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THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.—Hab. ii. 1.

Rev. A. H. BURWELL, Editor.]

THREE RIVERS, FRIDAY, 11th MARCH 1831.

[Vol. I.—No. 28.]

FOR THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

NOTICES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE
REV. ROBERT ADDISON, RECTOR OF NIAGARA, U. C.

Niagara, 10th Jan. 1830.

Sir,

It appears to me that biographical notices of eminent members of our Church belonging to the Canadas, who have passed to their reward, might diversify your paper, and both instruct and entertain your readers. In this belief I now send you some account of the funeral sermon preached at the interment of the Rev. Robert Addison, on the 9th of October 1829, by the Archdeacon of York. The preacher took his text from 2 Cor. iv. 7. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels."

The death of good men is a just ground of sorrow, especially when they are placed in public stations. They are burning lamps, giving light and direction to their brethren around them. An event of this kind hath called together this afflicted assembly. A cedar has fallen—a brilliant star has been removed from our horizon; and although full of days and attended with bright and effectual sources of comfort, yet he leaves behind him many sorrowing. The departure of the oldest clergyman of the Established Church, who hath for nearly forty years unfolded the banner of the cross to this neighbourhood, and who had seen the population from a few scattered families grow up to a great multitude, is no common event. But death spares no man. Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever? Nor are ministers of the New Testament, though employed in a more excellent ministry, exempted from the dominion of death. Apostles as well as prophets must obey his imperious call; for we have this treasure in earthen vessels. In speaking from these words the Archdeacon directed the attention of his hearers, First, to the Ministry and dispensation of the Gospel. Secondly, to the infirmity of those to whom the treasure is intrusted—Earthen Vessels.

First. It was the purpose of our blessed Redeemer, in promulgating the Gospel, to form a Church from among all nations, continually increasing from age to age till the final judgment, at which period it is to extend over the whole world, and unite its followers in one pure spiritual and eternal family in the kingdom of heaven. To forward this mighty design, our Lord appointed the twelve Apostles, the seventy Disciples, and the Prophets of the New Testament, whose ministry was to be supplied by a constant succession of Pastors and Teachers set apart and qualified to be Ministers of Christ and Stewards of the mysteries of God. Their office is of infinite importance. To them it belongs to deliver the whole council of God. By their zeal and fidelity Christianity was first established, and by the same qualifications must Christian knowledge be preserved, and Christian men continue to be edified. They are to proclaim that the Gospel is the great remedy ordained of God for healing the disorders introduced by sin into the world. They are the Shepherds of his flock—labourers together with God—instruments by whom he communicates spiritual health to their fellow-sinners, as he healed the sick by the hands of His Apostles and Prophets. And wherever the Gospel is faithfully delivered, God's blessing may be expected to attend it. Sinners will be awakened—grace imparted—faith strengthened—hope enlivened—love to God and cheerful obedience to his law produced; and a spirit of benevolence and charity to man diffused.

To the Ministers of the New Covenant are intrusted the honor of Christ and the glory of the Gospel. It is by their preaching

that the name of Christ is made known, and his glory celebrated. They are to dwell upon his mighty power, and his unbounded grace; upon the dignity of his person, and the merits of his death. Thus will Christ be honored and obeyed—the influence of the Holy Spirit will be sought; God will be worshipped through a Mediator, and be more and more praised and magnified for his mercy in the work of redemption. Such is the rich treasure put into earthen vessels, &c. The preacher then went into the dispensation, that the Minister's principal work is to preach and manifest the savour of divine knowledge to others—to spread that saving light to those who sit in darkness, and to be pillars of truth, not only for the propagation but defence of the Gospel; at all times ready to contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is their duty to feed the lambs as well as the sheep of Christ; to be instant in season and out of season; to be skilful and experienced in the divine art of teaching and applying their instructions to the different capacities of their hearers, and keeping back nothing that is profitable for them; but with all faithfulness and diligence, both in public and private, deliver the whole counsel of God, and so keep themselves pure from the blood of all.

It is impossible for Ministers to have a warm sense of the importance of the truths of the Gospel upon their own hearts, without speaking of them with energy and life to others. With holy vehemency, therefore, they pluck sinners as brands out of the burning, and by the force of earnest entreaty and solicitation compel them to come in and accept the offer of that nuptial feast, which is provided for them in the kingdom of heaven, &c. We can only spare room for one extract from the second part of this discourse, as we are anxious to give the whole of the Biographical Sketch with which it concludes. After remarking that this treasure is committed to frail mortals—not to angels, who, strangers to human infirmities and human passions, could not enter into our feelings or comprehend our trials, temptations and weaknesses, the Preacher says, Ministers are earthen vessels, they are poor frail mortal creatures, though intrusted for a time with the precious treasure of divine light and grace, and we little know how soon an unforeseen distemper or other accident may dash them in pieces. But if they can behold any considerable success of their ministerial labours in the conversion of souls to God, and in the edification of the living members of Christ's body the Church, their separation from their flocks, however painful to the flock, will yet be sweet and delightful to their souls. For if there be joy among the angels of heaven upon the repentance of one sinner, how much more reason will these ministers have to rejoice, whom God honors to be the instruments of bringing many to salvation? who behold in their flocks the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope successfully advancing, and who can say with the blessed Apostle to his beloved Thessalonians: You are our glory and our joy. The Prophets live not for ever; but blessed are they who appear in the presence of their Divine Master, and bring their sheaves with them.

These observations have been suggested by the solemn occurrence which has happened to this parish. Your beloved Pastor has been called hence to receive his reward; and though my great inability, a very short notice, and a deficiency of memoranda of his early years prevent me from presenting to you such an account of his life as a person in every way so estimable deserves, it is nevertheless hoped that sufficient will be said to awaken in your minds the most affectionate remembrance.

Robert Addison was born of respectable parents in the north of England, and after passing through the ordinary branches of study

at a Grammar School, he was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his mathematical and classical attainments. He was much esteemed while at this famous seat of learning by many of the principal members, as a young man of great promise. Dr. Watson, the celebrated Bishop of Llandaff, a prelate of the first talents himself, and well able to judge of the ability of others, used to declare that Addison was fit to master any subject, and to become an honor to the University, if he would but exert himself a little more, and get rid of a certain tiredness of habit, which beset him during his whole life. After leaving the University, he was successfully employed for many years as an instructor of youth; and he used to recall to his mind with infinite satisfaction some of those who had been his pupils, and afterwards became distinguished in their professions. While thus employed he not only collected many useful observations on the best methods of communicating knowledge, but made great progress in several branches of learning; though his reluctance to appear before the public prevented him from preparing any thing for the press. Nor was it known but to a very few intimate friends how rich was the stock of information which he possessed, and how well qualified he was, had his moral courage been greater, to have taken a commanding station in the republic of letters.

He married very early in life, and with the fairest prospects of domestic felicity; but owing to a severe malady which soon after afflicted his wife, this source of happiness was for ever destroyed. The state of his family and his inveterately retired habits seemed to cut off all hope of preferment in the Church: he was therefore induced to look to the Colonies for an asylum. Moderate in his habits and expectations, and possessed of a small patrimony, he thought that as a Missionary he might enjoy as much comfort as if he were a dignitary in the Church of England.

About this time the inhabitants of Niagara and its vicinity applied to the Right Rev. Dr. Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, through their regularly appointed agents, the late Col. Butler and the Hon. Robert Hamilton, to procure a Clergyman of the Church of England for the benefit of the District. They promised the Bishop to allow him £100 per annum over and above what he might receive from other quarters, and enclosed an obligation for the regular payment of this sum during the first seven years, signed by twelve of the principal inhabitants. This stipend was given as their letters state, for the express purpose of enabling their clergyman to maintain that rank in Society to which his profession entitled him. Our present settlement, say these gentlemen, is formed of a tract of country nearly forty miles square, bounded by Lakes Ontario and Erie on the north and south; by the river which joins these Lakes on the east, and on the west by a river which, rising not far from the first of these, runs into the other. On this river many of the six nation Indians are settled. Our present numbers consist of about 1000 men, 700 women, and 1400 children. Of these nearly one half are members of the Church of England. The rest consist of Presbyterians and other sects, sprung from that mother Church, without any mixture of Roman Catholics.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia enclosed this application to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and at the same time wrote that the people of Niagara bore an excellent character—that they were generous and public-spirited—that the climate was mild, rather warmer than that of New York, and the soil exceedingly good through the whole district.

It so happened that Mr. Addison had just then applied for a mission in British North America, and the Secretary willingly accepted him as one of the Society's Missionaries. "The Bishop of Ely sent me a very satisfactory account of your conduct and character while in his Diocese. There will be no occasion to trouble you to get any other testimonials. I am confident the Society will not only be satisfied with what they have, but will esteem it a valuable acquisition to have so worthy a person in their service. I can see nothing to prevent your being regularly appointed to Niagara at our next meeting, which will be on the 17th June. In the interim, I wish you to make every preparation for your voyage, that you may go as soon as possible. I will do all in my power towards expediting your business, and getting you every assistance from the Society and Government that can be obtained, and I shall be glad to see you at your leisure."

Mr. Addison was accordingly appointed to Niagara, and left England with his family in the summer of 1791; but it was too late on his arrival at Quebec to proceed to the Upper Province till the Spring. The great estimation in which your venerable Pastor was held by the Society, further appears from a Letter written by their Secretary to the Bishop of Nova Scotia, dated 10th June 1791, a day or two after his appointment to this place. "One great object of the Society is accomplished in sending a person who, from a nice inquiry into his character and talents, they have every reason to suppose will answer the expectations of the people of Niagara, to whom he is sent. I beg leave to recommend him to your notice. He is Master of Arts of Trinity College in Cambridge, from whence he brings an excellent character, both as a moral man and a scholar, and endued with such qualifications of courage and resolution as may be particularly wanting in the new country of Niagara, to which he is going as soon as possible. It has been a difficult matter to find a person for that place: but now we have gotten a man who will do credit to the cause. The Society rely on your kind attention, to see that the people fulfil the engagement which you sometime ago transmitted to the Society from them." This high character your reverend Pastor has ever retained with the Society.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON CURATE.—No. 1.

POLLA D'ANTHROPOIS PARA GNOMAN IPE—
EMPALIN MEN TERPISIOS.—Pindar.

Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray.—West's Trans.

It was not without a full recollection of the truth conveyed in these words, and a sorrowful application of it to myself, under many circumstances of bitter experience, that I bade farewell to a flock among whom I had for seven years exercised the pastoral functions of a Country Curate. I shall never forget the impressions with which I ascended the pulpit of the Village Church for the last time. I had long been known among the parishioners before I became their spiritual instructor. My revered parents had resided among them for some years, and when they left the town for another residence, I was consigned to the then Curate, whom it was my lot to succeed in the curacy soon after I had taken orders. They knew me, therefore from a boy; and I thought it the happiest event that I could desire to return and live among those with whom my earliest associations had commenced. Those whom I once knew as children I found after the intermediate lapse of time taken up in my continuance in a public school and at college, advanced in equal growth with myself—a natural result which, notwithstanding its evident consequence, my absence had almost caused me to lose sight of. When, however, we met again, the renewal of our friendship made us more intimate than ever, and from having been associated in the earliest days of our youth, our sentiments were blended by a congeniality which united us in mutual regard. No, never shall I forget the moment when I ascended the pulpit stairs to bid a long, a last farewell to the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters of my flock, with whom I had lived in reciprocal interchange of affectionate respect. I had served two neighboring curacies at different times with that which I had considered my chief. When I looked around me, I beheld the major part of these congregations mingled with that of my principal one, and I was convinced that I was about to make my final address to them. I will not assume to myself a self-possession which I did not feel—my heart was divided among them—all my most earnest feelings were already spread throughout the kind-hearted crowd. Here I saw the friend of my infancy; there the playmate of my boyish hours: in one pew sat the generous man whose heart and hand were ever open to my call—in another, the liberal patron of my beloved father, and by his side the familiar companion of my endeared mother; while in every part of the aisle I caught the glance of some one whom I had been in the ha-

bit of hailing with the cheerful accents and the cordial shake of unfeigned welcome whenever we had met, as they had arranged themselves with their neighbors on the sunny side of the Village Church. O, what a thrill of painful certainty did I feel that now no more we should meet as pastor and flock; no more exchange those unfeigned greetings in which our hearts confessed the influence of unaffected gratification at being spared from Sunday to Sunday to assemble in the hallowed service of public worship. The die was cast; it was expedient that I should go away, they knew the cause, and sympathized with me in its adverse influence upon my peace. My heart sank within me, my spirits failed, and all my energies were fled. But as my tongue faltered and my lip quivered in the prayer with which I preceded my sermon, a thought passed over my mind—" 'tis the last duty of your ministry, make this moment profitable to your hearers; let your farewell be the address of the pastor, and convert their sensibilities to their spiritual edification—remember, if you meet no more on earth, you may in the courts of your God hereafter be assembled together in the pavilions of his glory." This transient motion of my mind at once reassured me, and I rose from my knees invigorated in spirit and strengthened in my purpose. I considered myself as addressing them on the last limits of my being, as one who was launching out from the peaceful haven of his first home to seek an untried passage through the ocean of eternity. My soul erected itself into confidence and hope—I felt how insignificant were all the changes of this life to that which would remove us to the next: this reflection restored firmness to my heart. The task of duty was accomplished. In that of affection much remained to be done. I found the Vestry full of kind friends; their adieus oppressed me, and the exertions which I had made almost amounting to a convulsive effort, had weakened my strength of mind. I could not support the second trial; I could only thank them with my tears for the generous attentions which they heaped upon me. As I passed through the Churchyard, the poorer classes of the parish with their children placed themselves near the gate, and in words of cordial expression, implored God's blessings on my head. I was fain to hasten home, that I might shelter myself from the showers of good wishes which fell heavy on my heart, precious as was the balm with which they soothed the anguish of my wounded peace.

The morrow came on which I was to turn my back upon all that had given interest to my pastoral life, and all that had given hope to my social. Alas! in one hour more the former would for ever cease to act; but the sad recollection would remain, that once I enjoyed the purest participations of the affection of my flock, and longer had enjoyed them, but for the withering blast of sudden destruction which blighted all the flattering promise of the latter, and left me to lament in the most poignant convictions of the baseness of the human heart, the most afflictive privations that can weigh down the soul. At this instant my too faithful memory traces, in all the foul character of their flagrancy, those eventful circumstances which has marked all my subsequent course through life with disappointment and misfortune. Away from me ye unhallowed intruders upon my broken repose! Why should I suffer you to crush with your pestiferous folds my more exalted trust? In those early exercises of my ministry which I call to mind with humble reference to the infirmity of my power, I would find consolation for those facts of misery which crowded upon my recollections, as having given to the cup of joy that once I fondly fancied would never be exhausted, a poisonous bitterness which has caused me to loathe the remembrance of the draught! *Procul, o procul este*, and mingle not with those more sacred contemplations which present to my review the consolatory experience of my earliest ministration in the service of our venerable establishment.

A country Curate whose professional path is unscathed by the blastings of temporal care, and whose chief pursuit is that which he has most solemnly pledged himself to God and man, to improve to the present and future happiness of those who are committed to his charge, is a condition highly deserving of his personal content and earnest consideration.

He is revered by the young, esteemed by the old, and looked up to as the valuable friend of both. His admonitions, both

in and out of the pulpit, are regarded as the advice of a conscientious guardian of their happiest interests, and he is allowed to cultivate any influence over their conduct which they willingly acknowledge and affectionately submit to. The wise and judicious among his flock make his sentiments the standard of their own. The rich respect him, the poor venerate him, and both love him.

Numerous as are his duties, he will be indefatigable in the performance of them. To confirm the elder, and encourage the younger, to instruct the ignorant and reclaim the vicious part of his parishioners, will be his constant anxiety and unwearied employment. The visit of friendship he will make the medium of conciliating the mind of his friend to the adoption of that Christian feeling which may restrain the wanderings of inconsiderateness or correct the deviations of thoughtless indulgence in any habit that is incongruous with Christian life. By the participation with the young in their harmless amusements, he will give a profitable turn to their ideas, which may convert them to an appropriation even of their gayest affections to some edifying purpose,—and, at all events, prevent their aberrations into an unwary forgetfulness of the character which they bear in the community of Christians to which they belong. To the sick he will be a ready attendant—a compassionate adviser; to the dying he will be the guide and the comforter of the soul.

PARTY FEELING.

Those who in the dread of strife and party violence would seek to preserve union by abstaining from all mention of every doctrine that is likely to afford matter of controversy, by laying aside all formularies, and confessions of faith, and by regarding with indifference all varieties of opinion among professors of Christianity, would, in fact, put an end to the very existence of the Society itself whose integrity and concord they would preserve. Preventing hurtful contentions, by rooting out the wheat belonging to the tares, and for the sake of extirpating noxious weeds, would condemn the field to perpetual sterility. We are not then to hold a society together by renouncing the objects of it; nor to part with our faith and our hope, as a means of attaining charity, but rather seek to combine the three, and by earnest zeal, without violence or bigotry, by firmness accompanied with moderation, discretion and temper, by conciliating adversaries, without sacrificing the truth, and by hearty, yet mild cooperation with friends, to obtain the advancement of party feeling, yet avoid its evils; and promote peace, without falling into indifference.

Almost every society has some institutions, whose immediate end is the preservation of the society, and which have no intrinsic value; like the fortifications of a town, which are worthless in themselves, but are essential to the security of the citizen's habitations and goods, &c. It is generally, too, found desirable, that a party should have some external badges of distinction, to indicate their internal sentiments, that the members of it may be mutually known among themselves and held together. These are like the standards in an army, which the soldiers are taught to defend at all hazards, because, though in themselves not worth defending, they are the signs by which they are to distinguish friend from foe, and by which they are to be kept together in proper order. All these signs of distinction have the effect not only of keeping the party united and entire, but also of increasing man's attachment to it.

Let the most candid and favourable construction possible be put on every profession, till we are compelled to understand it otherwise. Where the case will allow of it, let blame be laid rather on the form of expression than on the doctrine intended to be conveyed; and, lastly, where it is manifest that incorrect notions are entertained, let it always be considered whether they may not be attributed rather to weakness of intellect, and inaptitude for accurate statements, than to culpable perversion of the truth.—*Whately*.

Anger is a professed enemy to counsel. If thou counsellest a man in passion gently, thou art despised; if thou urgest it vehemently, he's provoked the more.—*Fuller*.

THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

THREE-RIVERS, FRIDAY 11th MARCH, 1831.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE DOCTRINE OF BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.—No. VI.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

1. Though we walk by faith, yet we are so much the creatures of sense that we must have some certain sensible marks to guide us even in matters of faith; something that we can in a manner see, hear, and handle, or we cannot proceed with certainty. This is the reason that God gave to Abraham and the Church after him the external and cognizable mark, sign, and seal of his eternal covenant. *Human nature* as much requires a cognizable mark now, as the sign and seal of God's covenant, as it did then. This seal we have in Baptism, and it is the sign manual of Church membership, the seal of the Holy Spirit to our adoption into the family of God, our engrafting into the Vine Christ Jesus, or his body the Church, and may be ascertained (as has been *contemptuously* said to us) by a reference to the Parish Register. 2 Cor. i. 21, 22. "Now he which stablishes us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." The promise of God begs confidence in the heart, and excites a rising hope, as is particularly expressed in Peter's Sermon on the day of Pentecost, in which the promise of the Holy Spirit is made to *baptized persons*, and made *dependent on baptism*. So also Eph. i. 13. "In whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise." And again, at Eph. v. 30. "Grieve not that holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed [have been sealed, in the Greek] unto the day of redemption." This sealing is the assuring certificate of our adoption, as appears by a reference to Eph. i. 5. "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ himself, according to the good pleasure of his will;" and verse 11, "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance."—And Gal. iv. 5. "That we might receive the adoption of sons." Reflect that this strong language was addressed unconditionally to whole churches,—nay, to the whole Church. Then, either there was not at that time a single individual in all those Churches who was not "born again" in the *modern* sense of the words, if indeed we can affix to it any definite meaning, not even the incestuous Corinthian,—for Paul uses language which precludes all claim to exceptions; or the *modern* doctrine of regeneration and adoption is not taught by Saint Paul.

2. By separating the fact of regeneration from the fact of baptism, we make it a matter of uncertainty as to whether or not we are regenerate and adopted children of God. Hence multitudes have been exceedingly puzzled and perplexed in searching for imaginary internal marks and evidences, and some have even been driven to despair because they could not feel them, concluding that they were eternally predestinated to everlasting damnation. The learned and excellent and truly evangelical Dr. Warton, in his *Death-bed Scenes*, mentions the melancholy effect of this perversion of the doctrine in view in the instance of two poor women, within the range of his acquaintance, who committed suicide: see Vol. I. pp. 190, 226. Philadel. Ed. 1828. And in Vol. II. under the title "Religious Melancholy" he gives a most interesting and lengthy account of a poor young woman whom he saved from a like fate by preaching the Gospel to her. At p. 98, he says, "The whole appeared to me to be now disclosed; and at first I doubted how to proceed. But after a moment's consideration, being assured that, if I could not convince this methodistical aunt, I could at least reduce her to silence, and that it would be better for the sick woman herself to hear the discussion than to have the doctrine explained by me in private, I begged to be informed what was meant by this word "converted." "Oh Sir," she answered without hesitation, "it is the new birth. We must all be born again of the Spirit; and there is no salvation without it. All the elect go through it of course, in some period of their lives sooner or later." "Well,

I said, "supposing this to be true, may we know when we go through it?" "To be sure Sir," she replied; "it never takes place without some labor and difficulty, and sometimes it costs a great deal: so that it may certainly be known." "And when it is over, what comes afterwards?" I enquired. "Oh then, Sir," she said "all doubt and misgiving about our eternal state are at an end: the heart is all joy and love in the Lord; and we feel as they who are sealed for redemption, and can never fall."—The sick woman, it appears by the Doctor's account, had become partially mad by going to the *Zion Chapel* "where the *true Gospel* was preached;" and failing to find the new birth as she was taught to expect it, she was reduced to despair.

3. By directing men to seek for the evidences of regeneration in their internal feelings and faculties, instead of something cognizable by the outward senses, as must be the case when we divorce it from baptism, we open a wide door to all manner of extravagance and fanaticism. Even unbaptized persons have been known to invade the ministry and sacraments under pretence of being born of the Spirit and miraculously called. Here we refer again to Dr. Warton, Vol. i. p. 195. "Very well, I said, and did she tell you when this new birth took place, and whether you could be sensible of it at the moment by your feelings? Yes, Sir, she answered, the Lady told me that the change was so sudden, and so great when the new birth happened, that it would make itself known and felt, whether we would or not; and that it might take place at any period of our lives; and what is best of all, Sir, that, having passed through it, we shall be full of wonderful comfort and delight, and be for ever after assured of our salvation." Page 222, "Why, Sir, she said, this elect Lady felt the Spirit sensibly dwelling and working within her: and the old women informed her that nothing of the sort had ever happened to themselves. Therefore you know, Sir, they are yet in a lost state—dead and buried; and nothing but the extraordinary workings of the Spirit, producing a new birth, can raise them out of it." Page 224. "Very well, Sir, she replied, rather contemptuously, you may examine me as much as you think proper. I do it only for your own good, I said; so tell me, if you can, more precisely what it is that you feel; or what it is that you are urged by your feelings to think and do." She was silent for a moment, and then collecting her whole mind, and knitting her brow, and fixing her glaring eyes upon me, and protruding her lips with the air of one about to pour forth an oracular response, at length she burst out in the following words: "I feel as if I were all soul, and could escape from the body, and leave it behind! I feel as if I could take wings, and soar aloft into Paradise to hear unspeakable words, and to see my blessed Redeemer, face to face! I feel: I am assured, that I am a vessel made to honor; one of those for whom alone Christ died; one of those who are called according to God's eternal purpose; and predestinated to everlasting life."

The above extracts are very much in the style of the *retiral* phraseology of this Western world, in which we not unfrequently find that at a particular meeting, at a particular hour, there was a mighty outpouring of the Spirit; and twenty, or fifty, or two hundred obtained hope, or were adopted, or received evidence of adoption, or had dreadful wrestlings, or were born again, or were sealed with the Spirit, or were hopefully converted, or some such nauseating trash: all which are legitimately consequent on the corruption of the *Scripture* doctrine of regeneration. The extracts from Dr. Warton also conclusively demonstrate that this corruption is an offspring of Calvin's horrible doctrine of consigning the greater part of mankind to eternal and remediless ruin by mere arbitrary power. For it is very natural for one of this stamp to argue thus: "The regenerate are the elect; and none of these can be lost. But no reprobate can be born of God, because God has determined otherwise, though any of them may receive baptism: therefore baptism is not regeneration." Hence we find people telling of their adoption, and regeneration, and their covenants with God, and their evidences of acceptance, &c. independently of a single idea of reference to the ordinances of the Church of Christ as the means, instruments and medium of receiving such benefits, or to the Church as their mother in the Lord. The only true evidence of these things is, the faithful reception and use of outward ordinances, as assurances from God to us of his good will in Christ: for if he had not that good will,

he would never have given us the ordinances. Thus one error produces another: the error of Calvin's decrees, produces Sociinianism, Universalism, and fanaticism;—and we may add, has a bearing on anabaptism. "Doctor Franklin," says a writer in the Episcopal Watchman of February 19, 1831, "was doubtless a statesman and a philosopher: but what did he know of the Christian revelation? Disgusted in childhood with the tenets of a crude, ultra-Calvinism, which he was accustomed to hear from the pulpit, he threw the whole subject from his mind without examination, and seems never to have recurred to it afterwards." The Doctor had a mind strongly tinged with feelings of justice and benevolence, and seeing such an impious caricature of the religion of justice and mercy instead of a faithful picture, he verily rationally concluded that a good Being could not be its author. In the same way numbers have revolted from the decrees of John Calvin, and taken a desperate plunge into the opposite extreme of Universalism: and we ourselves have heard them quarrel against the peculiarities of Calvin with spiteful fury, as if they were the whole of orthodoxy, and the Gospel was not otherwise known, except with themselves.

On the other hand, by directing men for the evidence of regeneration, adoption into God's family, and membership of Christ's body and covenant union with him, to the ascertainable fact of their baptism in the official transactions of God's authorized servants in their mother the Church; and for the evidence of their growth in grace to the measure of the discharge of the duties of their holy calling and election into God's service, we cut off all occasions for those dangerous irregularities and innovations; and by sober and discreet instruction in the value and use of the Church and her ordinances, arm their minds equally against the folly of their own presumption and self-conceit; or cold neglect in the service of their Maker; or the arts of deception and religious quackery, of which the world scarce ever saw more than at present; or the gloomy fears of those who feel a strong necessity for being truly pious, but fancy they cannot be so till they have passed through the fiery ordeal of some mysterious and agonizing experiences.—The plain and easy path of duty is too often deserted because it is too tame, and cannot furnish a constant round of high excitement; and many times because it requires too much subordination for spiritual pride to submit to.—The writer of this knows several instances of "born again" subjects, who once were full of revival zeal, but who, after their frenzy had cooled, became ashamed of their extravagance, and took a desperate leap into the dreary wilderness of dimly hearted Universalism.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

RELIGION.

"We will be glad, and rejoice in his salvation."

So firmly are we persuaded of the truth and consistency of the Psalmist's assertion, that "the ways of religion are the ways of pleasantness,"—so abundantly, so triumphantly has it been exemplified in the experience of the true people of God in all ages of the Christian world, that we can in no wise allow ourselves to believe that gloom and austerity are synonymous terms with religion.

There is a sullen ostentatious sense of religion which affects only the countenance; but, O, how distinguishable from that genuine, sincere sense of it by which the heart is made better! Not, however, that the profession of Christianity is altogether devoid of gloom. There is a time (and where is the Christian who has not experienced it?) when a deep sense of sin is heavy on the awakened sinner's mind; when his "iniquities appear to have separated between him and his God," and the appointed sources of spiritual consolation seem closed against the soul. But this is of short duration. The Gospel, as a dispensation of mercy, provides for the returning penitent. In due time, it speaks peace to his troubled conscience: it exalts him "to sit in heavenly places in Christ;" it strips the sack-cloth from his loins: it girds him with gladness; and enables him henceforth, like the great father of the faithful, to appear as the follower and friend of God.

Very different from this is that religious gloom, that austerity of manner, which is sometimes seen to characterize every state of

mind, and to attach every course of action. It varies not with the varying sense of religious feeling, but is an equally prominent feature, both when "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and" in those more grateful moments, when "the stranger may not intermeddle with its joy." There is a becoming seriousness naturally induced by the reflection, "Thou God seest me," which, certainly, highly befits the Christian: "there is a gravity suitable to the disciples of Christ, who have engaged to walk in their Redeemer's steps." But then we are not required by that God "who knows our frame, and remembers that we are but dust," to banish mirth, provided it be within the bounds which religion prescribes, and not excited by subjects which religion condemns. Nothing can be more contrary to what we consider the proper and natural effects of religion, rightly understood, than gloominess and apparent depression of spirits: nothing, as a predominant feeling, could be farther removed from the disposition and conduct of the great Author of our holy religion than melancholy. Such a feeling would ill accord with the idea which he himself gives us of his religion: He declares his "Yoke to be easy and his burden light;" and assures us that the consequences of our taking his yoke upon us will be that we shall have—not gloominess of mind—not sadness of heart—but "rest;" or, as the Apostle particularizes, "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

This accords not only with our view of religion, but with those descriptions of it also which we find incidentally dispersed through the Sacred Volume. In describing the approaching advent of the Saviour's kingdom, the holy prophet exhausts every emblem of the purest joy, and every type of the most perfect peace. It is represented to us by the Angels (Luke ii. 10.) as "glad tidings to all people"—as good news, because it made known to man the great Evangelical truth that God was at length reconciled to his people. Is it possible then, let me ask, that the subjects of such a dispensation can be constitutionally a melancholy people? that gloom and sadness can naturally prevail where there is such distinguished cause for the deepest gratitude and the most unbounded joy? A melancholy Christian is but half a Christian; because his views are confined to one side of the picture. He beholds the difficulties of the wilderness, and the length of the way; but he regards not the "pillar of the cloud," the "Manna," the "living stream," and the "verdant fields" which are beyond the flood: he feels the trials, the afflictions, and the temptations of life, but surely he neglects too much the all-mighty assistance God vouchsafes to his people, and the crown that is ultimately to reward their toil.—How beautiful the sentiment, how enviable the spirit of the holy Psalmist! "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."—"Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him; let the kingdom of Sion be joyful in their king." ♥

G. S.

THE RECHABITES.

In the year 1821 Bishop Heber preached a sermon from the following text, Jeremiah xxxv. 18—19.—"Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you, therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

Upon this text the Bishop makes the following observations:

That this promise, thus solemnly and explicitly made, has received its exact fulfilment, we have very reasonable grounds to believe, not only from the respect due to the inspired authority of Jeremiah, but from every thing which is known concerning the manners and policy of those tribes which yet wander over the open country of Syria. In our present limited knowledge of those regions, we are unable indeed to fix with precision on any one particular clan as the descendants of the Kenites. But many clans there are, and always have been, who, from policy and preference at least as much as necessity, retain in those wild regions the habits described by the prophet. The use of tents would be no distinguishing mark among the wandering hordes of the desert; and the impostor Mahomet, in forbidding the use of fermented liquors, did no more than comply with a prejudice already universal not only

among the Rechabites, but among all the children of Nehaioth, Neder and Midian. And it is but reasonable to believe that, though the distinction may have been lost by the feature becoming general, and though the ancient name of the tribe and the memory of their descent may, perhaps have perished amid the lapse of years and the political revolutions of Asia, yet the word thus spoken by God has not been suffered to fall to the ground, and that the wanderers of the house of Rechab, may still continue to prosper under the blessing of the Most High, and to cherish amid their wilderness, the institution of their ancestor Jonadab.

Appended to the above, in the edition of the Bishop's sermons preached in England and published by his widow, is the following interesting note, which not only confirms the Bishop's opinion, but serves to strengthen the integrity of the ancient prophecies.

At the distance of 2500 years from the date of the prediction, a tribe bearing the name, and answering the description of the Rechabites, has been discovered in Arabia. Several notices of them occur in the missionary journals of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, published some years after Mr. Heber made the following remarks: Writing at Mousoul, he thus speaks of them:—"March 10, 1824; All the Jews in this country believe that the Beni Khaibr, near Mecca and Medina, are the descendants of the ancient Rechabites. The mufti from Merdeen gave me a long description of the Beni Khaibr; but as I have not yet seen them, I will not at present give you his description of them. They are, however, worthy of notice. Those Jews of Khaibr gave infinite trouble to Mahomed; and he never was able to compel them to embrace his religion. See Sale's note to chapter xviii. in the Koran, and Herbelot Bibliothèque Orientale." Journal [London 1828.] vol. ii. p. 276. In another passage of the same work, (p. 331.) he says, "The Jews of Sanaa are firmly convinced that the Beni Khaibr are the descendants of the ancient Rechabites." Again at the latter date, and in a different place he says: "November 27, 1824. Abraham ben Yahya confirmed the account I had before received of the Rechabites. When I asked him, do you know the Jews Khaibr? he replied, you mean the children of Rechab. These are mighty men, and have not felt the yoke of captivity. And then Abraham ben Yahya joyfully lifted up his fingers and moved them about, and said, "They are the descendants Jonadab the son of Rechab who said, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever: neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, &c.; and thus they do. The children of Ishmael curse them, and we bless them. The sword of Mahomed has not brought them under his yoke, &c." (Journal of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, in Jewish Expos. 1826, p. 315.)—The fullest and most striking passage is the following: "All the Jews not only of Jerusalem, but likewise those of Yemen, told me, that the Rechabites mentioned in Jeremiah xxxv. were still existing around Mecca; the Mussulmans who performed their pilgrimages to Mecca, confirmed that account; the latter knew them by the name of Khaibaree. On my arrival at Jalooka in Mesopotamia, I saw Jews wandering about the Yezidi. I asked them, Has never any one of you turned Yezidi or Mussulman? They replied 'oppression cannot bow us, and tyranny cannot shake. Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.' I added, 'And Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God?' And believing them to be Rechabites, on account of their wandering about the desert, I asked them the question; they replied, 'No, but here is one who came from Hajaz, i. e. the desert of Mecca!' I saw one before me standing, dressed, and wild like an Arab, the bridle of his horse holding in his hand; I showed to him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, he read both languages, and was rejoiced to see the Bible. He was not acquainted with the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, Whose descendent are you? Mousa, (this was his name,—with a loud voice,) come, I show to you, and then he began to read Jeremiah xxxv. from verse 5 to 11. Wolff. Where do you reside? Mousa, (recurring to Gen. x. 27.) at Badoram, now called Semar by the Arabs, at Usal, now called Senan by the Arabs, and (Gen. x. 30.) at Masha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed, and live in tents, as Jonadab our father commanded us. Hobab was

our father too; come to us, you will still find 60,000 in number, and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled. 'Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.' And saying this, Mousa the Rechabite, mounted his horse and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence of sacred writ."—From the London Christian Guardian.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S TOMB.

SIR,—As the name and writings of Archbishop Leighton have long been, and are still, held in the highest estimation among all the friends of evangelical truth, it may be gratifying to some of your readers to learn a few particulars respecting the sequestered spot where that good man passed the last ten years of his life, and where his sacred remains are deposited "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to select a spot more rural and picturesque in scenery, or more retired from noise and bustle, and consequently more in accordance with the pacific temper of the Archbishop.

I lately visited the place on purpose to enjoy for a day or two the pleasure of contemplating a scene which was so long favoured by the presence of this eminent servant of Christ; and, if practicable, to gain admission to preach from his pulpit, an honor I very readily obtained from the worthy incumbent; and I hesitate not in saying that I never experienced more gratification on any former occasion. The great Creator and Lord of all, seems to have been peculiarly lavish in the produce of his infinitely powerful hand in the whole of this neighbourhood. The eye meets with beauty in every movement. Hill and valley spread successively over an extent of many miles, and while the back ground is invariably studded with trees and woods, the intervening landscape is pleasingly relieved by patches occupying plantations of hops or fields of corn.

Of the ancient mansion in which Leighton dwelt, only a small section, consisting of barns and servants' offices, now remains; but judging from the walls and ruins close by, I conclude it must have been originally a large structure. The terraces belonging to the pleasure ground still continue undisturbed, and part of the steps of ascent to them, as do also the three alcoves of fir at each angle, nearly a quarter of a mile apart, where, without doubt, Leighton often retired for study, contemplation and prayer. These alcoves consist each of about twelve or fifteen noble firs, which by their height and size afford a most agreeable cool retreat. The entrance into the mansion is now much dilapidated, but the beautiful rows of lime trees still continue to flourish.

The road leading from Broadhurst to the village of Horstead, a mile distant, is so completely lined with trees and brushwood that the eye finds no opening except one solitary sheet of water, till it recognizes the lofty spire of the Parish Church.

The Church remains unaltered since the time of Leighton; the bells, the font, the desk and pulpit are all of a date anterior to him. It is a Gothic structure, built about the time of John, and was originally in the form of a cross. The south transept is now used as a vestry room.

Mr. Murray, in his Memoirs of Archbishop Leighton, merely states that he was interred in the burial ground of Horsted Keynes; but the fact is, the Bishop was interred in the family vault of his sister, in the ancient chancel, which when the family became extinct fell down, and the new occupier of the estate refusing to rebuild it, it was suffered to remain a ruin till about twenty years ago, when a school room was built on the spot immediately over the vault which contains the dust of our venerable Archbishop. The beautiful black marble slabs which covered his remains, and those of his brother, Sir Elisha, were torn away from their places, and fixed erect in a most awkward manner against the side wall of the school room. This building which is of brick disfigures the Church, and is a disgrace to the numerous admirers of Leighton, who ought to restore the chancel to its original use, and might effect this at a moderate expense. The tombstone bears only the following inscription—"Depositum Roberti Leightonii

Archiepiscopi Glasguensis apud Scotos, qui obiit xxv. die Junii Anno Dom. 1684, ætatis suæ 74.

The arms above the inscription bear nothing episcopal, they are the same with those of his brother, and are therefore I suppose, the family arms—a shield occupied by a lion rampant, and surmounted by a crest, a lion's head rising from a ducal or mural crown.

Mrs. Lightmaker, the sister of Leighton, a truly pious woman, and as her tombstone testifies "a mother in Israel," survived her brother twenty years: she died aged eighty one, in the year 1704, and was deposited in the same vault.

On examining the parish register book I find that Leighton was buried two days after his decease, which was a prevailing custom at that time. I see no trace of his hand writing in any of the records of the Church, from which it may be concluded that Leighton was not the incumbent or curate, but merely preached occasionally as his health permitted. To me it was an unspeakable gratification to be permitted to visit his hallowed cemetery, though now so shamefully desecrated and ruined; and still more to be allowed to preach in the very same pulpit occupied by that "Master in Israel," "whose praise is in all the Churches." I cannot easily forget the sacred awe I felt at the time, nor the attention which my observations respecting the great man excited among the people assembled for divine worship. It was my ardent wish and prayer that the mantle of Elijah might rest on me, and that I might be exalted by a purer piety, to resemble in temper and demeanor, both as a Christian and a Minister, the man whose character I so highly revere.

Summary of News.—By the latest intelligence we learn that the general aspect of Europe is not more pacific than heretofore. Russia is preparing to crush the spirit of revolt in Poland, and Poland is preparing for a desperate resistance.—The affairs of Belgium assume a new character: the Dutch are determined to force submission, and the Belgians are determined to repel force by force. Hostilities had partially re-commenced on both sides; but the five great powers have interfered and forbidden further aggression.—Switzerland is in a troubled state—there have been some serious popular movements, but the Government appears to be in no very pressing danger.—An expedition was fitting out at Terceira against Don Miguel by the Emperor of Brazil, who had effected an extensive loan for the purpose from an English Banker.—Mr. O'Connell has been arrested, with several of his co-agitators, and held to bail in a large amount. Some of the English papers think that the new Lord Lieutenant is precipitate in his measures against the agitators, and that it would have been better to allow them to implicate themselves more deeply before coercion was resorted to. By O'Connell's advice, there was a run upon some of the Banks for specie, which was promptly paid, and then the further transaction of business declined, which was likely to do material injury to the commerce of the country and of course to the poor.

CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—St. John.

"Well, Frank, you are out of school early this afternoon," said Robert F.—, as he overtook his friend strolling leisurely along a green lane that led to their native village; "what have you in your hand?"

"Grapes," said Frank, removing the leaves with which he had covered them, "Mr. Harding gave us holiday this afternoon, so I thought I'd go and yet these grapes, which I saw a week ago in the woods: they were not fit to pluck then, but now they are quite ripe. You like them, do you not?" said he, and he proceeded to separate a large cluster from the bunch he carried, and offered them to Robert.

"Thank you, I am very fond of them when they are ripe; how large and full these are, separating at the same time, his cluster into two portions.

"But why do you divide them?" said Frank.

"We shall pass by Richard Foster's house presently," said Robert, "and then I will leave some of them for him."

"I'd rather you would throw them away than give them to that fellow," said Frank.

"Why so?" said Robert.

"I don't like him, that's enough; he quarrelled with me the other day—I am not stingy, Robert; when I like a fellow, I am glad to share with him any thing I have; but when he quarrels with me, there is an end of my giving any thing to him."

"But," said Robert, "if it is proper for you to be governed by such a rule, it is proper for others to be governed by it too, is it not?"

"Yes certainly," said Frank, "I ask no favors from Robert Foster."

"But you ask favors from your father, do you not, Frank Henly? and when you disobeyed him last week, and refused to do his bidding, what if he had pursued your course, and refused you food, and raiment, and shelter? You do ask favors, Frank, from our Father who is in heaven; and you disobey him, and break his laws when you let your anger rise, and say you will do so and so, without inquiring if it will please Him; yet he spares you. It is well for us, Frank, that He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil."

Robert Arden had been well taught, both in the books of men, and the word of God. He had always been a studious boy, and how well he profited by his instructions his excellent reply to Frank's ill tempered speech, plainly shows. The same kindness of heart, too, which made him divide his portion of Frank's grapes to give the half to Richard, now showed itself in his trying to mend Frank Henly's manners, and improve his heart.

"God," continued he, as they walked on, "bids us to be tender-hearted, loving one another and forgiving one another if any man have a quarrel against any, even as he for Christ's sake hath forgiven us." These are the words of the Bible, Frank; many a time have I been made to repeat them.

The Bible tells us that the words which are in it, which are the word and speaking of God, are quick and powerful, and that they find out, as it were the thoughts of our hearts. Many a time have I found it so, many a time has it seemed as if the words which I have read there were meant on purpose for me. And so it was now with Frank; he had had a quarrel, and the words "loving one another, and forgiving one another," seemed strangely to work upon his heart. He felt that he had been doing wrong, and felt it with sorrow, and said he to himself, "I must show that I am sorry now by making friends with Richard."

By this time they had reached the house where Richard lived, and he himself was standing near the gate, feeding some fowls which his father had giving him. Frank opened the gate, and mustering all his resolution, went up to Richard, and took his hand: "I was wrong," said he, "in falling out with you the other day—will you forgive me, and make good friends again? Most readily did Richard take the hand of his school-mate, acknowledging that he too had been wrong, and promising in the future to be his friend.

You may be sure Robert felt very happy in having been a "peace maker" to these two boys, and being joined by Richard, they now shared their grapes together, and strolled over the fields and were very cheerful.

But why were they so? You, my little reader, can answer the question—they had obeyed the word of God, which bids us "love one another." (John xiii. 24.) How good is our heavenly Father! He only bids us to do those things which will make us happy; to love must make us so; while to cherish envy, hatred, and malice, must make us miserable.—*Children's Magazine.*

H. M.

DIED.—At Three Rivers on Wednesday the 3rd instant, most truly and deservedly regretted, E. CARTWRIGHT, Esq. late Captain in His Majesty's Canadian Regiment of Fencibles, aged 72 years. His integrity as a friend, firm affection to his family, and beneficence to the poor, will ever be cherished by his children and acquaintance.

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

The golden lamps are lit
Upon the Palace wall;
And gathered princes sit
Within Belshazzar's hall,
Each knee prostrate before the throne
Of him, whose word—whose look alone
Hath o'er each spirit thrall;
Alas that man should bow
Before an earthly thing,
And bend his form and veil his brow,
Except to heaven's own king.

And woman too was there,
The silver cup to kiss,
Alas that she could share
In revelry like this,
That she, such splendour drawing nigh,
This scene of dark impurity,
Should recklessly deem bliss.
Then when each heart was light
And mirth's wild reign began,
Belshazzar in that hour of night
Forgot he was but man.

Thy relics, oh Jerusalem,
Which holy hands had wrought,
In pride he ordereth even them
Before him to be brought!
The cup and consecrated vase
Which shone in God's own dwelling place
Ere Israel's power was nought:
Ere prostrated so low
Thy walls Jerusalem,
That man hereafter scarce might know
The spot that once knew them.

Then from the holy cup
Is drank the sparkling wine,
Then homage offered up
To other than God's shrine;
To images of stone and brass
The pledges and libation pass
As these had been divine.
In that same hour, a hand
Upon the wall did trace
The characters of God's command
Against Belshazzar's race.

The king oppressed with fear
And thoughts which o'er him steel,
Bids the astrologers appear
Its meaning to reveal,
In vain—in vain they hope to read,
Trusting a weak—an earthly creed,
What God's own hands conceal.
Their powerless speed is tried,
Their wisdom reckoned o'er,
Yet vanished is the skill—the pride
They trusted in before.

Then Daniel is led in
Before the princes there,
A fearless foe of sin
God's prophet and his care.
Belshazzar saith "I know thou art
Gifted in mind and wise in heart
Its import to declare—
And for thy neck shall be
A chain of gold prepared.
A scarlet robe flung over thee
With thee my kingdom shared."

The prophet answereth—king
Thy gifts with thee remain,
Thy rich-rewards for others bring,
The scarlet robe and chain,

Yet the interpretation now
Of this deep myst'ry I will show,
The secret words explain,
In heart thou hast been proud,
Thy spirit hast not raised,
To him, before whom earth is bowed,
Whose name be ever praised.

The holy vessels thou
Hast in thy palace stained,
Thy wives and princes now
Their sacredness profaned.
To gods of brass, and wood, and stone,
Thou hast ascribed the power alone,
As they in heaven had reigned.
To idols thou hast bent,
Wrought out by man's own hand,
To them thy soul's devotion lent—
Now listen God's command.

Mene—He hath numbered
The moments of thy reign,
In error thou hast slumbered,
And shalt not wake again.
Tekel—in the balance weighed
Thy impotence hath been displayed,
Thy spirit proud and vain.
Peres—thy kingdom now
Divided by God's might,
Before the Persian's power shall bow,
Its glory veiled in night.

'Tis night—the Mede hath rushed
Within Belshazzar's hall,
And he with his vain idols crushed,
Lie buried 'neath its fall:
His kingdom to another given,
His gilded sceptre from him riven,
Now own a strangers thrall,
That men might ever trust
The might of heaven's high king,
Before whom nations are but dust—
This earth a transient thing.

Christian Register.

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