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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME IV.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1839.

NUMBER 25.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

Persuaded that you will be glad to see that he, whose poetical effusions while at King's College, and as the Rector of a Parish in this Diocese, delighted the public, has not forgotten his skill in the land of his adoption. I send you the following from the *Churchman's Annual* for 1839.

L.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.*

The font is by the altar rail,
And there a fair young mother kneels;
Her step is weak, her cheek is pale,
And from her eye the tear-drop steals,
As on her infant's brow of snow
She sees the minister of Heaven,
The consecrated water throw—
Type of new life and sins forgiven.

Years pass—before that altar led,
Bends in meek faith a fair young band;
And one by one on each bowed head,
Is pressed the Bishop's blessing hand;
And he, the boy whom years before
His mother to that altar bore,
Now with the rest doth here assume—
The vows she offered in his name
And, in life's hour of freshest bloom,
The christian's armour comes to claim.

Those chancel rails are thronged again
And kneeling worshippers are there
To taste that food which Christ to men
Gave ere he died:—and in the prayer,
Which rises 'mid that sacrifice
Of praise, his voice doth also rise,
Who lately there his vows renewed
With holy joy and gratitude
Again, a fair and joyous train
Before the sacred altar stands;
And there are joined two loving hands
In holy rite that linketh twain,
Making them one: the bridegroom there
Is he, the man of faith and prayer.

Long happy years that intervene,
Draw to its close the solemn scene:
A darken'd room—a couch of death—
A wasted form and faltering breath—
A pallid brow, but beaming eye,
Lit up by faith and feeling high,
And hopes which rest on Christ alone,
Whilst, in devotion's solemn tone,
The man of God breathes forth his prayer,
To him whose love is every where,

Around the tomb are weeping friends
Where now the Christian's journey ends
The burial-office, with its high,
Yet simple eloquence hath passed;—
There must the Christian's ashes lie
Till peals the last loud trumpet's blast;—
But to his Father's glorious throne
The disembodied soul hath flown
For ever in that bliss to live
Which Jesus died to man to give.

* By the Rev. J. H. Clinch.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

THE CONVERTED INDIAN.*

"The atrocities committed at Wyoming, and at several settlements in New York, cried aloud for vengeance. Congress, assembling an army of four thousand men, gave the command of it to General Sullivan, and directed him to conduct it into the country inhabited by the savages, and retort upon them their own system of warfare. Of this army, one division marched from the Mohawk—the other from Wyoming; and both forming a junction on the Susquehanna, proceeded, on the 22d of August, 1779, towards the Seneca lake. On an advantageous position, the Indians, in conjunction with two hundred others, had erected fortifications to oppose their progress. These were assaulted; the enemy, after a slight resistance, gave way, and disappeared in the woods."†

General Sullivan sent forward a small body of troops, to see if they could discover any traces of the enemy in the thicket; while the remainder of the army collected the men who had been wounded during the action.

Among those who had suffered severely from the fire of the enemy, was Lieutenant H—, a man who possessed all the requisites of a soldier, while the virtues of the christian and philanthropist flourished in his breast.

His wounds being pronounced by the Surgeon as too dangerous to allow him to proceed further with the army, a wagon was immediately prepared, for conveying him home. The Lieutenant had already been placed upon a bed in the vehicle, and the horses were already put in motion, when the shouts of those returning from the field of battle attracted the attention of all—as they drew near, two of the party were observed to bear on a litter the body of H—, although he had become attached to Powell, yet did not think it proper to detain him from his friends, and accordingly made preparations for his departure.

When Lieutenant H— saw the situation of the chief, he insisted that he should be put into his own wagon, and carried home with himself. The chief was accordingly placed on the bed, and the wagon slowly left the encampment.

Having brought General Sullivan thus far on his march, it seems no more than justice that we should inform our readers of its termination, which we shall do in the words of the historian above quoted:—

"As the army advanced into the western part of the state of New York—that region now so fertile and populous—the Indians deserted their towns, the appearance of which denoted a higher state of civilization than had ever before been witnessed in the North American wilderness. The houses were commodious; the apple and peach trees numerous; and the crops of corn then growing abundant. All were destroyed; not a vestige of human industry were permitted to exist."

Having accomplished this work of vengeance, severe, but deserved, and essential to the future safety of the whites.—General Sullivan returned to Easton, in Pennsylvania, where he arrived about the middle of October."

The campaign being thus brought to a conclusion, we shall now turn our undivided attention towards our friends whom we left a short time ago, turning their faces homewards.

The wagon, conveying the two wounded men, proceeded at moderate day's journeys, in accommodation to their situation. After travelling for about a week, in an easterly direction, they arrived at the place of their destination. Gloom at first overshadowed the dwelling of Lieutenant H— when they saw him returning from fighting his country's battles,

wounded and weary; but the Great Physician, who watches over all, gave efficacy to the means used for his recovery and he was soon restored to his usual health. Nor were less attentions bestowed upon Powell, nor the exertions on his account less successful. He had now become much attached to the Lieutenant whom he considered as his preserver and revered him as a father. Lieutenant H— endeavored to make him return thanks for his preservation to a higher source, and to bless the Great Spirit who had sent friends to his release. The young chief seemed to listen with great attention to all that was said to him, and soon became desirous of learning more and more of his God and Saviour. The exertions of the Lieutenant being so warmly seconded, he was determined to teach his pupil to read. This was a matter of no small difficulty, but by patience and perseverance he accomplished his object.

When Powell had acquired a facility in reading, and perused a considerable portion of the Holy Scriptures, he was taken by his friend to a little Church in the neighbourhood, where a faithful minister of the church dispensed the word of salvation to a few, but faithful people. The services of the Church seemed admirably calculated to arrest the attention of the young Indian and he soon became acquainted with them, and used his prayer book with propriety, and we trust with benefit. In this manner many months passed away, and the cloud of war still hung over the land. The leaves were shaken from the tree of peace by the contests which were going on between the nations, and carnage and bloodshed filled the land but at length the clouds dispersed, the tree of peace again put forth leaves, blossomed, and covered the land with its branches. The sword was once more fashioned into ploughs and pruning hooks, and the nations ceased to lift up arms against each other. Lieutenant party were observed to bear on a litter the body of H—, although he had become attached to Powell, yet did not think it proper to detain him from his friends, and accordingly made preparations for his departure.

Previous to the treaty of peace, the old clergyman, whom I have referred to above, being convinced that a change had taken place in Powell, and that his heart had been renewed by the power of the Holy Ghost, had received him into the Church by baptism, and, a short time afterward, administered to him (being, as he supposed, "religiously and rightly disposed,") "the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ."

The same wagon which had brought them from the field of battle was now prepared to carry him home. Several implements of agriculture, which were thought to be useful in the cultivation of his corn, were given to Powell, and blankets and other articles of a similar nature were provided for his use. With his Bible and Prayer Book, which he considered his most valuable possessions, he set out, leaving his friends with evident emotions. Time would fail us to describe all the various incidents which occurred during his journey, and the joy with which he was received by the members of his tribe; but matters of more importance demand our attention, and we must hasten forward. As soon as Powell had become settled in his wigwam, he began to instruct his friends in the use of the tools which he had brought with him, and in the knowledge which he had acquired of his Saviour, and his salvation. At first, they were disposed to ridicule him; but he persevered, and at length triumphed over every obstacle. Every Lord's day, they collected together at Powell's wigwam, to hear more of these things; "and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit," that their sins might be forgiven for the Redeemer's sake. The benefits of religious instruction were soon perceptible in their life and conversation; and intemperance, to which they had formerly been sub-

* From the Sunday School Visitor.

† Hall's United States History.

it; was in a great measure abandoned. While these things were going on, the young chief Powell was taken sick, and all the remedies used for his recovery proved unavailing. The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the western hills, and the shades of an autumnal evening had begun to cover the earth, when Powell, perceiving that his end was near, desired to be raised up in bed. "O, Lord of hosts," said the expiring chieftain, "save us from among the heathen! deliver our souls from death, and finally bring us to thy everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" when he had thus spoken, he fell back upon the bed and it was evident his sun had gone down for ever. The body of Powell was committed to the ground in the hopes of a glorious resurrection, and though dead, his holy life, and conversation, yet live in the memory of his friends. This, among many other instances, shows what good effects may be produced by enlightening the minds of the heathen.

The intelligence that a faithful Bishop of the church has lately gone out on a tour among the western Indians must be gratifying to every friend of religion; it should be the endeavour of all, as far as in them lies to assist in this noble undertaking, and to send forth missionaries among the red men of the forest? to hasten forward that glorious period when "all the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ," and "when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. We trust that when that great multitude whom no man can number," shall sing the song of "Moses and the lamb," thousands of the red men of the forest will join in the song of the Archangel, and shine like stars, for ever and ever, in the crown of their blessed Redeemer.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE VESTRY MEETING.*

In the outskirts of his parish there was a wild and beautiful valley, called Ashdale, formerly inhabited by a few cottagers, who watched their sheep as they browsed on the adjoining hills, or kept a few cows on the narrow slips of meadow land. A clear mountain stream dashed over the layers of rock in a succession of small cascades; and, where it ran more smoothly, the glassy surface was broke in many a circle by the rising of the trout and grayling.—Here Herbert, when a boy, used to wander with his angle rod or his pencil; and often the whole family would pass a summer's holiday amidst the lovely scenery, and spread their repast under the shade of the enormous ash tree from which the valley took its name.

But, alas! a sad change,—sad, at least, in the eyes of the lovers of the picturesque,—had come over that happy valley. A rich capitalist, with "speculation in his eyes," had marked its capabilities for improvement. He had purchased, at a low rate, half a mile or more of the stream and land adjoining, and had built a large factory just at the edge of the most beautiful cascade. The speculation prospered, and led to the erection of another factory lower down the stream. The water-power was soon found insufficient for the growing establishment and steam-engines were erected to supply the deficiency, which overspread the valley with dense volumes of black smoke. Workmen, with their families, were brought from the adjoining districts, and rows of brick cottages were built for their accommodation. In short, a population sprang up scarcely less in amount than that of the village of Welbourne; and this at the distance of three miles from the parish church, which was rarely attended even by a few stragglers from the valley.

One of the first objects of Mr. Herbert, when he became incumbent of the parish of Welbourne, was to endeavour to provide a church for this distant ham-

let.—Accordingly he headed a subscription with a handsome donation of a hundred pounds. Rodley wrote down fifty for himself, and a hundred more for his brother, who was abroad. The subscription list was then circulated in the neighbourhood; some received it coldly, others contributed moderately; those who lived near the parish church thought that the people of Ashdale ought to build a church for themselves; those who were not parishioners thought it no concern of theirs. However, some subscribed their guineas, some their five guineas, and some their ten and thought they had done wonders. After a considerable delay, and large additional sums from his own pocket, and a grant from the Church Building Society, Herbert found himself at last in a condition to commence building, and the foundation-stone was laid of a small but neat church, which still remained to be endowed; and the endowment was only to be obtained by a considerable sacrifice from his own tithes. It was anything but reasonable, but Herbert cheerfully gave it.

Meanwhile the population of Ashdale increased.—Beer-shops, gin-shops, with their accompaniments of spouting clubs, unions, and all the other symptoms of a demoralized and disaffected population, rapidly sprang up. Religion there was little or none, for religion seldom exists without the outward ordinances. The new church, instead of being hailed as a boon, was rather disapproved of as an intrusion. They could do very well, they thought, without it. In short, the delay in building, unavoidable as it was, had been productive of the worst results.

When Herbert entered the vestry on the Sunday after his return from town, he found the churchwarden already there, who welcomed him with a cordial shake of the hand, but a very grave face. The cause of his gravity was soon explained. The time had arrived (he said) when it was necessary to give notice for a vestry meeting, in order to levy a church-rate, but he had just learned that it was the intention of the Ashdale people to come in a body to oppose it. The fact was, they had received circulars from some of the London Radicals to get up an opposition,—at any rate to make an agitation; and they had had amongst them some Radical orators, to enlighten their minds on the subject.

Herbert was much annoyed at this intelligence, on account of the ill-will which it was likely to breed in his parish. It was a very unpleasant business,—the most unpleasant which had occurred since he had been rector. What, indeed, could be more galling to a Christian minister than to see strife brought into his hitherto peaceful parish? what could be more cruel and uncharitable than the conduct of those by whom it was fomented? However, after much consideration, and prayer to God to aid his judgment, he resolved that it was his duty to do his utmost to rouse the energy of his friends and meet the opposition with as great force as possible, so as to crush at once the legal, schemes of the malcontents. Accordingly, no sooner had he risen on Monday morning, than he proceeded to consult with the churchwardens, in order to arrange his plans, so that all might be strictly legal; and afterwards he went round personally to all the principal farmers and shopkeepers, and other residents in the parish. His opponents, he feared, would have an advantage over him, inasmuch as men are not disposed to vote money out of their own pockets if they can avoid it. However, he trusted to their good feeling, and was not disappointed. Scarcely was there one amongst the members of his congregation who did not readily promise to attend at the vestry, and give his vote for the Church. Herbert was much cheered by the heartiness of their zeal, and felt that he had done them injustice in doubting their attachment for a moment. He was particularly gratified by the observations of one of the principal farmers, who called on him the day before the meeting, and placed the affair exactly on the right footing.—"We are sorry," said he, "to see you so much put about by this unpleasant business; but you may depend upon it, sir, we'll stand by you. There is not one, that I have seen, but says he will do anything to serve you. However, I have told them all, and I am sure you would tell them so too, that that is not the reason why we ought to vote for the rate, but because

it is our duty to God and our neighbour to stand up for the Church."

Most unusual was the scene which the hitherto peaceful village of Welbourne presented on the morning of the meeting. The farmers were seen coming in from all parts, on foot or on horseback, and though it was a busy time, they one and all declared, with honest English feeling, that they would lose the whole day sooner than not support the Church. The village doctor had already visited his patients, the shopkeeper left his business in the care of his wife; and the squire put off his shooting party, that he might not be absent. All felt that the support of the Church was a more important business than profit or pleasure.

The village clock had struck the hour of twelve, and the friends of the Church, already assembled, were rather surprised that their opponents had not made their appearance, and began to think they had given up their intention of opposing the rate. However, their hopes were soon dispelled when they heard a loud shouting, and saw the malcontents walking in a body three and three abreast straight up the middle of the village, followed by a crowd of boys from the factory, and carrying a flag, borrowed from an adjoining borough, bearing inscribed on it in large letters "Civil and religious liberty."

The Radicals came up at a brisk pace, but were evidently somewhat disconcerted at the respectability, and still more, at the numbers, of the opposite party. They expected that they should have had to contend with little more than the usual number of attendants at the vestry meetings, and that they should carry their point by a *coup de main*. It never occurred to these liberal-minded individuals that a whole parish would meet together, to vote that they might be taxed.

It was out of the question that so large a body, or a tenth part of it, should get into the vestry; so there was no alternative but to make use of the body of the church, much to Herbert's regret, who grieved to see the holy place made the scene of ungodly contention.

Unwilling to set an example of speechifying, Herbert opened the proceedings by simply reading the notice which had called them together, and requesting the churchwardens to give in their estimate, and state the amount of rate which it would be requisite to levy.

The churchwarden accordingly read to the meeting the calculated expense for the current year, and briefly added that it had been made out with all possible regard to economy. If any gentleman present suspected there was any jobbing or illegal charge, he should be happy to give an explanation. It was true that in former years when the parish was unanimous, certain charges had been inserted in the church-rates, by common consent, which were not strictly legal,—such as for the moles, hedgehogs,* and organist. In justice to the manufacturing interest, the former charges would in future be defrayed by the farmers solely, and the latter by the congregation who occupied pews in the church. The estimate which he now had the honour of presenting to the vestry was confined strictly to the necessary repairs of the fabric, and the decent maintenance of public worship.

This speech, of course, gave little satisfaction to the malcontents. A call was made for Mr. Stubbs. This gentleman was the principal shopkeeper who supplied the Ashdale population with the necessaries and luxuries of life,—as bread, butter, cheese, tea, tobacco, and snuff;—and having, unfortunately for himself, a gift of talking, he was put forward as the spokesman on the occasion.—One cause also of his selection for this honour was, that he professed to be a member of the Church, and on the score of lounging into his pew about once a month when the service was half over, considered himself an excellent Churchman.

I cannot but here remark of how little use it is for clergymen to go out of their way to conciliate these

* From the Rev. W. Gresley's Portrait of an English Churchman.

* In country parishes it is, or rather was, not uncommon to find such items in the church-rates as "mole-catcher's salary," "paid for hedgehogs."

mongrel sort of people; at least, I mean, by any law remains unrepented, I am not the man to dis-
departure from the straight line of duty. They are bey or evade it.

A third reason is, that I consider that by re-
fusing the Church rate, I should be robbing the
poor," who have a right, by law, and long prescrip-
tion, that a place of worship should be provided for
them by the owners of real property, without excep-
tion: the property of dissenters is equally liable with
that of others.

Well, up stands Mr. Stubbs on the seat of one of
the pews, and vows he is strongly attached to the
Church—none can be more so. He only wished that
the Church could see her true interests. For him-
self, though a Churchman, he scorned to put his hands
into the pockets of the conscientious Dissenter. All
men ought to pay for their own religion. He would
rather pay twice the amount of rate, provided it was
by voluntary subscription—he would, upon his word.
It was not that he had any fault to find with the es-
timate of the churchwarden, but it was the principle
of the thing which he objected to. He, for one,
would never consent to call on Dissenters to wash
the parson's dirty linen. (Loud applause followed
this piece of wit, for it is a standing joke amongst the
opponents of church-rates to apply this phrase to
the parish surplice.) When the applause subsided,
Mr. Stubbs having no further arguments to offer, con-
cluded by moving that the meeting be adjourned to
that day six months.

Great was the thumping and shouting which fol-
lowed the conclusion of Mr. Stubbs's oration; and he sat
down with the air of a man who had surpassed even
himself. There was some little pause,—and at last
it was announced that Mr. Owen would be glad to
address the meeting.—"Mr. Owen!" (said Herbert
to himself,) who is Mr. Owen?" He looked up and
saw, to his surprise, the shrewd and good tempered
face of his talkative fellow-traveller.—The cause of
Mr. Owen being there was simply this;—that, about
a year before, he had purchased one of the factories
in Ashdale. The business had hitherto been con-
ducted by a foreman,—he himself having been de-
tained elsewhere; and he had just arrived to super-
intend his works in person. Herbert was rather cu-
rious to know what his dissenting friend would say,
but expected, like the rest, that he had arisen to
second Mr. Stubbs's motion. It being the first time
of Mr. Owen's appearance before the Welbourne pub-
lic, great attention was paid to his speech.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Owen, "this is the first
time that I had the honour of appearing within these
walls, and it may naturally be expected, that, hav-
ing purchased a considerable property in the parish, and
having now come to reside in your neighbourhood, I
should avail myself of the opportunity to state what
are my sentiments on this occasion. Gentlemen, I
am a Dissenter from the Church of England; (Hear,
hear, from Mr. Stubbs and the Radicals,) I have
been born and bred a Dissenter, and still remain so.
The laws of the country allow a perfect freedom to
every one to hold his own religious opinions, provided
he does not interfere with those of his neighbour.—
I have come here, gentlemen, because I understood
there was to be an opposition to a grant of Church-
rate. (Loud cries of Hear, hear!) Perhaps I shall
surprise some of you who are present, but I here de-
clare plainly that, "as an honest man, I cannot vote
against the Church rate. (Loud murmurs, and ex-
clamations of surprise from the Radicals, and triumph-
ant shouts from the Church party.) I have given the
matter a good deal of consideration, especially during
the last few days, (here the speaker looked at Mr.
Herbert,) and if you will favour me with your at-
tention, gentlemen, I will briefly give you my reasons.

"When I purchased my property in Ashdale, I
calculated all the outgoings and expenses; Freckon-
ed up the taxes, poor rates, Church rates; and, al-
lowing for these drawbacks, I paid accordingly; I
gave so much less for my purchase than I should
have done had there been no drawbacks." There-
fore I say, gentlemen, that having bought my pro-
perty subject to a certain deduction for Church rate,
and so put the money into my own pocket: it would
be a robbery to do so.

"Another reason why I cannot vote against the
Church rate, is, because I "have a respect for the
law of the land," and it is the law of the land that
a Church should be kept up in every parish, by a
general assessment on property; and, so long as that

"And, lastly, I will not vote against the rate, be-
cause I do not consider it of sufficient importance to
quarrel about. It is but a few shillings, after all, and
I do not think it is worth disturbing the peace of the
parish for such a trifle. My maxim is, "If it is pos-
sible live peaceably with all men." And I have no
notion of being dictated to by a set of foolish fellows
in London, or any where else, whose purpose it may
suit to set us at loggerheads together. I, for one,
will not be made their tool; but take the liberty of
judging for myself. And I think, gentlemen, if you
would do the same, you will see that it can answer
no good purpose to carry on this opposition any far-
ther. If you had come to me for advice I should
have said, you had better never have begun it."

This speech of Mr. Owen made a marvellous im-
pression on the assembly. Mr. Owen was owner of
the greater part of the cottages in Ashdale,—Mr.
Stubbs's amongst the rest, and his tenants did not
much care to vote in opposition to their landlord.—
Some perceived the force of his argument; the tide
of opinion suddenly changed, and many acknowledged
that they did not know why they had made all this
uproar and confusion.

The consequence was, that when it came to the
show of hands, some had quietly left the Church, others
did not vote at all, and the Churchmen were in a ma-
jority of at least three to one.

Mr. Herbert briefly addressed the assembly. He
was sorry that any difference of opinion should have
arisen in the parish; but it was so far satisfactory,
that it had proved to him the sincerity of the friends
of the Church, and had shewn that even its opponents
were not indisposed to listen to sound reason. He
assured them that nothing should be wanting on his
part to promote good neighbourhood so long as he
lived amongst them, and he had great hopes that, when
the new building at Ashdale was completed, his pa-
rishioners on that side would then become aware of
the value of the Church.

And so they separated, better satisfied with each
other than when they assembled.

Herbert's predictions were not disappointed. Ash-
dale church was consecrated during the summer, and
an active curate established there. Some little jea-
lously remained for a while, but, by kindness and at-
tention, the population was soon prevailed on to at-
tend divine worship, and a marked change became
apparent in the community. None complained but
the owners of the beer and gin shops; not even Mr.
Stubbs,—for his opinions on religion and politics
quickly suited themselves to those of his customers.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Captain H. and crew sailed some time since from
the port of—. After having been at sea for sev-
eral days they were assailed by an unusually se-
vere storm, which continued forty-five days and nights
in succession. They were driven far from their
course by the violence of the wind. Nature had be-
come nearly exhausted by hard and long toiling, and
to add to their affliction famine began to threaten
them with a death more appalling than a watery
grave.

The captain had with him his wife, two daughters,
and ten persons besides. As their provisions grew
short his wife became provident and careful of the
pittance that fell to their family share. She would
eat but little lest her husband should starve. The
children would eat but little, for fear the mother
would suffer, and the captain refused to eat any,
but left his portion for the suffering family. At length
they were reduced to a scanty allowance for twenty-
four hours in the midst of storm, and one thousand
miles from land. Captain H. was a man who feared

God. In this his extremity he ordered the steward
to bring the remaining provisions on deck, and spread
the same on the tarpauling that covers the hatch,
and falling down beside the fragments of bread and
meat before him, he lifted up his voice in prayer to
Him who heareth out of the deep, and said, "O thou
who didst feed Elijah by a raven while in the wilder-
ness, and who commanded the widow's cruise of oil
and barrel of meal should not fail, look down upon
us in our present distress, and grant that this food
may be multiplied that the lives now in jeopardy
may be preserved." After this he rose from his
knees, went to the companion-way, and found his
wife and children engaged in the same holy exercise.
He exhorted them to pray on, and assured them
that God had answered his prayer, and that not one
soul on board should perish. Scarcely had he uttered
these words, when his mate, who had been at the mast-
head for some time on the look-out, exclaimed, "Sail
O! sail O!" At this crisis the captain shouted with
swelling gratitude, "What! has God sent the ravens
already!" And in one hour from that time, through
the friendly sail, barrels of bread and meat were placed
upon the deck.

"Thus one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide."

"The Apostle tells us, "whatsoever things were
written aforetime, were written for our learning;"—
The examples of the good kings under the Jewish
dispensation, who exerted all their talents, property
and influence, in establishing and promoting the
knowledge of true religion, are recorded for the in-
struction and direction of Christian rulers in every
succeeding age, and held up for their godly imitation.
—*Letters to a Dissenting Minister.*

From the Church of England Magazine.

IMMORALITY THE BANE OF ENGLAND.

By M. B. Stodart.

England! a crown is on thy brow,
Thy sceptre's on the sea,
And tribute-treasures round thee flow;
The mighty and the free;
A glory too, from years gone by,
Around thy path is thrown—
Nations have crouch'd before thine eye,
And trembled at thy frown.

My country! tear-drops force their way—
In thinking what thou art—
So great, so mighty in thy sway,
So frail and false of heart!
I love the land my fathers trod;
And scarce can I record
That thou, the favour'd one of God;
Rebel'st against his word.

Yet so it is—along thy streets
The winds loud curses waft,
And vice the idle passer greets
With sparkling, burning draught;
The drunkard sits within the gate,
And Christ is made his song,
And jokes and gibes upon him wait,
In careless, reckless throng.

Lady of kingdoms! doff thy crown,
And bow thee to the dust;
Thou canst not stand God's withering frown,
Thou knowest that frown is just:
The plague is even now begun,
The cry is loud and deep;
O rouse thee, ere the work be done,
Shake off thy fatal sleep!

I cannot sing, as poets sing—
My harp is faint and weak;
And yet the sounds within me ring—
My very soul would speak,
The levelling cry is heard around—
More loud its thunders swell:
England! 'tis thine alarm-sound,
Neglected, 'tis thy knell!

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The ancient Britons, like the Gauls, are said to have descended from Gomer, the son of Japhet.—They therefore for a length of time, very probably retained a right notion of the one true God; but our forefathers sunk gradually in the grossest superstition and idolatry. "Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened; for this cause God gave them up to vile affections." Amongst other abominations which they committed, they offered in sacrifice to their idols the blood of their captives which were taken in war. Their superstition also led them to adopt a variety of magic rites, by which they believed they could learn the pleasure of their deities, both as regarded their present duties and future destinies. Polygamy of a most brutal nature was common amongst them; and their chiefs exercised an absolute power of life and death over their wives and children.

The ancient British priests were called *Druids*; they taught the people many errors, and some truths. Amongst the latter, they instructed them in the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, and the certainty of future rewards and punishments. And these doctrines must at least have produced a very beneficial effect on society, in deterring the people from the commission of many crimes. But the Druids knew nothing about the pardon of sin, and therefore taught that the forgiveness of it was to be procured by good works, whilst they very inconsistently offered sacrifices for atonement. But does not common sense plainly point out to us, that if our own good works can save us, Christ has died in vain?—And yet till the Spirit of God enlighten his mind, the modern Christian will talk as ignorantly on this subject as the ancient heathen. The Druids thought it unlawful to build temples to their gods; their chief place of worship, therefore, was under a large spreading oak, which they held in the highest veneration, believing that the gods had blessed the mistletoe of the oak with extraordinary virtues, for healing all manner of diseases. Whenever they found this mistletoe, the people assembled together, and the Druid ascended the tree in a white garment; and with a golden pruning hook lopped off the precious plant, which they regarded as an annual present from their gods. To this day, in many parts of England, the mistletoe of the oak is erroneously considered as an infallible remedy for the epilepsy. With such difficulty is superstition erased from the human mind.

At what precise period and by whom Christianity was introduced into our happy island, are circumstances involved in impenetrable darkness. Perhaps the Divine wisdom has seen fit to keep us in ignorance of these particulars, lost a correct knowledge of them should have generated in us a superstitious and idolatrous veneration of the persons who were employed for this purpose. Some have thought that the Apostle Paul himself first visited England with the glad tidings of salvation; but the learned are not agreed on this point, and the fact will perhaps remain for ever unknown. It is however highly probable that the ambition of the Romans was overruled for good to our forefathers; as it is well known that Christianity flew swiftly through the then known world, on the wings of the Roman eagles. The commercial intercourse between Britain and ancient Gauls must have greatly favoured the introduction of the blessed gospel amongst us. At all events, it is certain that it found its way here some time in the first century, since many Christians fled from the persecution of the cruel Nero into England, about the year 61, when that tyrant burnt Rome, and had the horrible wickedness and cruelty to punish them as the authors of that infamous act. Doubtless if we could know who was the first christian missionary to this country, we should all be eager to erect a stupendous monument to his fame, with this inscription, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation." But if we cannot do this, we can do better; we can imitate the example of that kind messenger of God, who first had compassion on us. We can, as members of the Established Church, encourage and assist with our prayers, influence, and money, those societies

whose object it is to send out missionaries to the heathen world. Cold indeed must be that heart, that does not feel for the souls, and for the benighted state, of the perishing heathen. And he who will not part with a penny a week, to support the cause of christian missions, gives lamentable proof that he does not possess much religion in his own heart.

Little or nothing is known of the progress of Christianity in our island, during the three first centuries.

Towards the end of the third century, the persecution of the Church raged so violently under the emperor Dioclesian, that 17,000 Christians are said to have been put to death in thirty days. This impious man made the empty boast, that he had every where abolished the superstition of Christ. During this cruel persecution, an outraged Christian had the folly and hardihood to tear down the emperor's exterminating edict, and treat it with contempt; for which he was burnt alive.

Christianity probably increased greatly in England about the fourth century: as three British bishops were present at a council held at Ariminum, respecting the Arian heresy. England has the honour, such as it is, of having given birth to Constantine the Great, the first emperor who professed Christianity. His conversion is said to have been occasioned by a heavenly vision, in which he saw the figure of a cross, on which were these words, "by this conquer."—The next day he obtained a complete victory over Maxentius. He then became at least a nominal if not a real Christian; established Christianity as the religion of the state, and exerted his authority in abolishing the heathen sacrifices and temples.

The Arian heresy about this time spread its baneful influence in England; and the Saxons, having subdued it to their authority, dreadfully persecuted the Christians. Multitudes were put to death, and thousands fled into the mountains of Wales for refuge. History has marked the character of our countrymen of this age with infamy. The king was incestuous, the clergy were debauched, the chiefs were licentious, and the people sunk in the grossest wickedness.

The Arian heresy, which we have mentioned, consisted in degrading the Saviour of the world from His Divine character, denying that He is equal with God the Father. In the fifth century, our countryman Pelagius, introduced a heresy of a very different nature, which aimed at exalting man above the level to which the sin of Adam had reduced him. Pelagius denied original sin as an effect of the fall, and maintained that man stands not in need of the influence of the Holy Spirit to teach and direct him. Now these two fundamental errors have existed in all ages, under various modifications. But by whatever name heresy is designated, it has its rise in that inadequate conception of sin, which prevents the sinner from seeing the absolute necessity of such an atonement as could satisfy the justice of an infinitely holy and righteous God. If Christ were not God as well as man, His sacrifice could not have availed any more than that of any other creature. But the mysterious union of the Divine and human natures stamped an infinite value on the perfect righteousness and unparalleled sufferings of the Son of God. Pelagius was condemned as a heretic in the year 412, at Carthage, having been successfully opposed by the writings and zeal of Augustine, the excellent bishop of Hippo. The errors of Pelagius were confuted and silenced in Britain, by the labours of Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, about the year 430. These good men, after having accomplished the object of their mission, returned to the continent. The Anglo Saxons received Christianity about the year 590. Augustine, and forty other Roman monks, having been sent by Pope Gregory, to convert our island to the faith, their labours were successful. King Ethelbert, and 10,000 of his subjects were baptised on Christmas day; and Augustine was consecrated the first archbishop of Canterbury. But there is reason to fear that few of those who were baptized had any thing but the name of Christian after their nominal conversion; that they, like many in our own days, had only the form without the power of godliness.—To be continued.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Of all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted, in the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any of those minute objects, which we have daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea. In the introduction to a modern system of entomology there is a description of the process by which the spider weaves its web. After describing the four spinners, as they are termed, from which the visible threads proceed, the writer makes the following curious observations:—

"These are the machinery, through which, by a process more singular than that of rope-spinning, the thread is drawn.—Each spinner is pierced like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin-point includes a thousand.

Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all those threads from the same spinner into one. Hence, from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus, a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least 4000 strands. But to comprehend all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leenwenhoek in one of his calculations on the subject.

This renowned microscope-observer founded by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the spider, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that 4,000,000 of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard. Now, we know that each of these threads is composed of 400 still finer. It follows, therefore, that above 16,000,000 of the finest threads which issue from such spiders are not altogether bigger than a human hair."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY IN A SERVANT.

In the winter of the year 1776, the Count and Countess Podotsky being on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves, which are very numerous in the Carpathian Mountains, and, when the cold is very severe, are more bold and savage than usual, came down in hordes, and pursued the carriage between the towns of Osweik and Zator, the latter of which is only a few leagues from Cracow.

Of two servants, one was sent before to bespeak post-horses; the other, whom the count particularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his master to permit him to leave them his horse, by which their rage would in some measure be satisfied, and they should gain time to reach Zator. The count consented; the servant mounted behind the carriage, and let the horse go, which was seized by the wolves, and torn into a thousand pieces.

Meantime the travellers proceeded with all the speed they could, in hopes to reach the town, from which they were not very distant. But the horses were tired, and the wolves, becoming more savage now that they had tasted blood, had almost overtaken the carriage. In this extreme necessity, the servant cried out, "There is only one means of deliverance: I will go and meet the wolves, if you will swear to provide as a father for my wife and children. I must perish; but while they fall upon me, you will escape."

Podotsky hesitated to comply; but as there was no prospect of escape, he consented, and solemnly vowed that if he would sacrifice himself for their safety, he would co. antly provide for his family. The servant immediately got down, went to meet the wolves, and was devoured! The count reached the gates of Zator, and was saved. The servant was a protestant; his master a catholic, and conscientiously kept his word.

PERSONAL SAFETY IN ITALY.*

I am in one of the most populous cities in Italy; a young lady, whom I accompany home from a party says to me, "Go back the same way; do not cross over at the end of the street; that is a lonely place." I travel from Milan to Pavia to see the celebrated Scarpa.

I fix the time of my departure at 5 o'clock, it is two hours before sunrise; my driver very coolly refuses to put his horse to the carriage. At first I could not comprehend this absurdity, but at last I understood that he is afraid of being plundered by the way. I arrive at Lucca; a crowd of people stopping the road I ask the cause. A man coming from Vespers had just been murdered, being stabbed with a dagger in three places; when the murderer struck his victim, he exclaimed "At length the French gens-d'armes are gone, who have stood in my way these three years!" and he went off with the bloody knife in his hand.

I come to Genoa. "It is strange," said the chief magistrate to me; "two and thirty French gens-d'armes maintained the public security: now we have two hundred and fifty of our own people, and murders are every where committed." I go to the opera; I return home I see that every body is on his guard.

The young men have thick sticks; all walk in the middle of the street, and bounding a half-circle round the corners. In the pit people affect to say aloud that they never carry money about them. While I was in garrison at Novarra, I observed two things:—That treasures were often found in the country, which had been concealed by robbers who had been overtaken by death before they could discover them to their comrades; and that people, when attacked in the city by robbers, took care not to call out thieves!—in which case nobody would have come to their help,—but fire!—Prudent people are deeply impressed with these dangers.

Travellers always form caravans, or take an escort. The absurd proportion of conversation which is occupied by the robberies arises from long prescription. For these three centuries assassination has descended as a profession from father to the son, in the mountains of Fondi on the frontiers of Naples.

Piedmont is full of peasants who have notoriously enriched themselves by assassination. The Postmaster at B—— has a similar reputation; and, if you lived in the country, you would also have some respect for a scoundrel who has your life in his power half a dozen times in the year. I wished to see certain meadows in the neighbourhood of Bologna, which are stated to be mowed eighteen times a year. I was referred to a farmer in the district: as we were walking about, I showed him four men lying in the shade of a tree, near the road. "These are robbers," said he.

Perceiving my astonishment, he told me that he was regularly attacked in his farm every year. The last time the attack had lasted three quarters of an hour, during which there was an incessant fire of musketry. Despairing of success, the robbers attempted to set fire to the stables; but in this attempt a musket-ball struck the leader in the forehead, and the band retired, promising, however to come again.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

CHURCH SCENES IN OHIO.

Camp-meetings, as such, are never held by Episcopalian. Yet occasionally, for want of a church, our services are performed in the open air, and I recollect with pleasure an interesting occasion of this kind in Delaware county, Ohio. The place of worship was a beautiful orchard, and the time was the month of May, when the abundant blossoms of the apple and the peach filled the air with their delicious odour. A table for the communion was placed on the green grass and covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness. Adjoining the rustic altar a little stand was erected for the clergyman, and a number of benches were provided for the congregation. A large number of persons attended, who behaved with the strictest decorum and propriety. Besides the service

* Written by an English Traveller in 1819.

for the day, baptism was administered by the missionary to three or four adults, a stirring extempore sermon was delivered, and the Lord's Supper completed the solemnities.

I happened to be witness of a curious scene in a similar place of worship near Kenyon College. It was the time of the annual convention of the diocese of Ohio, and the clerical and lay delegates assembled at Gambier. It was also the period appointed for the annual commencement of the college, and a gathering of the neighbouring population was expected. Rosse chapel being incomplete, there was no room in Gambier sufficiently capacious for the occasion, and accordingly a large arbour was erected for temporary service. It was formed of a number of poles fixed in the earth, united at the top by cross-pieces, and covered with a profusion of green boughs. The sides were protected in a similar manner, and thus a complete chapel was formed about sixty feet square. On a platform, at one extremity, was a pulpit and a communion table, and the rest of the area was occupied by benches. The convention assembled and was duly organized, after which morning service was performed, and Bishop Chase proceeded to read his episcopal address in the presence of a numerous congregation. In the course of this address, he animadverted severely on the conduct of the Rev. Mr. West, in respect to his agency in England in behalf of Kenyon College. Just as the condemnatory expressions were about to issue from his lips, a tall figure in black was seen gliding behind the boughs, and Mr. West himself, who was supposed to be at least a thousand miles distant, quietly entered the arbour, and, unobserved by most of the assembly, seated himself in front of the bishop. Bishop Chase not perceiving him continued his address, and at the conclusion was about to give out a hymn, when, to the surprise of all, Mr. West stood up, and requested that a copy should be furnished him of that part of the address relating to himself. The bishop complied with his request, and on the following day Mr. West was heard in defence. It will be recollected that the same Mr. West afterwards asserted his Episcopal character on the ground of an alleged consecration by Bishop Chase; and made some ineffectual attempts, near Liverpool, to produce a schism in the Church of England. He has since been suspended from the performance of the clerical office.

Places of worship like those mentioned above are certainly very agreeable during the warm days of an American summer. But it is obvious, that, even in the most sequestered regions, all who have any relish for the regular service of the sanctuary will desire something more permanent and better adapted to the great varieties of weather. Accordingly the erection of a log-church is often one of the first efforts of the well-disposed settlers of the western forests. Such a church was that at Perry in the vicinity of Gambier. It was the work of a few Irish Episcopalian who had been educated in the established religion, and who in this distant land remained faithful to the Church of their fathers. Their pious undertaking was quickly accomplished. They sailed forth into the woods with their axes, and, having chosen a spot, felled the tall trees, hewed them square, cut them into regular lengths, and with their united efforts heaved up the great logs and constructed the walls of their sylvan temple. The floor was soon formed of planks, and the roof was easily superadded. Benches supplied the place of pews, and the same stands answered for both the reading-desk and pulpit. In a building of this kind, of course, both tower and bell are out of the question, and nothing can be expected in the way of decoration.—*Rev. H. Caswall's America and the American Church.*

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Trinity Church is now disrobed of all its time-honoured walls but the steeple-less tower, making it like a ruin indeed, and recalling its once pointed beautiful spire with tears of regret. How many endeared associations is this most ancient of English Churches in our city invested with! Here lie entombed around 4,015 guineas for 4,015 medical attendances. The lid, each in his massive vault, or "narrow cell forever laid," the cavaliers and the old English gentlemen of the colonial times, or the poor emigrant and adven-

turer whom the conquest of the provinces from the Dutch, near two hundred years ago, attracted to this city to seek their fortunes in a new world. The "pealing anthem" and the beautiful ritual of the Church of England consigned each victim that death yearly summoned to the silent mansions of earth.—There lie buried some of the wisest, best, and most notable of those worthies that New York, divested of her Netherland name, saw landed on these shores. Some years ago we descended some of the most ancient vaults; here lay, in terraces, the confined ancestry of many of our most respectable English names of to-day—each well preserved, and enclosed in a black velvet pall, neatly fastened on the edges with long rows of brass nails, while silver plates bore the inscription of the deceased. It took us back to those days of the old school, when the powdered peruke, the silver knee and shoe buckles, and the gold-headed cane, were the symbols of a gentleman's costume.—Those days are gone, and much good has gone with them.—*Ban. of the Cross.*

ENGLISH ITEMS.

House of Commons.—On the motion that £31,661 be granted to Her Majesty to defray the expenses of non-conforming and seceding ministers in Ireland, Mr. Hume said, this is a very improper vote.—They cannot be dissenters if they take money.—(Hear, and a laugh.) The very principle of dissent is not to take money. (Laughter continued.)

Colonel Perceval thought that the hon. member for Kilkenny had made a small mistake. The principle of dissent was not to pay money. (A laugh.) As far as his knowledge went, they had no objection to take it (Hear, hear.)

The grant was agreed to.

Dr. Hook.—On Wednesday last a splendid folio Polyglott Bible was presented to the Rev. the Vicar of Leeds, by a part of the communicants of the parish whom he has been accustomed to meet weekly in the school-room attached to St. John's Church. The following was the inscription:—"To the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., their respected and beloved pastor.—This Bible is most gratefully and dutifully presented by a small part of his affectionate flock." It is pleasing to have so soon to record another of these kindly proofs of the reciprocal interest of the spiritual pastors and their flock in this vast parish. Surely it is a great thing that the minister should be enshrined in the hearts of his people, both as an evidence of what has been done, and as a sign, and in some sort an instrument of what will be done, with God's blessing, we may congratulate ourselves on the happy retrospect, and on the cheering prospect.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

A Poser for a Chartist Leveller.—Two colliers, a little to the west of Newcastle, having a colloquy upon the anticipated appropriation system taught by the Chartists, one of them addressed his "marrow."—"Hey, Gaordy," says he, "when we hes wor grand levellin I think I'll just be content wi' Hamsterley Hall for my share." "Hamsterley Hall," rejoined his comrade, "far less will de for me, I'll be vara content wi' Weddle's close and thy cow." "How," said the first spokesman, "what hey thou to de wi' my cow?" when his friend coolly replied. "Why, just as much has thou has to de wi' Hamsterley Hall."

The late Lady Hester Stanhope.—At the period of her death this distinguished lady had no English attendant upon her person, though the number of her domestics amounted to twenty-three. It was only the day before her decease that she sent for medical advice to Beyrout, but it was too late to be of service. The excellent British consul in that city offered every assistance in his power, but it was unfortunately unavailing.

Physicians' Fees.—At Somersetshire assizes, on Monday, an action was brought by Dr. Hickey, of Bath, against a Mr. Fraser, to recover the sum of 4,015 guineas for 4,015 medical attendances. The trial lasted two days, and the jury at length decided in favour of the defendant.

The Rev. F. B. Gourrier, B.C.L., has been raising subscriptions in Cheltenham for the purpose of building an Episcopal Protestant Church in Paris, where the government does not uphold religion, and where the Sabbath is universally desecrated. A considerable number of gentlemen have subscribed to the fund.

The Bishop of Winchester is paying an official visit to the Channel Islands; his lordship arrived at Guernsey on the 14th.—*Shelbourne Journal*.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Church in the Colonies.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presented two petitions on the state of the Established Church in the British Colonies.—One was from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the other from the Bishop of Australia; and both of them stated facts, which, with the admirable commentary of the Lord Primate, tended in the strongest manner to show the religious destitution that exists, and the inadequate provision that is made for the maintenance of the Clergy in some of the most valuable dominions of the Crown. The Bishop of Montreal stated that a hundred additional Clergymen were required for each of the provinces of Canada; the Bishop of Nova Scotia stated that 12 additional clergymen were required for Newfoundland, 20 for Nova Scotia, and 20 for New Brunswick; the Bishop of Australia stated that twenty were required for New South Wales, and the Archdeacon of Van Diemen's Land stated that twelve additional Clergymen were required there, making a total number of about 300. At present a great number of Clergymen were employed in those colonies, and the Society from which he was now presenting a petition contributed £10,000 a-year for their support. In fact, the Colonial Church was in a great measure supported by the charitable contributions from this country, aided by the voluntary contributions in the colonies, and occasional grants, which it was desirable to replace by some permanent provision. With regard to Australia, the petition from the Bishop of that colony stated that in Australia, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, the same wise proceedings had been adopted of providing for the Clergy by the distribution of land, in 1824; that instructions under the Royal sign-manual, in July, 1825, were directed to the Governor of New South Wales, authorising him to set aside a portion of the lands in Australia for the future maintenance of the Clergy; and that such lands were accordingly assigned to them by the Government, and vested in a corporation which had the management of the church and schools; and that now, having been resumed, it was proposed to alienate them. Great apprehensions were entertained that it was intended to apply the fund raised to the support of religion in that colony, not only according to the doctrines of the Church of England, but according to those of the Presbyterian and Romish Churches. The most Rev. Prelate concluded with moving for copies or extracts of any correspondence received by the Government relating to the affairs of the corporation of Clergy and school lands in the colony of New South Wales; and the proposed sale of lands, including the opinion of the supreme Judges, delivered in 1831; and also for copies or extracts of correspondence relating to the appropriation of lands for the maintenance of the Clergy in Van Diemen's Land, and the proposed sale thereof.

The Marquis of Normanby stated that the principle of the present state of things in New South Wales had been settled by Sir George Murray; that that principle was to provide instruction for persons of all religious persuasions, in the proportion of one-half by the State, and one-half by the contributions of private individuals. The total amount of money provided for the purposes of instruction in Australia, since the dissolution of the Church corporation, was £35,793, of which sum £17,943 had been appropriated to the Church of England, £5,400 to that of Scotland, and £5,600 to that of Rome. That was the statement with regard to that particular colony; see with joy the increasing exertions which the means of religious instruction in all the colonies had been afforded to the different churches in

the following proportion:—£134,000 to the Church of England; £9,967 to the Church of Scotland; £6,686 to the Dutch Church; £14,763 to the Romish Church; and that large amount was principally divided between the Mauritius, Trinidad, and Lower Canada. He would not then enter upon so important a question as that of the Clergy Reserves, upon which, perhaps, he had the misfortune to differ from most of the Right Rev. Prelates in that House.—The Archbishop of Canterbury had not complained of any want of liberality on the part of Government with respect to Australia: his objection remained the same to the principle of putting all religious denominations on the same footing.—The returns were agreed to.

ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

PROTESTANT CONSISTENCY.

ST. MATTHEW XXIV 35.—“Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.”

In the thirteenth century, a woman, resident at Leige, either pretended or imagined that she had received a Divine revelation, enjoining the institution of an annual service, in honour of the change wrought, according to popish authority, of the sacramental elements into the corporeal substance of Christ. This fraud or folly being well adapted to keep alive a superstitious reverence for the mass, did not long wait for ecclesiastical patronage; and upon the strength of it, in the year 1261, Urban IV. instituted the festival known as that of Corpus Christi; upon which the members of his church exhibit one of their most elaborate displays of ritual pageantry. Amidst these ceremonies, usually deemed so imposing, Charles V. determined to make his appearance in Augsburg. But in forming this resolution he grievously miscalculated. The Protestants utterly refused the sanction of their presence to the splendid procession. “I will instantly offer my head to the executioner,” said the Margrave of Brandenburg, rather than renounce the Gospel, and approve idolatry. When attempts were made to shake this embarrassing determination, the conscientious prince told Charles publicly, “Christ did not institute the holy supper with any view to furnish materials for a holyday show, and for popular adoration. When he delivered the bread to his disciples, he said, ‘Take, eat;’ but he did not add, Put these sacramental elements into a magnificent vase, which bear aloft in triumph through the streets, and let every man fall prostrate on its approach.”

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1839.

CONSECRATION SERMON.—We take from the ‘Church’ the following extract from the sermon preached at the recent consecration of the new colonial Bishops Spencer and Strachan. The preacher was the Rev. Edward Scobell—the text from Isaiah xi. 1–3; and the sermon has been published by the desire of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

“And now, my Right Rev. Superiors,—you, to whom this especial occasion is more peculiarly personal, suffer for a moment the word of exhortation. I am sensible that I can inform you in nothing;—I can instruct you in nothing. I can only stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance: even which I would not presume to do, but for the ministerial position I am here permitted to present to occupy. It has pleased Providence to summon you to a high station in this visible Church. Hasten, we pray thee, O Lord, thy kingdom! And we should humbly hope, that we perceive the arm of the Lord, awakening for his people. He turneth the hearts of rulers and nations, as seemeth best to his godly wisdom, sometimes as the heart of one man. We see with joy the increasing exertions which the Church is now making, both in its ministry and laity, (for the Church is of the two,) to the glory of

God. The root of Jesse seems more manifest as an ensign among the people. The sound is going out more into all lands: and going out more loudly, more clearly more efficiently. The Church seems moving again in her native strength. She sends out her boughs to the sea, and her branches to the river.—And this appears in no way more gratifying than in the appointing of bishops to the churches of our colonies in foreign lands. Without a bishop, a church's arm, if church it can be called, is cramped and shortened. Without a bishop, a church has no power, present and at hand, of ordination, in most, if not in all cases, a vital requisite; it has no controlling power, so adjusting, concentrating, uniting energy. It is virtually divided and individualized: a body without its guiding eye: a pillar truly, but a pillar of cloud, and not of fire! not a burning and a shining light, as it should be.

“But then, a bishop, to be effective, should be over a diocese within his episcopal grasp, and within his bodily powers: a diocese that he can visit without risk of health and life;—which he can view; which he can be acquainted with,—and personally influence and manage.

“To a diocese thus improved, as I understand, and thus more rightly divided, the Lord has called you, Right Rev. Fathers.

“And yet is probable, that with a christian diffidence of your own powers, your minds may shrink from the arduous eminence. When you contemplate, with the seraphim, the divine holiness, that perfect holiness, which, while it is the security of the church, and the love of the Church,—should also be the cause of its fearful apprehension! when you reflect upon the liabilities, the burdens, the difficulties of your prominent post,—you may be tempted to say, “Who is sufficient for these things?” And well we may say so, high or low in the Church: and he will say it most sincerely, who has examined most seriously his own weak and imperfect nature.

“Go forth, then, Right Reverend Fathers, in this divine, this evangelical, this invincible resolution of the great apostle of the Gentiles, to the churches to which you are appointed. “The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.” Go forth,—and let that spirit also be in you which was in Christ Jesus: meek, patient, charitable, bold, persevering; full of christian love, full of holy consolation; and, then, like him, ye shall assuredly go forth conquering and to conquer. Be ye holy, for holy is our God. Grave upon a plate of pure gold—“HOLINESS TO THE LORD! That it may be upon the mitre: upon the fore front of the mitre it shall be.” For “without holiness, no man,” either of ministers, or of congregations, “shall see the Lord!” Go forth, leaning only on the bosom of your Lord, and trusting alone to the power of his grace. His grace shall give you boldness, with fervent zeal, constantly to preach the gospel; and to speak the truth, the whole truth; and nothing but “the truth, as it is in Jesus.” We preach not ourselves, but Christ crucified.

“Lift up your voice with strength; lift it up; be not afraid. Set up the standard towards Zion, viz; justification by faith, sanctification of life; freedom from the law, as a covenant of works—inviolable obligation to it as a rule of life: pardon and grace for every sinner that repenteth; the free gift of salvation upon all men (since Christ gave himself a ransom for all) unto justification of life. For the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth, say, Come; and let him that is athirst, Come.—And, whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely; where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all in all.

“And although a vast and trackless ocean shall roll between us, yet the Church of Christ is never divided in spirit. The Church here shall have saintly communion with the Churches of your distant dominion. The mother in her mansion will not forget her daughter in the wilderness. Prayer shall be made unceasingly in the Church for you. And, if we never meet again in this world—if that be the counsel which God will bring to pass—may we assemble at last around the great white throne, and our names be found written in the Lamb's book of life.”

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF ENGLAND.—We select the following from a sermon by the Rev. Dr. PUSEY—(startle not, gentle reader, at the name)—in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Let colonists also, to whom God has given the means of helping the cause of His Church, mark well the words of the preacher, and remember the account they are to give of their stewardship:—

Since the Church is the great instrument of God for conveying salvation to all mankind, what special responsibilities are those of this nation! To this petty island, once a nation of savages, separated from the whole world, and esteemed the extremity of the world, and scarce belonging to it, held in foreign dominion, He has given might and dominion and power and strength and glory, far beyond what once seemed the Empire of the World, the heathen Rome, whom we once served, far beyond any which were before us. He has 'set our hand in the sea, and our right hand in the rivers.' The sun (it was said some time past) never sets upon our dominions; He has given us possessions in every quarter of the globe, in America, Africa, Asia, as well as Europe; and, as though this had been too little for us, has in Australia discovered a new Continent, and given it into our hands. In Asia He has made us rulers over an empire of 100,000,000 of human beings. He has also increased our wealth like Tyre; He has made us 'a merchant of the nations for many isles;' He has 'replenished us and made us very glorious in the midst of the seas;' He has made our 'merchants princes, and our traffickers the honourable of the earth;' He has made us 'a mart of nations;' and even where He has not given us dominion, He has carried our name and our people, and filled the whole earth with our name. And to what end?—That we, like Tyre, should exult in our wisdom, that 'with our wisdom and our understanding we have gotten us riches,' and that 'our heart should be lifted up because of our riches,' and that we should say, 'we sit in the seat of God in the midst of the seas?' Oh no! the end of our wealth and of our empire, is pointed out by another prophet, who saith of Tyrus, 'her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord; it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord.' It is not in vain, that to us, to whom He has given this power and influence, He has given a pure Church; He has freed us from Romish errors, and preserved our Church from falling into other errors, into which others fell, who set aside the wrongful authority of Rome. He has made us a pure branch of the Church Catholic. And surely thereby He points out to us a high destiny, that wherever His good Providence has, (not for our own righteousness, for we have therein often dealt very wickedly,) but wherever He in His mercy has prospered us, there we should plant branches of that Catholic Church, wherein He has grafted us, that as our 'dominion is from sea to sea,' so 'she should send out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.'

My brethren, every privilege is an awful gift; a blessing, if used; if neglected, a curse. Tyre of old abused hers; 'was lifted up in heart,' boasted herself of her 'wisdom,' trusted in herself, her arts, her inventions, her merchandise, and her wealth, and, in deed, forgot the God of Heaven who gave her all these. And where is she? The waves (as the prophet foretold her when in her glory) break over the place where she stood; He has 'made her like the top of a rock;' the 'crowning city' is 'a place to spread nets upon in the midst of the sea;' she, who before was 'very glorious in the midst of the sea,' now is 'broken in the midst of the sea,' and 'never,' is her threefold closing doom, 'shall she be any more.'

We as individuals, have larger resources bestowed upon us, than those in our several situations in other nations; the wealth, which God has given to the whole, He has diffused, though not equally, yet generally among us. And this He has entrusted us with, not that we may consume it upon our pleasures following every device of our own hearts, and gathering around us every thing which our eye desires, not for costly meats, or drinks, or equipages, or outward

adornings of gold and silver, or luxuries; still less for dissipation; nor, again, to 'lay it up where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;' but He gave it us, that 'sowing bountifully' we might 'reap bountifully' a harvest of eternal joy; He gave it us, that 'with our sacrifices God might be well-pleased;' He gave it us, that we might 'lend it to him;' He gave it to us, that being 'skilled in giving, glad to distribute,' we might 'treasure up for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come, and attain eternal life;' He gave it us, that 'being merciful,' we might in that great and terrible day 'obtain mercy;' that 'giving of those things which we have,' 'all might become clean unto us,' and our past sins be blotted out by His mercy, Who accounts what we 'do to the least of His brethren as done to Him.' Whoso accounteth nothing of heavenly treasure, let him 'sow sparingly;' whoso longs not to hear 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' let him not 'put out his money to usury' by lending to His Lord and Judge, through giving to the poor; whoso needeth not a merciful judgment let him abstain from 'shewing mercy;' whoso has no past sins, which grieve his inmost soul, let him not 'break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor;' but whoso looketh for pardon, glory, honour, immortality, let him, while he strives after a more inward holiness, give now and henceforth, more bountifully, with self-denial and humility, and God hath said, 'it shall be paid him again,' paid him in 'the joy of his Lord,' paid him in everlasting peace; and 'in the,' great day of trouble the Lord shall deliver him."

Ye are called upon to assist in the salvation of men's souls; ye are called upon in their behalf for whom with you Christ died; all, and more than all that you can give is fearfully needed by those who with you have been made members of Christ, or who have been subjected to this christian empire, that by you they might be gathered into one fold; and what you give, you give unto your Lord and Judge, who hath told you this day, "Whoso shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward,"—to Him you give it, from Him again to receive it.

GRAND MANAN.—We regret to hear that the Church on this island, of which the Rev. Mr. DUNN is Rector, has been destroyed by fire, and that it is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Ought not our Churches to be insured?

THE REV. FRANCIS T. TODRIG—late a presbyter of this diocese—having removed to the island of Bermuda, and produced to the Bishop of this diocese satisfactory evidence of his having been received into the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, (Bermuda being a part of his diocese) has changed accordingly his ecclesiastical residence and responsibility.—N. Y. Churchman.

INTERESTING EXTRACT—from a charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Calcutta at the Visitation, on Friday, July 6th, 1833, by Daniel Wilson, D. D. Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan:—

"It is a further proof of the Christian feeling which is diffusing itself throughout India, that our various religious and benevolent societies are flourishing, and new ones formed in almost every station. The venerable Societies for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts and for Promoting Christian Knowledge, take the lead. The Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Tract, the Infants' School, the Temperance Societies, and others follow, according to the judgment of the chaplains and gentry of different places. Amongst institutions, I cannot omit to observe that the Infants' School and Temperance Societies (although of very different characters and designs) have made prodigious advances since the last Visitation, and seem to be commending themselves more and more to thoughtful persons, as amongst those

happy subdivisions of the moral culture of man, by which one main principle only is seized on at a time, and thoroughly worked out. The buoyant spirits and love of change in childhood being in one case actually turned into an instrument of instruction, whilst in the other a simple abstinence from a poisonous and degrading beverage arrests the whole current of vice, and renders even the drunkard a recipient of divine doctrine."

KING'S COLLEGE, FREDERICTON, SEPT. 26.—At a Convocation, held this day, the Rev. James William Disbrow, A.B. was admitted to the Degree of Master of Arts.

It is pleasing to observe the increasing interest that is evinced in behalf of Sabbath School institutions. An appropriate sermon was preached in St. Luke's Church, Portland Village, last Sabbath evening, by the Rev. Mr. Harrison, from Ecclesiastes, chap. xi. verse 1,—"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days"—and a collection (including a gold ring which was redeemed for £1 5s.) amounting to £22 5s. 6d. was taken up, in aid of the funds of the Episcopal Sunday school in that place.—City Gazette.

DIED.

At Halifax, on Tuesday the 22d instant, MARY ELLIOT, eldest daughter of the Honourable H. H. Cogswell, aged 22 years.

SCRAPS.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

With respect to the weekly prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, I would not willingly, in any case, sanction their discontinuance, thinly as they are now attended: but it may be doubted, whether it might not in some cases be worth trying the experiment of substituting for them early prayers or matins, which some classes of tradesmen, mechanics, and servants might attend, before they commence the business of the day. This practice, which was once general, is still retained in some of our cathedral churches where these early services are attended by a considerable number of persons. For my own part, I should be glad to see the experiment tried, not on Wednesdays and Fridays only, (upon which days the Litany might still be used at eleven o'clock), but on every day except Sunday, agreeably to the practice of the early church, and of our own in its better ages.—Ep. Bloomfield.

'In the history of mankind there is recorded but one attempt, seriously made, to establish a free government without religion.—During its continuance it became the greatest scourge to those upon whom it was to bestow a millenium of happiness, in anarchy and atheism, and to the rest of mankind, that had ever improvidently wasted guilty lands for their iniquities. Those who lived under it, and either originated or executed its measures, were the authors of more crimes than any collection of men since the termination of that gigantic wickedness, from which nothing but the universal deluge could cleanse this polluted world.'—Dr. Doughty's Travels.

'To the argument in favour of a national religious establishment, drawn from that of the Jews, no solid answer ever has been or ever can be given.'—Letters to a Dissenting Minister.

'The ministrations of our church once done away, would never be replaced, to within a tenth of their efficacy, in all the zeal of private adventure.'—Dr. Chalmers.

*In the time Charles I. the first service was at six o'clock the second at nine.

POETRY.

THE DEAD.

"Wherefore I praised the Dead more than the Living!"

They dread no more the storm that lowers,
No perished joys bewail;
They pluck no longer thorn-clad flowers,
Nor drink of streams that fail:
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon the brow;
They placed bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?
From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who share such deep unbroken rest,
While all things toil! The Dead!
The holy Dead—why weep ye so
Above the table bier?
Thrice blessed, they have done with woe,—
The Living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,—
Deck their cold couch of clay
With early Spring's faint-coloured flowers,—
And, as they fade away,
Think of the amaranthine wreath,
The bright bowers never dim,—
And tell me, why thou sh'st from Death,
Or hid'st thy friends from him?

We dream—but they awake:
Dark visions mar our rest;
Through storms and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the Blest,
For those who throng the Eternal Throne
Lost are the tears we shed—
They are the Living, they alone
Whom thus we call the Dead.

THE LATE BISHOP CORRIE OF MADRAS.*

With all the sweetness of Bishop Heber, he had all the enlightened hold of Christianity and fixed simplicity of heart of Brainerd and Swartz and Henry Martyn. His cast of mind was humility, meekness, gentleness. To this he added such generosity as kept him continually poor, from the unlimited munificence of his benefactions. There was nothing he was not ready to attempt and to execute, if possible, from his own funds. Wherever I passed during the visitation in the places where he had resided, Corrie's was the name constantly repeated. Corrie built the church and founded the mission at Chunar. Corrie built the chapel and school-house at Agra. Corrie built the two churches at Benares, and founded, or caused to be founded, the schools. At Buxar also it was the same. What he did in founding the High School at Calcutta, what as respected the Free Church what in Mrs. Wilson's female schools, what at Mirzapore, what in the Church Missionary and Bible Society Committees, you all know.

He was the last of that fine series of men with whom India was blessed in the last age. He stands on the same list with Brown, Buchanan, Martyn, Thomas, who were the ornaments of the Anglican Episcopal Church in India before the creation of the See. He gave himself so early and so assiduously to the cultivation of the native languages, that in Hindoostanee he was a very superior scholar—wrote it with elegance, and spoke it with ease. He had a missionary's heart. Wherever he resided as a chaplain,

* From a Sermon by the Rt. Rev. D. Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan, delivered at the Cathedral, Calcutta, March 17, 1837, on occasion of the death of the Right Rev. Daniel Corrie, D. D. Lord Bishop of Madras, which took place on the 5th of February preceding, in the 60th year of his age, after a residence in India, as Chaplain and Archdeacon, of about thirty years, but an Episcopacy of only fifteen months.

he founded and sustained missions. The first eminent Bishop of Calcutta, mentions his labours at Agra, where Abdul Messieh was his distinguished convert, with commendation. He was the parent of the Church Missionary Society in India, the centre of union, the soul of all its operations. And when he returned home for his health in 1814, I well remember the affection with which he was every where welcomed. There is no one who filled at the period of his death so large a space in the public mind both here and at home, as Corrie, from the juncture when he lived, the length of his services, the cast of his character, and his union of the missionary's and chaplain's spirit. Confidence had gathered round him gradually, and from all quarters, and all classes of persons, and was rapidly increasing.

Nor must we forget the great goodness of God in raising him to the See of the newly-founded Diocese of Madras. Never did India feel a warmer joy than when she knew that her beloved Corrie was distinguished with this just mark of favour by the home government. He was sent out by the first CHARLES GRANT; he was nominated Bishop, by the second.* He would indeed have been appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1832, had not his distance from England and the uncertainty of life prevented. When at length he ascended the episcopal chair of Madras, it was with the warm approbation of all classes. Nor did he disappoint the high expectation formed of him. Never did any one more successfully unite firmness in principle with suavity of spirit. The hurst of grief throughout the diocese at his early death is indescribable. His sermons, his addresses at confirmation, his activity in founding a grammar school, and a society for building churches, his correspondence with his clergy, his settlement of doubtful cases, his zeal in missionary and benevolent institutions—simplicity in all he did, had won every heart.

It is true all those considerations augment our loss and seem to deepen the dejection which our text is designed to dissipate. But they are topics of gratitude notwithstanding to the Author of all good, and they are testimonies also of what our unchangeable Redeemer will do for India if we wait upon him.—We could not expect to detain Corrie from his reward, his rest, his crown.—We might have wished—I confess I had myself wished and hoped—that ten or fifteen years more life might have been granted to him—that he might possibly have been translated to Calcutta and have presided over the Indian Dioceses with the mild and powerful weight of accumulated experience and age—I had hoped that the rougher natures of Bishops and Presbyters might have learned lessons of sweetness from his lips—but we bow before inscrutable wisdom. When God's will is once known in the events of his Providence, we must do, and will believe that all is right.

Yes, blessed saint, thy change has taken place.—Thou art no longer amongst us. Thy frail body is saying to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. Yet, thy venerable form, thy lofty figure, thy gentle voice, is no longer with us. But JESUS CHRIST IS THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. He never changeth.—Thou art with Him now in felicity; and at the last trumpet thy mortal remains shall be gathered, thy corruptible shall put on incorruption, thy body of dishonour and earth and decay shall become an honourable and spiritual and immortal one, "like unto Christ's glorious body, according to his mighty power which is able to subdue all things unto himself. In the meantime, we will consider well thy conversation, crowned by its blessed end and termination—we will remember thee amongst those that have had the rule over us—we will adhere to thy instructions from the word of God—we will follow thy faith—we will labour to settle and establish our hearts in the grace of our unchangeable Saviour.

And do thou, O merciful Lord, cast the bright beams of Thy light upon Thy Church in India, that it being enlightened with the doctrine and labours of a succession of Thy servants such as him whom Thou hast removed from us, may so walk in the light of thy truth, that it may at length come to the light of everlasting life.

* When President of the India Board—now Lord Glenelg.

POVERTY—says a great writer, is the nest in which Mischiefs lay its eggs.

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