tribunal, and think about imperial decrees; you go into the theatres, and then on, across a vineyard, to the noble amphitheatre, and ascending to the top, gaze out, and forget every thing but the

bright beauty of the scenery; till, turning to descend, you see where the civilised Roman sat smiling while the Numidian lion tore the frame of his captive foe, perhaps the brave, the blue-eyed Dacian; or frowning upon his youngest son, who, at his first visit to the games, would look at times pale, and with an eye dimmed by a tear, but not degraded by allowing it to fall.

The sun declines; your coachman looks impatient; you get in, take off your hat to let the soft air come in and calm you, and reclining back, with a full feeling of delighted satisfaction, are driven home.—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.*

## TEMPERANCE.

For the Colonial Churchman.

## HINTS FOR TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

## No. 1.

Members of Temperance Societies should constantly recollect, that inasmuch as some portion of tendency to evil is infused in every human device, so members of temperance societies have to guard against their share of danger. They should specially shun the evils of depreciating those who remain aloof, refusing to join them; and still greater evil of weakening their respect for the sacred volume, or gradually and perhaps insensibly placing human institutions above the gracious influence of the Divine blessing. We profess that humanity and love to our fellow creatures form the corner stones of the temperance building. Let each member, therefore, take good heed that Charity and Benevolence are the cements uniting each stone of the edifice.

## No. 2.

*Tracts relating to the extensive use of ardent spirits.*—In 1830, there were paid in Great Britain, duties on 28 millions of gallons of distilled spirits. In one year 30,000 persons in the city of London alone, had been taken into custody for drunkenness. In the United States, a few years since, 12 millions of bushels of grain were used in a year, for distillation. In 1828, 72 millions of gallons of distilled spirits were consumed within the borders of that Republic. Of this 300,000 drunkards were the sad results. Thirty five times the Revenue of this province could not exceed the costs formerly incurred by the United States, in the support of punishment of criminals and paupers, caused by strong drink. At the cholera had raged in Albany, it was deliberately calculated that among the deaths of members of temperance societies, the proportion was one in 2500. Among those who habitually used spirits, &c. the awful proportion was one in 60.

March, 1839.

ABC.

Some interesting addresses have of late been delivered before the Lunenburg Town and County Temperance Society, from which we are permitted to make some extracts. The following is from one by Mr. JOHN A. JOSE, who has from his own knowledge, given some graphic and frightful descriptions of the evils of intemperance at Halifax, in former years.—*Ed. C. C.*

The evils which flow from habitual rum-drinking we can too plainly see at every cast of the eye; but the benefits resulting from it remain yet to be found out. Intoxicating liquor as a beverage has been already plentifully proved, to be neither needful, nor useful. It is of no advantage to men in health. It is of no advantage to the labourer, as a means of recruiting his exhausted strength. It is of no advantage to the traveller as a means of guarding him against the disease of sickly climes. No! but it is a very powerful means of exposing him to sickness and disease which prevail in other climes, as many widows and parents in our little community can abundantly testify. It is of no advantage to soldiers to enable them to endure hardships and privations; but many a time has it caused the blood to flow from his lacerated back, and made him cringe and groan beneath the lash laid on by his fellow soldiers. It is of no advantage to the sailor as a preventive against the mischievous effects of wet and cold. It is of no advantage to the physician as a means of increasing his skill, in the management of disease. It is of no ad-

vantage to the legal advocate or the judge as a means of giving a right view of the case submitted for his examination. And I am sure it can be of no advantage to the minister of Christ as a means of enkindling his zeal; or of renewing either his physical or his moral strength in the service of his divine Master. — In relation to its effects, in these cases and many more, volumes of facts have been collected. The prevalent use of this stimulus is the most blighting curse that has ever lighted upon man. It has proved itself to be injurious to him in his physical constitution as an individual — injurious to him in all his civil and social relations — and injurious to him in all that relates to his moral and spiritual condition as an immortal and an accountable being. Its effects have been to shorten life and in many cases to destroy reason, and to entail the diseases of one generation upon the people of another. It has been the fruitful occasion of nearly all the destitution, and wretchedness and crime, which has prevailed in every country. It has been the means of filling almshouses with paupers — penitentiaries with convicts, and lunatic asylums with the pitiable inmates which inhabit them. It has been the great instigator, and the chosen companion of vice in every form. It has been the great supporter of idleness and profanity, and Sabbath breaking, and theft and highway robbery, and murder. It has rendered the mind callous to the impressions of divine truth. It has hindered the success of the gospel. It has extensively prevented its illuminating effects, and has in this way been the means of shutting the souls as well as the bodies of men — well as of blasting all their prospects of happiness in the present world. And besides all this, let us take a view of the misery and trouble, which the drunkard brings upon all around him. Look at his pale faced, sickly, miserably clad wife, wasted by grief and wanting the common necessities and comforts of life, of which she is deprived, that the husband may indulge the more in the intoxicating bowl — look at the miserable children clothed in rags, without a covering for their heads or feet, and not enough to keep their bodies from cold. In this situation you may often see them going from door to door trembling with cold begging a piece of bread to satisfy the cravings of appetite — look around their dwellings and you will be at once satisfied as to the dreadful effects of intemperance — you will see no comforts there, a heap of straw perhaps covered up in one corner, a miserable table, a couple of broken chairs or stools, and two or three broken bowls, or plates on the shelf, where you will never fail to see a bottle or two standing.

#### WHAT THE SPEAKER HAS SEEN OF DRUNKARDS.

I have many times seen and served little ragged, dirty, trembling creatures, with very small supplies of groceries and a plentiful supply of rum — many a time have I answered to the call of a three copper loaf, a candle, and a bottle of rum; or an ounce of tea,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, and a quart of rum; — the rum must be provided for first, and if there is any money to spare, they will get a little sugar or tea.

I will relate a circumstance or two which I have witnessed myself, which will show some of the misery which rum-drinking causes. — The person with whom I served my time was a Grocer — he had many men, (labourers and tradesmen) to pay weekly wages to, (not for himself but for another who employed them.) Every Saturday night they would come with their tickets stating the amount each was to receive. Almost all of them dealt with us for their groceries, and many of them ran weekly accounts, some of whom were in arrears; and though my master was a very correct man, and often told them and tried to persuade them to take less rum and more of other things, nor would he give them as much as they wanted to drink at the counter — yet it was heart sickening to see what small proportions of necessary articles they took on their accounts and how often repeated the rum with their three or four ditto following, with now and then a pound of sugar, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  tea or such like articles shoved in between them. — I say, in tracing out the consequences of these many pints or quarts, and ditto, volumes of misery might be told: much I have seen myself when I had occasion to go to some of their most miserable

apartments to remind them of their dues. — I have administered the glass, the gill, and the half pint, to many, and some of them miserable, dirty, filthy, objects, who by their appearance, one might suppose allowed nothing to enter their mouths but rum; — some I have seen who would call for a half pint of rum and drink it without water, just as you would drink a glass of water. Frequently have I served it out thus though upon many occasions I have refused and only given them half as much, telling them a half pint was too much at once — a gill was the common drink of very many — I have seen women too, come to the counter and call for their rum, and many a time with children at their breast — I have seen them uncover their little innocent creatures and pour some of it down their throats, not satisfied with what they could extract from their breasts; many times it has made the blood run cold in my veins to see such things. I was obliged to be up very early in the morning; and early as it used to be, there would sometimes be two or three waiting for their bitters, and such dirty looking hivering creatures that one might read misery in their countenances; — perhaps some of them just turned out of some open porch where they have lain cramped up to keep themselves warm, and looking for the first open shop to obtain their bitters or some rum, which had the effect of steadying their trembling nerves — I have seen some come in the shop in the morning and call for rum, which they were not able to drink after they had it set before them. This may appear strange, but true it is that they could not drink it without somebody to hold the glass to their mouths. I have put their glass of rum into a tumbler and even then they could not raise it to their mouths. I have seen them attempt to lift it up, but before they could get it to their lips it would be all out of the glass, over their clothes, and in their faces, and sometimes in their eyes, so that they could not drink the drop that might happen to be left — so great has been their trembling that they could not manage to raise it even with two hands — the tumbler being clenched between them. I have often had to give them the second glass, the first being spilled in this way, and have raised it to their mouths, with my own hands; and in some cases when I have turned away in disgust, and would not raise it up for them, they have had to put their mouths down to the tumbler, clenching it at the same time with two hands, and even then could not accomplish it without splashing some in their faces. I do not mean to say that all persons that came to drink at our counter were reduced to that state, nor were those persons whom I have just described always so; they were once moderate drinkers, and I have no doubt many times boasted that they could and would always remain so, and have sneered and laughed at some of their friends, who have been persuaded to join a temperance society, and thus saved themselves from the misery and disgrace, into which all moderate drinkers are in danger of falling.

#### NOW TIME GOES WITH A DRUNKARD.

I will relate a case which will show how time sometimes goes with the drunkards, which I witnessed while I was an apprentice. On a beautiful evening in summer, the sun was fast sinking to the horizon, making his long shadows behind every object upon which he shone. The tradesmen were passing to and fro from their work with their tools under their arms — joy beamed in almost every countenance which the beauties of such a summer evening was calculated to inspire. I stood by the shop door leaning carelessly upon one side, reflecting on the events of the day, when I was suddenly accosted with "good morning." I turned round to see the person who addressed me, and beheld an object upon whom the beauties of the evening could bestow no pleasures. I soon discovered the cause of such a salutation at 6 o'clock in the evening. I looked at him without making a reply, his clothes which were good, were dirty and full of wrinkles, his face was dirty and his hair hung in tails at each side; his hands were in his pockets and he trembled a little; his whole appearance presented that of misery. After I had looked at him for some time, he again addressed me (for we were well known to each other, he worked in a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood, and came frequently into the shop where I stopped) — with "It's

a fine morning;" I smiled — he said again — "has the chaps gone to work yet?" (meaning the rest of the men who worked in the shop with him.) I could not be silent no longer, and said to him — "you miserable, idle, drunken wretch, where have you come from, at this time of the day?" — why said he, "it's not 6 o'clock yet, I just past the sentry at government house and he told me it wanted a quarter; but I don't think it's so late" continued he, (pointing to the setting sun;) "I am sure the sun is not high yet, it can't be late." I told him it was evening and it was morning, that they were just about leaving their work; and it was some time before I could convince him of his mistake: after some talk he went away quite ashamed — I concluded that he had got drunk in the morning, and had sauntered outside of the town, and had laid down in the corner of some field, and slept away some hours, when he awoke, being of course half stupid from the effects of what he had been drinking; he thought he had lain there all night, and took the evening for the morning, the setting for the rising of the sun, and the sentry telling him it was a quarter to six, he thought was 6 o'clock in the morning. The person alluded to was only about 22 years of age, which renders the case the more distressing — a person of that age to be so far gone in drunkenness. I knew of his being once a moderate drinker. — It is when men are moderate drinkers, that they should join the temperance society; that is the time to leave off drinking; for if they wait till they can drink immoderately, it may then be too late. Most men work when it is too late. The foolish virgins were too late. Esau was too late for the blessing; — and many men will wish they had joined the temperance society when it is too late.\*

#### "A TIME TO DANCE." — Eccles. iii. 4.

When is the time to dance? 1. Not when it is a time to mourn. This assertion will hardly need proof. You would not dance at a funeral. You would not dance when your friends were dying, or your house was burning, or your fortune was being wrecked, or your life was in danger. If your sin are still unforgiven you ought to mourn over them till you find pardon. If your soul is in danger you have no time to dance till the danger is averted. If there are others around you whom you love who are still in sin, you must mourn for them lest they too should perish, and while your own sin and danger afford so much more cause for sorrow it is a "time to mourn" and not a "time to dance."

2. Not when more important matters than dancing are demanding attention. Common prudence dictates this course. Seek first the kingdom of God. The soul is more precious than the whole world, and you will not surely endanger its eternal salvation for the sake of dancing. It is wrong, foolish, wicked to put your soul for an evening's dissipation. So long therefore as the salvation of your soul is a matter of doubt, and especially while you know that you have no hope and are without God in the world, it is not for you a time to dance.

3. Not when you are on the verge of hell. You would not dance on a precipice. But if you have not made your peace with God, you are on the brink of destruction. You are in danger every instant of being precipitated into remediless ruin. Your dancing when thus exposed looks more like the antics of a madman than the amusement of a man with a sound mind. Death often comes to the dancing room. I read some time since, of four young men leaving the hall where they had been dancing and one of them fell dead, and his companions concealed his body for fear the party might be broken up if it were known that one had fallen into the bottomless pit. And while you are exposed to the same danger it is not a time to dance. — N. Y. Obs.

Every enjoyment of the human heart is like a tree planted deeply in the soil, which rooted out, leaves not the earth as it was before, but tears it up, and scatters it broad, and makes a yearning void difficult to be filled again. — Anon.

\* To be concluded in our next number.

## THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1839.

"THEY REMEMBERED HIS WORDS."—So did the disciples at last, after the Resurrection of their Lord, though slow of heart before to believe all that the prophets had written concerning him, and that He himself had often spoken to them while yet blessing them with his daily presence. Let it be so with all who now profess to be followers of the same Jesus, whose precious death and eternal and glorious resurrection, have been again brought evidently before our eyes, in the solemn services of the Church. We have, as it were, again heard his words—His affecting words—in the moving scenes which preceded the agonies of the Cross, and those memorable words which he uttered while his saving blood was flowing on the hill of Calvary—words to the very last, of peace on earth and good will towards men. And we have heard after he burst the bars of the Grave and triumphed over Death—that great event which may justly be considered the 'corner stone' of our Faith, and on which our own hopes of everlasting life depend.—Let those words not be forgotten by us amid the bustling affairs of life; but let us pray God to graft them inwardly in our hearts—for of all the words of Jesus it may be truly said, that "they are spirit and they are life." While actively engaged in the pursuits of the world, the heart is too apt to lose the savour of the things of God, and constantly requires to "remember the words"—the love and the blessed example of Jesus, which our Church has of late so beautifully set before her children. How refreshing have these services proved to thousands whose earthly cup is filled with the cares and distractions and sorrows of this unsatisfying world. How delightful, and how improving, to be called from these things that are without, to stand around the Lamb of God, as the Church has called us, and to dwell upon his surpassing love, and his bright example of every heavenly virtue. May a holy influence follow the exercises in which churchmen have lately engaged, raising all from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, and causing them to adorn the doctrine of their risen Saviour in all things.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—A committee of the house of Assembly of that province, have reported favourably respecting a grant of £600 a-year, to cover the salary and all expenses of a Geologist, to be employed for four years, in exploring the hidden treasures of their country. Doctor GESSNER, of course will be the person employed; and we rejoice to find that he is where his merits are appreciated as they ought, while we cannot cease to regret that in his native province he did not meet the same encouragement.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—We are sometimes accused of blind partiality in our expressions of warm and decided attachment to the Church at whose altars we serve, and in whose cause our humble journal is enlisted. Perhaps the following testimony from a foreign source—"the Banner of the Cross"—a paper published in Philadelphia, will be received with less suspicions:—

"The abuse of factious and unprincipled demagogues at home, is eagerly circulated in this country by those who, viewing her with a jaundiced eye, are too prone to forget the debt of gratitude which they owe her as the "Bulwark of the Reformed religion." It was the Church of England which fought the battle with Popery and triumphed in the issue, and it is to her that they are indebted for the Bible, which they read, and the privilege, if such they deem it of dissenting from her communion, and following the devices and desires of their own hearts. Nor is this all that she has done. When the foundations of society were upturned in a neighbouring country; and Infidelity, rearing his giant form upon the ruins of a corrupted faith, entered upon his withering career of propagandism, while

At his iron feet,  
Destruction covered to mark what deeds were done,"

the Church of England entered the lists, in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom he had defied, and again won for Truth a victory, the benefits of which, common to us all, will descend from generation to generation. She has always been found in the forefront of the contest with Sin and Error,—from her armoury must ever be drawn the weapons by which alone they can be successfully encountered; and we rejoice to see her with the vigour of youth and the wisdom and stability of age, girding herself with her Saviour's strength, and going forth conquering and to conquer. The spirit which animated her noble army of martyrs still burns within the bosom of her children, and we doubt not that in the providence of God she is destined to accomplish far greater things than she has hitherto done for the cause of Christianity and the conversion of the world. With some of those who cannot shut their eyes to the glory of her present position and the brightness of her future promise, it is customary to speak of her coldness and torpidity during the last century, and to insinuate thereby the superiority of the dissenting bodies. We would not say one word in extenuation of her apathy and worldliness. It was however, a time of general declension; and, languishing, as, with a few brilliant exceptions, she confessedly was, she was then, as now, in advance of all the sects by which she is surrounded. Where was their missionary enterprise, and the zeal of the Church of Scotland also—a sister establishment possessing all the advantages of secular alliance without its evils—when so early as 1701 she organized a society for propagating the Gospel in foreign countries on principles, and sent forth missionaries with instructions, which would have done honor to the best ages of primitive Christianity? We are no advocates for civil and ecclesiastical union; but to its existence in England is due, under God, the ascendancy of the Protestant faith. It has scattered churches over the land, and caused the pure truth of the Gospel to be preached and heard in districts which might otherwise have been involved until this day in the night of ignorance and superstition. On this subject listen for a moment to the inspiring strains of one among the many thousand faithful clergymen whom it has been instrumental in sending forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation:—

"We value our national church, because within her strong and guarded precincts we find opportunities secure and frequent, to preach the Gospel.—We love the walls by which we are surrounded, not to look at—not as a trophy of superiority—O no—but because within these walls there is a constant opportunity of presenting HIM before the people who is a sweet savour between God and man, Jesus, the precious sacrifice, by whom alone sinners draw near to God—by whom alone God draws near to sinners.

"O, we delight, with joy unspeakable, in all the facilities given us to propagate this sound, to carry it throughout the whole land, not to those only who are able and willing to pay for churches and ministers; but to those also who are unable and unwilling;—and the unwilling need it most.

"If the only people in the country whom we cared for were people of property—people competent and inclined to supply houses of worship for themselves, we might then,—though even then it would be unsafe, because all are liable to fluctuate,—we might then, perhaps, feel less concerned about a national establishment, considered with reference to its effects.—But our anxieties are not confined to such;—nay, our chief regard goes amongst the poor: "to the poor the Gospel is preached." Thousands and tens of thousands find it difficult to supply their families with food, and have not, and cannot have, the means, were they ever so willing, of contributing either to places of worship, or to the salaries of ministers.—For the sake of these it is that we desire a nationally-endowed church,—that those who are appointed to toil hard through the week for their daily sustenance may have a house to go to freely on the Lord's day without money and without price, and hear of him

\*The Rev. Hugh McNeale, of St. Jude's, Liverpool.

who is a sweet savour unto God for them,—Jesus, dying that they might live."

At the present time, thwarted, traduced, and misrepresented as she is, the Church of England, undismayed by the wreck with which she is threatened, is putting forth exertions for the good of her enemies, and the conversion of those upon whom the Gospel has not yet shined, almost equal to the combined effort of all Christendom besides. At home, churches are springing up on every side to hal-low and beautify the land,—abroad, her missionary expenditure in the various departments of Christian benevolence may be computed by millions;—translations of the Bible and Prayer Book are daily making into the language of every nation under heaven, and the time is not far distant when all may read in their own tongues the wonderful works of God. Her zeal rises with opposition and discouragement, and her contributions to these objects is scarcely a tithe of what it will yet be. The Wesleyan Methodists, a powerful body who have never formally separated from her enclosure, are still her friends and allies, and will probably ere long return into the fold from whence they have strayed; and the Dissenters who for political or sectarian purposes now seek her destruction, may yet be won by the beauty of her example to repentance and a better mind. "In full contrast to her adversaries," says the Rev. Dr. Croly, "the people see the Church of England with all her ancient majesty unimpaired, and with even more than her ancient vigor awakened; sustaining the purity of her own doctrines and discipline, yet allowing to every man the full rights of conscience; ministering to the good order of the state, yet keeping aloof from the factions and follies of the time; indefatigably labouring for the poor, yet disdainful to court popularity by a bribe to their passions. With new respect and gratitude, they see her, in all the tumults of the period, steadily pursuing her way to the public welfare, forming great plans of education, gathering the multitude into new temples, pouring out her munificent charity to her afflicted brethren at the ends of the earth, spreading that most exalted gift of human benevolence, the Bible, wherever man can live and be redeemed, and planting her dignities, her discipline, and her principles, in mighty kingdoms, yet to reflect her image on a bolder scale. Like the sacred tree of India, projecting her noble branches far and wide, that touch the ground only to take root, rise in stately beauty, and sanctify the land with a broader shade."

HOW THE CHURCH STANDS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—A friend in that province writes—"Our house of Assembly adjourned, in order to attend the meeting of the Church Society. We had also a good sprinkling of Honourables. The Governor received the sacrament on Sunday in the church. The Chaplains of both houses, last year, had splendid corded silk robes presented to them by the Legislature, in value, it is said, £30 each set, in addition to their salaries."

The above affords a pleasing evidence of the kind and respectful feeling of the Legislature of the sister Province towards the Church of England, which meets with such different treatment from certain of our Legislators in Nova Scotia, who drove the chaplain from their floors because he was a Minister of the Establishment, and can hardly discuss any public measure without showing that hatred to the Church is the uppermost feeling in their hearts. We wish they would go to school at Fredericton for a while.

DARTMOUTH CHURCH SOCIETY.—The name of Mr. Albro, as Vice President, was omitted in the account published in our last.

## DIED.

At Liverpool, N. S. on the 25th ult. after a short and severe illness, Harriet, second daughter of S. P. Fairbanks, Esq. aged 16 years.

When those we love are snatch'd away  
By Death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
That Friendship must demand.

Let this vain world allure no more—  
Behold the opening tomb;  
It bids us use the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.

Oh! let us to that Saviour fly,  
Whose arm alone can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

At the same place, on the 28th inst. after an illness of some years, Mary, daughter of the late James Dewolf, Esq. aged 50 years.



## POETRY.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman, by one of its young readers.

## JESUS SEEN OF ANGELS.

Beyond the glittering starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels, bright, and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right hand with golden harps,  
They offer songs divine,

Hail Prince, they cry, for ever hail!  
Whose unexampled love,  
Moved thee to quit these glorious robes  
And royalties above.

Whilst here, our gracious Lord vouchsafed  
To suffer rude disdain,  
They cast their honours at his feet,  
And waited in his train.

In all his toils and conflicts here,  
Then Sovereign they attend,  
And pause—and wonder how at last  
This scene of love will end!

When all the powers of hell combined  
To fill his cup of woe,  
Their wandering eyes beheld his tears  
In blood and anguish flow.

As on the torturing cross he hung  
And darkness veiled the sky  
Amazed, they saw that awful sight—  
The Lord of Glory die!

Anon he bursts the gates of death,—  
Subdues the tyrant's power:  
They saw the illustrious conqueror rise,  
And hailed the blissful hour!

They brought his chariot from above  
To bear him to his throne  
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried  
"The glorious work is done!"

My soul the joyful triumph feels,  
And thinks the season long,  
Ere she her gracious Saviour see,  
And join the rapturous song.

TURNER.

*Acquaint Thyself with God.*—Jon. 22. 21.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,  
And peace, like the dewdrop shall fall on thy head;  
And sleep, like an angel shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with God,  
And he will be with thee when fears are abroad,  
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,—  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

KNOX.

## ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

## CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

MATTHEW, XXIV. 46.—"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

For some time previous to his decease, Bishop Jewel had a presage of its near approach, which excited in him greater diligence in the duties of his office, admonishing and exhorting the people committed to his charge more strictly, and preaching more frequently. By which restless labour and watchful cares he brought his feeble body so low, that as he rode to preach at Lacock in Wiltshire, a gentleman kindly admonished him to return home,

for his health and strength's sake; saying that such fatigue might bring him in danger of his life: assuring him it was better the people should want one sermon than be altogether deprived of such a preacher. To whom he replied, "It best becomes a bishop to be preaching in the pulpit;" thinking seriously upon the words of his Master, "Happy is the servant whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." Wherefore, that he might not disappoint his people, he ascended the pulpit, and took for his text Galatians v. 16.—"Walk in the Spirit."

## THE SINNER'S PLEA.

GALATIANS, II. 16.—"We have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

The views of the Rev. Martin Boos, a late Roman Catholic clergyman, in Austria, though afterwards decidedly evangelical, were at the commencement of his ministry erroneous. About the year 1788, he went to visit a woman distinguished by her humility and piety, who was dangerously ill. In endeavouring to prepare her for death, he said to her. "I doubt not but you will die calm and happy."—"Wherefore?" asked the sick woman. "Because your life has all been made up of a series of good works." The sick woman sighed; "If I die," said she, "confiding in the good works which you call to my recollection, I know for certain that I shall be condemned; but what renders me calm at this solemn hour is, that I trust solely in Jesus Christ my Saviour." "These few words," said Boos, "from the mouth of a dying woman who was reputed a saint, opened my eyes for the first time. I learned what that was—CHRIST FOR US.—Like Abraham, I saw his day: from that time, I announced to others the Saviour of sinners whom I had myself found, and there are many of them who rejoice in him along with me."

## DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES.

MARK, XI. 23.—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c. at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, "Ah! David, David," said the Doctor, "these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"—Church.

JER. VIII. 7.—"The crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming."

The migration and periodical flight of birds, instinctive as they must certainly be considered, are yet peculiarly demonstrative of the providential superintendence of the Creator. The natural history of the crane furnishes striking evidence of this assertion. Immediately after landing, we were surprised and delighted with a flight of birds, which we discerned at first like a thick dark speck in the heavens, which gradually enlarged as it approached, and discovered at length the array and order of their flight. They wheeled along their airy movements in the form of a semicircle, enclosing within itself numbers of smaller circles; the component parts of which were constantly shifting their relative positions, advancing to the front as if by a sudden impulse; then falling back to the rear, alternately occupying and giving place to others. The lively competition was constantly maintained; each of them every instant passing or passed by his fellow. All was grace and harmony, not one discordant movement throughout the whole array; every thing appeared as if regulated by a preconcerted plan, in which every member understood and performed his part with freedom and precision, alike the subordinate and the superiors. They were too high in the air for us to hear any noise from the steering of their wings, or to know what species of birds they were; but we judged them to be cranes. They held on their steady flight from north to south, following the course of the river as far as the eye could accompany them. *Richardson's Travels.*

## WHITEFIELD.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review, thus speaks of the secret of the power of Whitefield's preaching. "The enumeration of sources of Whitefield's power is still essentially defective. Neither energy, eloquence, nor histrionic talents, nor any artifices of style, nor the most genuine sincerity and self-devotion, nor all these united, would have enabled him to mould the religious character of millions in his own and future generations. The secret lies deeper, though not very deep. It consisted in the nature of the theology he taught—in its perfect simplicity and universal application. His thirty or forty thousand sermons were but so many variations on two key-notes. Man is guilty, and may obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. Expanded into innumerable forms, and diversified by infinite varieties of illustration, these two cardinal principles were ever in his heart and on his tongue. Let who would invoke poetry to embellish the Christian system, or philosophy to explore its esoteric depths, from his lips it was delivered as an awful and urgent summons to repent, to believe, and to obey. To set to music the orders issued to sinners in the storm, or to address them in the language of Aristotle or Descartes, would have seemed to him not a whit more preposterous than to divert his hearers from their danger and their refuge, their duties and their hopes, to any topics more trivial or more abstruse. In fine, he was thoroughly and continually in earnest, and therefore possessed that tension of the soul which admitted neither of lassitude nor relaxation; few and familiar as were the topics to which he was confined. His was therefore precisely that state of mind in which alone eloquence, properly so called, can be engendered, and a moral and intellectual sovereignty won."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MISSES WISWALL, will reopen their School on the first of MAY, 1839. They teach as formerly Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Composition; Geography with the use of the Globes, History, Chronology, and other branches of useful knowledge, with plain and ornamental Needlework.

They will receive Boarders not exceeding twelve in number, either for the year or single quarter, commencing at the beginning of either of the summer months, upon their former terms, which are—

Board, - - - - £7 per quarter.

Tuition, - - - - 15s. "

A quarter's notice before the removal of a pupil, or the quarter paid. For further particulars inquire by letter addressed (post paid) to Miss Wiswall.

Wilmot, N. S. March, 1839. 4 no's. 8s9d.

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FOR 1839.

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October 27, 1838.

C. H. BELCHER.

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