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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 II.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1837.

NUMBER 6.

AN OLD CONVERT.

*Nor let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain."

Keble's "Christian Year."

Some years ago, we were surprised by noticing at the end of the roughest, and steepest lane in the parish, and joining to some ruined walls, which had formerly been part of a glass-house, symptoms of building. The persons who alone had any right to build on the ground, we knew were not likely to do it, neither were they to give leave to others; but it has ever been the fashion amongst our wild, gipsy-like of people, to collect stone and lime, and to build, and wait the chance of the lord of the manor's steward, or any one else to whom the right belonged, to call for the rent, and get if he could, afterwards. 'Build yourself a place, Jack, nobody'll meddle with you,' said some one, to whom the old collier had told the tale of grievances, which had caused him to quit his last habitation; so Jack and his sturdy helpmate began to build. The situation was beautiful, but they turned the back of the house to the view, for the steep banks that rise on either side, quite shut out any front, the lane itself, being, in the winter season, at least, but like the bed of a river. The ground on which the house was to stand, was so uneven, and of such small dimensions, that we were puzzled to think of what size the mansion was to be. A week or two, however, told us all we could ask. The four narrow walls, rose, lit, in front, by something like a window, and entered by a very low door, yet one that reached to the varied-coloured tiling of the roof. There was also a chimney, and that was, in fact, the chief distinction between the human dwelling place, and the habitation that the owner of it immediately provided for the couple of poor, spare asses, which he deigned to procure them, among the scanty grass and fern of the hill side, and which constituted nearly all his worldly wealth. Of course, we very soon made acquaintance with our new neighbors; but, except as their ingenuity amused, and their industry pleased us, it was long before we found any thing else to interest us. They were very often out when we passed, so we had little opportunity of speaking to them; and when they were at home, the business of Jack's manner, (Joyce was always good tempered,) seemed to tell us that our visits were intrusive. It was vain to hope, that they might meet with instruction at church. If they thought at all on the subject, they fancied they were too poor to appear there, and too ignorant to profit if they did; but these are vain excuses. He that runs may read. The way-faring man, though a fool, need not err in the simple doctrines of our church; but there are thousands who still, sabbath after sabbath, refuse to receive instruction. The days of these poor people were drawing to a close. Still they rose early, and late took rest, and ate the bread of carefulness.—Oh! let us praise his mercy, who provides the unperishing bread so often, to those who seek it not.

At this time, great interest was excited amongst our poor people, to hear the new curate of the parish. It was not that the doctrine he preached, differed in any respect from that which had all along sounded from our pulpit, or that his manner was more earnest; but he was young, and had grown up amongst the people. He had never been long together absent from his father's flock, since the time he had been brought amongst them, as a delicate child. Every one knew his destination, and every one felt that he was growing up to think it an honor, to be even a door-keeper in the house of his God. The day on which he was to preach his first sermon, was naturally looked forward to, as an epoch of some importance, and the desire to hear some new thing, though not a legitimate christian motive, may be,

and sometimes is, over-ruled for good. Amongst the crowded congregation who attended our church on that interesting winter afternoon, we were surprised to see the architects of that strange habitation at the foot of the stony hill, whom we had before so often asked, in vain, to come. Now how far the effort they had made, was repaid, by what they could hear and understand, the first time, I cannot tell, but the next Sunday, and the next, there they were again; week after week, they seemed to understand a little and a little more than the last, for the word was adapted to their dull understanding, by line upon line and precept upon precept. At first, I suppose, they saw that the ministers were very serious and earnest; then they began to acknowledge a need of seriousness and earnestness. It struck them, as a new thought, that they were not to live in this world always; and if so, it was reasonable, that one day out of seven should be devoted to preparation for another. Then there arose an interest in the clergyman, and all his family. The old man, who used to be so rough, would watch for us now, as we past, to ask us in, and tell us that 'we were welcome at his house at any time.'

At this period, the school room was open from six till eight of a Thursday evening, as an adult school. You would smile sir, if I gave you some anecdotes, which would prove, with how much truth some of the scholars changed its name unknowingly, and call it "a dull school." Old Jack, at this time, had a great dread of being expected to learn, and at last opened his mind to us on the subject, and told us that his eyes were now too dim to make out the letters; indeed, he owned he never did take to book learning, even in his youth. But if he might come in and hear the chapter and the sermon, so he called the few verses from the Bible, and the simple exposition that closed the evening, he should be thankful. At his time of life, it would indeed have been a pity, to have deprived him of any means of grace, so the old man was admitted on his own terms. Every Sunday brought them regularly to their place in church, and some little outward improvement, as is almost always the case, was soon observable in them. The handkerchief was whole, or the cap or collar was cleaner, or the hair smoother. They never missed the Thursday school, but then they came, as all do, just as they can make it convenient from their work.

But the chief object of my writing, is to show, that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty: that if any be in Christ, how weak, how ignorant soever, he is, in good truth, a new creature. In this poor old man, the first observable change, as I have said before, was his growing regard to all whom he conceived servants of that God, without the knowledge of whom, he had been content to live so many years. Then he learnt to hate the sins, especially those of swearing and drunkenness, to which he had been so long a slave. Then came the struggle between old habits and new perceptions, between besetting sins and an awakened conscience. His minister told him that it was in vain to attend the worship of God on the Sunday, and live in rebellion against him all the week; he knew it was, but vices of seventy years standing, are not easily overcome. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? O the mystery of that 'clean water whose sprinkling maketh clean!' But though, as I said, the sin was not at once rooted up, it was instantly met as an enemy, always resisted, often overcome and every fall was deeply lamented. I can remember instances of the old man's watching for us, to confess how he had fallen. It was quite affecting to see so old a man so humbled; and he would send word to 'Master John,' such was the favorite appellation by which our poor people were accustomed to designate their young minister, to implore, whilst tears streamed abundantly down the rough and furrowed face, that he would not forsake him. No, poor, ignorant old man, there is one Almighty to save. He willeth not the death

of a sinner. He shall strengthen thee; yea, he shall help thee; yea, he shall uphold thee with the right hand of his righteousness. The neighbours soon perceived a great change in his language and manners, and his wife had cause to acknowledge that the fruits of the spirit are joy and peace, when she told us, that all the years they had lived together, they had never had so much happiness as now.

At length, after due consideration, poor Jack and his wife appeared at the holy sacrament, and it was a touching thing to see the young man who had been made instrumental in their improvement, assisting to distribute the blessed emblems of the Redeemer's love to such very aged persons, whose grey hairs, but for God's blessing on his ministry, might have gone down to the grave in shame and dishonor. The old man's strength now began to fail him. It became evident, that the oppression on his breath and the cough, must very soon prevent his climbing the hill to church. But he was in all the visitors' districts, for his lane led to three or four different parts of the parish, so he had constant attention; 'and there,' said the old woman, 'any body can read the word of God to us now, for there is a testament that he put there with his own dear hands. Master John gave it to us, and we have a right to love him, and we have a right to bless him.'

It was a great deprivation to the poor old man, not to attend to the public worship of God on Sundays, and his spirits were sometimes much depressed when he looked back with sorrow and shame at the long list of wasted Sabbaths, concerning which his conscience whispered. One circumstance occurred during the last few weeks of the poor man's life, of which I hope it will not be a breach of charity to inform you. As I have already observed, he had passed nearly the whole of a long life in ignorance and sin. Was it to be expected, that all the joy and peace in believing, which we should naturally look for, in the experience of the happy man, who had feared the Lord from his youth, would be his? He had complained to his minister, that he found difficulty in praying, that he could only say the same words over and over again; and his kind friend, after carefully explaining to him the real nature of prayer, as consisting not in words, but in the desire of the heart, proceeded, as he found that one form, at least—the perfect form, given by our master to his followers—was printed on this aged scholar's memory, to explain, sentence by sentence, at each of his visits, as fully as he could, the meaning of each petition. One day he found his old friend in great distress of mind. He had had a visit, it appeared, from a stranger, a dissenting teacher, who had spoken lightly of the instruction he was receiving; and very roughly questioned his grounds of hope. Amongst other things, he had touched on the subject that had before pained the weak old man—'Had he the gift of prayer?' He answered, that he tried to pray as well as he could, and that he could say the Lord's Prayer. 'That,' replied the self-constituted teacher, so the story was repeated to us, 'is not praying at all, you must learn a better way of praying than that;' and thus the mind of a humble and sincere, though very ignorant believer, was harassed, and shaken needlessly, and that, when he was even trembling in the valley of the shadow of death. Now sir, I live in the very hot-bed of dissent, yet have gone far from my usual mode in touching on the subject, my motto, with regard to my own beloved church, having long been, 'not drought upon others, but much dew on thee.' I know that charity suffereth long, and is kind, and would wish such charity to be exemplified in the life and writings of every member of the church of England; but I need not say to you sir, ours is a misrepresented, perhaps a mistaken church; once now and then, we need tell our own story.

Now we, who visited our poor old friend constantly, had the best reason to believe, that he did pray, and that acceptably. There was a gradual, but still

very perceptible improvement in him. 'Once,' said his wife, 'I could do nothing to please him, now he is so kind to me, 'tis a blessing to be in the neighbourhood.' And patience had her perfect work. He never complained, though his cough became very distressing, and reduced him almost to a skeleton. At length, the last interview that I had with him, came. He was lying on his miserable pallet, opposite the door, in the one low, unceiled room, which was the whole of his house.—his poor wife was gone to town with her herbs, to endeavour to procure for him, that which he needed in his last extremity. Every comfort that this world can give, was absent, but the dying man found the peace of God to pass all understanding. He was too ill to answer, so as to be audible, even the few simple enquiries one makes at such a time, but it was evident that he listened with deep and solemn interest to the passage I read from his testament; and then, because I have often witnessed the charm that metre has on the dying ear, I repeated, scarcely knowing whether or not it would be understood, the hymn beginning, 'Rock of ages, rent for me.' He maketh wise the simple. The figure was clearly comprehended; with a dying effort, as I finished, the poor man replied to my inquiry, 'Do you understand?' 'Aye I do; I hope he'll be so well pleased, as to hide me in there!'

So my intercourse with old John ended, and ended well. 'The inhabitants of the rock shall sing!' 'Oh that he may be so well pleased as to hide me there also!'—*British Magazine.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSENGERS EDITORS,

Since the commencement of your excellent paper, I have stood a silent though anxious spectator of its progress. I know that from the promises involved in its religious character much good should ensue, but I feared that in the design of that good much evil might arise, both from the want of judgment which your inexperience as an Editor might exhibit, and from a too tenacious observance of manner, which sometimes is displayed in our churchmen. Happy am I, however, at this hour, in becoming a subscriber, to express my joyful assent to the conduct you have adopted. I feel proud to confess that the image of that undistinguishing and unlimited charity which presides in the doctrines of our church, has nobly dignified the columns of your paper. Upon you now, as our charioteer, depends the fortunate guidance of that vehicle of instruction, and on your course will the province look to discover the temper of genuine Episcopacy. Your duty is momentous, and you must invoke Heaven that the "spirit of the living creature" may direct this "wheel within a wheel" to the salvation of man and the glory of God.

Without any assumption of arrogance I would fain remind you, Mr Editor, how closely connected with a judicious management of your paper, are the character and prosperity of the Church in this Province. From your tone and spirit, the public will naturally decide on the tone and spirit of our doctrines; and accordingly as you shew the liberality, firmness, and purity for which they are eminent, will the indifferent reader become the warm admirer. There is something so winning in the virgin modesty of our Church, that when justly viewed, it cannot fail to attract and captivate the most obstinate. Although the trapping of nobility and the glitter of wealth have at times deformed her simple majesty, this is but a slight shade on that white and beautiful garment of piety which she has worn in England for centuries, and which has been a chief instrument in directing that great nation to the eminence of power and knowledge which it now possesses.

From long reflection upon the effects of christianity, on the world, I have perceived how parallel are the improvement and happiness of nations, with the purity of their religious institutions; and I have, to my conviction at least, ascertained that in the permanent prosperity of every people may be demonstrated the comparative purity of its religion. From this I conclude, that true refinement and the truest moral, cannot exist generally in any country without the truest christianity: and that as England has far surpassed all others in those attributes, so

she has been blessed with a system of Christianity of surpassing purity.

The prospect of a little leisure the ensuing winter may perhaps induce me to offer you at times my opinions on this subject. It is one which would be a task for a much abler pen; but as I anticipate, the subject will not be unprofitable to your readers, and may eventually help to remove some illiberal prejudices which an ignorance of our Church may have promoted in the bosoms of other denominations, I shall rest assured of your acquiescence.

It seems that we do not often enough remember that all denominations are our brethren. By extending the offices of charity to an uncharitable opponent, we prove the divine spirit of our religion, and fulfil a positive command of scripture. If all the members of our church would think of this, they would perhaps view the world with a kinder eye; and our ministers might then be led to overlook all that bitter hostility to their services which are manifested in particular parts of the Province.

Before I conclude, I must express my surprise on observing in your editorial columns of last week, that there are one or more ministers of the church in this Diocese who are not subscribers to your paper. surely they are not so indifferent as to pass without the perusal of it. Perhaps they steal a view now and then from some lay subscriber, because they cannot feel their own purse heavy enough to purchase its instructions, and to uphold its existence!

Yours, &c.

ZENAS.

14th December, 1836.

For the Colonial Churchman.

As the following beautiful incident, lately received in a letter from England, will, no doubt, be gratifying to many readers of the Churchman, I transcribe it for insertion in your useful columns.

The asylum for the Blind in Dublin is attended by two excellent Chaplains, one a resident, so that the inmates are highly privileged; one of whom, a young woman of very superior mind as well as deep piety, "blind from her birth," expressed a very beautiful idea. I was questioning some of the small children upon the 10th chap. of St. John which they had been taught;—hearing the name of the Saviour mentioned, the young woman turned to me and remarked that she "often thought of it till quite lost in the idea, that the very first sight these eyes will ever behold, will be the Lord Jesus Christ in all his Glory, surrounded by those Christian friends who have been so kind to me." These I believe were as near as possible her very words.—Upon further acquaintance, she observed to me, "I sometimes thank God that I was born blind.—Upon enquiring the reason, she replied, "If I had ever seen any thing, I might perhaps have been led to reflect upon second causes. I might have thought perhaps that my mother did not take care that I should not catch cold, or that my father had not taken advice; but now I know that it was ordered by an all-merciful Hand,—and I can say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

For the Colonial Churchman.

As the following delightful illustration of Malachi 3. 3. may not have reached the eye of many of your readers, I send it as I received it, from the pen of one acquainted I believe with a member of the party referred to.

A number of ladies who assembled weekly in Dublin, for the purpose of making clothing for the poor, were in the habit of conversing on a chapter of the Sacred Scriptures read by some member of the Meeting. The 3d of Malachi came in their course of reading, when one of the ladies present asked if the word 'sit' conveyed anything emphatical. Not satisfied with the opinions advanced, she took an early opportunity of enquiring of a silversmith the process of refining. Having told her that the silver was put in a crucible over a hot fire, he added, I sit with my eye fixed upon it that the silver may remain long enough over the fire to become quite purified from the dross, and yet not long enough to injure it. Satisfied with this explanation, the lady was departing, when the silversmith remarked:—"I always know when the silver is sufficiently refined; by seeing my own image reflected on its surface."

Reader! remember this, whensoever your heavenly

Father may place you in the furnace of affliction. "to purge away the dross and take away all thy tin"—call to mind that His eye is fixed upon you there, and that you will be kept in the furnace no longer than your peculiar state requires. And if your desire is to be conformed to your Saviour's image hereafter, be a fellow-worker with Him, by "suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sickness. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain;—He entered not into His glory before He was crucified."

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

Gentlemen,

The following extracts are from a sermon preached in the country, the week after the fire, which is said to have consumed one third of the commercial part of the city of St. John. If you think them deserving of it, you may give them, or such parts as you please, a place in your paper.

Psalm 127, 1 verse—*Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*

"It cannot be denied that there are seasons of overwhelming calamity, when the Almighty seems to shroud himself in clouds and darkness. There are some visitations so awful, so full of dismay and devastation, that our greatest wisdom is to be silent and acknowledge the wonderful works of the Lord. To behold and wonder and adore, and know that "the Almighty doeth as it pleaseth Him in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth."—Of such a nature is that terrible fire which has just been sent upon our devoted city. Whilst men were saying peace, and all apparently was safe, then sudden destruction has come upon them. The destroying angel lifted up his hand, and the raging element, obedient to the high behest, burst forth, and in the short space of twelve hours, has swept the labor of many a long year of ceaseless toil and persevering industry into one indiscriminate heap of smouldering ruins.

"A night it was, long to be remembered—a night when man could scarcely venture abroad, from the intensity of the cold, that the raging flames broke out spreading terror and devastation around. The crash of falling houses—the roaring of the raging elements, were beyond all description. Nor was it among the least lamentable of the spectacles witnessed that night, to behold those extensive warehouses stored with large supplies of provisions to meet the emergency occasioned by the failure of the crops in the last season, consumed by the devouring flames. It is however a consoling reflection that no lives were lost.

"But now, from whence shall we say this calamity has come?

"If we believe in an overruling Providence, assuredly we must believe that this affliction comes from God. If He takes the oversight of the most minute affairs which concerns his creatures, if not a sparrow falleth to the earth without him, how shall we presume to say that this is not the work of the Almighty?

"What saith He by his Prophet Amos, 'shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it.' We cannot fail to perceive, that unless 'the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.' He could at any moment have checked the destroying element; but for his own wise purposes he permitted it to rage.

"It would almost seem as if the Lord were angry with our land. In the country the fruits of the earth during the last season did not come to maturity. In the City, this awful fire has produced terrible destruction.

"Now the question arises, why hath the Almighty sent his judgments? Why are these dire calamities come upon the inhabitants of the land?

"But who shall presume to know the mind of the Lord? Though we pretend not to judge and to pronounce opinions hastily on the dispensations which befall the earth, yet we doubt not, and how can we doubt, that it is for the wickedness of the people that these sore visitations are sent. It is for the irreligion—the impiety of the inhabitants!

"What multitudes are there who take not the name of God within their lips, except to profane it! What multitudes who live as unmindful of death as the judgment to come; as the beasts that perish

What multitudes who never call upon God, in public or in private! Who will not come to the house of God to worship Him, and who will not set up an altar in their own houses! Who will not read the word of God, who disregard all the promises and threatenings—all the hopes and fears, by which the Almighty designs to govern his rational creatures!!

What depravity abounds, we may form some faint conjecture from the fact of the theft and plunder, which were going on, even whilst the scene of destruction was so terrible. And here let no one suppose that I speak of the city only—I include our country at large.

In the particular case before us, perhaps, as it was said of that terrible fire which swept the great commercial city of our neighbouring land with the besom of destruction, it was the covetousness, the greedy desire of gain, and the consequent pride and ambition which come in their train, that indignation has gone forth from the Lord against the city. A tide of unexampled prosperity has for many years set towards the metropolis of our Province. The proud ships of our merchants were bringing home the productions of every clime. Our citizens were fondly imagining that no longer could any adversity happen to them. Every object which their hearts could desire was considered within their reach. And has there not been of late a too great fondness of display: too great a departure from the simplicity of former times. This love of gain has pervaded all classes of society. For this men have hastened to rise early and have late taken rest.—Their nightly dreams and daily pursuits have been occupied on wealth.

Do I condemn the honest pursuit after this world's riches or its honors?

I would say, be not over anxious for that which is so fugitive, which so soon vanisheth away. I would say in language of scripture, which must be right, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all those things shall be added unto you.' For what has the experience of one night taught: that riches make to themselves wings and flee away: that there is no stability in earthly things: that the rich in a moment when they least expect it, are tumbled from the height of worldly splendour, and brought down to a level with the poor and lowly of the earth.

But praised be God, He hath mercifully interposed and said 'hitherto shall the destroying element come but no farther, and here shall the burning flames be stayed.' For the Lord hath remembered his people, and had pity on his inheritance. He hath spared the city for the righteous that dwell therein. Oh! then, let us praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men.

There stand the holy temples dedicated to the worship of the Most High, and the flame hath not touched them. God hath thought of those who assemble before him to worship Him. Their prayers have gone up as holy incense, and have appeased the indignation of Heaven. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassion fails not. To those who are cast down and disconsolate, how applicable are those words of Isaiah—'Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment until this indignation be overpast.' How much does it concern us all to examine carefully into our hearts and souls and prepare for that great and awful day 'that cometh, we know not how soon, that shall burn as an oven; when all the proud and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.'

For the Colonial Churchman.

RELIGION IS TRUE WISDOM—concluded.

The wise man, saith the Bible, walks with God; Values his soul: thinks of Eternity; Both worlds considers and provides for both; With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains From evil—lives in hope—looks upward."

Pollock's Course of Time.

We have in scripture early record of one (B. C. 1029) to whom the term wisdom, in the worldling's

sense of the word, is applied—"His counsel was as if a man had enquired at the oracles of God;" and yet this wise Amithophel, ('brother of ruin,' as his name is translated) urged Absalom to commit most wicked and daring crimes—2 Sam. 17. 1. So we learn of the stability of Jonadab, the wicked counsel-friend of Amnon: and wisdom or skill

has, in many instances, been specially granted to those for whom the Almighty had prepared employment. The "Giver of Wisdom" is one of His titles—2 Prov. 6. Thus for instance, did Moses govern;—the Judges decree justice through the length and breadth of the land;—Cyrus and David conquer;—Daniel yield sovereign power, and Solomon deserve the titles of a wise king, &c. sublime moralist and poet.

How different were their conduct and proceedings from those whom the heathen esteemed wise! "How could sound morality and pure practice," (writes the celebrated jurist—Kent) "be expected among a people who had no one sense of the existence and presence of the Father of lights, from whom alone proceedeth every perfect gift?"

In our search after that true wisdom which cometh from God—the possession of which is peace, and its reward—

"To drink with angels from the fount of bliss;"

let us, with humble and teachable spirits turn to the holy oracles of truth. In 28 Job 23—111 Ps. 10, and 9 Prov. 10, the Holy Spirit declares wisdom and understanding to consist in the fear of God, and departing from evil. Observe the contrast in Eccl. 2. 13—7. 19—9. 13. Under the blessed influence of this true wisdom, the Christian learns to guide his practice—1. Job 1: to give his mind to the law of God, and meditate therein—39 Eccl. 1; and to trust in it—33 Eccl. 3, "and it is to him faithful as an oracle." This is the wisdom for which at confirmation, we intercede;—the spirit of being wise in spiritual things.—"The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be treated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."—3 Jas. 17.

Oh! the blessedness of those to whom God, through His blessed Son, vouchsafes this true wisdom—this "pure religion and undefiled!" It furnishes the only sure remedies for evils of body and soul—a comfort and support in the day of adversity—11 Ps. 3.—3 Sam. 31—2 Ps. 29. A guide it will prove in the hour of temptation—a shield against the abuse of prosperity and the dangers of adversity—a present and ready help in all time of trouble. "It furnishes a temper which can render a state of the deepest affliction tolerable, and the most tempting prosperity safe." It never betrays, but ever keeps and fulfils its promises,—unlike the rock of Meribah, (17 Exod.) which at one time was flinty and comfortless, and at another sending forth waters of comfort and strength.

The learned Salmatus, after having spent a long life of literary toil, and caused Europe to resound with his name, declared that if allowed but one year more he would spend it in studying the Psalms and Epistles. "Oh yes," he would earnestly exclaim, "mind the world less, and God more: the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

May He, whose blessing on these remarks the writer humbly implores, lead you, Reader, and himself to the word of God—the Gospel of our Saviour, and thereby to the attainment of a holy and religious life! Divine wisdom, our guide—divine strength, our support. May each of us frequently offer up David's prayer, in David's spirit,—"So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart to Wisdom."

SIGMA.

January, 1837.

ILLUSTRATION OF MATT. 26 23.

First a metal bowl of soup was set before us, which was soon dispatched with wooden spoons: this was removed, and a large savoury dish of meat with pulchreous sauce, was laid on. Every hand dipped in the dish with a piece of bread between the finger and thumb: the thumb was then expanded, and a portion of the contents of the dish enclosed between it and the bread, and then conveyed to the mouth. This mode of eating is another proof of the immutability of oriental customs. It was thus the disciples dipped when Judas was designated by the circumstance of his "dipping" with our Saviour in the dish.—Huish's Journey.

THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT.

The days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon and stars have shone their last,
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanished at the archangel's blast;
All secret things have been revealed
Judgment is past, the sentence sealed,
And man to all eternity
What he is now henceforth must be.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll;
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up and won or lost his soul;
These from the Judge's presence
Down to everlasting wo;
Vengeance has barred the gates of Hell,
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

But lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory from the King's right hand;
In silence on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While he who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.

Then every eye in Him shall see,
(While thrones and powers before him fall,)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God himself is all in all:
Oh how eternity shall ring
While the first note the ransomed sing!
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.

In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath?
Or with the wicked borne along,
For ever die "the second death?"
Jesus, my life, my light, thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart;
Lord, I believe—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

Montgomery.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The Rector's Christmas Offering to the Parishioners of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, for this year, is on the duty and the blessing of Family Prayer. The argument in its behalf is thus introduced to their notice and commended to their adoption.

A third Pastoral Address to the Parishioners of St. Mary's Church.

Brethren beloved in the Lord,—It is recorded of the "good Bishop Wilson," the apostolic pastor of the poor flocks and primitive shepherds of the little diocese of Sodor and Man, that he never omitted to address the question to a newly married couple, "Have you set up an altar in your house?" I know not, if, in so few words, an answer so distinctive of the Christian character, or so full of issues that must fill up life with good or evil, and then run out and fill eternity, could possibly be asked. I put it now, beloved, as before God, straight to your hearts: and I beseech you, if there be one among you that must answer in the negative, not to permit the year that is just dawning to kindle into day, before the strange neglect is remedied, and pardon asked of God for its continuance so long—before the noble resolution is adopted, and in God's strength put in execution, "as far as me and my house, we will serve the Lord!" Sure I am, the year that brings to any house that pious usage will be a year of blessedness and peace. Sure I am, the triumph with your hearts, that would rebound most fully to your comfort and my joy, would be the establishment among you all of that devout observance. Sure I am, that when from every hearth the flame of the domestic altar shall ascend in purity to heaven, God's kingdom will be fully come on earth, and death be swallowed up in victory. That the pastoral exhortation which is now addressed to you may aid that blessed consummation; that every dear domestic fireside which it seeks may be a place where prayer is wont to be made; and that from each the voice of Intercession may arise to God for Him who watches for your souls, is the desire and longing, and shall be the daily supplication of your friend and pastor,

GEORGE W. DOANE.

St. Mary's Parsonage, St. Thomas' Day, 1836.

CHRIST is the great promise of the Old Testament; the SPIRIT is the great promise of the New.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

The following lines were written by a little girl, 13 years of age, and found under her pillow shortly after her decease. They were written on the death of a beloved companion, whom she herself soon followed to an early tomb. The writer, whose parents were very poor, was formerly a scholar in the Sunday School, Covent Garden, London, and these lines I received from her teacher with an account of her life.

Lovely Marg'ret! happy child:
Thou wert so gentle and so mild:
Thy parent's watch'd thy youthful smile
With pleasure.

Thou wert lov'd by thy parents dear
Who over thee shed many a tear;
To them thy name is ever dear,
And ever will.

In God thy sure foundation laid:
To death thou hast the tribute paid:
And now thy body low is laid
In the cold tomb.

The river Jordan thou didst cross;
No more tempestuous billows toss
Thy happy soul on Canaan's coast,
My Marg'ret.

O could I share my lot with thee!
Be mine thy happy destiny,
Then O how happy we should be
With Jesus Christ.

And when I spread my pinions high,
And soar so far above the sky;
Then I shall meet thee eye to eye
At Heaven's Gate.

And when I come O do thou wait,
And be the first at Heaven's Gate:
Thus to remain my happy mate
For evermore.

THE BLESSINGS OF A RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

My little children, you know not the happiness you enjoy in being born in this Christian land, where there are schools open to receive you, and persons ready and desirous to teach you, and where the Holy Bible may always be obtained by those who desire to read it.

I have been travelling a very long way, and I have seen a great many countries, I have been in places where the little hills are covered with vines, and where the roads on each side are bordered with fruit trees of every kind—cherries, and apples, and walnuts, and pears. I have been to a country where there are beautiful hills rising above the clouds, and vallies in which are bees, and flowers, and running waters, wild strawberries, and abundance of honey; and in these countries I saw many little children playing upon the sides of the hills, and in the low grounds; they played about as you do, some of them had marbles, and some had balls, and some had skipping-ropes, but not one of these poor little children had a Bible to read, and many of them did not even know what I meant, when I spoke to them of the Holy Scriptures. I wished that I had had enough Bibles to give each of them one, but I had no books with me which they could understand, and I found that there was not a single person in all these places, who would take the trouble to teach them to read. Let us pray, that God may in his great goodness send books and teachers to these poor little children—and let us thank God for having already provided us in England with so many helps to learning, so that not one of us need now remain ignorant.

THE HORSE.

The Horse is often mentioned in the Bible. I need not describe this creature to you, because you are all well acquainted with it.

The Horse is accounted one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most useful animals in existence.

In very old times, Horses were not so much used as they now are; Solomon was the king of Israel, who had a great number of them. The Horse is very finely described in Job. "Hast thou given the Horse strength, hast thou clothed his neck with thun-

der, canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper, the glory of his nostrils," as far as, 25th verse inclusive.

Notwithstanding his great strength, a Horse is easily tamed and managed, and is the most useful servant to man.

From this fine animal, we may learn many a valuable lesson. When we consider how great his beauty and his strength are, and how patiently he submits his mouth to the bridle.

And I trust, my dear children, that you will never unite with those who use these noble animals with cruelty, for this is an offence of which many are guilty. Not considering that an account is taken of every cruel or wanton action which man commits, for it is written, "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—Prov. xii. 10.—*Child's Mag.*

From the Boston Recorder.

THE SICK LIBRARY.

I thought I would just look into the minister's library, as I happened to be in his study. I was sad at the sight; for it looked very lean and very thin, like a person suffering under some cruel disease. Fulness and fair proportions are among the important elements of beauty; but there was no such beauty there.—There were some venerable men in that library; but their numbers were so few as to occasion a most mournful aspect of loneliness. There was Dr. Dwight in four volumes; the sole occupant of a whole shelf. And Dr. Bellamy was the only monarch of the next. And Dr. Chalmers on the next, because he had no other company, had huddled himself, in three volumes, into one corner. A little lower down were several pieces of heavy theological artillery; but there were some horrid chasms between them.

Another shelf had half a score of your smaller sprigs of divinity; but even these strippling theologues were so few as to look very cheerless. There was not enough of them to be so much in contact as to keep each other warm, even had they good will and vital heat enough to do it.

Still lower down were a few cases of corpulent theology; Pooe's Synopsis among the rest; which last gentleman contrived, by stretching himself lengthwise, to fill the only shelf that was filled in the whole case. I would say, however, there were old reports, pamphlets, and newspapers enough to immerse all the divines above mentioned, with not a small remnant to sprinkle elsewhere.

And another thing I ought in justice to say. There were other books belonging to the library, which were absent at this time; but, from the manner in which the pastor exclaimed, "Alas, Sir, they are borrowed!" I judged, that, in his own view, he had already seen the last of them!

I remember to have read Baxter's account of a biblical avalanche, which once happened in his study, by the breaking of a shelf, whereby his life was endangered by the precipitation of large masses of divinity upon him; and I felt bound to give my friend such crumbs of comfort as could be afforded by the suggestion, that he was beyond the reach of such a peril. He bowed in mournful acquiescence, seeming to say, "But I would run the risk, only give me the books."

And now, reader, good humoured I hope, I come to the pith of this communication. Some pastor or other calls you a parishioner. Well. And he has a library. Well. And that pastor, if he be kindred in circumstances to nine-tenths in the land, has a gap, or more, in his library, that yawns fearfully. I think I could show you some that would distress you.—The aching void wants filling terribly. There may be indeed, some portly doctors in that library; but they are "so few and far between," that they could not shake hands, though they might desire it most lovingly, and attempt it most earnestly. There may be, too, a squadron of smaller fry; but there is a grievous famine of valuable theological works. Just hearken now. "John Howe, are you there?" "No!" "I beg to know if you are there, Archbishop Leighton?" "No!" "But you are there, I hope, Robert Hall?" "No. Not I!" "I cannot bear to think my friend Andrew Fuller is not there." "But you must,

though." "But Dr. Owen is there?"—"No, nothing of him even, 'but the piece of an ear.'" "And Jonathan Edwards?" "No," said a voice, "lonely as the whip-poor-will's," "nothing of him but his volume on the Will."

So you see how it is with your pastor's library. If a skeleton could have the consumption, I should say it was sick of a consumption. But the fact is, it never had flesh enough to be in any danger of that disease.

But, not to quarrel about the malady, it certainly looks so poor and thin that there must be disease, call it what you will. And you, kind parishioner, can make a most successful prescription for it. You can be a doctor in this case, without a diploma, or the charge of quackery. You can put the flesh on these bones, and a healthful fulness into that countenance. You can manage the matter so that the sequel of a looking patient shall be able to say, in a very few days, "I am entirely recovered, and am in fine health, I thank you, Sir."

Presuming that your benevolence is, by this time, in a flame, I will forthwith open the way for the light and heat thereof to be exhibited. New Year's day, you know, is at hand. On or near that day, go into your pastor's house with something under your arm. If you have been notorious for deeds of kindness, he will suspect you of a visit of that sort now; and if you have had no such notoriety, you can, by this act, most expressively say, 'there is something new under the sun.' Give your pastor the agreeable surprise of laying his hand upon a fat octavo, instead of a spare-turkey. And if the good man is not made thankful by such an operation, the above-named prescription might be most mercifully repeated monthly or annually, till that result, inevitable in the end, would be attained. Had I time, I would reason this matter at large with you; but I can only give you several heads merely of the argument.

1. If you are already a cheerful giver, you will thus do something to strengthen this important habit; and if you are not, you will find this a delightful opportunity for commencing it.

2. It would warm your pastor's heart, be the Mercury where it might, the day you visited him.

3. Your example would be fire to flax most likely, and a process would be commenced which would fill every chasm in the library. Dr. Poole himself would be obliged to gain his feet quickly, and stand erect, to make room for new comers. What a delightful meeting there would be of good men in that book-case!

4. Your pastor could not, for the life of him, be offended at such a polite and kind intimation that he should 'bring beaten oil into the sanctuary.'

I have joyful hope that I shall prevail with some of my readers to show the above-mentioned benevolence to their pastors. But here is a man that says,—'Fudge! I shall do no such thing.' Well, kind Mr. Fudge, do this then, I beg of you; carry back all you have borrowed of him. A gap or two will be filled in this manner.*

And to all my readers with whom my plea shall be successful, I would say,

Yours, with much thankfulness,

SIMON.

*We have a few gaps of this nature, of some years standing, which we should be glad if the borrowers would fill up.—*Ed. C. C.*

A CROSS NOT THE CROSS.

It is of no small consequence to call things by their right names, and especially to apply aright the articles, which are found in the caption of this communication. They are small, as the keystone of an arch may be; but there is much depending upon their proper use.

There are certain of these disciples, who are in the habit of speaking of certain of their trials as if they were bearing the cross! But they had better say, a cross; for the simple reason, that the latter is the truth and the former is not. There may not be the slightest particle of the spirit of obedience to the precept of Christ concerning cross-bearing, and therefore the complacency of some that suffer in the supposed nature of their trials is perfectly gratuitous.

"Well, I must bear the cross," said a lady of my acquaintance. "Many oppose me. Bitter reproaches are heaped upon me. But this comforts me. I suffer for the cause of a most worthy Master." "But

this daughter of Eve may be mistaken. She has been sky-high against certain modes of dress. Her language has been sending missiles, hissing hot, among the laces, ribbands and feathers of the female world. The scorching of such combustibles has scorched their owners. This rude use of firebrands, dear madam, is the origin of your troubles. You suffer for your own rashness and folly. What a martyr to his patriotism that man is, who, in drinking to the welfare of his country, drinks himself out of his last shoe and into the house of correction! You may be a sufferer and a cross-bearer. But you are not a bearer of the true cross. You would have found such a cross in repressing your envy and bridling your tongue.—And I respectfully suggest, you would find no want of weight in such a cross.

Here is a very worthy man, and he is honestly trying to do good. But his whole energies have unfortunately taken a direction against evils which are not the most enormous in society. He thinks eating meat is suicide, or that the sun does not shine on so dreadful an evil as the use of tobacco. Some spark or other has fallen upon him, and his body, soul and spirit is one entire mass of flaming indignation against some one of the minor evils of society. He is a kind of monomaniac. There is no emotion right, that does not take the same direction with his own. There is no eloquence, but upon his favorite theme; no grandeur in any enterprize but his own. And what can that man be, but the essence of stupidity, who does not flame with his fire and flash through the sky in the same direction with himself? And he is prompt to say so. Appellations expressive of such views on his part fly forth in all directions. Men are wounded by them. And the indignation rises—scattered clouds gather—the whole horizon lowers—there is a formidable array against him. He is inevitably a sufferer by it. But then he triumphs in the belief that he is bearing the cross. But delusion never had a sillier captive.

“Let them pull that sermon to pieces, if they would like to,” said a preacher. “I expect it will start bitter opposition somewhere.” And truly it was so; but it was not so much the offensive nature of the doctrine, as the offensive way of exhibiting it, that secured the fulfilment of his prophecy. There was a grossness of illustration, an harshness of expression, and a readiness in the denunciation of opponents, that could scarcely fail of awakening hostility. I am not for decking a lion in the skin of a lamb, or hiding in any way the glittering edge of the sword of the Spirit.—But it does seem the propensity of some, to select as the costume of offensive doctrines, as if there were no other, the skin of the porcupine. And when this is done, they will indeed meet with trouble, and bear the burden of an heavy cross; but every ounce of its weight was laid upon them by their own fingers.—*Boston Recorder.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

POPULAR ERRORS.

“Stones grow.”—Stones do not grow; it is only animals and vegetables that can be said to grow. The great distinction between the mineral kingdom and the vegetable and animal is, that the objects which it contains cannot, when once formed, increase in size, by the agency of any principle contained within themselves, fresh deposition may take place, and therefore, where stone was not formerly, it may be found at the present day; but this is not growth. As well might it be said that shillings grow, when by the addition of others, their number is increased.

“The bear licks its young into shape.”—Bears are born as perfect in shape as the young of any other animal. It is to be remembered that a bear, even in the prime of life, is not a very graceful creature.

The “death-watch” whose ticking has alarmed so many, is a small harmless beetle, which lives in walls, and not being endowed with the power of uttering sounds, announces its situation to its mate by its noisy taps. Its natural size is about that of a grain of wheat.

“Bodies float as soon as the gall breaks.”—The cause of a body rising in the water is not from the breaking of the gall, but in consequence of the body becoming lighter than water, from the generation of

air as putrefaction proceeds; and a body will, therefore, float sooner in warm than in cold weather.

The pelican, feeding its young with its own blood, is often noticed as an instance of parental affection: this is a fable, but probably arose from a casual sight of the white pelican, when on its nest, the beautiful crimson tip of its bill, pressed against its delicately white breast, appearing like a spot of blood.

“Man has one rib less on each side than woman.”—It is singular how this false idea should for so great a length of time have held possession of the mind of many. Both men and women have on each side twelve ribs; seven true, which are fixed to the breast-bone as well as to the back bone, and five false ribs, which are merely fixed to the back.

Many people have a dreadful idea of the effect of an earwig getting into the ear, and by penetrating the brain causing madness. This notion is founded on a want of knowledge of the construction of the ear. If one of these insects should get into the ear, it would no doubt be an unpleasant inmate; but the *membranam tympani*, the drum head of the ear, would effectually prevent the progress of the insect, and the unwelcome visiter could be either killed or dislodged with ease by means of a few drops of oil. There is another error with regard to the earwig, namely, that it is without wings; this is not the case—it has a very delicate pair of wings, curiously folded up under its short wing-cases.

The forked tongue of the viper is sometimes looked upon as a deadly instrument, but this is an error; the venom of the reptile resides in its poison-tooth. It is the only venomous animal in England.

The heart is said to be on the left side; this strictly speaking, is not true; it is as nearly as possible in the middle of the chest, and if a line was drawn down the centre of the breast bone to divide the heart into two portions, we should find rather the larger half on the right side. The point is directed towards the left side, close to the fifth rib; and the reason we attribute its position to the left side, rather than the right, is this, that we can more readily feel the pulsation on this side than we can on the other, because the last of the four great cavities of the heart, namely, the left ventricle, is placed on the left side; from this the blood is forced over the whole system, and we readily feel its pumping action through the ribs.—*Saturday Magazine.*

DRESS.

Bishop Dehon has these remarks on love of dress:—“It is an indication of ‘a youth void of understanding,’ to be wholly occupied about the decoration of his person, and the display of external pomp or accomplishments. There is an attention to the decencies of dress which is conducive to the well being of society. But there are many with whom the adorning of their persons is the principal source of self-satisfaction, and the chief business of life. Man is an intelligent being. He has glorious faculties to discharge. He has eternal life to secure. What can more strikingly indicate a want of that wisdom by which such a being should be distinguished, than to have his faculties absorbed, and his ambition satisfied with the transient varieties of external attire? Besides, how contemptible is the distraction which is merely superficial! The bee, that gathers treasures from every flower, has not the finest coating. The eagle that soars on majestic wings to the birth of the morning, has not the most glittering plumage. It is the butterfly, that idly flutters on the passing breezes, which the sooting emulates. The care of the body is more with him, than the care of the mind. With usefulness and virtue, with knowledge and heaven to engage him, behold him, the slave of a color, or a fashion, placing his glory in that in which inferior animals may often vie with him, and flowers and plants excel him. Such a young man, whom dress alone occupies and delights, will be claimed by folly as her legitimate child. Wisdom rejects him. Intelligence sighs over him as a young man void of understanding.”

Justification.—This sentence, that we are justified by faith only, is not so meant, that the said justifying faith is alone in man, without true repentance, hope, charity, dread and the fear of God, at any time and season.—*Hom. of Salv.*

From an English Tract.

ON THE ENDOWMENTS OF THE PARISH CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

There is historical evidence, that the Gospel of Christ was preached in the British Isles before the close of the first century. And that the Gospel was not preached without effect, may be collected from the fact, that about the year 286, many persons, in this country, suffered martyrdom, for the faith of Christ, during the persecutions of the Emperor Dioclesian. It appears, further that the form of Church Government in England, was similar to that which prevailed, from Apostolic times, in the churches of other countries, there being present, from this country, at a council held at Arles, in France, in the year 314, three Bishops, one Priest, and one Deacon.—England being then a Roman Province, and Christianity being the Established Religion of the Roman Empire at large.

Now it has very often, and very confidently been asserted by ignorant or interested persons, that the Christian Church was without Endowments, from the days of the Apostles until the time of Constantine. It has thus been ignorantly or dishonestly maintained, that the Endowment of Churches was never heard of until Christianity became the Religion of the State. So far, however, is this from being true, that there are edicts and decrees at present extant, which show that there were Church Endowments to a considerable extent during the persecutions of Christianity by the Heathen Emperors. We learn, for example, that among the property of which the Christians had been robbed by their persecutors, and which was restored by the Heathen Maximinus as well as by the Christian Constantine, were not only places in which they had been accustomed to assemble, but also other possessions which did not belong to any particular individual, but to the whole body, and to particular assemblies. We learn, moreover, that Constantine passed a law, to authorize pious and charitable individuals to bequeath their property for the use of the Church; a practice from which they had been restrained by Heathen Emperors.† From hence it may be collected, what from other sources may be confirmed, 1. That before the time of Constantine, the Church, as a body was in possession of property; 2. That there was property, which belonged to individual Assemblies as distinguished from the Church at large; and 3. That such property was given to the church by individual Christians.

It was in the year 112 that distinct Churches and districts began to be committed to the charge of separate Ministers; and the custom of limiting the ministrations of each Presbyter to a particular district was gradually adopted, at a very early period, throughout the whole of Christendom. That the practice of endowing particular Churches obtained in early ages appears from mention being made of it by the first Council of Orange in the year 441; and from a law of Justinian, in the year 500, by which that practice is authorized and confirmed; whilst from similar authorities, it may be collected that those pious individuals who endowed a Church, were allowed to nominate the Minister, provided the party presented were approved by the Bishop.

About what time the custom of endowing Parochial Churches took its rise in England is a matter of uncertainty. That an early date, however, may be assigned to its commencement, appears from the circumstance that the Barons of England in their letter to Pope Gregory the 9th, (A. D. 1239,) pleaded, “that their ancestor had possessed the right of Patronage from the first planting of Christianity here,” i. e. as was then understood, from the arrival in England of Augustine the Monk, (A. D. 596.) That tithes, also, were paid in England long before the clergy were authorized to claim them by due process of law, appears.

* The three Bishops were those of London, York and Lincoln. Spelman, Concilia, &c. An. 314.—Stillingfleet.—Bingham's Antiq. Book ix., Chap. 6, Sec. 20.

† It is not a little remarkable that the Church of Rome differed from the other Christian Churches, in having no Endowments for more than 200 years after the empire became Christian. Any possessions that might have been given to the Roman Church were immediately sold, and the price divided into three parts, giving one to the Church, another to the Bishop, and the third to the rest of the clergy.—Bingham, Antiq. Book iv. Chap. 4, Sec. 4.

from the Canons of Egbert, archbishop of York, (An. 750,) and from other authorities. It is, further, certain, that, though in the first instance, it was in the great churches only, where each Bishop and his clergy lived, that religious services were regularly performed; yet itinerant Presbyters were sent forth to the remoter districts; places of worship were gradually erected in the more populous parts of the country; and the Thanes, or greater Lords, founded churches throughout their extensive territories for the use of their families and dependants. Districts were thus formed, the limits of which were bounded by the extent of the manor of him by whom the church was erected; and as the different land-owners built additional churches on their several estates, the whole country became thus divided into parishes, and the tithes and offerings of each parish, which of right belonged originally to the Bishop and clergy of the Diocese at large, were applied to the maintenance of the parochial clergyman.

It is here, also, important to bear in mind that the Church which was thus settled and endowed by the land-owners of the country, was, in all essential points, the same as the present Church of England. The form of government in the Church endowed by our ancestors was that by *Bishop, Priests, and Deacons*; and with respect to those Articles of Faith peculiar to Popery—such as *The Supremacy of the Pope, The Merit of Good Works, The Seven Sacraments, Transubstantiation, The Insufficiency of Holy Scripture, The Worship of Images, &c.*—the ancient Church of this country was essentially PROTESTANT.

Such was the general condition of the Anglo-Saxon Church before it was disturbed by the Norman Conquest.

To be continued.

From the Philadelphia Observer.

SAD STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Ohio River, steamboat Robert Emmett, Nov. 18, 1836.

Dear brother,—Your friend, the writer, trusts that he is not a Jonah in his travels, and yet from much travelling and the will of heaven he has to tell of some sad disasters. Formerly I could say, 'a night I have been in the deep,' in reference to the stranding of the steamboat 'Connecticut,' in the time of a hurricane, and then I thought the scene a dreadful one, when sixty passengers for hours were washed with swelling waves and expected a watery grave; but none of them were lost. On the 17th inst. I was roused from slumber on board the steamboat Flora, lying at a wood yard about thirty miles below Cincinnati. We had come in her from St. Louis in Missouri, in a pleasant passage of nearly five days, and had been highly gratified with the neatness of the boat, good fare, agreeable fellow-passengers, the kind attention of her captain and good order among his crew. We listened on the evening of the 16th to some sacred airs played by Mr. Benjamin Myrick, of Charlestown, Mass. on the German flute, while several joined their vocal praise to his instrumental music, and all had gone to rest in expectation of being in Cincinnati the next morning. But a noise appalling awoke me at five o'clock, A. M. and I said within myself, 'the boiler has burst.' Instantly it occurred to my mind that the danger from flying portions of iron was gone with the sound and that inhaling the steam was the worst thing subsequently to be dreaded. Holding my breath, I arose from my berth with the intention of seeking my wife and children in their state-room, which was situated almost twenty feet aft of the place where I had slept, but the steam prevented me from seeing anything but itself, and a sense of suffocation drove me back to my berth, and the window in it which I opened, and thrust my head out to take an inhalation. Again I attempted to pass through the cabin, but met with the same powerful resistance. Then I plunged through the casement, and forcing open the side door of the cabin, opened the opposite door, when a current of air gave immediate relief. Passing around the guard to the state-room window I found my wife and two children gone, but soon found the latter in the ladies' cabin, and the former calling aloud for me near the berth in which I had reposed. Thanks to our guardian God, we were all alive and sound, while twenty of our fellow-passengers had been scalded, or wounded with broken glass. In the fright, two had jumped into the river and been taken up by the yawl.

The steamboat Mountaineer soon came along side of the Flora and towed her up to Cincinnati. Of the order of events from five o'clock until noon I can scarcely tell you any thing, except that I could not get time to put on my clothes before ten o'clock, in consequence of the numerous scalded faces, hands, arms, feet, necks, and legs, to be bathed in brandy and water, the only remedy on board, except the occasional ministrations of laudanum. Two-thirds of the people on board, including all above and below, were unburnt, but not all men have sufficient presence of mind in such circumstances, and sufficient experience to be useful

surgeons and nurses. My wife and myself had before been sadly trained, by the loss of a dear child, which you may remember was burnt to her death. What could be done for the sufferers was done, but oh! how slight the relief which can be given to those whose skin hangs like white ribbands from half their external surface, and whose throats and organs of respiration have been all scalded at once! * * *

Philadelphia, Dec. 12.—Returning from the borders of the grave, near which I have been confined for twenty days past, I resume my narrative through the hand of an amanuensis. Mr. McLaughlin has left a widow and a large family of children to lament his untimely death. Mr. Myrick appears to have been an amiable and pious man. On the evening preceding his death he played, among other airs, 'Courage Disconsolate,' 'Coronation,' and 'Watchman, tell us of the night.' Soon after he was scalded, I found him in my berth and bathed him. He said 'I can't live—I must die.' He had slept in the captain's state-room near the boilers, and was so scalded as to remove most of the skin of his face and all the skin and nails of his hands and feet. He suffered most, however, in his throat and lungs, and from the first was scarcely able to swallow anything. I said to him 'There is neither hope nor help for you, but in the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He replied, 'I know it;' and having committed to me all his worldly effects, and desired that I would have him buried, he folded his bleeding hands upon his breast in prayer. In this exercise he seemed to continue resigning his soul to Jesus, until, without a struggle or a groan, he breathed his last. Moses, a waiter in the cabin, aroused from sleep by the noise, though he had slept too long and ran to light a candle and waken the steward. The steam met him and covered his mouth, face and chest with blisters. I dressed his wounds twice, but he expired the next morning.

Another deeply interesting case of suffering was that of the Hon. George L. Kinnard, member of Congress from Indiana. He was badly scalded in the face, left arm, right groin, feet and ankles. He committed to me his pocket-book and keys, and insisted on knowing the worst of his case. I told him that there were four persons worse scalded than himself. He manifested a great dread of being disfigured and maimed if he should recover. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'if I were but prepared to die, I should be resigned. I gave up all for lost, and would have thrown myself overboard in anguish and despair, but was prevented.'

So far as practicable, while bathing him, and opening his blisters, I administered to him the consolations of the gospel, and assured him that there is mercy with God, that he may be feared, and that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 'I know it, Sir,' said he, 'and for the first time have begun to pray to God to be merciful to me a sinner.' I told him that he could not offer a more suitable prayer, and that God, when thus addressed in sincerity, is ever ready to hear.

'But,' said he, 'I have long slighted all God's entreaties and abused his mercies.'

'Alas,' I answered him, 'we have all done the same in times past, but God is slow to anger and ready to forgive.'

'I have had a pious mother and sister,' said he, 'to pray for me; but I would not heed them, and now I find that all my seeming morality was no morality in God's sight.'

'True,' I answered, 'there is no real morality without true piety towards God, but I must think that God has sent this calamity on you, and is now overruling it in mercy in answer to the prayers of your pious friends.'

During our repeated conversations, he addressed many short prayers to the throne of grace.

After his removal from the boat to the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Mr. Lytle, he desired I should be sent for to pray with him. Before I knew of this request, however, I called and found him making his will. In that instrument he inserted an expression of his faith in Christ, and deep sense of his merits. When he had finished his will, he begged all present to take notice that he had been a great sinner in the sight of God, and now desired nothing so much as reconciliation to God by Jesus Christ. He entreated all to pray for him, and when I had concluded an address to the throne of grace, he besought me not to cease to pray for him while he lived. I called on him again on the morning of the Eighteenth of November, and found him in the same frame of mind, supported by hope in God. The papers have since informed us that he has been called away to his eternal home. He was evidently a man of strong, sound intellect, and who can tell but that this steamboat disaster was appointed for his everlasting salvation.—*Ezra Stiles Ely.*

CHURCH IN LUNENBURG (concluded.)—Upon the departure of Mr. Ferryman, the Rev. Roger Aitken, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and late chaplain to his Majesty's forces at Moose Island—was appointed to the mission; and arrived at Lunenburg in the summer of 1817. He continued in charge until the year 1825, when after suffering for many months by ill health, he departed this life at Halifax, whither he had removed for the benefit of his health, and was interred in St. Paul's church yard. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, who had been assisting Mr. Aitken for some months before his death, in the duties of the parish.

In June 1826, the present Bishop, who had arrived from England in the previous November, visited Lunenburg, and consecrated the Church by the name of St. John—a ceremony, which, though the building had been so long erected, had from various causes never been performed. A confirmation was held at the same time, when nearly 200 persons presented themselves for the imposition of hands. The burial ground, which is held in common with the other congregations, was also consecrated, the ministers of the Lutheran, and German reformed churches, attending in their gowns. This was the first episcopal visit which the parish had enjoyed for the last eighteen years, and was highly gratifying to the people, and beneficial to the interests of the church, infusing new life into the slumbering energies of the parish, and renovating an attachment to the order and services of the Establishment. A congratulatory address was presented to the Bishop, by the Rector, Wardens and Vestry, and other inhabitants; and he was received with every mark of respect due to his sacred office, and to the weight of his personal character, as the untiring friend and important benefactor of the provincial church. Since that period, namely, in 1829, 1832, and 1834, his Lordship has held three confirmations in Lunenburg, at which about 200 persons received that apostolic rite;—and in July 1835, he consecrated by the name of St. James's chapel, a very neat and commodious church at Mahone Bay, which by the spirited exertions of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, aided by the ever-bountiful Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and some subscriptions at Halifax, had been completely finished and prepared for consecration in a very short space of time, and at comparatively small expense. It contains about 600 persons, and cost little more than £400. It is "beautiful for situation," adjoining the resting place of the dead, at the head of a fine and spacious bay, and surrounded by delightful scenery—"O how amiable are thy dwellings thou Lord of hosts."—For part of 1834 and 1835 the Rector was assisted by the Rev. T. C. Leaver and Rev. W. H. Snyder, who officiated chiefly at Mahone Bay. At present he performs service there every second Sunday.

A sketch of the parochial history during the present incumbency must be left for other hands. The writer contents himself in conclusion with briefly stating the condition of the parish now. Its dimensions are about 40 miles in length, with an average breadth of about 12 miles—population about 5,000, including all persuasions. Divine service is performed always twice on Sunday in the parish church, besides the semi-monthly duty at Mahone Bay, and the congregations are generally good, with such exceptions as those who, alas! in every place, are too apt to "forsake the assembling of themselves together." There is also an evening weekly lecture, held in the winter in the school-house, and in the summer in the church. There are six country stations at which the missionary regularly officiates, besides four others where he goes occasionally, all distant from town from 33 to 7 miles. It appears from the following abstract of his report for 1836, that in that year he preached 245 times—baptized 100—buried 13—married 16—and travelled 2250 miles. The whole number of communicants is 240. Of the parochial Sunday school, containing 200 children, some notice has already appeared. There is one at Mahone Bay, and there are others at various country stations. It may be truly said that there prevails here a very general respect for, and attach-

THERMOMETER

At Lunenburg, marked at noon—northern exposure.

	Average.	Maximum.	Minimum.
October.....	50½	64	36
November.....	41½	56	29
December.....	32½	50	10
January.....	27½	41	9

ment to, the Established Church, not only amongst its members, but in other denominations, the most numerous of which are the Lutheran, and German reformed, whose services are conducted in the German language. In surveying so extensive a field of labour, the mind of the solitary missionary is often cast down by the reflection, that his utmost endeavours are insufficient for its due cultivation. He laments and he prays for more labourers to help him in the plenteous harvest, to proclaim in every remote corner more frequently the blessed Gospel of Salvation, and administer the cheering ordinances of the Church of the Redeemer. And alas! to all this is added, the daily and hourly reflection that he is an unprofitable servant in his Master's vineyard, a reflection so painful as only to be soothed by the recollection that *that* Master is of great and tender mercy, and that it is not by the might or the wisdom of man that souls are to be gathered to Him, but by the powerful and sanctifying influence of His own blessed Spirit.—“Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!”

LUMINOUS APPEARANCE IN THE HEAVENS.—On Wednesday evening the 25th ultimo, about 8 o'clock, a remarkable appearance was observed here in the northern portion of the heavens, of a bright red colour, which we are informed (for we did not observe it ourselves) continued for several hours to such a degree as to cast a very perceptible glare upon the snow and the houses. We copy from the ‘Chronicle of the Church,’ (New Haven) an account of a somewhat similar appearance, lately remarked at Brussels:—

Luminous Phenomenon in the Heavens.—On Tuesday evening, the 18th ult. the town of Brussels was charmed by the appearance of a brilliant red light in the north, which looked like the reflection of a large fire at a distance; it, however, soon assumed the form of a dense illuminated cloud of vapour, of an intense vermilion color, which, separating into two distinct portions over the town of Brussels, one part went off in a direction to the W. N. W., and the other to the N., the former, suddenly dividing itself again into long horizontal lines of electrifying fire, at length disappeared. Accurate minutes of this phenomenon were taken by M. Quetelet, of Brussels, and Dr. Foster, of Cambridge, who happened to be passing through Belgium at the time, and who determined the altitude of the phenomenon to be very considerable, and that it was not an ordinary aurora borealis. A similar phenomenon is described in Bertholin's ‘Hist. de l'Electricite, Lyon, 1783;’ and also Dr. Foster's ‘Essai sur l'Influence des Cometes sur l'Atmosphere.’ The opinion entertained by modern astronomers, that the gaseous matter of the tails of comets may be attracted by our planet, and may descend to mix with our atmosphere, gives to these phenomena an additional interest, for since the late appearance of Halley's comet, as Dr. Foster observes, these meteors, produced by adventitious gases, have been very prevalent in indifferent parts of the world.—*English paper.*

CHURCH IN CANADA.—The Bishop of Montreal was to set out on a Visitation of the Lower Canada portion of his diocese on the 6th January, expecting to be thus engaged for eight or nine weeks. We observe from a late number of the New York Churchman, that the proceedings of the clerical Meeting at Toronto, which were published in a former number, have become the subject of animadversion. It appears also that those proceedings are as yet without the sanction of the Episcopal authorities of the diocese. In reference to the question of the Clergy Reserves in Upper Canada, a friend informs us,—

“That after assuming a variety of phases, it has come to a conclusion, like the last chapter of Rasselas, in which nothing is concluded. One party had been clamouring, to take them from the church and give them for General Education. Another, take them from the Church and give them among all sects, with a share to her according to her members and deserts. Another party demanded that they should be divided between the church of England and that of Scotland:—another, that the Methodists should be included with them, and the rest excluded. They all agreed, however, in resisting the exclusive claim of the Established Church. The last assembly, like former assemblies, had passed their judgment against that claim;—but the Legislative Council had ably maintained the just pretensions of the Church of England, in a most elaborate report, which I believe, was adopted by that body. In this new house of Assembly, the matter has

been again discussed; and as the instructions given by the Secretary of State to Sir Francis Head, had left the matter, as Lord Goderich had thrown it before the assembly—to be taken up, according to their fancies, in its whole length and breadth,—they have accordingly taken it up and laid it down as broad as it is long. They would not entertain the proposition, which the last assembly had favoured, of devoting the Reserves to general education. It was then proposed to divide them among all religious persuasions, but that was not carried; and finally the assembly came to a resolve, that they ought to be applied to the religious and moral instruction of the people at large,—this was carried by a large majority. This appears only to put the disputable position in a new disputable form.”

LENT—As we have now entered upon this season, appointed by the Church for the special exercises of humiliation and repentance, we extract from a standard work (Wheatley) the following explanatory notices respecting it:—

Shrove Tuesday—The Tuesday after Quinquagesima-Sunday is generally called Shrove-Tuesday; a name given it from the old Saxon words *Shrive*, *Shrift* or *Shroec*, which in that language signifies to confess; it being a constant custom amongst the Roman Catholics to confess their sins on that day, in order to receive the blessed Sacrament, and thereby qualify themselves for a more religious observation of the holy time of Lent immediately ensuing. But this in process of time was turned into a custom of invitations, and their taking their leave of flesh and other dainties; and afterwards, by degrees, into sports and merriments, which still in that Church make up the whole business of the Carnival.

Ash Wednesday—The name of Ash-Wednesday proceeded from a custom in the ancient discipline, which began very early to be exercised on this day; an account whereof we have in Gratian as follows:—

On the first day of Lent the penitents were to present themselves before the Bishop clothed with sackcloth, with naked feet, and eyes turned to the ground: and this was to be done in the presence of the principal of the clergy of the diocese, who were to judge of the sincerity of their repentance. These introduced them into the church, where the Bishop, all in tears, and the rest of the Clergy, repeated the seven penitential psalms. Then rising from prayers, they threw ashes upon them, and covered their heads with sackcloth; and then with mournful sighs declared to them, that as Adam was thrown out of Paradise, so they must be thrown out of the church. Then the Bishop commanded the officers to turn them out of the church-doors; and all the clergy followed after, repeating that curse upon Adam, *In the sweat of thy brows shall thou eat thy bread.* The like penance was inflicted upon them the next time the Sacrament was administered, which was the Sunday following. And all this was done to the end that the penitents, observing how great a disorder the Church was in by reason of their crimes, should not lightly esteem of penance.

Though this discipline was severe, yet the many good consequences of it shewed it worthy the imitation of all churches in succeeding ages; and our own particular heartily bewails the want of it: but till she can be so happy as to succeed in discharging those obligations she lies under to restore it, she supplies that want, by adding to her ordinary service a very proper and suitable office called the *Communion*, in which to bring the minds of the congregation into a serious composure, the office is introduced with a grave and solemn Preface; by which the Church informs them, in the first place, of the ancient discipline, and then proposes to them the best means to supply it. The ancient discipline, she tells them, was to put those to open shame, who by any notorious sins had given public scandal and offence. By which means both the souls of those that sinned were often rescued from damnation, that others also being admonished by their example, were deterred from incurring the same danger of punishment. But as this discipline is now lost through the degeneracy of the times, and even beyond retrieval as affairs stand now, she proposes that the congregation would supply it to themselves, by hearing the Curses which God has denounced against impenitent Sinners; by which means, as in a glass, each one will be able to discern his own Sins, and the Curses he is exposed to; the serious prospect of which will be apt to awaken them from their thoughtlessness and security, and

to put them upon flying from such imminent danger, by having recourse to a speedy repentance.

The original of repeating the Curses, in the manner we now use them, was a positive and divine institution, which twice enjoined it by Moses, and in obedience to which we find Joshua afterwards most religiously observed it. And Josephus also reckons it amongst those things which the Jews always used to perform. And though the circumstances in the Jewish manner of reciting these Curses were purely ceremonial, yet doubtless the end for which this duty was prescribed was truly moral. For to publish the equity and truth of God, and to profess our belief that his laws are righteous, and the sanctions thereof just and certain, is an excellent means of glorifying God, and a proper method for converting of sinners. So that it cannot be unfit for the Gospel-times, nor at all unsuitable to our Christian worship; especially when the necessities of the Church require the sinner should be warned and brought to repentance. Christ indeed hath taken away the Curse of the Law, by being himself made a Curse for us: but this is only with respect to those that truly repent; for as to all others the Curse stands in full force still. It is therefore fit, that all should declare their belief of the truth and reasonableness of these Curses: the good man, to own what his sins had deserved, and to acknowledge his obligation to our Lord for redeeming him; the bad man, to awaken him from his security and ease, and to bring him to repentance before it be too late.

For this reason all the People, as those sentences are read, are to answer and say, at the end of each of them, *Amen.* The end of which is not that the people should curse themselves and their neighbours, as some have foolishly imagined; but only that they should acknowledge they have deserved a Curse. For it is not here said, *Cursed be he, or may he be cursed;* but *cursed is he or he is cursed,* that is guilty of any of these sins. And consequently any one that answers *Amen,* does not signify his desire, that the thing may be so, as he does when he says *Amen,* to a Prayer; but only signifies his assent to the truth of what is affirmed, as he does when he says *Amen* to the Creed. It is used in this place in no other sense, than it is in several parts of the New Testament, where it is translated *Verily,* and signifies no more than *Verily it is true.* The man that says it, verily believes, that Idolaters, and all those other kinds of sinners that are mentioned in these sentences, are all exposed to the Curse of God; and his believing this is the cause of his repentance, and begging pardon for his sins; since he must be a desperate sinner indeed, that will not fly from such vices, for which he affirms with his own mouth so great and heavy a Judgment to be due. In short, these Curses, and the Answers that are made to them, are like our Saviour's Woes in the Gospel; not the causes or producers of the evil they denounce; but compassionate predictions of it in order to prevent it. And one would indeed think, when we consider, that this manner of answering was originally appointed by God himself, people should be cautious how they charge it with being a wicked or foolish institution.

THE LEGISLATURE assembled according to proclamation, on the 31st ultimo; and the mail last evening brought us the report of their first proceedings. We wish they were more worthy of approbation than they are. The late hour at which we saw the paper, prevents our doing more than expressing the regret and astonishment with which we read the announcement that the deliberations of the Assembly are now to be begun, continued, and ended, without acknowledging a God above them, and seeking a blessing and direction from HIM, by whose providence all things in Heaven and earth are ordered. If this be the first step in the course of REFORM, what will be the last? In other countries, where Religion and its Ministers have been dispensed with, the subversion of law and government has not been far behind. We are thankful that in this province, if there be a few that have such a spirit, they are as yet devoid of the power to go so far.—We were prepared for a proposal to admit dissenting Ministers to the office of Chaplain, but not for the decision, that prayers are unnecessary in the gravest assembly of the land. It is some comfort to see that this grievous step was opposed by 18 members, and we are refreshed also by the mild and dignified rebuke which the measure has called forth from the highly respectable Body which happily forms the second branch of the Legislature, and which, we pray, may long be preserved from such large principles of religious freedom.”

POETRY.

From the (London) Christian Observer.

WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home? oh tell me where!—
Not in scenes of grief and care;
Not 'mid strife, and pain, and wo:
Therefore home is not below.

In a better land afar,
A Father's house, home's mansions are;
In the bowers of paradise,
Where peace abides, and never flies;

Where no arrow wounds the dove,
Where no parting is for love,
Where are no rough seas of foam,
Where joy dwelleth—there is home!

Where no blight is in the rose,
Where no storm the lily knows,
Where never fades the blossom fair—
Home, dear friend! is there, is there!

PRAY ON.

Pray on! pray on! great things are done
By prayer, and mighty victories won!
Pray on! pray on! and never cease;
Prayer is our armour, strength, and peace!

Pray on! pray on! and faint thou not:
What were we on this earthly spot,
Without that refuge, sure and blest,
A Father's ear, a Father's breast!

MEMOIR OF THE REV. BASIL WOODD.

By the Rev. S. C. Wilks.

The late Rev. Basil Woodd, M. A., was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. She lost her husband nearly seven months before the birth of her son, who was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 5th of August, 1760. By the Divine mercy, through the spiritual counsels of affectionate friends—among whom her son has gratefully recorded the names of Dr. and Mrs. Conyers, the elder Mr. Venn, and the mother of that beloved and revered friend of mankind, Dr. Wilberforce—her affliction was the means of leading her to God; and she was thus enabled to commit herself, a widow, and her fatherless child, to Him who has invited the fatherless and widows to put their trust in him. Her mind being now, by one stroke, severed from worldly prospects, and rent from the love of the creature, she began more anxiously to seek the knowledge and love of the Creator. 'She had from early life,' says her son—who loved with thankful heart to recount her excellencies, and those of several others of his beloved relatives, whose scattered memorials he had just been collecting for publication, when the stroke of death came upon him—'She had from early life been of a devout turn of mind, a strict observer of moral duties and the ritual of religion; but now, in the day of adversity, she was brought to deeper views of the depravity of her heart, and the need she stood in of a Saviour; she perceived the insufficiency of her own righteousness, and the necessity of being born again.' From this happy period, to a disposition naturally benign and amiable were added the graces of the Holy Spirit; and the christian motive of love to her Redeemer gave life and spirituality to her moral duties. 'Religious exercises,' adds her son, 'which hitherto she had not regarded higher than a devout form of godliness, now became her soul's delight. She ordinarily retired three times in the day for private prayer; and in every department of life, she was a lovely ornament of the truth as it is in Jesus.'

The excellencies of this admirable woman will justify a somewhat larger digression, as it was to her maternal instructions and example, under the Divine blessing, that her affectionate son ever attributed it that he had early learned 'to love the ways of God.' She had borne him in sorrow; she had committed his feeble infancy to the care of that fatherly Providence which had been her own support, and which he

was often accustomed to say had been his also; she had nurtured him in the ways of God and the love of his Redeemer; she was spared to see him enter the sacred ministry, and become an honoured instrument of spiritual benefit to others, as a faithful and affectionate servant of Jesus Christ; and then she departed in peace to that better world, where he has now rejoined her. To separate the memorial of her son from hers, would be injustice to both. The biographer of St. Augustine fondly dwells on the maternal virtues of Monica; nor did an inspired penman detach the name of Timothy from Lois and Eunice. Besides which, the best instruction of the narrative would be lost, if it were not shown how faithful is God to his promises to those parents, who make it their first endeavour to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and how affecting in after life are the reminiscences of a sainted mother's tears, how indelible her hallowed lessons, how powerful her prayers. Let parents, let children, listen—and oh that the latter may be able to do so with devout sympathy, and the former with consolation, and both without occasion for self-reproach!—to the declarations of this venerable man respecting his only parent; for he had never gazed on the countenance of a father, and had he rejected her maternal counsel, there was no ruder hand to curb the impetuosity of headstrong youth. But the promises of God are to the weak as well as the strong; and the desolate mother, who makes Him her confidence, and would bring up her fatherless children only to His glory, adding her example to her instructions, and her prayers to her tears, may cherish a consoling confidence that God will not forsake her, or frustrate her pious endeavours. But then, let her be, what this excellent woman was,—not a soft, sentimental professor of religion; not a flippant caviller or captious controvertist about speculative theorems; not a woman talking of godliness, and living to the world; not a giddy pursuer after new doctrines, new societies, new preachers, and neglecting all that is vital, holy, and energetic in the faith and practice of a disciple of Jesus Christ, but 'a lovely ornament,' for so this affectionate son pictures his revered parent, 'of the truth as it is in Jesus;' adding, 'The whole of her deportment was calculated to win my early attention to religion. I saw in her what it could do; how happy (how cheerful! how humble! how holy! how lovely in life, and afterwards in death! how full of mercy and good fruits it could render the happy possessor!' Yet, with this amiable lustre of character, while no other person doubted of her eternal safety, she was full of doubts and fears herself: she was self-suspicious, and dreaded judging too favourably of her own religious character. Sermons, therefore, which urged and assisted self-examination, as well as those which exhibited the glory and free grace of the Saviour, were peculiarly acceptable to her. Yet she had a hope—a good hope, through grace—which she would not give up, though she rejoiced with trembling; and when sickness and infirmity came upon her, and the mortal frame was sinking in lassitude and depression, this hope became more animated, and waxed brighter and brighter to the perfect day. 'When she believed her end to be approaching,' continues her filial biographer, 'God visited her soul with more peculiar manifestations of the light of his Divine countenance; and she seemed to be gradually filled with unspeakable joy, as the day drew nigh which for ever terminated all her sorrow.' Her secret diary, unknown even to her son in her life time, records her fervent prayers and aspirations. Thus, for example, she says in one of the last passages which her feebleness allowed her to pen: 'Oh keep me, and save me, blessed Lord; I give myself to thee! Oh bring me to those blessed mansions of peace, where I shall be able to praise thee; where I shall be delivered from the painful clog of this body, which weighs down my soul! Prepare me for thy coming. Oh make me watchful, and ready to meet Thee, when thou shalt be pleased to send thy messenger, death, for me! Make the pain I continually feel of use to me. I cannot be long here: oh quicken my soul! fix my affections upon heavenly things; give me clearer views; give me a sense of pardoned sin; wash me in thy precious blood; clothe me with thy perfect righteousness; conform me more to thy Divine image, and help me to meet death as a kind friend come to fetch me home to thee! Amen, Amen.' And after she

was unable to write, she dictated to the venerable clergyman, her pastor, her dying farewell; in which she says: 'I am dying, and not afraid; I trust I am going to my Father's house! I never was so happy in all the days of my life! I would write to tell you what my soul feels in this blessed prospect, that I might bear my testimony to His grace; that I might refresh your soul, who have so often refreshed mine; and tell you what joy I feel in this prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven—and my dear child too!' And she has met him: now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, he has rejoined her; and who can say that in that world of knowledge and recognition, he may not even now look back with love and gratitude to those maternal prayers and unaltered instructions, which his God and Father so eminently blessed and answered?

The same evening on which she dictated the above letter, she addressed her son, in language which, now becomes doubly emphatic. On his return from his beloved labours at his church of St. Peter's, she accosted him, 'Oh, I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies; I shall soon be there; and, oh, I shall be glad to receive you to it! you shall come in to go out no more! If ever you have a family, tell your children that they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed, and tell your partner, I shall be happy to see her in heaven—Son, I exhort you to preach the gospel; preach it faithfully, and boldly; fear not the face of man: endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer, to poor weak souls. I heartily wish you success; may you be useful to the souls of many!' Towards the conclusion of that evening, she addressed her son in words which he delighted to repeat: when, after speaking of the boundless love of Christ, and his salvation, she added, 'It is a glorious salvation; a free, unmerited salvation; a full, complete salvation; a perfect, eternal salvation: it is a deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want: it is all I can now wish for in death; it is all I shall want in eternity.'

Thus did this excellent mother breathe out her soul for a few days more, till she was peacefully translated from her couch of sickness to her eternal rest. Her beloved son's name was the last on her lips; and truly was her hope respecting him fulfilled; that hope which she expressed by repeating to him the words of a friend, who, adopting the consolation offered to Monica respecting Augustine, had said, 'Go home, and be at peace; the child of those tears can never perish.'

To be continued.

THE BIBLE.

What is the reason that the Bible is at the present day so generally banished from schools as a book for exercising in reading? Does any other book afford greater variety for exercising a pupil in the art of reading? If not read at school, will it be so likely to be read in after life? If not read and studied in youth, can its truths and moral precepts be so strongly impressed on the mind in after life? Would it not be better to make the Bible a class-book for reading lessons in all our schools? Has not the banishment of this book from our schools, for so long a period, been one of the causes operating to pave the way for the general lawlessness and mobocracy at present stalking over the land? Can any one venture to answer this question in the negative? If this cannot be answered in the negative, ought not the friends of Christianity to have it speedily restored to our schools?—*Whellington Times.*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY
E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

Where Subscriptions, &c. will be thankfully received.
Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d.
Half to be paid in ADVANCE.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.
General Agent—G. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.
Communications to be addressed (POST PAID) to the
Editors of the Colonial Churchman, Lunenburg, N. S.

A few copies of BELCHER'S TEMPERANCE AL-
MANACK for 1837, may be had at this Office.