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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME I.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1836.

NUMBER 5.

ESSAY ON THE LITURGY.

ESSAY II.—Concluded.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

Psalm xvi. 9.

The limits of a single essay will scarcely permit me to bestow any thing more than a slight consideration on the litany, which indeed is a complete service by itself. If, in any part of the devotions, we are supposed to infuse a deeper earnestness into our prayers, it is while praying in the litany. If the fire but glowed before, it is now supposed to burn. It begins, like all other litanies, both ancient and modern, by a general cry for mercy. Here are no rhetorical or complimentary flourishes,—no hunting after tropes and figures of speech, no tricks of eloquence to lead the imagination astray; but an earnest and anxious prayer, that our iniquities may not be remembered against us. Its language is that of a man who is afraid of being lost. It is the language of earnestness—of entreaty—I might say, of distress. It embodies what may be called the agony of prayer, and in its deprecations of evil, and supplications for mercy, may be found expressions, fit for the mouth of a half converted sinner, already on the wing for the judgment seat. Shall we say, there is not an article in the catalogue of human ills, that the litany does not include;—not a good, temporal, spiritual, or eternal, for which it does not provide a petition? Is there an affecting passage in the whole life of the man of sorrows, from 'the mystery of his holy incarnation' to his exaltation into glory, that is not appealed to, to kindle the relentings of our judge? Does it not rise in ardour, and fire, and strength of expression, till it brings us quite to the seat of 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world,' and leaves us there to cry for mercy? It has appeared to me, that if we could only attain the spirit of those who composed it, we should be the best Christians on earth; and we stand deeply indebted to those holy men, for shewing us to what a height of devotion human nature is capable of rising, unaided by any thing more than the ordinary gifts of the spirit.

I have now proceeded as far as my limits will allow, in explaining the properties and arrangements of the liturgy; and although the nature of the subject precluded me from aiming at entertainment, I should be satisfied with the higher merit of instructing those, whose opportunities for information have not allowed them an accurate knowledge of their forms of prayer. It has appeared, in the course of these remarks, that most of these devotional pieces have been more than twelve centuries in the Christian Church, and that many of them have a far more ancient date. They have stood the test of time and constant use—a test the most effectual of any, in deciding on perfection.—When we use them, we seem to feel a nearer kindredship with that bright and early family of saints, who walked with God; and who, ere they departed for that better country they sought, bequeathed to us the rich inheritance of their devotional writings. Nor do we hold fellowship with these alone. In the use of these prayers, we stand connected with that holy apostolical church of the British Isles, the brightest light in the candlestick of the reformation. The voice of our intercession is responded from the godly host of the church of England:—we put our incense into one censer, and present it in one united offering, to the Lord of hosts. Thus, our sabbaths present the spectacle of 'a company which no man can number, standing before the throne and the Lamb,' and ascribing with united voice, 'salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God:—

"Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

"But all their joys are one."

May I not hope that this brief review of our liturgy may have the effect of introducing it more generally into our congregations, and of exciting them to a more spiritual use of it? If they can join in its prayers, hereafter, with deeper devotion, and in its anthems of praise with superior elevation of soul, I shall in part be satisfied. But I confess I would see the time, when every worshipper that comes within the walls of our churches, shall come to take the praises of God in his mouth, and to bear his part audibly in the songs of our Zion—'young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name only is excellent, and his praise above heaven and earth.' The spectacle of an assembled congregation, in which no one voice is mute to the praises of Jehovah, in which the heart and tongue are perfectly in unison, is one on which the hierarchy of heaven might look down with delight. Would not such an assembly present the nearest copy of their own perfect homage? For they also 'cry one to another' in alternate responses; and the sound of their worship, like 'the sound of mighty thunders, and the voice of many waters,' bespeaks them engaged in their work. And while we feel the vantage ground on which we stand, it well becomes us to remember, that as our privileges have been, so will be our accountability. God has not given us the use of this liturgy, that we should be content with merely praising it. I may admire the ship prepared to convey me from distant and desolate shores to my native land; but unless I embark in it, I shall never arrive there. When therefore we plant our feet within the gates of our Jerusalem, let us not come merely to admire the fair temple that adorns it, but to bend low before the footstool of Him who dwelleth there, and worship him in the beauty of holiness.—*Gospel Advocate.*

SUMMARY

Of the Bishop of Nova Scotia's Visitation in Bermuda, 1835.

His Lordship sailed from Halifax in H. M. S. Larne, Captain Sidney Smith, commander, on Wednesday the 15th of April last, and arrived at Bermuda on Sunday the 25th of the same month. The Bishop landed at 9 o'clock, A. M.—delivered an address on confirmation, and preached in Pembroke Church in the morning, and in Devonshire Church in the afternoon. Wednesday, April 29th,—his Lordship preached again in Pembroke Church, and confirmed 59 white and 47 coloured persons: afterwards preached in Devonshire Church, and confirmed 16 white and 7 people of colour. Sunday, May 3d—preached in Warwick Church in the morning—confirmed 6 white and 34 coloured persons. In the afternoon, preached in Paget's Church, confirmed 39 white persons and 28 coloured.—May 6th, consecrated St. Mary's Church at Warwick, preached, and afterwards delivered a charge to the Clergy. May 8th, preached at Hamilton Parish in the morning; confirmed 33 white and 25 coloured persons. In the afternoon, preached at Smith's Parish, and confirmed 17 whites and 34 coloured. Sunday, May 10th—visited a Sunday School containing 50 coloured persons, several of whom read well—then visited another for white persons, containing 100, and remarkably well managed by 15 teachers—Preached at Somerset in the morning, (especially addressing the coloured candidates) and confirmed 45 white and 83 coloured persons. In the afternoon, visited an excellent Sunday School at Port Royal, containing 70

whites—Preached at the same place, then at the altar delivered a particular address to the coloured candidates, and confirmed 35 white and 50 coloured persons. By particular request the Bishop pleaded for the Sunday Schools, and a liberal contribution was obtained. May 12th, consecrated an addition to Warwick Burial Ground, and preached on the occasion. May 16th, preached at Saint George's, and confirmed 20 white and 32 coloured candidates, and visited a daily school for coloured children, supported by the ladies of St. George's. May 17th, preached at St. George's 10 A. M. and administered the Lord's Supper to 118 persons, of whom 30 were coloured—then proceeded in a steamer 12 miles to Ireland Island, and preached in the Dock-Yard Chapel, and confirmed 31 candidates, among whom were 18 convicts, and closed the day by preaching to the convicts of two ships assembled on board the *Coromandel*. May 24th—At St. George's again—preached at 7 A. M. on board the *Antelope*, a Convict Ship, to a numerous and most attentive congregation.—At 11, preached in the church at St. George's—at 3 o'clock, in Hamilton Parish, 4 miles distant, and again at St. George's at 7 P. M. May 28th, (Ascension Day) preached at Pembroke. Sunday, May 31st—by particular desire of Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, the Bishop went to the Dock Yard at Ireland Island, where he preached at half past 9, to nearly 500 convicts on board the *Coromandel*—and immediately afterwards to nearly 300 on board the *Dromedary*—and in the afternoon, to a very large congregation at Somerset Church, 3 miles distant. June 3d, preached at Devonshire in the morning, and at Smith's in the afternoon, to large congregations. June 5th, preached at Paget's and ordained Mr. John Stowe Wood, as one of the Missionaries to the coloured population, for whom provision has been made. When the service was concluded here, a very affectionate address from the Clergy of the Island was feelingly read by the Archdeacon, and presented to the Bishop, who replied to it with warm feelings of affection. In the evening, he embarked on board the *President*, and sailed on Saturday 6th, for Halifax, where, by favour of Divine Providence, he landed safely, on Thursday, June 11th, after a most pleasant passage.

It would appear from the foregoing Summary, that in the Bishop's visitation of the Church in the Bermudas, he delivered one charge to the Clergy, and 28 sermons and addresses, consecrated 1 church and one burial ground, and confirmed 641 persons, of whom 301 were whites, and 340 coloured. This was the third visitation of these Islands by the present Bishop, who is, we believe, the first that ever performed the duties of the Episcopal Office there, and in the Island of Newfoundland.

GLEANNING.

Whilst the follower of Christ Jesus is constrained by his love to employ with faithfulness and diligence the talents committed to his trust to the glory of God, and the good of others, he can truly adopt the language of St Paul, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

To the eye of faith Christ appears, and will for ever appear wonderful in his incarnation, and offices—A Counsellor of infinite wisdom in constructing the plan of salvation—the Mighty God in all his achievements, and victories—the everlasting Father in his love to his creatures—and the Prince of Peace both in his triumph over the discord of evil, and in giving the peace and consolations of the Holy Spirit to his people.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TODD'S LECTURES TO CHILDREN.

Great Events hang on Little Things.

Two men were at work together one day, in a ship yard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, about half an inch long.

'This stick is wormy,' said one; 'shall we put it in?'

'I do not know; yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course.'

'Yes, but there may be other worms in it; and these may increase and injure the ship.'

'No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one;—put it in.'

The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the sea, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white, feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found all eaten away by the worms. But the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great costly load of goods in the ship, such as silks, crapes, and the like, and a great many people. On their way home, a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, creaking, and rolling finely. But she then sprang a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water; and she went down under the dark, blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, and mothers, and children, mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned? And all this, probably, because that little stick of timber, with the worm in it, was put in, when the ship was built! How much property, and how many lives, may be destroyed by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as that man did who put the wormy timber in the ship!

Suppose a little boy were walking out in the fields on some fair day of autumn. As he bounds along he sees something on the ground, which looks round and smooth, like a little egg. He picks it up. It is an acorn. He carries it a little while, and then throws it away. It is a small affair, and useless. He forgets it entirely. The poor little acorn lies forgotten. The ox comes along and treads it in the ground without ever knowing it. It lies and sleeps there in the ox track during the cold winter. In the spring, it swells. The little sprout peeps out; a root grows down, and two little leaves open on the top of the ground. It lives and grows. During a hundred years it grows, while men live and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. It is now a giant oak. It is made into a mighty ship, and laden with goods, she sails round the world, and does her errands at many hundreds of places. She bears the flag of her nation on her mast, and her nation is honoured for her sake. What great things may spring from small ones! Who would have thought that such a little thing could contain the mighty oak in it? Besides this, that one tree bears acorns enough, every year, to raise a thousand more oaks; and these every year, bear enough to rear ten thousand more. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the little bud of a single acorn. What great things may be found in little things!

ON BEING STUNG BY A WASP.

How small things may annoy the greatest! Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion, a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of a wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me? That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief. If I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience.—Hall.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

When like wave on wave affliction, sorrow, and trouble, have well nigh overwhelmed the fainting followers of the Lamb, oftentimes has the recollection of these comfortable words of our blessed Saviour to his affrighted disciples, as recorded in the 4th chap. of St. Mark's Gospel and 39th v.—'Peace be still,' calmed the agitated breast, hushed the rising fear, and smoothed the troubled soul to sweet repose and rest. It should ever be remembered that the Christian, as Bishop Sumner very justly remarks, 'is not secure from difficulties, and dangers, and sorrows; Christ himself was tossed with winds and waves; and so must his disciples be, both from within and from without, even whilst they have him with them, and are sailing by his direction,—for they have not yet entered into their rest, and this present life is not a sea without storms.'—It is indeed a mistaken idea, as many by daily experience are taught, that the life of a Christian is one continued scene of tranquility, cheerfulness and joy,—that when once enlisted under the banners of Christ's religion, there is nothing thorny or uneven to annoy the pilgrim's feet, no storms or tempests to retard his progress; no difficulties, dangers, or sorrows to encounter on the way. Such sentiments as these have a very dangerous influence on the practice of mankind, and are particularly injurious to the youthful follower of the Redeemer.—Prone to indolence in spiritual things, and by nature averse from religious exercises of every kind, they are apt to catch at the pleasing delusion, and are willing to think that the victory is obtained, before they have even rightly armed themselves for the battle; and thus are too easily alarmed at the first appearance of dangers or difficulties.—The followers of Christ are too apt now to forget, that as storms and tempests are necessary for the preservation of the natural world, so are sorrows, difficulties, and afflictions, alike necessary for the purity and perfection of the professed disciple of Jesus; since it is, as we are told, 'through much tribulation, we enter into the kingdom of God.'—But if such be the Christian's state, such the difficulties, dangers and distresses that attend it, surely he can have but little joy or comfort in his progress through this world of sorrow—there is something gloomy, melancholy and forbidding in the prospect, and it is better to drive away oppressing care by taking delight in the pleasures of the world. So speaks the natural man who is void of all spiritual discernment.—Would such an one, however, think any toil or danger too great to encounter, for the possession of some worldly object? Would he not compass sea and land, and risk his health, and even his life to obtain the fleeting enjoyment of honour, wealth or pleasure? And will he wonder that the Christian, one who has felt the goodness of the Lord, and has respect unto the recompense of reward, should be willing to face the darkest scenes, when he knows that through these he shall possess the enjoyment of everlasting honours, and of pleasures inconceivably exalted, unfading and eternal? When the heavens gather blackness, and when thunders roll over his head, the natural man at the very time his heart trembles at the awful scene, will say, that these convulsions of nature are necessary for the good of the creation, that the sun is shining above, and that ere long his rays will scatter the clouds, and shew to our view the happy effects of all the storm.—And thus it is with the faithful Christian, when overtaken in his heavenly voyage by the blackest tempests that his spiritual enemies can raise, he will nevertheless press onward, with redoubled earnestness and ardour, and though his soul may be cast down; though he may be led, through the weakness of his faith, to say 'Master carest thou not that we perish?'—Yet will he still trust in his redeeming God. And here is the Christian's superiority over the worldly man—he has one to whom he may go in the time of trouble,—Christ his Saviour is with him in the ship, as the captain of his salvation;—he well knows therefore that all this could not happen without his heavenly Father's permission—and well assured is he also, that the sun of righteousness still shines in the firmament of his glory, and that these temptations and sorrows, these doubts and fears, shall soon vanish before His all-piercing beams—the words 'Peace be still,' shall be uttered, and the 'winds shall cease' and there will be a great calm.

These reflections were suggested after my reading some verses, presented to me by a friend, on the words 'Peace be still.' I now send them herewith for insertion in the Colonial Churchman, a paper which from my heart I wish good success; as the members of our beloved church have long wanted a publication of this kind circulated throughout the Province.

Nova Scotia, 1836.

SAMECH.

'PEACE BE STILL.'

The storm descended o'er the deep,
The sailors view'd the sea grow dark,
When Jesus they awoke from sleep,
And prayed to save their sinking bark.

The waves that wildly o'er them broke,
Grew calm at His Almighty will;
As to the furious winds He spoke
In gentlest accents—'Peace be still.'

O! When the storms of life shall come,
And darkly beat around my head—
Do Thou with brightness cheer the gloom,
Tho' hope and smiling joy be fled!
Or if a murmuring thought should dare
To rise against Thine Holy will,
O! hush each unbelieving care,
Say to that murmur—'Peace be still.'

And when all earthly visions fade,
And dimly pass away and die,
And deaths cold vale of lonely shade
Is spread before my closing eye—
Do Thou in that eventful day
Point upwards to the Heavenly hill,
And to my fleeting spirit say
In sweetest whisper—'Peace be still.'

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

Macte Esto.

Gentlemen,

Although your Journal has for its object rather the publication of serious and solid disquisitions or information respecting the Church of England, than the admission of papers of a miscellaneous description, such as that which I send you, I doubt not you will give room to my contribution in your columns, seeing that its object and tendency are to shew how valuable to his flock are the services of an intelligent and judicious resident minister of that church, even in matters not immediately connected with his higher and more holy duties; and how much of respect and good will he may attract to the church even from those of a different persuasion, by discreetly taking the lead in public concerns in which the whole community are interested.

The instance to which my communication relates, is, indeed, taken from a parish in England, and one in which from particular circumstances, the clergyman had opportunities of being useful in the temporal concerns of his parish, which do not always or perhaps very frequently occur in the same degree in ordinary cases;—but I am persuaded that by the exercise of a like discreet carefulness—of a like spirit of active usefulness—of a like judgment in managing (so far as permitted to him) the temporal and general concerns of the community in which he is placed, and in enlisting on his side the feeling of emulation among his own flock, and the good will of those who are without—the resident and permanent pastor of the remotest and the smallest congregation of the church of England in a colony, may confer proportionate and corresponding benefits;—and may in a proportionate and corresponding degree secure such an influence throughout the whole of the population around him, as must redound to the advantage and advancement of the Church itself. In these views, I admit, there is nothing new; I only aim at giving an additional evidence, and as it appears to me a striking one of their correctness and truth,—from facts which once fell under my own observation.* At present I will not detain you with any further preface to my hasty and desultory notes. They are part of an imperfect and occasional journal which I kept while in England some ten years ago, and these memoranda were made on a visit for a few days in Dec. 1824, to a friend who was then the vicar of a parish within a day's journey of London. I give you nearly a transcript of my notes, taking the liberty of disguising names and places, by altering the initials.

December, 1824.

"I ran down on the 16th to B. L. to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. H. the vicar of the parish, to whom I had an introduction from his brother. Returned the 20th, having staid over Sunday and attended service twice. My visit was shorter than I could have wished; but business required my return to town. I was much pleased with Mr. H.'s conversation and character. He is a faithful and useful minister, an accomplished man and good scholar. He has his father's fine person and countenance; and though not so impressive as he was in his delivery in the pulpit, or so elaborate in the composition of his sermons, his manner is earnest and animated, and his style excellent for his audience or any audience. I have had much talk with him about his parish, in riding, walking, and evening sitting. The church is a very ancient one, in the form of a cross; some of the arches and massive unornamented pillars still remain of that style of architecture generally called Saxon; perhaps more properly Norman or Roman:—the principal door way is under a fine semi-circular arch with multiplied mouldings and beadings, and chevrons, rivaling some of those in Winchester Cathedral, or even the great western door way of Lindisfarne.

* In the Edinburgh Review for Sept. 1826, [not to be suspected of undue partiality to the Church] some good observations may be found on the general advantage to a population, of the fixed residence among them of an educated clergy.

Mr. H.'s parish contains about 11000 acres and 4060 inhabitants. The great tithes, on grain of all sorts, hay, &c. are valued at £5000 a year; but they are in the hands of Lord George Cavendish, Lord Selsey and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. The latter farm their's to a Mr. G. on favourable terms to him: he gets a composition of 7s. an acre.—The small tithes, of milk, cheese, butter, pigs, calves, &c. which go to the vicar, should be about £1500 a-year; but Mr. H. gets little more than £400, and that with difficulty. For what is worth 2s6d. he only gets a composition of 7d or 8d.—The church will hold about 1200 people, well packed. It is, in its present state, one of the neatest parish churches that I have yet seen; and I have found my way into not a few in the three kingdoms and Wales. Five years ago, about which time I think Mr. H. came here, it was in a very bad state. The mouldings of the columns, and other ornamental work, was almost entirely defaced;—the columns were painted in stripes; the brick floor much broken; the two main side windows and the end window of the chancel, half blocked up with masonry; against which, within, was placed an altar-piece in the *doric* order; and an entrance was made through the brick work under one of the windows. The great end window over the main entrance was half boarded up, to keep the sun from the organ: no regularity in the pews; a gallery on one side only, and the ceiling all broken and stained.

These deficiencies and damages have been entirely repaired, at an expense of about £5000, in the five years—of which £3000 has been borne by the parish, and two grants of about £2000 in all have been made from the church building fund. A Baronet in the parish, of medical celebrity,—who though unhappily, '*parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*,' has some reverence for the sanctuary of his national church,—has put up a noble painted window, representing the parable of the good Samaritan, at a cost of £400; and there is another painted window which cost about £300, representing our Saviour with a figure of the Virgin Mary on either side, one with and one without the holy Infant. The pulpit ornaments cost about £70.—These expenditures may appear large and even extravagant; but when Mr. H. at one of the vestry meetings, expressed his regret that they had been so heavy on the parishioners, and his willingness to charge himself any part of the expense that they should not wish to bear;—one of them, a man in easy circumstances answered, 'that they knew the value of time and talents, and that if he bestowed these, they should furnish him the necessary funds, as far as they were able.' On another occasion, a rich farmer who came to see the church undergoing these repairs and improvements, expressed a desire of contributing to the expense, and gave as a reason, that he knew Mr. H. might have made the parish pay, upon the church rate, for the ornamental work, if he had chosen to do so,—though in his opinion it would have been a stretch of the law; but as he had not done so, when according to the practice, he might, he (the farmer) thought the whole parish should come forward and contribute liberally.

A dissenter in the parish, who was a mat-maker, went into Oxfordshire to get a pattern for a mat to put under the Brussels carpet round the communion table (which also was the present of a tradesman) and actually gave one for the purpose, of the value of £5 or £6, though he never came to church himself, saying that 'though he was bred a dissenter, he respected the church, and looked upon the improvements which were making, as a benefit and credit to the parish.'

The steeple is now repairing by the parish, at an expense of about £300.

In five years Mr. H. has been the means of reducing the parish poor-rates from £4000 to £1000, without stinting the poor. At first he took no part in the vestry meetings, but sat silent until he had made himself master of the subject; in the management of which he saw that there was something wrong. Having got a view of the abuses, he proposed to the vestry to remedy them; which he effected by cutting up the jobs of contracting overseers, whose custom was to throw in a supply of provisions under their contract when they knew the price was falling in London; and by devising a plan for making work at 1s6d. a day, for some 70 or 80 paupers, who used to get 2s6d. or 3s6d. a week from the parish, under the pretence that they could not get work, and to enable them to find employment. Of 80, all but 17 made default at the time and place of work; and they only remained about a fortnight.

Great assistance is also given by his plan for a new survey and valuation of the parish, the parish rate having been unchanged for 50 years; the new valuation was to be made by two farmers, two tradesmen, and a chairman, an independent and neutral person. The people insisted that Mr. H. should be the chairman. The valuation gave universal satisfaction,—except to the surveyors, who used formerly to be employed at the rate of 2s6d per acre, to make surveys,—which were generally contested, and another survey and valuation ordered by the court, to the great profit of lawyers and surveyors, and damage to the parish. The surveyors foresaw, like Demetrius the silversmith, that their craft was in danger, since the neighbouring counties would be taking the same way of avoiding the expense of 2s6d, an acre, often repeated,—by a

uniform and consentaneous valuation. The only cost of this mode of valuation was that of the dinners of the board when they happened to be kept late on the business, away from their homes. Mr. H. was on one occasion nine hours in the chair at once.

I could mention other particulars of this useful clergyman's management of the affairs of his parish, but I will not venture to occupy more of your space, than to add, that shortly after he assumed his charge, he established a benevolent society,—open to all subscribers of even a penny a week, upon a plan and under regulations which I conceive must have materially aided in reducing the poor's rate—and which might, (if you thought it worth publishing) furnish useful hints to townships and parishes even in Nova Scotia, where, though the support of the poor be not as yet a heavy burden, it is nevertheless an increasing one, and undoubtedly susceptible of improvement, by voluntary associations, which shall at once make the poor in part their own helpers and providers, and maintain in them that feeling of independence which will most surely tend to save them from the necessity of resorting to parochial relief.

I will only further add that my friend was a sound and well read divine, and as careful of the spiritual as of the temporal concerns of his parish; that he was at the same time a useful magistrate;—that with all these occupations, he contrived to mingle both in the general society of the neighbourhood, (being highly considered by men of the highest rank and station in the country,) and joined also occasionally in the manly amusements of English Gentlemen; and at the same time obtained a reputation in literature not only by the publication of some admirable volumes of sermons, but by contributions to the *Encyclopædia*, *Metropolitana*, in its theological departments, and by other occasional works.

VINDESORIENSIS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

The Life and Times of WILLIAM LAUD, D. D. and Archbishop of Canterbury. By John P. Lawson, M.A. published in 1829.

Continued.

Our limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Lawson in his minute and circumstantial accounts of the different steps by which Laud had ascended to the very pinnacle of church preferment. These are detailed with much minuteness, and such close reference to the transaction which then principally occupied the public mind, that they reflect the greatest credit on the diligence and industry of the author. But we will content ourselves with giving a mere outline of the remarkable career, which may be traced in the volume before us.

It has been already stated that Laud was admitted into Priest's orders in 1601 by Dr. Young, Bishop of Rochester. Two years afterwards he was chosen Proctor of his College, at which time he had a controversy with Abbot, who was subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, and who had already conceived a peculiar enmity against the man who was yet destined by Providence to succeed him in the Primacy. Laud took his Doctor's degree in Divinity in 1608,—was appointed Chaplain the same year to Neile, who had succeeded Young in the see of Rochester, and in whose diocese he obtained a living in 1610, when he resigned his fellowship. Notwithstanding the opposition of Abbot and others of his party, Laud was appointed President of St. John's College in May 1611. At this time the complaints and accusations of Abbot became so clamorous that the King resolved to hear the merits of the case in person. The complaint against Laud was, that he was too much attached to Popery: but so convinced was his Majesty of his innocence in this particular, that he was appointed one of the Royal Chaplains the same year. In 1614 he got from his patron Dr. Neile, now promoted to the see of Lincoln, the prebend of Bugden, and in 1615 the archdeaconry of Huntingdon. In November 1616, the King made him Dean of Gloucester, which he subsequently remarked—'was he well knew, a shell without a kernel.' He was installed prebendary of Westminster in January 1620; and on the 29th of June 1621, he was advanced to the Bishopric of St. David's, with express permission on the part of the King to hold the presidency of St. John's in commendam.

King James died the 27th of March 1625:—Laud increased in favour with the new king. He was appointed to supply the place of the Dean of Westminster at the coronation; for his majesty would not have the Bishop of Lincoln, then dean, to be present at the ceremony, which was celebrated July 2d 1626. Dr. Lake, Bishop of Bath and Wells, died in the May fol-

lowing, and in July, Laud was appointed to succeed him. In April the year after—1627—he was made a privy Councillor. On the 17th of June 1628, he was advanced to the see of London,—the favour of the king and the malice of his enemies generally keeping pace with each other in regard to his character. This last promotion he obtained on the removal of Dr. Mountain, whom the king considered inactive, and as Heylin expresses it, "addicted to voluptuousness; and one that loved his ease too well to disturb himself in the concerns of the church."

The Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of his Majesty's household, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, died suddenly in April 1630. A convocation was held a day or two after this event, by which Bishop Laud was most unexpectedly elected to that high and honourable office, and the duties of which he discharged in a manner equally creditable to himself and useful to the University,—"which was" he says in his history, "extremely sunk from all discipline and fallen into all licentiousness."

Archbishop Abbot's death on the 4th of August 1633, was announced at court the same day, and two days after the vacant primacy was confirmed on Laud. On the 19th of September he was translated to the see of Canterbury; and under that date in his private diary he appears to have earnestly prayed to God to grant him, ability to execute the high trust committed to him, which was not likely to be, and which he was not disposed to make, a sinecure.—On the 14th of the same month he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Dublin; a step which that learned Seminary was probably induced to take, by his active attention to the interests of knowledge and sound erudition in the University of Oxford.

Thus Dr. Laud attained by a regular and rapid course of preferment to the highest office which the Church of England has to bestow. Still the measure of his greatness was not yet full. On the 5th of February 1635, he was appointed a member of the Committee of Trade, and for the improvement of the King's revenue; and on the 14th of March following, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, after the death of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer. On this occasion the management of the Treasury was, by letters under the broad seal, committed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and two Secretaries of State.

'The promotion of the Archbishop,' Mr. Lawson informs us, 'to the arduous office of Prime Minister of England, was not altogether agreeable to him, and though he engaged in the duties of that office with his accustomed earnestness, yet he found many obstacles in his way which he had not contemplated.' He soon became tired of the accumulation of secular matters which his exalted station continually pressed upon his attention, and after discharging faithfully, and to the best of his ability, the trust committed to him by the King, during one year, he resigned, and fell back upon his Ecclesiastical preferments.

During the whole of Charles the I.'s reign, the opposition of the Papists and Puritans to all the proceedings of his Ministers, not only continued without abatement, but gained strength and confidence every year. At the time of Laud's resignation of the premiership, it became extremely violent, and began to exhibit itself in acts of the most daring character. It daily increased in importance; until, gathering courage from the clamour of party, and from the blind fury of religious zealots, it at length acquired an undue ascendancy in the public affairs of the nation. The first illegal exertion of its power was to expel the English Bishop from the House of Peers. This spirit of demolition identified itself with the House of Commons, who made no scruple to trample under foot, every obstacle and every object which seemed to oppose their progress to universal dominion, and the sole management and government of the nation.

The archbishop who had spent a most laborious and useful life in the service of his king and country, was denounced by the self-constituted House of Commons as a traitor who deserved not to live. He was brought to trial on this charge in 1640, and so partial were the proceedings into which we cannot at present enter, that his own private diary was produced and admitted as evidence against him: the trial lasted twenty days; but the charge of treason could not be proved. The Commons determined upon his destruction,

and finding, this measure fail, had recourse to a bill of attainder. Still they found difficulty with the House of Lords, which they were compelled to threaten in case of their refusal to pass this bill. In a thin and slender house, not above six or seven in number, it was passed at last.

This innocent and persecuted prelate, though he tendered and pleaded the King's pardon, was not left long to languish after this gloomy act of parliamentary injustice. The pardon was declared 'to be of no effect, and that the King could not pardon a judgment of Parliament.' He was therefore beheaded on Tower-Hill on the 18th of January 1644: his kind and faithful Master met, at the hands of the same unjust tribunal, with a similar fate.

The following is his last pathetic speech on the scaffold, which he delivered with a distinct and audible voice:—"This is an uncomfortable time to preach, yet I shall begin with a text of Scripture, Heb. xii. 2. I have been long in my race, and how I had looked to Jesus the author and finisher of my faith, He best knows. I am now come to the end of my race, and here I find the cross a death of shame: but the shame must be despised, or no coming to the right hand of God. Jesus despised the shame for me, and God forbid that I should not despise the shame for Him." He then goes into a long discourse concerning his own particular case and the affairs of the nation, concluding with a fervent and elegant prayer for his enemies as well as for all people. After privately committing his soul to the mercy of God, he knelt beside the block in the requisite position, and when he had said 'Lord receive my soul,' which was the signal for the executioner, his head was struck off at one blow.

CRITO.

To be continued.

From the Christian Guardian.

THE PATRIARCH;

OR THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Whatever I beheld in this singular spot, served to awaken curiosity, or to interest feeling. All my inquiries were satisfied with the utmost frankness. Evidently, there was nothing which required concealment; the heartless theories of fashion, with their subtleties and vices, had not penetrated to this abode. The Patriarch, upon his entrance upon his territory, had divided it into six equal portions, reserving one for himself, and bestowing another on each of his five sons. As the children of the Colony advanced to maturity, they with scarcely an exception contracted marriages among each other, striking root, like the branches of the Bauman around their parent tree. The domicile of every family, which was originally a rude cabin of logs, served simply the purpose of shelter. In front of this, a house of larger dimensions was commenced, and so constructed, that the ancient abode might become the kitchen, when the whole was completed. To the occupation of building they attended as they were able to command time and materials. 'We keep it,' said one of the colonists, 'for handy work, when there is no farming, or turpentine gathering, or tarmaking.' Several abodes were at that time, in different stages of progress, marking the links of gradation between the rude cottages, and what they styled the 'farm house.' When finished, though devoid of architectural elegance, they exhibited capabilities of comfort, equal to the sober expectations of a primitive people. A field for corn and a garden abounding with vegetables, were appendages to each habitation. Cows grazed quietly around, and sheep dotted like snow-flakes, the distant green pastures. The softer sex joined in the business of horticulture, and when necessary in the labours of harvest, thus obtaining that vigour and muscular energy which distinguish the peasantry of Europe from their effeminate sisters of the nobility and gentry. Each household produced or manufactured within its own domain, most of the materials which were essential for its comfort; and for such articles as the plantations could not supply, or their ingenuity construct, the pitch pine was their medium of purchase. When the season arrived for collecting its hidden treasures, an aperture was made in its bark, and a box inserted, into which the turpentine continually oozed. Care was required to preserve this orifice free from being clogged with the glutinous matter. Thus it must be frequently re-opened,

or carried gradually upward on the trunk of the tree, sometimes to such a height, that a small knife fixed to the extremity of a long pole is used for that purpose. Large trees sustain several boxes at the same time, though it is required that the continuity of bark be preserved, or the tree, thus shedding its life-blood at the will of man, must perish.—Though the labourers in this department are exceedingly industrious and vigilant, there will still be considerable deposits adhering to the body of the tree. These portions called 'turpentine facings,' are carefully separated, and laid in a cone-like form, until they attain the size of a formidable mound; this is covered with earth, and when the cool season commences, is ignited; and the liquid tar, flowing into a reservoir prepared for it, readily obtains a market among the dealers in naval stores.

Shall I be forgiven for this minuteness of detail? So strongly did this simple and interesting people excite my affectionate solicitude, that not even their slightest concerns seemed unworthy of attention. By merchants of the distant town, who were in habits of traffic with them, I was afterwards informed, that they were distinguished for integrity and uprightness; and that the simple affirmation of these 'Bible and Liturgymen,' as they were styled, possessed the sacredness of an oath. The lay-reader remarked to me, that he had never known among his people, a single instance of either intemperance or profanity.

'Our young men have no temptations, and the old set an uniformly sober example. Still I cannot but think our freedom from vice is chiefly owing to a sense of religious obligation, cherished by God's blessing upon our humble worship.'

'Are there no quarrels or strifes among you?'

'For what should we contend? We have no prospect of wealth, no motive of ambition.—We are too busy to dispute about words. Are not these the source of most of the 'wars and fightings?' among mankind. Besides we are all of one blood. Seldom does any variance arise, which the force of brotherhood may not quell. Strict obedience is early taught in families.—Children who learn thoroughly the Bible lesson to obey and honour their parents, are not apt to be contentious in society, or irreverent to their Father in Heaven. Laws so simple would be inefficient in a mixed and turbulent community. Neither could they be effectual here, without the aid of that Gospel which speaketh peace, and prayer for his assistance, who turneth the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'

Is it surprising that I should take my leave, with an overflowing heart, of the pious Patriarch and his posterity? that I should earnestly desire another opportunity of visiting their isolated domain.

Soon after this period, a circumstance took place, which they numbered among the most interesting eras of their history. A small chapel was erected in the village nearest their settlement. Though at the distance of many miles, they anticipated its completion with delight. At its consecration by the late Bishop Ravenscroft, as many of the colonists as found it possible to leave home, determined to be present. Few of the younger ones had ever entered a building set apart solely for the worship of God; and the days were anxiously counted, until they should receive permission to tread his courts.

The appointed period arrived. Just before the commencement of the sacred services of dedication, a procession of singular aspect was seen to wind along amid interposing shades. It consisted of persons of both sexes, and of every age, clad in a primitive style, and advancing with solemn order. I recognized my hermit friends, and hastened onward to meet them. Scarcely could the ancient Jews when from distant regions they made pilgrimage to the glorious hill of Zion, have testified more touching emotions than these guiltless worshippers, in passing the threshold of this humble temple to Jehovah. When the sweet tones of a small organ, mingled with the voices of a select choir, gave 'Glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,' the young children of the forest started from their seats, in wondering joy, while the changing colour, or quivering lip of the elders, evinced that the hallowed music awoke the cherished echoes of memory.

But with what breathless attention did they hang on every word of Bishop Ravenscroft, as with his own peculiar combination of zeal and tenderness, he illus-

trated the inspired passage he had chosen, or with sudden rush of strong and stormy eloquence, broke up the fountains of the soul! Listening and weeping, they gathered up the manna which an audience satiated with the breath of heaven, and prodigal of angels' food, might have suffered to perish. With the hoary Patriarch, a throng of his descendants, who had been duly prepared for this holy vow and profession, knelt around the altar, in commemoration of their crucified Redeemer.

At the close of the communion service, when about to depart to his home the white-haired man drew near to the Bishop. Gratitude for the high privileges in which he had participated; reverence for the father in God, whom he had that day, for the first time, beheld; conviction that his aged eyes could but a little longer look on the things of time; consciousness that he might scarcely expect again to stand amid these children to 'behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple,' overwhelmed his spirit.—Pressing the hand of the Bishop, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

Bishop Ravenscroft fixed on him one of those piercing glances which seemed to read the soul; and then tears, like large rain drops, stood upon his cheeks. Recovering from his emotion he pronounced with affectionate dignity, the benediction—'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

The Patriarch bowing down a head, heavy with the snows of more than fourscore winters, breathed a thanksgiving to God, and turned homeward, followed by all his kindred. Summer had glided away ere it was in my power again to visit the 'lodge in the wilderness.' As I was taking in the autumn twilight my lonely walk for meditation, a boy of rustic appearance, approaching with hasty steps, accosted me:—'O my white-haired father, the father of us all, lies stretched upon his bed. He takes no bread or water, and he asks for you. Man of God, will you come to him?' Scarcely had I signified assent ere he vanished.

To be continued.

From Marcus Aurelius, a new work for children,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

In the year 174, Marcus Aurelius went with an army into Germany, where there had been some rebellion against his government. While he was there at war with a tribe called the Quadi, a remarkable fact took place. It was a wild country, and there was difficulty in procuring provisions. The Roman army endured hunger, and began to fear death from famine. The weather was very warm. No rain had fallen for a long time. The grass was so withered that scarcely any food could be obtained for the horses. Both man and beast suffered the most distressing thirst. The brooks were dried. The enemy shut them up between the mountains and themselves, and tried to prevent their approach to any fountains or rivers. They kept pressing closer and closer upon them, to force them to battle in their weak and suffering condition. The Romans stood in their ranks with parched lips and enfeebled bodies. For more than four days they had been able to obtain no water. They were almost consumed by heat, and suffocated with dust. Their foes drew near and faced them, expecting to cut them all off.

The Emperor was greatly distressed for his army. Had he ever been taught who was the true God, he would have prayed to him. But he looked up to the heathen gods, whom he had been educated to worship, and in whom he found there was no 'help.' Advancing to the head of his army, he raised his hands and eyes upward, and said, 'By this hand which has taken no life away, I desire to appease thee, and I pray to the Giver of life.'

This was the prayer of Marcus Aurelius. He knew not how to make a better one. For he had never learned of the true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. A little child of one of our Sunday schools would know better how to pray in time of trouble, than this wise prince. For the Bible says, 'The world by wisdom knew not God.'

There was an Egyptian in the camp, who boasted that the gods of his country could give rain. His

name was Arnuphis. So the Emperor permitted him to pray to his gods for water to relieve their thirst, and to make such offerings to them as he pleased. He particularly implored one whom they called their goddess Isis, and who they thought presided over water and could give rain. He exhausted all his skill and devotion, but without success.

But there were some Christian soldiers in the army. Kneeling down, they earnestly implored of the Almighty, for the sake of their dear Saviour, that he would hear and grant relief. The voice of their prayer rose up solemnly, in that time of great trouble. All around were despairing, but they had faith to believe that their God was able and willing to help.

The two armies approached to battle. The barbarians exulted to see the Roman soldiers as thin as skeletons, and ready to perish with thirst. War had made them more cruel than they were by nature. They rejoiced because they felt sure of victory.

Suddenly the skies grew black. Rain fell at first gently, and then in torrents. The poor Romans shouting for joy caught it in their helmets and in the hollow of their shields. While they were drinking the enemy attacked them; and the blood of the wounded mingled with the water that quenched their thirst.

The storm became more terrible, with thunder and lightning. The barbarians were affrighted. They said the gods were fighting against them, with fire from heaven. They all turned and fled. The Romans who but a little before had given themselves up for lost, gained a complete victory.

Marcus Aurelius received this great deliverance with gratitude. His heart was softened toward the Christians, and he caused their persecutions to cease. An ancient writer mentions that the Christian soldiers who thus prayed, received the name of the 'thundering legion,' and that they were permitted to have a thunderbolt engraved on their shields, to preserve in memory the storm that put their enemies to flight, and preserved the Roman army. The events of that wonderful day, and likewise others connected with this war, are sculptured on a beautiful marble pillar, still standing at Rome, and called the 'Antonine column.'

From a letter which Marcus Aurelius is said to have written on that occasion to the Senate, I make the following extracts.

'I gave you an account of what great difficulties came upon me in Germany, how I was surrounded and besieged in the midst of it, and afflicted with heat and weariness. When seventy-four regiments of the enemy had come near us, I found that our own army was far inferior in numbers to this company of barbarians. Then I addressed our gods in prayer, but not being regarded by them, and considering the great distress we were in, I called for the Christians. As soon as they had cast themselves on the ground they prayed, not for me only, but also for the whole army, for relief under our great thirst and hunger. For it was the fifth day that we had no water, because there was none in that place. For we were in the midst of Germany surrounded by their mountains. But as soon as they had prayed unto a God who was unknown to me rain came down from heaven immediately. After these prayers we found God to be present with us, as one who is impregnable and invincible. Therefore I declare that no man who is a Christian shall be called in question, or accused, for no other cause than being a Christian. Let not the governor of any province oblige him to renounce his religion, or deprive him of his liberty. I will that this be confirmed by the decree of the Senate.'

Some historians have doubted whether there was sufficient proof, that this letter was written by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others give assurance that it was. But all agree in saying, that he changed his treatment to the Christians and became favorable to them.

GLEANNINGS.

The luxury of doing good is so great, that the Father of Mercies has not confined it to a few—all may taste it.—All cannot be liberal, but all may be kind, all cannot be generous, but all may be useful; instead then of bewailing what is impossible, let us labour to effect what is practicable.

Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks up the dangers of the night.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1836.

CHURCH IN CANADA.—Under this head the Editor of the New-York Churchman of [the 26th ultimo, acknowledges and makes extracts from a letter from a Clergyman of the Church of Canada, in some of whose sentiments we apprehend but few of his brethren will coincide. The Church in Nova-Scotia is similar to that of Canada, in its internal regulations and the mode of its support, which though formerly derived almost entirely from England, is now (except in the case of the missionaries prior to 1833, who receive a reduced allowance) to come in a great measure from the people. The writer first complains that the people have little concern for their immortal souls—a complaint however, we imagine, for which there is too much ground in every denomination, and in every land. But he adds another complaint, that "the Church is shackled by powers beyond the sea, who must be ignorant of our wants, and indifferent to our prosperity, so that the whole body [?] is sick and the heart faint." By 'the powers beyond the sea' we presume the writer means the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, whose bounty has so long provided for the colonial Clergy. But how they have 'shackled' the Church, unless by the liberal support extended to it in every part of British North America for the last century, we cannot understand. Or how far his assumption is correct, that they must be 'ignorant of our wants and indifferent to our prosperity,' those may judge who read the full reports made to the Society every year by the Bishops and Clergy, and there see a statement of the assistance derived from that venerable Body, in the support of missionaries, the building of Churches, and the endowment of Colleges.

Whatever may be said of the benefit that might ensue to the Colonial Church, from the adoption of a constitution similar in some respects to that of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, as suggested by the writer, we believe few of the clergy will join with him in the sigh with which he exclaims, "Alas! we shall never be so happy as to possess even the shadow of your incomparable institutions whether in Church or State!" We are sure our Brethren in Canada are not swelling the faction, which is trying to subvert the political constitution of that country; and we think we can vouch for our friends in the ministry in the lower provinces, and for our people also, that they desire to repose under no better 'shadow' than they now enjoy. And as to any change in our ecclesiastical polity, although we would like to borrow some things from our Brethren in the United States, we are not prepared to say, that whatever fits the church there would do for us here. We have heard some of their ablest Clergymen speak doubtfully of the advantages of the republican cast of their Church Constitution. It would perhaps be desirable to give the laity something more to do than they now have with our institutions, and to promote more unity of sentiment and action among the Clergy, and to exhibit the Church as frequently as possible, as a regularly organized Body in the eyes of our people—who will love her the more completely she is presented to their notice, in all the beauty of her apostolical order. But we would not wish to see the correspondent of the Churchman invested with the reforming power, who talks of the Church in which he is a minister, being "under the necessity of resigning its pretensions in Canada to other sects more liberal than it, unless it has what he calls a "free constitution"—and who talks also of Episcopacy with its "despotic government"—administered too as it is in that country, by a Prelate whose very mien bespeaks the christian love and gentleness by which his oversight of the Church is distinguished.

NEW CHURCH.—We are happy to learn that it is in contemplation to erect a new and more commodious Church, in

the town of Chester; the present building having now become quite too small for that increasing congregation.—At a meeting of the Parishioners immediately after Divine service on the Festival of the Epiphany, it was determined to commence the work as soon as the sum of three hundred pounds could be procured. Subscriptions have already been entered into, and we heartily wish good success to those engaged in the pious undertaking.

CRITO.—We are sorry to be obliged to divide the instructive communication under this signature, in our columns of this day—the concluding part of which is especially interesting. We call the attention of our readers to the whole of his retrospective review, embracing as it does, such an interesting period of English History,—the events of which so fearfully resemble those of the present day.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, WINDSOR.—The Rev. W. B. King, A.M. has been appointed to the charge of this school by the Governors of King's College. It is to be opened on the 1st March. Price of tuition, Four pounds per annum:—charge for board, washing and lodging 10s. per week—or £22 for the Academic year of 44 weeks. Further information if required may be had on application to Mr. King at Windsor, or to John C. Halliburton, Esq. Secretary of King's College, at Halifax.

LETTERS—have been received since our last from—Rev. Dr. Rowland, Shelburne; Rev. J. Moody, Liverpool; Rev. W. E. Scovil, Kingston, N. B.; Hon. A. W. Cochran, Quebec; Rev. J. Robertson, Bridgetown, (with remittance); Rev. J. W. Weeks, New Dublin; C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax; Rev. H. N. Arnold, Sussex Vale, N.B. (with remittance); Rev. J. Shreve, Chester; also a printed work from the Rev. A. H. Burwell, Bytown, U. C.

AGENTS.—Rev. T. C. Leaver, Antigonish; Rev. Chas. Shreve, Guysborough; Rev. Chas. Ingles, Sydney, C. B. Mr. Truro, St John, N. B.

To Correspondents.

Several communications are deferred until our next number.

State of the Thermometer at Lunenburg, January, 1836.

Jan. 1—26	Jan. 8—27	Jan. 15—20	Jan. 22—41
2—40	9—30	16—15	23—28
3—29	10—40	17—21	24—20
4—30	11—40	18—20	25—35
5—29	12—44	19—24	26—28
6—29	13—43	20—29	27—29
7—28	14—42	21—26	

DIED.

At St. Margaret's Bay, after a short illness, on Friday 15th inst. Mr. William Rudolf, in the 66th year of his age; a native of this town.

Extract from a Sermon by Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, of Flushing, L. I. on the late Fire at New-York.

"St. Paul says, 'The love of money is the root of all evil;' but I question whether the Apostle ever knew of any such love of money as appears in our days; not the love of money for its own sake, for that is a morbid appetite affecting the individual rather than the community, and probably has been comparatively rare at all times. The genuine miser has always been solitary in society. But the love of money for the sake of what it procures; for the purpose of adventure, indulgence, distinction, amusement, and whatever it puts within our reach; the passion for money-getting pervading, exciting, intoxicating all classes of society, is, I imagine, the inglorious distinction of our own age and country. It grows naturally out of the extraordinary facilities afforded by the resources and government of our country, in connection with the practical applications of science peculiar to the age, and therefore we may believe that there never has been such a *money mania* before in the world. You may see it every where; you may hear it every where. Listen to a conversation where—

ever you will, and nine times out of ten, money is the topic. It is the leading and all-absorbing theme. The state of the stocks; the advance of property; the last speculation; how much can be realized? what did it cost? are the changes incessantly rung, not only in the markets but in our parlors, at our firesides, at our meals, aye, and in our churches too. * * * Can we doubt, then, that what thus takes possession of and appropriates to itself the soul, subordinating all its higher interests, robbing God of its homage, and shutting out eternity from its prospects; is sin, and sin that the Lord may well 'rebuke with flames of fire?'"

"But the righteous suffered as well as the wicked. The church blazed higher than the Exchange.' Very true, and far be it from me to say that it was a judgment upon all that suffered loss. I have not been speaking of individuals, but of prevalent and crying sin. It is the business of the preacher to show the sin, and point to the judgment. It is for the conscience alone to determine the individuals. In all the chastisements of Providence the good and bad suffer together. The good need them and the bad deserve them, and then there is this momentous difference in their effects: the good are made better by them, and the bad are made worse. To one they are the pillar of light, alluring and guiding to heaven; to the other they are the pillar of cloud, only frowning confusion and dismay. One bless them as mercy, the other curse them as wrath. They seem to say in those dreadful words, which the angel in the Apocalypse utters, in view of the long series of Divine judgments, ending only with the destruction of the world: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'

"Do any doubt whether I should speak of the fire as a rebuke of the Lord? Ought I to be careful how I pronounce it the angry voice of Heaven? No, no, my young friends. On the contrary, when I remember the iniquity there is in that city, along with this mad excessive spirit of money-making, and in a great degree the fruit of it; when I remember how the Sabbath is violated by rich and poor; how it is made a day by multitudes of more dissipation and crime than all the remainder of the week. When I think of the myriad of oaths, from young and old, going up every moment, offensive blasphemy in the ears of Heaven—when I think of the increasing licentiousness of their youth; men in vice while boys in years—their gambling rooms—the depraving influence of their stage, now more vile and indelicate than ever—their putrid sinks of infamy covered up from the eye, but sending up their vapors to heaven, as black and as foul as if they rose from Sodom itself, and worse than all, because encouraging all that spirit of infidelity aiming from its home in the metropolis at an empire in the land—when I think of these clouds of hell in the very sunshine of the Gospel I feel bold in speaking of judgments, and almost wonder that the flames are not curling to heaven to this very hour.—But there are glorious lights in the picture as well as these midnight shades. There, in that city, are the virtuous and holy, as well as the scoffers and profane; there are kind-hearted generosity and unbounded liberality, as well as sordid competition and avaricious enterprise; there spring some of the purest influences that bless the land; there are men as persevering and self-denying in the works of christian benevolence, as others for their own aggrandizement; there are the charities that are among the delights of Christendom—the hope of the world. There are the preachers of righteousness. There are the elect of God. There ascends the fragrance of the 'golden vials full of odors.' There are the prayers of the saints; and this day they have gone up to heaven; this day has the intercession gone up from crowded churches and humbled souls—'Spare us, O Lord, and give not our heritage to reproach.' For their sakes the devourer was rebuked. For let those prayers cease—let the righteous fail—let the guardian angel of christian influence wing its flight and leave it to the mercies of the infidel—let the city become a Sodom in its guilt, (as then it quickly would,) and then, not one night and morning would you watch the fire—but many a night and morning, till at last like Abraham, looking out for the cities of the plain, you would see only 'the smoke of the country going up as the smoke of a furnace.'

SUPERFICIAL PIETY.

The Church at this day, in respect to the depth of her piety, is far behind the model which was presented in the apostolic age; nay, may we not say that she falls short of that which has been witnessed at some periods since the Reformation, especially when she was beset with the terrors of persecution; and is there not some reason to fear from the present aspect of the times, that while such active efforts are making for the extension of the Gospel, and while the spirit of true piety is communicated in a degree to a much greater number of hearts than formerly, its depth is diminished somewhat in proportion as its surface is extended? Blessed be God there are a multitude of devoted Christians and ministers in the Church at this day? but when we read the writings of Baxter, and Flavel, and Owen, and Charnock, and Bates, and the Henrys, and many others of the same period, we are ready to say that there were giants on the earth then, such as we neither see nor look for in these latter days.

Without detracting from the present age any thing which it can fairly claim, and with our eyes open on all the favorable signs of the times, we venture to say that one of the greatest dangers of the Church at the present moment is, that she will content herself with a superficial piety. We refer not here so much to the danger of this arising from a prevailing spirit of worldliness, which is always the bane of spiritual feeling, as from certain tendencies which seem to be among the elements of her present religious character. For instance, this very spirit of action which seems destined to accomplish such wonderful purposes, and which has already well nigh moved the world, and in which every true Christian must devoutly rejoice, is fraught with immense danger: there is danger that Christians in laboring for the world without, will neglect the world within; that they will substitute the business of planning and contributing to send the Gospel to others, for the more personal and difficult and self-denying work of keeping themselves habitually under its influence. No doubt it is possible that a man may labor in a good cause with great ardour and perseverance, and may think that his soul actually burns for the salvation of his fellow men, while yet his motives are altogether earthly, and the prevailing sentiment of his heart is a desire to promote self-gratification. Let Christians and ministers then, especially those who are more immediately active in sustaining our religious and benevolent institutions, take heed that in doing all this, they also keep their own hearts with all diligence; and let them bear in mind that this is not less essential to prevent their decline in piety, than to ensure the best success of their benevolent efforts.

There is danger also from the superficial character of the reading of the age. Some indeed have a relish for sound and extensive theological works; but far the greater number are satisfied with occasionally looking into some of the lighter religious periodicals. The consequence is, that while there are many who know a little concerning the benevolent operations of the day, (would to God that they knew much more,) there are comparatively few who have any connected view of the doctrines of the Bible, and a still smaller number who have the ability to defend them against the attack of gainsayers. Far be it from us to object to religious periodical reading: we know it has its uses, and very important use too; we only object against its being substituted for reading of a more solid character. Let every family count it a privilege to be statedly visited by one or more such publications; but let not this be a reason why Edwards, and Dwight, and Witherspoon, and Baxter, should be passed by as the antiquated rubbish of other ages.*

And if we do not greatly mistake, there has been much in the fanatical movements that have prevailed, and still prevail to some extent, in connexion with revivals, to foster the evil to which we are referring. To say nothing here of the vast numbers who in consequence of this machinery have no doubt been admitted to the Church utter strangers to the power

* The writer might have mentioned some good but neglected 'rubbish' from our side of the house, in the works of Horne, Tillotson, Leighton, Barrow, Pearson, Bull, Jeremy Taylor, Hall, Beveridge, and a few other Episcopal 'giants' who happen just now to be looking down from our shelves as if in contempt of some pigmy book-makers of later times, whose works are scattered upon our table.—[Ed. C. C.]

of religion—who that is acquainted with these peculiar measures can fail to perceive that their tendency is to elevate some of the mere circumstantialities of piety, at the expense of casting into the back ground its more substantial elements? How much dependence is placed on the exciting influences of external circumstances, and how little comparatively is thought of the more retired duties of searching the heart, of reading the Scriptures, and of performing other duties which belong to the very essence of religion! Abundance of talk on the subject of religion we have reason to fear is often thought more of as a test of piety, than the abiding fruits of the Spirit; and hence we see one and another pointed at with the utmost confidence as examples of unquestionable conversion, not on the ground that they appear humble, and seem disposed to give God all the glory, but because they converse in respect to their own feelings with confidence and fervor, where possibly true Christian propriety might require that they should not converse at all. Let genuine revivals prevail, and nothing will do more to elevate the standard of Christian character, and produce a deep, intelligent, all-pervading piety; but mere spurious excitements, or those which are chiefly of this character, though they may bring multitudes into the Church, will ultimately be found to have incumbered it by a heavy mass of worldliness and spiritual death.—*Albany Journal and Tel.*

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION AT ATHENS.

Extract from a Letter from Mrs. Hill, wife of Rev. Mr. Hill, to a lady in New-York, dated Athens, July 30th, 1835.—Our work goes on well, and we are now supported under our increased labors, by the prospect of a speedy accession to the Mission. We have now fourteen young females in our family, and others are daily expected. I assure you, my dear friend, I tremble when I think of our responsibilities, but I cannot but think it is of the Lord—he has appointed us our work, and he will give strength to accomplish it. You who are so much interested for Sunday schools and other means of religious education, can realize what a great advantage we possess in having so many young persons confided to our care, at an age when they are most likely to receive good impressions. I hope that we shall always be remembered, in the prayers of our young friends at home—let them remember that the numerous means of obtaining a knowledge of God, which they possess, the youth here are entirely deprived of—it is only where the influence of missionaries exists, that there is any knowledge of religion at all. An aged father said to me as he commended his daughter to my care—'I am thankful that she will be in a situation where she will learn what true religion is. I begin to feel that it must consist in something more besides making the sign of the cross.' While he said this his eyes were suffused with tears. I asked him if he had read the Scriptures in the modern tongue. 'I have seen some parts of them, and they made my heart burn within me.' He is a man in authority;—I asked him if he would be willing to take some copies with him to his part of the country, he said he would with great pleasure—that his heart had been so melted by what he saw and heard in Athens, that he felt he could not be engaged in a better work than distributing the word of God.

We have from time to time some very interesting instances of the power of the word of truth, and we feel that we do not labor for nought while we facilitate its circulation. The last year we have in our schools distributed one hundred and fifty copies of the scriptures to new readers, and we know that they are read at home as well as in school.

A little Girl in the Valley of Death.—A letter from a gentleman in Paris, lately received, mentions the following interesting facts:—Rev. Dr. McAuley, of New-York, when he was here, at a meeting, stated that a little girl, on her death-bed, said to him as he entered the room, 'I am just going into the valley.' 'Doesn't it look very dark?' said Dr. M. 'No,' said she. 'But is not the shadow of death there?' 'Yes,' said she, 'but the Sun of righteousness shines right down upon it, and it is very light,' and again she said, 'It is but a little way through it.—How do you know?' said Dr. M. 'Because Christ said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," and it was almost night then—so it can be but a little way.'

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

You will oblige one of your youngest readers, and perhaps gratify others, by inserting the following little Hymn in your next paper.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

And was my Saviour once a child?
A little child like me?
And was he humble, meek, and mild,
As little ones should be?

O why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright?
And why not leave his fair abode,
To come with power and might?

Because he came not here to reign,
As sovereign here below;
He came to save our souls from sin,
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high
Consent a man to be?
And did that blessed Saviour die
Upon the cross for me?

And did my Saviour freely give
His life for sinful men?
What! did he die that we might live?
O, how he loved us then!

Accept, O dear redeeming Lord,
An infant's humble praise;
Teach me to love thy holy word,
And serve thee all my days.

MERCY.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Epistle. Rom. xii. 16. Gospel. St. Matt. viii. 1.

Even though the penitent, by the divine blessing upon his endeavours after holiness, should be preserved from wilful sin, still he is conscious of continual failures in his duty to God—still conscious of many 'negligences and ignorances,' which must be either pardoned or punished. These infirmities, as the Collect terms them, we pray God to look upon mercifully; for though they may be 'ignorances,' yet, as they are a breaking of the perfect law of God, they are pardoned only by the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ his Son. We therefore, in all humility of heart, address ourselves to God, and offer up our prayers, that he would strengthen us,—would stretch forth his right hand to help and defend us, in all dangers and necessities—through which nothing but his Almighty power and everlasting mercy can conduct us in safety.

The Epistle for this Collect is most aptly chosen. The duties to which St. Paul there exhorts us, are exactly such as our infirmities would hinder us from performing. Thus, for instance, the Apostle often felt as who does not naturally feel?—rising indignation at unworthy treatment: he attributes such a feeling to our infirmity. If our faith were not weak, we should remember Him, who tells us 'Love your enemies,' and who allows no excuse even for the infirmity of indignation towards those, who evil entreat, and of malice persecute us. 'Bless them that curse you: Recompense no man evil for evil.' 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for, in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' The meaning of which is,—that as fire softens and melts the hardest substances—even iron itself—so, by returning good for evil, we soften and melt into kindness the proudest heart, and the most stubborn enmity.—How wisely, then, are we early taught by our Church, to beseech God to look upon our infirmities mercifully; and in every trial of our faith—in all our dangers and necessities—to stretch forth his right hand to help and defend us! For it is not only in this and other instances mentioned by the apostle, that infirmity in faith evidences our frailty; its overpowering influence weighs down the spirit of a man, on almost every occasion in life, where self-denial and self-control are called into action. Indeed, in happier hours of holy converse with God, how deeply are we led to lament, that in the hour of trial and temptation, our good resolutions failed us—that we gave way to anger, against an enemy—to fear, in time of trouble—and to forgetfulness of the only Being, whose mercy and whose strength will never fail them who trust in him.

The history of the centurion, recorded in the Gospel, teaches us, that there is no situation in life, no

occupation, no profession, however unfavorable it may appear to the cultivation of religion, which precludes the possibility or exempts us from the obligation of acquiring those good dispositions, and exercising those Christian virtues, which the Gospel requires. To all pretences to the contrary, whatever they may be, the instance of the centurion is a direct, complete, and satisfactory answer. His profession was that, which of all others is generally considered as most adverse to religious sentiments and habits; most contrary to the peaceful, humane, and gentle spirit of the Gospel; and most exposed to the fascination of gaily, pleasure, thoughtlessness, and dissipation. Yet amidst these obstructions to purity of heart, to mildness of disposition, and sanctity of manners, we see this illustrious centurion rising above all the disadvantages of his situation; and, instead of sinking into vice and irreligion, becoming a model of piety and humility, and of all those virtues which necessarily spring from such principles. This is an unanswerable proof, that, whenever men abandon themselves to impiety, infidelity, and profligacy, the fault is not in the situation, but in the heart; and that there is no mode of life, no employment or profession, which may not, if we please, be made consistent with a sincere belief in the Gospel, and with the practice of every duty we owe to our Maker, our Redeemer, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves.—*Epis. Watchman*

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

(January 25.)

Saint Paul, though not one of the twelve apostles of Jesus Christ, is known as the great apostle of the Gentiles. It pleased God, that in him should be manifested the full power of divine grace. Born a Jew, trained in the strictest discipline of the Pharisees, deeply read in the writings of the old Testament, well versed in the tradition of the elders, and of a character—ardent in feeling, overbearing in zeal, impetuous in action—he brooked not that his brethren, the Jews, should forsake the faith of their fathers. He therefore stood conspicuous as a persecutor of the rising Church of Christ in the city of Damascus. But 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' He who left Jerusalem 'breathing out threatnings and slaughters against the disciples of the Lord,' and who, in the spirit of rage, had journeyed five days, was constrained to enter Damascus, as a follower of the very Jesus whom he had resolved to persecute. 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,' stays alike the fury of the waves, and the madness of the people. As he came near to the city, a light from heaven shone round about, which struck him to the earth, and a divine voice arrested him with the powerful appeal, 'why persecutest thou me?' Trembling and amazed, he confessed a present God. He was converted. His purpose was instantly changed.—The enemy of the cross became its defender, and the persecutor, Saul of Jerusalem—was at last the Martyr, Paul of Rome.

His conviction was not less remarkable in its effect, than it had been signal in its means.—His purpose was changed, but not his lofty character. In the apostle we mark the same unabated zeal, the same unwearied activity, the same intensity of feeling, which distinguished the haughty Pharisee; but directed to the honor of the cross of Christ. The cross was henceforth his glory. To establish its doctrines, he traversed sea and land: in journeyings often, his toil subdued him not; in perils in the sea, his heart fainted not; in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, his faith failed him not. He had in view one great object, and he obtained it. He preached the gospel to the nations.

To fit him for this great work, he was under the influence of immediate inspiration, and endowed with the power of working miracles. He was also, in himself, particularly qualified for his office. To a natural dignity of mind, and a commanding eloquence, he added great attainments. He was deeply learned; and thereby enabled to cope with the learning of his own countrymen, and the philosophy of the Gentiles. All his powers were well directed. He knew all the springs of human action, and touched them with a master's skill. Hence there is a remarkable adaptation of sentiment, style and manner, to the different people, or individuals, amongst whom he ministered. To the lawless sailors in the storm, he declared at

once his calling to be divine. Before the Athenians, who were of elegant minds, smooth manners, and a keen sensibility of any opposition to their national, or devotional prejudices—before them he studiously avoided an abrupt declaration of his call from heaven. He declared to them no new God; but proposed to open their understanding to a fuller comprehension of the very Being whom they did worship. His address to them, upon seeing their altar dedicated 'to the unknown'—is the finest instance on record, of the application of eloquence to the honour of God. Indeed, he exhibited in his conduct before all men, a rare combination of different excellencies. Unyielding in principle, he was yet of most finished address, and polished manners. The self-respect which set him at ease before kings, was tempered with an humility, which made him courteous towards all men. To a high and spirited resistance of oppression, was added an unreserved submission to the laws. Did he unwittingly fall into error? the most humble mind could not shew a greater promptness to atone for it. Thus his bold bearing of himself before the haughty Ananias was followed by immediate self-reproach, upon being reminded of the sacred office of him, whom he reproved. So keen a sense of honor actuated him, that he refused liberty for himself and his companions in captivity, rather than accept it to the destruction of a fellow-creature. 'Do thyself no harm, said the Christian captive to his despairing keeper, 'for we are all here.' What other language could the nicest honor dictate? 'Our chains are loosed, but a christian's love of his neighbour, is a firmer bond than links of iron: rather than thou shouldst suffer by our escape, we are thy prisoners still.' The keeper of the prison believed, as well he might:—he and all his house. He believed that God was with his prisoners? that as nothing but a miracle could have shaken the foundation of the prison, opened the doors, and loosed the bands; so, that the Being, whom the captives served, must be the only God.

Such was the Apostle of the Gentiles: powerful in his eloquence, still more powerful in his example.—And it pleased God, by his 'preaching, to cause the light of the Gospel to shine throughout the world.'

Shall then he have preached in vain for us? God forbid! Whether we be Ministers, or hearers of the word, let us not continue in sin—either by the omission of what is right, or the commission of what is wrong—either by fear of reproach, or 'contempt of the word'—lest, 'having tasted the good word of God, we fall away, crucify the son of God afresh,' and the awful reproof to Saul, be applicable to us, 'It is Jesus, whom thou persecutest.'—Rather let us pray, in the words of this collect, 'that we, having his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may shew forth our thankfulness for the same, by following the holy doctrine which he taught.' Thus believing, thus acting, we may hope to be sustained in our course, by the same spirit of light and life, which animated Saint Paul: we also may run our race without fainting—and finish our course with joy: through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Epis. Watchman.*

The press in the Islands of the sea.—We have before us the copy of a curious paper, issued by the missionaries of the Sandwich Islands, dated August 8, 1834. The same is 'Lama Hawaii.' The number on our table is ornamented with a figure of the Reindeer. We doubt not that the object of this well-appearing quarto, is to diffuse useful and religious knowledge through those remote portions of the world, and all must be glad that the influence of the Press is likely to be extensively felt through the abodes of 'men benighted,' and no Christian will deny them 'the lamp of life.'

Though we have not the least knowledge of the dialect in which this paper appears, we cannot but present a specimen from the first article, which will give our readers an idea of the appearance of the whole.

"NO KA RIENADIA."

'Ua like ke kiekie, o ka Reipadia, me ko ka bipi wahine uuku. E kolu paba kapuai a me ka hapa kona kiekie, a eono ka loa.'—*Auburn Gospel Messenger.*

Advice.—Mr. Send, in a sermon on evil speaking, says elegantly, 'our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making that to droop, which it was meant to cherish and refresh? it must descend, as the 'dew upon the tender herb,' or like melting flakes of snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks in the mind.'

P O E T R Y.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

By Bishop Heber.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !
By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !
O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine,
Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

From the British Critic.

COMPARATIVE EXCELLENCE OF EXTEMPORANE AND WRITTEN DISCOURSES.

The question is, not whether a man should be able to preach extempore, but whether he is wise to preach extempore ; not whether he possesses what are called the gifts ; but whether he is prudent and judicious in using them. Now, between a sermon which should be really extemporaneous, and a sermon which should be really premeditated, the balance is easily struck. It is the same, in fact, as the question, Whether sound religion is likely to be the result of patient and serious thought, or of unprepared and passionate utterance. No man will venture to assert, that deliberation and research are useless and valueless, unless he pretends that he can insure immediate and extraordinary impulses from the HOLY SPIRIT—a pretension which no man, we presume, is now rash enough and blasphemous enough to make. Except in a case of peculiar and pressing emergency, a sermon really extemporaneous would be an insult to a Christian congregation, and an offence against Heaven.

Rowland Hill might have been an extempore preacher: Robert Hall certainly was not. He is known to have delivered the same sermon, word for word, after an interval of four years; so retentive was his memory ; so fixed and consecutive were his thoughts. Of Massillon it is related, as Mr. Gresley tells us, that he delivered his most celebrated discourse again and again, after a regular announcement, to audiences who flocked for the express purpose of hearing them. And there were men, who enjoyed Whitefield's harangues the second time more than the first; because, upon a repetition, his delivery was more powerful, inasmuch as his recollection was more perfect.

The question, then, of real extemporaneousness being disposed of, there comes the question, Whether much is to be sacrificed to the semblance, when every wise man would deplore the reality? To affirm that a minister should never speak any thing off hand, if circumstances should arise at the moment among his congregation, is, of course, as idle as to assert that, in general, he should inculcate religion without having previously considered what he was going to say. Perhaps, too, the inquiries will not admit of one universal solution, if we ask whether it is better for a man to write the sermon down, and preach from the copy ; or to prepare it, to learn it by heart, and then preach it from memory, and without book ; or to have mere-

ly the scheme and outline of the sermon before him, filling up the canvas on the spur of the occasion.

The precedents drawn in favor of extemporaneous preaching from earlier times, and the practice of the Reformers, are quite destitute as, we conceive, of pertinence and force. Different modes are adapted to different periods. Our own day would reject the homely plainness of Latimer. And our opinion is, that extemporaneous preaching more properly belongs to an unpolished age, to an unfastidious, uncultivated audience—or, at least, to persons more accustomed to feel than to think ; apt to be affected by bursts of passion, rather than able to follow up the thread of an argument. But, as education introduces more of accuracy and depth ; as men are trained to habits of more philosophical reflection, and learn to read and judge for themselves, we venture to prophesy that impromptu harangues, together with all the common artifices and devices of oratory, will be more and more discouraged. We say artifices and devices, for extemporaneous preaching is very often a mere fraud or trick. It carries with it a greater appearance of nature and reality ; but, in point of fact, the one mode is quite as elaborate and artificial a thing as the other. The title of extemporaneous preaching is a misnomer: for we have seen, that an actually unpremeditated address, delivered on any great doctrine of religion, without previous thought, must be either inspiration or rhapsody. Robert Hall and many others draw instances and comparisons from the senate and the bar. But how little extemporaneous speaking is there either in the houses of parliament, or in courts of law. A man either comes prepared, if he opens debate ; or he answers a preceding speaker, whose arguments, whether he notes them down or not, serve as landmarks to his mind. And at the bar, if a pleader really speaks extempore, it is from his carelessness in not taking the trouble to read his brief. Such an advocate is not altogether likely to do justice to his client.

Still, it is contended, the appearance ought to count. And we have allowed, that we would not insist upon the slavish and irksome constraint, that a man is never to say more than is set down before him. We allow too, that, although to preach a written sermon may be the safer plan, to fire off an unwritten one may be the more effective. And, certainly, the best style of speaking is a higher and more impressive effort than the most graceful recitation of a discourse, which the congregation sees to be fairly transcribed upon paper, instead of fancying to come warm from the heart. But the other scale preponderates, when we set the possibility of brilliant success against the probability of serious mischief.

One great argument for the (so called) extemporaneous mode of preaching is, that the written discourse, whether lying on the cushion, or held in the hand, acts as a non-conductor of persuasion between the preacher and his audience. We might doubt, perhaps, whether this is the case, where the hearers come with right minds and proper dispositions, and have formed to themselves a true notion of the ordinance of preaching, and the aim of pulpit ministrations. The minister of the Gospel is, in truth, a teacher, rather than an affector: and it is the business of a congregation to listen to him with a view of being instructed, rather than being excited. And here we might remark, that the worshippers in a church do not constitute a deliberative assembly, although even in some deliberative assemblies,—in France, for instance,—the unwritten is preferred to the written; and, we might ask, whether, in attending upon a course of lectures upon any science, or any department of philosophy, men would be wise to insist, or expect, that the lecturer should address them without having beforehand committed his observations to paper. But we will allow that the circumstances are not quite parallel: we will allow that the hearers in the temple of God require to be persuaded as well as taught,—to be roused as well as reminded. We quite deny, however, that it is not possible quite sufficiently to rouse and stimulate an audience, not indeed by the monotonous, unimpressive, unimpassioned reading, but by the emphatic delivery of a written discourse:—by recovering, in fact, and exhibiting, and therefore by communicating—and what is more natural than this process?—the same glow in uttering, which was felt in writing it. The objection may still be urged, that most men, and most women,

in the lower classes more especially, like that a preacher should speak to them, rather than he should read to them; and that they find, or imagine, more energy and power in appeals which they believe to be extemporaneous. It may be so; probably, it is so:—but the question recurs, whether this is the soundest and healthiest state of things; and whether a religious system based upon any such excitement has not rottenness at its foundation.

Our inference, then, is, upon the whole, that extemporaneous preaching ought to be the exception, and not the rule; and that for a large body, comprising many thousands of men, possessed of the average amount of ability and discretion, it is far better to write the sermon, and preach from the written sermon, than either to vent what happens to come at the moment into the mind, or to trust, without any necessity whatever, to the powers of the memory. The former of these alternatives is obviously to be deprecated; for who, that has ever thought seriously upon the subject, wants, or could endure, an *improvisatore* in the pulpit? For the next thing is, of necessity, to have a mountebank in the pulpit. And as to the latter alternative, a minister or curate of a parish, who does his duty, will often have no time, first to write down his sermons, and then to learn them by heart that he may preach them as unwritten; and to exact or encourage any such course, would be to give a vast and most unfair advantage over the diligent Parish priest, to a declaimer, who has either no pastoral functions, or who slurs them over, that he may display himself and his eloquence with the greater effect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Noble Example of Missionary Spirit.—We learn from one of our London papers that the Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, whose name in connexion with his visit to this country, last year, as a delegate of the Congregationalists of England, is familiar to our readers, has offered himself as a missionary to China, or to any other part of the world. His Church are unwilling to part with him, and his brethren in the Ministry, it is said, are of opinion that he may be as useful, if not more useful, at home than abroad. Whether the expression of their opinions will probably induce him to remain in London, we have no means of judging. Doctor R. must now be not far from sixty years of age, and surrounded in his present situation, by all that can make life pleasant, his determination to devote himself to Missionary labours among the heathen is indeed a rare example of Christian heroism.—*N. Y. Obs.*

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The above are corrected to 31st December last.

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, January 9, 1836.

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