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*Dr. Wm. Henry Pledge*

# NEW-BRUNSWICK RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will toward men."

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1829.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

OBITUARY AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. SAMUEL TRAWIN.

(One of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society,) who died at Berhampore, in Bengal, August 3, 1827.

THE following particulars are extracted from a communication to the Directors by the Rev. Micajah Hill, one of the Society's Missionaries at Berhampore; and from a Funeral Sermon, preached in Union Chapel, Calcutta, by the Rev. James Hill, on occasion of Mr. Trawin's death.

Of Mr. Trawin's death, Mr. Micajah Hill thus speaks—

Our dear Brother has felt his constitution giving way for the last two years; but he could not think of returning to England, even for a season, till we had more assistance. Mrs. Trawin's health also required a change of climate: to try if a change of air would prolong her life for another year's service, he accompanied her to our station; but told me, on his arrival, that the Lord had graciously disappointed his fears, as he did not expect that she would live to reach Berhampore. Alas! he himself was nearer than she to the eternal world. He arrived here on the 19th July; preached for me, in English, on the Sabbath following; and returned to Fendall Baugh (the residence of David Dalo, Esq.—the friend of Missions,) seven miles from Berhampore, whither Mrs. Trawin had been invited, on account of the salubrity of the place. On Monday, symptoms of a severe cold were exchanged for those of a Bengal fever; which gradually increased until Friday Morning, the 3d of August, when he rested from his labours.

On the 22d of July, his eldest child was seized with the yellow fever, and languished till the 10th of August, when she joined her Father in glory. Her last (audible) words were, *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* Our dear Sister, Mrs. Trawin, from these afflictive bereavements, and other causes, became so weak as not to be able to walk across the room without assistance: her infant felt the effects of the mother's grief, and we became anxious lest the mother and her infant should be soon interred in the same grave which had so lately received the remains of the father and eldest daughter. It has, however, pleased the Lord to spare them both: the child has recovered, and Mrs. Trawin is partially restored.

From Mr. Hill's account of the progress of the disease and the state of Mr. Trawin's mind, we extract what follows:—

**Sunday: July 22, 1827.**—Our departed friend preached his last sermon in public, at Berhampore, from Eph. iv. 30. Before the Service he complained of a cold and pains in his joints, and his voice was weaker than usual. He returned that evening to Fendall Baugh.

**Monday.**—A friend went over, and found him unwell: he was advised to have recourse to medicine. Feverish symptoms soon appeared, both in himself and his eldest daughter.

**Tuesday.**—A note from Mrs. Trawin informed us that he was rather worse.

**Wednesday.**—Intelligence being received of his having become worse, we lost no time in visiting him; and found him, on our arrival, in a high state of fever, and labouring under much depression of spirit. On being questioned, by one present whether he was happy in mind, he replied, "No: dark and gloomy." During the night he was exceedingly restless: frequently he requested Mr. Trawin to go and pray for him.

**Thursday.**—His depression of mind continued, and he inquired of Mrs. Trawin if she had any doubt respecting his state. She replied, "No: not the shadow of one." "That" said he, with emphasis, "is comfort: I trust I am safe;" and remarked concerning the danger of deceiving our own souls. Throughout the next day he was much in prayer.

In the night the fever and restlessness increased, and his disorder began to assume an alarming appearance.

**Friday.**—He still complained of darkness and fears, and betrayed some anxiety for the issue of his sickness. He was, however, much comforted on hearing several passages of Scripture repeated, with some verses from a favorite Hymn. He repeated these passages with much delight; and for a time seemed engaged in fervent prayer, and then fell asleep. His daughter's disease had also now become alarming, and required the constant attendance of Mrs. Trawin. Our dear Brother felt much for his beloved partner in this season of distress; and, on being assured by her that she was even better than she had been for some time, he was affected almost to tears, and fervently gave thanks to God for this proof of His love.

**Saturday.**—He was this morning very ill. A friend inquired of him what were his prospects for eternity, should his Divine Master call him home. He said, with earnestness, "Oh! if He will not cast me off forever!" He was answered, "Did you ever know Him to cast off any that fled to Him for refuge?" When, after a few minutes pause, he said, "Oh! my dear Brother, what a comfortable word is that! how much good it has done me!—Did you ever know!—no, NEVER!—Then I will die trusting in Him: it has been very dark for some days past, but now my fears are all removed." He meditated some time on the glorious fact, which had been so blessed to his soul, when he endeavored to testify his gratitude in every way for what he considered such kindness. From this time till the moment in which his happy spirit left its tenement of clay, not a doubt was suffered to perplex his mind, nor a fear to disturb his peace. When Mrs. Trawin entered the room, he exclaimed, "Oh! my Love! the cloud is removed! I have had such a delightful view of my interest in Christ, and such a meditation on the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that the joy and glory appear almost too much for my frail body;" and several times he repeated the words "EVERLASTING LOVE!"

**Sunday: July 29.**—Mrs. Hill said to him, "My dear Mr. Trawin, do you still feel happy?" He replied, "Oh! yes; Christ is precious—He is altogether lovely. My dear wife!—my dear children!" "The Lord," she remarked "will take care of them: He has promised, and He will perform." He rejoined, "Yes, I think He will: they are included in the covenant;" and then added, "I am very ill." He was answered, "Yes; but an hour in heaven will amply compensate for a life of pain." With emotion he said, "Yes!" and then joined in repeating those beautiful lines—

"Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
Oh! what joy the sight affords!  
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

Toward the morning, his pain seemed to increase, and he said, "Oh! this perishing body! it is so weak: I am a poor creature!" It was remarked, "Yes, poor, but making many rich." He replied, "What a delightful thought! Yes, perhaps God has made me the instrument of making some few rich in faith."

**Monday.**—Great debility and symptoms of delirium prevented him from conversing much to day: he, however, occasionally repeated various texts of Scripture, which were mentioned by those in attendance on him: at one time, though unable to speak much, he expressed great pleasure on hearing some observations relative to the sovereignty of God, that nothing could occur without His permission, and that all circumstances, whether pleasing or distressing to us, would tend to the advancement of God's glory.

**Tuesday and Wednesday.**—He was frequently in prayer: but his voice was so weak, that only a few expressions could be distinguished.

**Thursday, Aug. 3.**—About half-past four o'clock this morning, the intensity of the fever caused him to exclaim, that he felt flames within him, and he

knew that they were the flames of death: he desired that Mrs. Trawin might be called, who, having watched all night by the side of her afflicted daughter, had just retired to rest: when she entered the room strong delirium had seized him, from which he did not recover till half-past six.

About two in the afternoon, he opened his eyes, when Mrs. Hill asked him if he knew her: he replied, "Not know you!—yes my dear Mrs. Hill, you have been very kind to me: the Lord will reward you: and tell my dear brother Hill how I love him—he has been with me all my sickness—he has given me comfort when distressed in mind: I am now going to Heaven, and will welcome him there, and will pray for you all: for my dear Mary, and for—." Here his voice failed.

The cause of the Mission lay near his heart; he frequently mentioned the different stations with peculiar feelings of gratitude and joy. A few hours before his death, he mistook an attendant for a Gentleman who has ever been a friend to the Mission Cause, and said to him, "Will you, my dear Friend, be the Father of the Mission Family? The Missionaries have much to contend with in their work. The people are ignorant, and have no desire to be instructed; but they must be taught. You, I hope, will not forsake the cause." Here his feelings overcame him.

About half-past eight in the evening, he imagined himself in the midst of a large audience of Europeans, and began to address them from—*Ye must be born again.* He continued speaking more than ten minutes; he pointed out the nature and necessity of regeneration; directed them to Christ, as the *Source of the Truth, and the Life*: and concluded by an affectionate appeal to the hearts of those whom he thought he was addressing: he then proposed kneeling down and uniting in prayer; but, overcome with the exertion of speaking, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep. He spoke no more; but continued breathing regularly until twelve o'clock, when respiration became more rapid and his bosom heaved with difficulty. In this season of affliction, we assembled round the bed of the dying saint, and poured out our souls before God. Soon after we had risen from our knees, without a struggle or a groan, his spirit was ushered into the presence of its God.

Mr. Hill thus closes his narrative—

Throughout the whole of his illness, the graces of the Spirit shone conspicuous in his deportment. Acquiescence in the will of God was observable in every word and look. Humility was a prominent feature in his character: during his sickness, he cherished low thoughts of himself, and felt that he was indebted to sovereign grace for all he was permitted to enjoy. His gratitude to his friends, on receiving the least attention was almost painful to those who excited the feeling: he was constantly saying, "I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness." His dependence and hope were scriptural: the Enemy of Souls was permitted for the first few days to buffet him: during this time nothing afforded him consolation; but when the cloud was removed, and he was enabled by faith to see God reconciled to him through Jesus Christ, he rejoiced in the prospect of beholding the glory of God. During the delirium, it was no difficult task to ascertain the object which was uppermost in his mind: Christ was the theme, and the glory of God in the conversion of the world the substance, of unconnected and unfinished sentences.

From the Funeral Sermon by Mr. James Hill, we collect the following view of the Character of the deceased Missionary, and the circumstances under which that Character unfolded itself. Mr. Hill has here drawn a picture of the trials of Missionaries in India, which ought to awaken sympathy and to quicken prayer in their behalf.

Our departed friend was not a man of splendid talents, nor of extensive attainments; to these he made no pretensions. While, however, not one of this order, he was a striking and instructive exam-

plo of a man, who, by undivided attention and singleness of aim, threw out to its utmost extent every faculty which he possessed. He always acted like a man who felt that he had one thing to do, namely, to make full proof of his ministry.

With the vow which he took of the nature and responsibility of his calling, he had neither time nor talents to expend in pursuits, which for a Missionary, might be of a dubious character as to utility, and, at most, but secondary in importance. Having acquired the vernacular tongue of the country, and seeing himself surrounded by myriads of immortal beings who were all perishing for lack of that knowledge which he had to impart, he wanted no second object of pursuit. Directing sinners to the Lamb of God—this object filled all his soul!

As a Preacher of the Gospel, many present can testify how uniformly he aimed at the conversion of his hearers; warning them and entreating them with tears. But whatever he was as an English Preacher, this, as it formed no part of his leading object, was his lowest attainment: it is in the character of a Missionary to the Heathen, that his worth is to be estimated; or rather, in which he appears inestimable. His knowledge of the language of the country, which was rather popular and useful than critical and profound, (another illustration of his oneness of aim,) qualified him to address the Natives with the greatest precision and effect; while his deportment toward them was so easy, and yet so respectful, so affectionate, and yet by no means vulgarly familiar, that it, at once, commanded their reverence and invited their confidence: they loved him as their brother, and esteemed him as their spiritual guide.

Familiarly acquainted and constantly in contact with the obscenity of Idol Worship and the debased morals of Heathens, his mind never lost its sensibility; it was a stream which preserved its sweetness amidst the bitterness of the ocean. Of this trait in his character, few can fully appreciate the value, who have not been placed in similar circumstances: the prevalence of vice begets familiarity, and familiarity grows into indifference: all the feelings of the heart are benumbed into torpor or hardened into contempt. But, with him, sin never lost its turpitude by being common; nor did vice appear less odious and loathsome, because it every where presented itself to his view. With the increase of his knowledge of the character and condition of Heathens, kept pace his sympathy and deep concern for their eternal welfare. How ardently did he long, how fervently did he pray; how diligently and indefatigably did he labour, for their salvation! Nor will those, who knew him, soon forget the constant serenity, the holy cheerfulness, which rested on his countenance. *Wisdom's ways were to him ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.* His heart seemed never so full of joy as when his whole time was occupied in the service of his Divine Lord.

Many lovely features in his character, as a private Christian, as a husband and a father, might, would the decorum of a Public Service admit, be brought forward greatly to the honor of his memory. The Rev. Mr. Townley, than whom none knew him better or esteemed and loved him more, said to a Missionary about to embark for this country—"And there you will meet with Brother Trawin; a man made up of humility, faith, and prayer." Perhaps there are not, in the English Language, three words which would more accurately delineate his private character as a Christian. A man he was of a meek and quiet spirit, humble in mind, simple and unostentatious in manners, shrinking from, rather than courting observation, and esteeming others better than himself. Deeply conscious of his own imperfections and his utter sinfulness in the sight of God, he fixed his hopes of salvation on the foundation which God has laid in the meditation of His Son. Here, as on a rock, he had placed his hope, which brightened as the darkness of death and the shadows of the grave set in around him.

We might here mention, were it not that there appears to be something indecorous in exposing to public view that part of the history of a good man which was never intended to be known—his habits of secret prayer and his private walk with God. It is enough to say, that he was a man of prayer: this was the element in which he lived, and moved, and breathed.

There are sufferings connected with the duties of Missionaries in India, which, lighting immediately on the spirit, inflict a wound which will not heal.

The climate, by destroying their health, and undermining their constitution, deprives them of their energy; and men, who engaged in the work full of vigour and full of hope, often feel their arm unstrung by the spirit of despondency. The swiftness of their number, contrasted with the unlightness of their task, is another source of suffering: it may be supposed that it would have an opposite effect, and would rouse to greater efforts, and stimulate to more noble endeavours; but such suppositions are not supported by facts, unless where the means bear a much greater proportion to the end to be accomplished than they do in India: it operates here like a ponderous weight, which a man feels himself utterly inadequate to lift, and therefore either relinquishes the attempt or applies to it but half his energies. They ought, it will be said, to maintain their hold of the promises of the Holy Spirit, by which they would enlist Omnipotence on their side: of this they are conscious; but the mind, though firmly persuaded of the truth of a sentiment, is not always in such possession or has not always such hold of it, as to hang upon it, and raise itself up by it from a state of dejection and almost despair; in minds of the most lively faith, there are dark and cloudy days: long-experienced unsuccessfulness makes them despond; and they go to their work as persons who scarcely hope to prevail: the promises seem to have withdrawn their brightness: their sun is confounded, and their moon ashamed: they prophesy in sackcloth, and *hope almost against hope.* How often, moreover, do they see their fairest prospects blighted, and their brightest hopes vanish like a dream! where they expected fruit, they gather tares: even when converts are made, who can describe the solicitude and anxiety which they occasion to the faithful Missionary! After his converts have advanced as he supposed, far in the graces of the Spirit, how much he is pained to discover the remains of vices, which he can scarcely reconcile with the existence of the very elements of Christianity!

Conceive a Missionary, not only from day to day, but from year to year, prosecuting his labours under trials like these: yet such were some of the trials under which our lamented friend prosecuted his, without abating his ardour or remitting his diligence. In the morning he sowed his seed, and in the evening withheld not his hand; and more than six years elapsed of unwearying toil, before he saw a single instance of conversion by his exertions. At the close of that period, it pleased God to bless his labours among the Heathen; from which time the scene has been growing progressively more interesting around him: converts have been made in several villages—a Church of Native Christians has been organized—and a general concern on the subject of Salvation excited, which continued up to the moment of his death—a mystery in Providence which we cannot unravel, but to which we would humbly and submissively bow.



#### CHARACTER OF ADDISON AND HIS PROSE WRITINGS.

If any judgment be made from his book, nothing will be found in Mr. Addison's moral character but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind, indeed, less extensive than his, will show, that to write and to live are very different. Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness, and others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principle. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, above all Greek, above all Roman fame. No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual

plensure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from leanness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having turned many to righteousness.

As a describer of life and manners, Mr. Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humour is peculiar to himself, and is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never oversteps the modesty of nature, or raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He covers life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor implacably rigid. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-voiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style: on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling, pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction: he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transition and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed. He is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected heaviness; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.—Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.—Johnson.

#### CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

##### BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

It is not unknown that, at the Hampton-Court Conference, several alterations were proposed by Dr. Reynolds and his associates to be made in the *Liturgy* then in common use, as well as the Bible. These however were in general objected to by the King, and only a few changes made, which shall be mentioned below. While on this part of the subject, it may not be unacceptable to the Reader to hear how the present *Liturgy* was compiled; and who the persons were, to whom this work was assigned; a work almost universally esteemed by the devout and pious of every denomination, and the greatest effort of the Reformation, next to the translation of the Scriptures into the English language. The word *Liturgy* is derived, according to some, from *prayer*, and *work*, and signifies literally the *work* or *labour of prayer* or *supplication*; and he who labours not in his prayers, prays not at all; or, more properly, from *public* or *common*, and *work*, denoting the *common* or *public work of Prayer, Thanksgiving, &c.* in which it is the duty of every person to engage; and from, to supplicate comes *Prayers*, and hence, *LITURGY, supplication, a collection of prayers, in the Liturgy, or public service of the Church.* Previously to the reign of Henry VIII. the *Liturgy* was all said or sung in *Latin*; but the *Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in 1536,* were translated into *English*, for the use of the common people, by the King's command. In 1545, the *Liturgy* was also permitted in *English*; as Fuller expresses it, "and this was the farthest pace the reformation step in the Reign of Henry the Eighth."

In the first year of Edward VI. 1547, it was re-com-manded to certain grave and learned Bishops and others, then assembled by order of the King, at Windsor Castle, to draw up a *Communion Service*, and to revise and reform all other offices in the Divine Service: this service was accordingly printed and published, and strongly recommended by special letters from Seymour, Lord Protector, and the other Lords of the Council. The persons who compiled this work were the following:

1. THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
2. George Day Bishop of Chichester.
3. Thomas Goodrick, Bishop of Ely.
4. John Skip, Bishop of Hereford.
5. Henry Holbench, Bishop of Lincoln.
6. NICHOLAS RIDLET, Bishop of Rochester.
7. Thomas Thirlby, Bishop of Westminster.
8. Doctor May, Dean of St. Paul's.
9. John Taylor then Dean, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.
10. Doctor Haines, Dean of Exeter.
11. Doctor Robinson, afterwards Dean of Durham.
12. Doctor John Redman, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
13. Doctor Richard Cox, then Almoner to the King, and afterwards Bishop of Ely.

It is worthy of remark, that as the first translators, of the Scriptures into the English language, were several of them, persecuted unto death, by the Papists, so, some of the chief of those who translated the *Book of Common Prayer*. (Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Ridley,) were burnt alive by the same cruel faction.

This was what Mr. Fuller calls the *first Edition of the Common Prayer*. Some objections having been made to this work by Mr. John Calvin abroad, and some learned men at home, particularly in reference to the *Commemoration of the Dead*, the use of *Chrism*, and *Extreme Unction*, it was ordered by a Statute in Parliament, (5 and 6 of Edward VI) that it should be *faithfully and godly perused, explained, and made fully perfect*. The chief alterations made in consequence of this order were these: the *General Confession*, and *Absolution* were added, and the *Communion Service* was made to begin with the *Ten Commandments*; the use of *Oil in Confirmation and Extreme Unction*, was left out, also *Prayers for the Dead*: and certain expressions that had a tendency to countenance the doctrine of *transubstantiation*.

The same persons to whom the compiling of the *Communion Service* was entrusted, were employed in this revision, which was completed and published in 1548. On the accession of Queen Mary, this Liturgy was abolished, and the *Prayer Book* as it stood in the last year of Henry VIII. commanded to be used in its place. In the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1559, the former Liturgy was restored, but it was subjected to a further revision, by which some few passages were altered, and the petition in the Litany for being delivered from the tyranny, and all the detestable enormities of the Bishop of Rome, left out, in order that conscientious Catholics might not be prevented from joining in the common service. This being done, it was presented to Parliament, and by them received and established, and the Act for Uniformity, which is usually printed with the Liturgy, published by the Queen's authority, and sent throughout the nation. The persons employed in this revision were the following:

1. Master Whitehead, once Chaplain to Queen Anna Bullen.
2. Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.
3. Edmund Grindall, afterwards Bishop of London.
4. Richard Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely.
5. James Pilkington, afterwards Bishop of Durham.
6. Doctor May, Dean of St. Paul's and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
7. Sir Thomas Smith, Principal Secretary of State.

Of these Drs. Cox and May were employed on the first edition of this work, as appears by the preceding list.

In the first year of King James, 1604, another revision took place, and a few alterations were made, which consisted principally in the addition of some prayers and thanksgivings, some alteration in the Rubrics relative to the *Absolution*, to the *Confirmation*, and to the office of *Private Baptism*, with the addition of that part of the *Catechism*, which contains the *Doctrine of the Sacraments*. The other additions were, *A Thanksgiving for diverse Benefits*—*A Thanksgiving for fair Weather*—*A Thanksgiving for Plenty*—*A Thanksgiving for Peace and Victory*, and *A Thanksgiving for Deliverance from the Plague*. See the Instrument in Rymer, vol. xvi. p. 565. &c. When the work was thus completed, a royal Proclamation was issued, bearing date March 1st, 1604, in which the King gave an account of the Hampton Court Conference, the alterations that had been made by himself and his Clergy in the *Book of Common Prayer*, commanding it, and none other, to be used throughout the Kingdom. See the Instrument, Rymer, volume xvi. p. 575.

In this state the *Book of Common Prayer*, continued till the reign of Charles II. who, the 25th of October, 1660, granted his Commission under the Great Seal of England, to several Bishops and Divines, to review the *Book of Common Prayer*, and to prepare such alterations and additions as they thought fit to offer." In the following year, the King assembled the convocations of both the Provinces of *Canterbury and York*, and "authorized the Presidents of those Convocations, and other, the Bishops and Clergy of the same, to review the said *Book of Common Prayer*," &c. requiring them, "after mature consideration, to make such alterations and additions, as to them should seem meet and convenient." This was accordingly done, several prayers and some whole services added, and the whole published with the *Act of Uniformity* in the 13th of Charles II. 1661: since which time, it has undergone no farther revision. This is a short history of a work, which, all who are acquainted with it, deem superior to every thing of the kind, produced either by ancient or modern times.

It would be disingenuous not to acknowledge, that the chief of those Prayers were in use in the Roman Catholic Church, from which the Church of England is reformed: and it would betray a want of acquaintance with Ecclesiastical Antiquity, to suppose that those Prayers and Services originated in that Church; as several of them were in use from the first ages of Christianity, and many of the best of them, before the name of *Pope* or *Popery* was known in the earth.—Clarke.

PRACTICAL DIVINITY.

From the Wesleyan Magazine—1821.

REVIEW OF DOCTOR CHALMERS'S DISCOURSES ON COMMERCE.

*The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life, in a Series of Discourses.* By THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D. Glasgow, 1820. 8vo. pp. 278.

This is a Volume of Discourses on a subject of great importance in practical Christianity, and the Author has exhibited his usual vigour and ability in bringing the principles of religion to bear upon the habits and conduct of mercantile life. At all times it is important to show that nothing in human conduct lies without the range of the control of that sanctity which the Gospel enjoins, and that those pursuits which offer strong and constant temptations to the worldly spirit, and to the violations of justice, need special and careful subjection to the divine law. But the Sermons before us have a peculiar adaption to the times, which will render them doubly welcome to all who, themselves, wish to be fortified against prevalent dangers, or feel a godly jealousy, lest the virtue of professed Christians, engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, should be endangered in the day of commercial distress and difficulty. The embarrassments of commerce; the fluctuations of property; the rivalry and competition of trade; the reduction of profits, which the late circumstances of the country have induced, undoubtedly place the conscientious merchant and tradesman in a state of severe trial, and false or feeble virtue will not be able to endure it. Even where no act of positive injustice and fraud is committed, the heart is in

great danger of becoming "overcharged with the cares of this world," and the fruits of the Spirit may languish and die under the withering influence of earthly attachments and earthly disappointments. To direct the eye steadily to the high and unbending rule of integrity; to remind all who are in temptation, from the pressure of their circumstances or the cupidity of their minds, that "the Lord God is a God of knowledge, and that by him actions are weighed; to turn the attention from the practices which may be deemed allowable among men, whom a common difficulty has disposed to judge of character and conduct by a lower standard, to that righteousness of the Christian law which is immutable; and to bring the eye of God and the sanctions of eternity into the shop and the counting-house, as well as into the sanctuary, no objects at once most reasonable and most important: and the manner in which they are presented in these valuable sermons, can scarcely fail to produce beneficial effects. On these subjects just adverted to, we lay the following extracts before our readers.

Speaking of the obligation of moral virtues on professing Christians. DR. CHALMERS observes.

"They must not expend all their warmth on the high and peculiar doctrines of the New Testament, while they offer a cold and reluctant admission to the practical duties of the New Testament. The Apostle has bound the one to the other by a tie of immediate connexion. 'Wherefore, lie not one to another, as ye have put off the old man and his deeds, and put on the new man, which is formed of the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.' Here, the very obvious and popular accomplishment of truth is grafted on the very peculiar doctrine of regeneration; and you altogether mistake the kind of transforming influence which the faith of the gospel brings along with it, if you think that uprightness of character does not emerge at the same time with godliness of character; or that the virtues of society do not form upon the believer into as rich and varied an assemblage, as do the virtues of the sanctuary; or that, while he puts on those graces which are singly acceptable to God, he falls behind in any of those graces which are both acceptable to God, and approved of men.

Let, the above, every pretender to Christianity vindicate this assertion by his own personal history in the world. Let him not lay his godliness aside, when he is done with the morning devotion of his family; but carry it abroad with him, and make it his companion and his guide through the whole business of the day; always bearing in his heart the sentiment, that thou God seest me; and remembering, that there is not one hour that can flow, or one occasion that can cast up, where his law is not present with some imperious exaction or other. It is false, that the principle of Christian sanctification possesses no influence over the familiarities of civil and ordinary life. It is altogether false, that godliness is a virtue of such a lofty and monastic order, as to hold its dominion only over the solemnities of worship, or over the solitudes of prayer and spiritual contemplation. If it be substantially a grace within us at all, it will give a direction and a colour to the whole of our path in society. There is not one conceivable transaction, amongst all the manifold varieties of human employment, which it is not fitted to animate by its spirit. There is nothing that meets us too homely, to be beyond the reach of obtaining, from its influence, the stamp of something celestial. It offers to take the whole man under its ascendancy, and to subordinate all his movements: nor does it hold the place which rightfully belongs to it, till it be vested with a presiding authority over the entire system of human affairs. And therefore it is, that the preacher is not bringing down Christianity,—he is only sending it abroad over the field of its legitimate operation,—when he goes with it to your counting-houses, and there rebukes every selfish inclination that would carry you ever so little within the limits of fraudulency; when he enters into your chambers of agency, and there detects the character of falsehood, which lurks under all the plausibility of your multiplied and excessive charges; when he repairs to the crowded market-place, and pronounces of every bargain, over which truth, in all the strictness of quakerism, has not presided, that it is tainted with moral evil; when he looks into your shops, and, listening to the contest of argument between him who magnifies his article, and him who pretends to undervalue it, he calls it the

contest of avarice, broken loose from the restraints of integrity. He is not, by all this, vulgarizing religion, or giving it the hue and character of earthliness. He is only asserting the might and the universality of its sole pre-eminence over man. And therefore it is, that if possible to solennize his hearers to the practice of simplicity and godly sincerity in their dealings, he would try to make the odiousness of sin stand visibly out on every shade and modification of dishonesty; and to assure them, that if there be a place in the world, where the subtle evasion, and the dexterous imposition, and the sly but gainful concealment, and the report which misleads an inquirer, and the gloss which tempts the unwary purchaser, are not only currently practised in the walks of merchandise, but, when not carried forward to the glare and the litorality of falsehood, are beheld with general connivance; if there be a place where the sense of morality has thus fallen, and all the nice delicacies of conscience are overborne in the keen and ambitious rivalry of men hastening to be rich, and wholly given over to the idolatrous service of the god of this world;—then that is the place, the smoke of whose iniquity rises before Him who sitteth on the throne, in a tide of deepest and most revolting abomination."

DR. CHALMERS'S Second Discourse is on the Power of Selfishness in promoting the honesties of mercantile intercourse. In this, he ably points out the influence of a mere selfish principle, in producing even an eminent and admired integrity in men of the world, in their commercial transactions, and then thus contrasts with it those higher views and feelings under which a true believer in Christ will regulate his conduct.—

"But when a man becomes a believer, there are two great events which take place at this great turning point in his history. One of them takes place in heaven,—even the expunging of his name from the book of condemnation. Another of them takes place on earth,—even the application of such a sanctifying influence to his person, that all old things are done away with him, and all things become new with him. He is made the workmanship of God in CHRIST JESUS our LORD. He is not merely forgiven the sin of every one evil work of which he had hitherto been guilty, but he is created anew unto the corresponding good work. And, therefore, if a Christian, will his honesty be purified from that taint of selfishness by which the general honesty of this world is so deeply and extensively pervaded. He will not do this good thing that any good thing may be done unto him again. He will do it on a simple regard to its own native and independent rectitude. He will do it because it is honourable, and because God wills him so to adorn the doctrine of his SAVIOUR. All his fair dealing, and all his friendship, will be fair dealing and friendship without interest. The principle that is in him will stand in no need of aid from any such auxiliary,—but strong in its own unborrowed resources, will it impress a legitimate stamp of dignity and uprightness on the whole variety of his transactions in the world. All men find it their advantage, by the integrity of their dealings, to prolong the existence of some gainful fellowship into which they may have entered. But with him, the same unsullied integrity which kept this fellowship together, and sustained the progress of it, will abide with him through its last transactions, and dignify its full and final termination. Most men find, that, without the reverberation of mischief on their own heads, they could redace, beneath the point of absolute justice, the charges of taxation. But he has a conscience both towards God, and towards man, which will not let him; and there is a rigid truth in all his returns, a pointed and precise accuracy in all his payments. When hemmed in with circumstances of difficulty, and evidently tottering to his fall, the demand of nature is, that he should ply his every artifice to secure a provision for his family. But a Christian mind is incapable of artifice; and the voice of conscience within him will ever be louder than the voice of necessity; and he will be open as day with his creditors, nor put forth his hand to that which is rightfully theirs, any more than he would put forth his hand to the perpetration of a sacrifice; and though released altogether from that tie of interest which binds a man to equity with his fellows, yet the tie of principle will remain with him in all its strength. Nor will it ever be found that he, for the sake of subsistence, will enter into fraud, seeing

that, as one of the children of light, he would not to gain the whole world, lose his own soul."

## LITERATURE.

## ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

From the Rev. H. B. Bascom's Address before the Trustees of Madison College.

Liberty has always been dependent on intelligence. Ignorant rulers seldom fail to be tyrants. The usual resort of those who fail to produce conviction, is to oppress and punish. Freedom duly balanced and properly regulated, has no bulwark, except in the intelligence of the people; and all history informs us, that political and religious melioration, must result from the same source.

"Knowledge is power."—It gave liberty to Greece and glory to Rome; and their return to barbarism, was owing in a great measure to the manner in which their love of wealth and pleasure, superseded Letters. England, Germany, and France, owe their comparatively late improvements, and partial regeneration, to the same and kindred causes.—The principle, however, is most happily illustrated, in the history of the United States. But without entering into detail, in relation to this, or other countries, we would remark that it is of the very nature, and essentially belongs to the genius of the civil institutions, of this country, based upon the grand principles of Religion, to impart knowledge to every class of society—and especially, to diffuse it through the great mass of the people. All our established maxims of legislation and jurisprudence, concede the right of private judgment and liberty of conscience; and hence the importance of informing the mind of the multitude, and promoting intellectual in view of moral culture.

Visit the classic, but profaned ruins of Athens and Rome—and ask the genius of the place, or the page of history, where is the freedom immortalized by the philippics of Demosthenes, and the orations of Cicero? and the one and other will answer—knowledge departed, and liberty was exiled! Polished Greece, therefore, and imperial Rome, owed their distinction to Letters. And what is it knowledge cannot achieve?—it has transformed the ocean into the highway of nations.—Steam, fire, wind and wave, all minister to the comforts and elegancies of life.—The cold and insensible marble speaks and breathes.—The pencil of Raphael gives body and soul to coloured light and shade. The magnet, the mysterious polarity of the loadstone, conducts man over the bosom of the deep, to the islands of the sea—while the glass introduces him to the Heavens, and kindles his devotion, amid the grandeur of thousand worlds!

Splendid indeed are the effects, that the names and productions of a few individuals, have realized to their contemporaries and posterity. Instance Moses, Homer, Euclid, Columbus, Luther, Bacon, and Newton. The first of these alone, has furnished incalculable millions with the only authentic history of the world for twenty-three hundred years. The second, astonishingly exemplifies the effect of learning the power of letters—possessed of unbounded invention, the Epic splendour of his works have never been equalled; to surpass their beauty and sublimity would be impossible. Although he details the fall of thousands in the battle, no two of his heroes are wounded in the same manner. His arrow is over on the wing—and his weapon thirsts for blood. Every sentence is composed of living words, and teems with life and actions! Poets, philosophers, legislatures, and heroes, have literally been created by the sovereignty of genius, and the powers of invention, and the history of a solitary individual. From him, Sparta and Macedon derived the love of glory, and of war; and from him, Athens and Egypt selected the models of learning and good poetry. In him the historian sought his guide—the critic his rules—and the hero his tactics.—Had Homer never sung, therefore, the republic of letters would have been deprived of much that is valuable in literature—beside the siege of Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses. The third produced a work, on the essential elements of Geometry, two thousand years ago; which has never bent to the innovations, of any succeeding age; but to the present day, stands unrivalled, as a work of a superior merit and unprecedented perfection.

The discoveries resulting from the nautical skill and daring adventures of Columbus, have issued in the happiness of past, present, and unborn millions.—The labours of Luther and his coadjutors under God, led to the emancipation of religion and science, from the accursed coils of ignorance and superstition throughout the world. The Verulamian, or Baconian Philosophy dissipated the impervious mist of intellectual darkness which hovered over the nations for ages. While the Newtonian System, laying bare the phenomena of the Universe, in the discovery of the principle of universal gravitation, and the composition of light, reclaimed our insulated planet from its unnatural expatriation, and gave it its proper rank and station in the great family of surrounding worlds.

It will be perceived that what we mainly insist upon in this address, is the value of learning, of various learning in the formation of character, and its importance in order to the individual happiness of man, as well as the beneficial bearing it has upon the character and prosperity of communities and nations. Its obvious and unfailing tendency is to enrich the mind, refine the taste, and improve the heart. It renders communities happy and nations invincible. Had Carthage loved letters in proportion to her ambition for wealth, Rome had never been her historian; and she might have vied with her conquerors on the page of immortality, if indeed she had ever been conquered. Look at Spain, once as learned, and until Charles V. as free as any nation of Europe; what were the causes that contributed to her degradation? They were evidently moral causes—implicit submission and passive obedience to the Roman See, and civil despotism, led to a relapse into all her ancient ignorance and servility. Science and peace and plenty no longer adorn the plains of Castile and Arragon, and the classic glory of Sierra Morena, of the pyrenees and the Asturias has long since departed.

What has become of the renowned Universities of Cufa and Bassora? Oppression banished knowledge, and they were buried in the grave of years. Bagdad and Cordova were once the brightest in Saracenic story, the flourishing seats of Arabian Literature; but their sun has set for ages in the cheerless gloom of Mahomedan barbarity, and savage debasement.

Where now are the fundamental resources of individual comfort and social grandeur—the plenitude and the polish of means and morals, enclosed within the walls of ancient Byzantium, as they rose to Heaven; and bid defiance to the world upon the Thracian coast of Propontis—the first city on earth dedicated and appropriated to the service and furtherance of the Christian religion? Alas! they have all found a grave in the living sepulchre of modern Constantinople! Let the memory for a moment sketch the desolate map of Greece.—Where now are the walks of genius and the retreat of the Muses, upon the banks of Ilissus, and the Argora of Athens? Where is the grove of Plato, the Lyceum of Aristotle, and the Porch of Zeno? We have to repeat, Alas! Greece is no longer the Theatre of learning, and Athens is only endeared to us as the Alma mater of the literary world!

The influence of Education upon political society has been forcibly exemplified in all ages—inform the mind of the multitude, and they will have discernment to discover their real and best interests; and their own welfare and patriotic feelings will prompt them to seek the good of their country. But when they are ignorant and liable to be misled by every political ignis-fatuus, they always invariably become the dupes of misguided zeal, and the property of unprincipled demagogues.

## ON PURITY AND PROPRIETY.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are obsolete, or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety, is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms, or

low expressions; and to words and phrases, which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may be all strictly English, without Scotticisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, nor fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappy.—Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some objections are to be made.—On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dehn Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth; and his Language may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced; and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this latinized English.—Blair.

### MEDICAL.

#### *A mode of Cure of the effects of the bite of a Mad Dog, used in the Ukraine.*

When Mr. Marochetti, an operator in the Hospital at Moscow, was in the Ukraine in 1813, in one day fifteen persons applied to him for cure, having been bitten by a mad dog; whilst he was preparing the remedies, a deputation of several old men made its appearance to request him to allow a peasant to treat them, a man who had for some years past enjoyed a great reputation for prevention of Hydrophobia, and of whose success Mr. Marochetti had already heard much.

He consented to their request under these conditions:—First, that he (Mr. Marochetti) should be present at every thing done by the peasant;—secondly, in order that he might be fully convinced that the dog was really mad, he, Mr. Marochetti, should select one of the patients, who should only be treated according to the medical course usually held in estimation. A girl of six years old was chosen for this purpose.

The peasant gave to his fourteen patients a strong Decoction of the "Summit. et Fl. Genistæ luteæ Tinctoriæ," (about a pound and a half daily,) and examined twice a day under the tongues, where, as he states, small knots containing the poison of the madness must form themselves. As soon as these small knots actually appeared, which Mr. Marochetti himself saw, they were opened, and cauterized with a red hot needle, after which the patient gargled with the decoction of the "Genistæ." The result of this treatment was, that all of them (of whom only two, the last bitten, did not show these knots) were dismissed cured at the end of six weeks, during which time they drank this decoction. But the little girl, who had been treated according to the usual methods, was seized with hydrophobic accidents on the seventh day, and was dead in eight hours after they first took place. The persons dismissed were seen three years afterwards by Mr. Marochetti; and they were all sound and well.

Five years after this circumstance, (in 1818,) Mr. Marochetti had a new opportunity in Podolia of confirming this important discovery. The treatment of twenty-six persons, who had been bitten by a mad dog, was confided to him; nine were men, eleven women, and six children. He gave them at once a decoction of the "Genistæ," and a diligent examination of their tongues gave the following result: five men, all the women, and three children, had the small knots already mentioned; those mostly bitten on the third day, others on the fifth, seventh, and ninth, and one woman, who had been bitten but very superficially in the leg, only on the twenty-first day. The other seven also, who showed no small knots, drank the "Decoction Genistæ" six weeks, and all the patients recovered.

In consequence of these observations, Mr. Marochetti believes, that the hydrophobic poison after remaining a short time in the wound, fixes itself for a certain time under the tongue, at the openings of the ducts of the "glandul. submaxillar." which are at each side of the tongue-string, and there forms those small knots, in which may be felt with a probe a fluctuating fluid, which is the hydrophobic poison. The usual time of their appearance seems to be within the third and ninth day after the bite; and if they are not opened within the first twenty-four hours after their formation, the poison is re-absorbed into the body, and the patient is lost beyond power of cure.

For this reason, Mr. Marochetti recommends, that such patients should be examined under the tongue immediately, which should be continued for six weeks, during which time they should take daily one pound and a half of the "Decoet. Genist." (or four times a day the powder, one dram for a dose.) If the knots do not appear in this time, no madness is to be apprehended, but, as soon as they appear, they should be opened with a lancet, and then cauterized; and the patient should gargle assiduously with the above-mentioned decoction.

We hasten to communicate to our readers this important discovery, (which we borrow from the Petersburg Miscellaneuous Treatises in "The Realm of Medical Science for 1821,") which certainly deserves the full attention of all medical practitioners, and which, if confirmed by experience, may have the most beneficial results.

*Translated from an Article in the Berlin "State Gazette," No 20, of the 14th Feb. 1822.*

Since the above statement appeared in the Berlin State Gazette, an official report, made to the Prussian Government, and quoted in a subsequent number of that newspaper, represents, that knots similar to those described by Mr. Marochetti were found under the tongue of a mad dog in Westphalia the last spring.

Medical men are anxiously solicited to set on foot inquiries and experiments in order to put Mr. Marochetti's statement to the proof. It may be well worth inquiring also, whether the cure, if such it is, is not effected by opening and cauterizing the knots without the decoction of the Broom having any part in it.

In the suggestion of trials of the remedy thus described, nothing can be less intended than interference with excision and actual cautery when practicable, which it would be highly imprudent to neglect, at any rate as far as the present treatment of the bite of the mad dog is ascertained.

### YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

#### PIETY TO GOD.

Piety to God is the first thing to be recommended, as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then, spontaneously, rise to the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.—Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle these affections, as the Father of the Universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty, which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom

you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; himself your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him, to whom your parents devoted you; of him, whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

#### OF RELIGION.

The worship we owe to the Supreme Being ranks above every other duty. Religion is an intercourse established between God and man, by the benefits we receive from our common Father, and the gratitude which we return. Superior minds conceive far more enlargedly of the Deity, and worship him in a manner much superior to vulgar souls; their's is the unalloyed devotion of the heart. Moral virtues are more secure which supported by the influence of Christianity. I mean not to exact from you a devotion full of weakness and superstition, I only require that you preserve so much humility, as ever to subject your understanding and opinions to the will of God, that so a love of order may govern all your actions, and inspire you with the principle of justice, which forms the foundation and concentrates every other virtue.

Most young men of the present age imagine they distinguish themselves by assuming an air of libertinism, which however renders them contemptible to people of sense. So far is such a manner from discovering any kind of superiority, that it serves only to expose a weak and depraved understanding.

Whenever religion is attacked, it may be depended on that some private purpose lurks under the attempt. No influence renders a person more happy than that of religion, when the understanding and disposition are thoroughly directed by it; it is the essential balm of life. Even unbelievers have some respect for religion, submitting themselves to that which is established, saying, as prejudice predominates in the world it must be respected.

**ECONOMY.**—Without economy, a person cannot be truly beneficent and generous.

Economy is the fountain of liberty, and the parent of independence.

Economy, with a contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in every condition of life; it is a noble barrier against poverty; it brings the mind into an accustomed wariness and forethought, and with a proper degree of courage enables us to bid defiance to fortune.

It is certain that a small portion of property is sufficient to supply the necessity and innocent conveniences of life; yet without economy, how large soever be your estimate, there will still be a deficiency.—*Stretch.*

Your portion is not large indeed,  
But then how little do you need;  
For Nature's calls are few.  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.—*Cotton.*

The gift of speech, says Harvey is the great prerogative of our rational nature. And it is a pity that such a superior faculty should be debased to the meanest purposes. Menage once heard Varilles say, that of things which he knew, he had learned nine in conversation. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright. Discourse must necessarily become insipid and uninteresting when it constantly runs on trite and trivial topics. To be a good companion, and prepared at once to please the social circle, a person must have a rich store of information, just observations, fine comparisons, and appropriate anecdotes. He must not only have materials, but also skill and promptitude to employ them in the best manner, and with the happiest effect. Some cannot speak well, and yet can greatly assist and enliven others in conversation, like that philosopher who, though he was no orator, taught eloquence, and therefore compared himself to a whetstone, which cannot cut, but sharpens the instruments used for cutting.—*Thornton.*

## MISCELLANY.

## THE CONVERSION OF A FRENCH PHILOSOPHER.

M. DE LA HARPE ranked high among the literati of France. His various works have rendered him popular as an author. He claims attention as the associate of Voltaire, D'Alambert, and Condorcet. During the greater part of his life, he was a disciple of the French philosophy, and an active and a zealous disseminator of its principles; and he affords, probably, the only instance of a convert made from that sect to Christianity. The circumstance which gives the most peculiar interest to his annals is his conversion, in advanced life, from French infidelity to Christianity.

La Harpe hailed the commencement of the revolution in France; and during the two first years of its course, he was its advocate. Under the reign of Terror he was arrested, and lodged in the Luxembourg; and in this situation he became very disconsolate. We are told that he did not feel his principles adapted to give relief, in the conjuncture in which he found himself; and a friend, who was anxious for his welfare, requested him to peruse the Psalms of David. Into these compositions he had never before looked, except with a view to discover poetical beauties, and they were very little in his recollection. Fearful of offending the Philosopher, and of stumbling, as it were, at the threshold, his friend requested him to peruse them as a resource for killing time; and in order to fix his attention more on the sacred compositions, he was requested to compose a purely literary comment on them; which conduct strikingly illustrates that Scripture apophthegm, "He that winneth souls is wise." He undertook it.—Scarcely had he begun, before he discovered in the Psalms a number of beauties of superior order: this persuasion continued to gain strength; and farther perusal soon fortified it. From this commentary, originating in a mere regard to friendship, and afterwards pursued from pious zeal, was formed the preliminary discourse prefixed to his translation of the Psalter, the first work in which he announced his conversion. His own account of that memorable event, he gives in the following words.

"I was alone in my prison in a small dark chamber, very sorrowful. I had, for several days, been reading the Psalms, the Gospels, and some good books. Their effect had been rapid, though progressive. I was already restored to the faith, I saw a new light, but it terrified me in shewing me an abyss, that of forty years of error. I saw all the evil, but no remedy. Nothing around me offered to me the succour of religion. On one side, my life was before my eyes, such as it appeared by the torch of divine truth: and on the other, death, such as was then inflicted, and which I expected every day. The Priest no longer appeared on the scaffold to comfort those who were about to die; he no longer ascended it, except to die himself. Full of these distressing ideas, my heart sunk within me; it silently addressed itself to God, whom I had just found, and whom I scarcely yet knew. I besought him to shew me what I was to do, and what was to become of me. I had on my table the *Imitation*, and I had been told that I should frequently find in that excellent book an answer to my thoughts. I opened it without any view to a particular place, and fell on these words: 'Behold me, my son, I come to thee because thou hast invoked me.' I read no more; the sudden impression which I experienced is beyond description; and it is not more possible to convey it in words than to forget it. I fell with my face on the ground, bathed in tears, almost suffocated, uttering inarticulate cries, and broken sentences. I perceived my heart lightened and dilated, yet, at the same time, ready to burst. A multitude of ideas and sentiments rushed on my mind; I wept for a long time; and I am without any recollection of the situation, except that it was something beyond comparison the most violent and the most transporting that my heart ever experienced. These words, 'Behold me, my son,' never ceased to sound in my ears, and forcibly to agitate my frame."

On being released from prison, the new convert resumed his lectures at the Lyceum: where he displayed all that zeal which is natural to that character. The sensation produced by this novelty, the ridicule which it provoked, and the persecutions

which it drew on this confessor in the cause of religion, are well known to those who paid attention to events at Paris at that period. In what is termed the revolution of the 18th of Fructidor, La Harpe was obliged to flee, in order to escape deportation; but he found a secure and commodious asylum near Paris, where he composed a part of his *Fragments of an Apology for Religion*. Soon after his release from his last captivity, his health rapidly declined, and early in the year 1803, he closed his mortal career. His conversation, we are informed, was, in the highest degree, pious and edifying in the prospect of dissolution.

In his Preface to his Apology, the author makes this declaration:—"I am not in a condition to instruct those who know any thing; my book is addressed to those who, like myself, have not to this moment been desirous of knowing any thing; and it has occurred to me, that the manner in which I have been instructed might prove instructive to them. A heavenly voice, when I least thought of it, spoke to my heart, and said, *Take and read*; it was not the Apologists that were put into my hands; it was the Gospels, the Psalms, the Scriptures. They were not Grotius, Abadie, Houtteville, Crousaz, and Bargier, who enlightened me, or who were even the instruments of him who did enlighten me. They are absolutely unknown to me; not that I do not cordially believe them to merit the testimonies borne to them. But I have never for a moment, felt any desire or need of reading them."

ANECDOTE OF MR. BUCKINGHAM AND A TURK.—In his lecture on Wednesday night on Arabia, Mr. Buckingham related the following anecdote, to illustrate the advantages of free commercial intercourse amongst all the nations of the world, in the removal of ignorance, error, and prejudice. He left Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, with a large caravan for Jeddah and Mecca. Amongst the Mahomedan pilgrims in the company, whose destination was Mecca, was one from Fez, at the western extremity of Africa. This person was conversable and intelligent, and seemed to Mr. Buckingham likely to listen with candour to any objection which might be made against his religion. Mr. B. accordingly said to him, "Would you not think it a sufficient proof that a religion was not true, if it could be proved that it was not suited to the conditions of all the nations on the face of the earth?—And has it never occurred to you that there are nations to whom it is physically impossible to obey the precepts of your religion?" The Moor replied, that he should certainly think it a strong argument against a religion if that could be proved, as he thought God would never have commanded that which his creatures could not perform. Mr. B. rejoined, "Well then, there are countries where the inhabitants are six months without seeing the sun, and where for the other six months of the year, he never sets, so that in those countries there is but one day and one night in the year. Though you are ignorant of these countries, I can demonstrate the fact to you in such a manner that you will not be able to doubt it. Now, it is a positive injunction of Mahomed that, in the fast of the Ramadan, every man shall fast from sunrise to sunset, not only from meat, but even from drink of any kind. But in the countries I have mentioned this would be impossible, for if a man should attempt to fast from sunrise to sunset, that is six months, he would certainly die." The Moor said it was impossible there could be any such country; "but," added Mr. Buckingham, "such was the effect produced on his mind; that I had the unspeakable delight to see him stop short in his pilgrimage at Jeddah, transact his business in that town, and return to Fez without ever going to Mecca, though it was the original object of his long pilgrimage to visit the 'holy city.'"—*Liverpool Times*.

QUESTION.—Who are the most happy in the world, wise men or fools?

ANSWER.—Much may be said of either, but the manner very different. If the fool be the happier, the world is a very desirable place, there being such a quantity of happy men in it. The Supreme Being is essential happiness; those, therefore, that act the most like him are happiest. There is but one right line, and infinite crooked ones; one wisdom, but follies innumerable; one real goodness, but divers appearances of it; and but one best way to every thing, and to judge of every thing that is reason, or understanding. Here only is the paradox; the fool's hap-

piness consists in a privation of grief, and the happiness of a wise man in possession of good; which, being a little considered, the result of this next question will answer the first; namely, which would be more miserable, a wise man that wanted his good, or a fool that had a sense of his grief? In this reverse the wise man would be more miserable; because he that wants his happiness wants every thing, but he that has a sense of grief may have a sense of happiness. Now this reverse, or contrary to the reverse, must necessarily make him happy; namely, his possession of good is preferable to the fool's privation of grief.

VICE.—A man who practices vice, inherits a vicious mind. The gratifications of vice are turbulent and unnatural, generally arising from unreasonable passions; often irritated by disappointment, and always inflamed by enjoyment, and ever cloyed by repetition.—Vice confirms its dominion and exerts itself still farther over the soul, by compelling the sinner to support one crime by means of another. The immoderate love of pleasure, for instance, leads him into expense beyond his fortune. In order to support that expense, he is obliged to have recourse to low and dishonourable methods of gain, which originally he despised. To cover these, he is forced upon acts of dissimulation and fraud. One instance of fraud obliges him to support it by another, till in the end there arises a character of complicated vice, luxury, shooting forth into buseness, dishonesty, injustice, and perhaps cruelty. It is thus, that one favourite passion brings in a tribe of auxiliaries to complete the dominion of sin. By such means as these, by the violence of passions, by the power of habits, and by the connexion of one vice with another, depravity establishes that servitude over the will which deprives bad men of all power of free choice in their actions.

"A begging business from the beginning."—Such was the sneering exclamation of a great man, in an audible whisper, during the remarks of Joseph L. Tillinghast, Esq., in the House of Representatives recently, relative to the national provision for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, and on question of a farther provision on the part of this state, for our own deaf and dumb.

"A begging business!" Aye, truly: the cause of justice and of mercy, of truth and of righteousness, of intelligence and of humanity, always has been "a begging concern" in this reckless world of ours. But what then? It is the noblest of all causes.

The cause of ignorance of vice, and of misery, was never "a begging concern." War and plunder, rapine and devastation, fraud, speculation, and gambling do not go a begging. Lotteries do not go a begging. Theatres do not go a begging. Raree shows and mountebanks do not go a begging. Venal votes do not go a begging. But the cause of education, the cry of the needy, the silent imploring of the dumb, go a begging. And great patriots snuff up their noses—they declare their shame as Sodom, and hide it not. The time, we trust, will come, when the claims of such patriots will "go a begging."

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE DEITY.—Though we see the greatness and wisdom of the Deity in all the seeming worlds that surround us, it is our chief concern to trace him in that which we inhabit. The examination of the earth, the wonders of its contrivance, the history of its advantages, or of the seeming defects in its formation, are the proper business of the Natural Historian. A description of this earth, its animals, vegetables, and minerals, is the most delightful entertainment the mind can be furnished with, as it is the most interesting and useful.

ANECDOTE.—The following appears in a late number of the *New-Hampshire Observer*:—"An accomplished musician, who had been engaged for many years in performing at theatres, assemblies and other places of amusement, on being asked why he relinquished his employment, answered, 'Because I cannot look to heaven for a blessing upon it.'"

"Would it not be well for us, when we commence any business, always to pause and reflect if it is such as we can ask God to give us success in prosecuting; and if it is not, immediately to relinquish it?"

VIRTUE.—Virtue is the constant observance of those duties which are imposed on us. It may be defined, an effort over ourselves, to do whatever is proper, or to avoid what is improper.

From the London Jewish Expositor.

### SPECIMEN OF WELCH PREACHING.

At a Meeting of Ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr. — invited several of his brethren to sup with him, among them was the Minister officiating at the Welch Chapel, in that City. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren; the subject on which they were discoursing was, the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinion, and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to Style of Composition, &c.; Mr. —, turned to the Welch stranger, and solicited his opinion, he said, "he felt it a privilege to be silent, when such men were discoursing, but that he felt it a duty to comply with his request." "But," said he, "if I must give my opinion, I should say, that ye have no good preachers in England." "No," said Mr. L., "no," said he, "there are no such preachers as we have in the Principality." "I know," said Mr. Z. "you are famous for jumping, in Wales, but that is not owing I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters." "Indeed," said the Welchman, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching." "Why," said Mr. Z. "do you think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welchman, "you make them jump! a Welchman would set fire to the world, while you were lighting your match." The whole company became much interested in this new turn of the subject, and, unanimously requested the good man, to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the Principality. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you, if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen indeed—O! John Elias is a great preacher."—"Well," said the company, "give us something you have heard from him." "Oh no," said he, "I cannot do justice to it, besides, do you understand the Welch language?" They said, "no; not so as to follow a discourse," "then," said he, "it is impossible for you to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen." "But," said they, "cannot you put it into English?" "Oh," said he, "your poor meagre language, would spoil it, it is not capable of expressing those ideas a Welchman can conceive; I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it." The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do, but something of a specimen, while they promised to make every allowance for the language. "Well," said the Welchman, "if you must have a piece, I must try, but I do not know what to give you, I do not recollect a piece of John Elias, he is our best preacher; I must think a little, well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago, at an Association of Ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man, by sin; and of his recovery, by the death of Christ; and he said, 'Brethren, if I were to represent to you in a figure the condition of man, as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ—I should represent it somewhat in this way—Suppose a large grave-yard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted. Within this wall are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages, and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave; the grave yawns to swallow them, and they must all die, there is no balm to relieve them, no physician there, they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner, all, all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy the darling attribute of the Deity, came down, and stood at the gate, looked at the scene, and wept over it, exclaiming, 'Oh, that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls. While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, passing over, parted at the sight, and heaven forgave that pause, and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, Mercy!—Mercy! can you not enter? can you look upon this scene and not pity, can you pity and not relieve?—Mercy replied, I can see, and in her tears she added, I can pity, but I cannot relieve? Why can you not enter? Oh said Mercy, Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it. At

this moment, Justice himself appeared as it were to watch the gate. The angels enquired of him, why will you not let Mercy in? Justice replied, my law is broken and it must be honoured.—Die they, or Justice must. At this there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who addressing himself to Justice, said, what are thy demands? Justice replied, my terms are stern and rigid, I must have sickness, for their health; I must have ignominy, for their honor; I must have death, for life, without shedding of blood there is no remission. Justice, said the son of God, I accept thy terms, on me be this, wrong, and let Mercy enter.—Who, said Justice, will you perform this promise? Jesus replied, four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person. The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God;—Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs, by them to the Kings of Israel, and the Prophets, by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then at the appointed time, Jesus appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. Where, said Justice, is the Son of God? Mercy answered, behold him at the bottom of the hill bearing his own cross; and she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed the weeping Church. Justice immediately presented him the deed, saying, this is the day when this bond is to be executed. When he received it, did he tear it in pieces, and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, it is finished! Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended, it swallowed his humanity, but, when it touched his divinity, it expired; and there was darkness over the whole heavens, but, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men."

"This," said the Welchman, "this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans."

### ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

That the end of Christ's coming into the world was the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind, every one who professes allegiance to the Saviour readily admits. True it is, indeed (and, in most points of view, melancholy is the contemplation) that professors of the Christian faith widely differ in the view they take of the Gospel truths. The object, however, of the present paper, is not to offer any observations on the truth or falsehood of this or that particular tenet; but rather to call the serious attention of every professor of Christianity to the contemplation of one of the first duties of his profession—the mark and evidence by which alone, be his favourite tenet what it may, he can possess any well-grounded assurance, that the Spirit of Christ dwells in him—I mean the duty of brotherly love. This, we have the Saviour's assurance, is the necessary concomitant of a true and living faith—the test and trial of vital religion in the soul. If this be wanting, profession can be but hypocrisy; for, as St. John says, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Permit me, then, my fellow-christians, to ask you, through the medium of "The Pulpit," from which I address you, and with the sincerity which ought ever to actuate the Christian professors, are you members of the Church of England, or Dissenters of any denomination from her communion? Do you, by the habitual exercise of prayer to God, and a constant eye to your own unworthiness, endeavour to cultivate towards each other a spirit as far as possible of constant and universal brotherly kindness and charity? Are you ever seeking, without regard to selfish views and party feelings, to do good unto all men, to the whole household of faith; to extend the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth; to promote the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind; ever disposed to esteem others better than yourselves; ever seeking to go from strength to strength according to the means and ability afforded you, instructing the ignorant, reclaiming the wanderer, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry; in fine, endeavouring "to adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour, in all things," ever remembering that you are not your own, but "bought with a price," a great and precious price, the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God; that, through Him you can now only (be your

favourite tenet what it may) have access unto the Father; by him only, at the final consummation of all things, be presented and accepted? That this is the Spirit which must be in you, if you "be in Christ Jesus," can neither be gainsaid nor denied; but is this, O Episcopalian, Calvinist, Arminian, or whatever you may by profession be, the Spirit which is in you? If highly favoured of God, is it arrived at a correct view of vital religion, are you not—aye, even whilst professing to feel that "by the grace of God," and by that alone, "you are what you are," and professing also "to be ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith"—are not you, even you, secretly in your heart, like and with the feeling of the proud pharisee in the Gospel, thanking God "that you are not as other men are?" Are you not, at this moment, looking upon many, very many of your fellow-professors with the eye of scorn and contempt, and that even without a due knowledge either of their sentiments, feelings, or opinions on religious subjects? Nay, do you not even presume to consign very many such to the place "of blackness and darkness?" Is this the Spirit of Christ? Is this the fruit of holiness, the growth of grace, the manifestation of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, of that mind which must be in you, if you are his?

Let me earnestly beseech you, my fellow-christians, to think deeply on these plain questions, and if your hearts answer them not aright, oh! lose not a moment in seeking the acquirement of that "love" which is the "bond of perfectness," of that "charity" without which "we are nothing!"

LAND RECOVERED FROM THE OCEAN.—Some philosophers have thought that the disintegration of rocks, the gradual crumbling down of the mountains, and the vast quantities of soil continually carried by the rivers into the sea, must have the effect of raising the waters, or causing them to gain upon the land, and finally of submerging the whole earth. St. Pierre, on the other hand, in his Studies of Nature, contends with great zeal, that the relative proportions of ocean and land have always been the same as now. Certain it is, that if the sea has extended its dominions in some places, the land has also encroached upon the sea in others.—Volcanoes rising from the very bosom of the ocean, or near its shores, have piled up mountains to the clouds, and hallowed out new abysses for the waters. Coral islands have been built by insects above the reach of the waves. The continual agitation of the sea by storms and tides, drives to the shore and heaps on the sides of the continents and islands the loose matter floating in its gulfs and the sands formed by the crumbling of its own rocks. Thus the contest between the two elements of water and earth seems to be an amicable one, each seeking who shall give the other the most.

While authors have been disputing on this subject, more practicable men have been quarrelling to whom the land recovered from the sea should belong. A case of this kind has been lately tried and settled in England. At Hastings, in Sussex, one of the famous old Cinque Ports, is a piece of ground of considerable extent formerly covered by the sea, but now occupied with buildings and inclosures. The sand beach thrown up by the waves was first covered with earth for the purpose of being converted into a cricket ground. Afterwards cottages were built upon it and warehouses, and parts of it were inclosed for yards and gardens. About four years since when the value of land had risen, a greater rage for speculation prevailed in Hastings as elsewhere, the occupiers began to extend their enclosures, and a general rush was made by others, each enclosing what he could get for the purpose of building. At length between two and three hundred houses were erected on the illuvial land, inhabited by about a thousand persons. In the scramble for the little territory thus newly acquired to the dominions of Great Britain, the crown was not an idle spectator. The King's Commissioners of Woods and Forests claimed the entire tract, inclosed and uninclosed, to the great dismay of the numerous occupiers. A decision however has been lately had in the case, which puts the title of the crown out of the question.—It has been settled that the land forsaken by the sea is not the property of the Crown, but of the owner of the nearest land above high water mark. This is equitable for the owner, for as he must lose at all events when the sea encroaches upon his land, it is but just that he should be allowed to possess what the sea adds to it.



## POETRY.

A midnight effusion of the lovely, and much lamented Miss (F. E. TORON, late of Windsor, (N. S.) on her passage from Halifax to the West Indies, where she died, a very short time after her arrival there. The sentiments are peculiarly pathetic and can scarcely fail of awakening the dormant feelings of every sympathetic heart. They contain, in our opinion, the genuine spirit of poetry, and are indicative of no ordinary degree of poetical genius.—*Ed. Journ.*

Three blossoms on a bending bough,  
We long together grow;  
'Till fate with sternness in her brow  
Arose, and spoke this cruel vow,  
"I'll break these ties so true!"—

So, I, the weakest flower of all,  
Was sever'd from the rest,  
And, when I heard the final call,  
How many a dew-drop fast did fall  
Upon my parent's breast!

But soon again these drops were dried  
By MERCY'S mildest ray,  
Which, long reflected, shall abide  
A holy beacon, still to guide  
My soul in virtue's way.

For, Oh! this world is hard to brave,  
Now that I'm all alone,  
And, active mem'ry still will save  
Each scene, within the secret grave  
Of days for ever gone.

I'm borne along the mighty sea  
With dangers all around—  
Sweet sister blossoms, where are ye?  
Still clinging to the parent tree  
Upon your native ground—

Long may you there together grow,  
And still contentment's sunshine know,  
While you expanding rise;  
And she, the grateful bending bough  
When God sees fit to lay her low,  
He'll raise her fallen flowers I know,  
And train them to the skies!—

## THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

Verses occasioned by hearing a Passing Bell.

Mark, my gay friend, that solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul;  
'Tis gone, that's all, we know not where,  
Or how the unbody'd soul doth fare,  
In that mysterious world none knows,  
But God alone, to whom it goes;  
To whom departed souls return  
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

Oh! by what glimmering light we view,  
The unknown world we're hastening to!  
God has lock'd up the mystic page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the stage!

Wise Heav'n to render search perplex,  
Has drawn, 'twixt this world and the next,  
A dark impenetrable screen,  
All behind which is yet unseen!

We talk of Heav'n, we talk of hell;  
But what they mean no tongue can tell!  
Heav'n is the realm, where Angels are;  
And hell the chaos of despair!

But what these awful words imply,  
None of us know before we die!  
Whether we will or no, we must  
Take the succeeding world on trust.

This hour perhaps our friend is well;  
Dec'd! struck the next, he cries, farewell!  
I die! and then, for ought we see  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,  
In gulph'd in death, appears no more;  
Then undirected to repair  
To distant worlds, we know not where.

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the Sun;  
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken clay is cold!

And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,  
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd;

Only this veil of flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

Whilst we their lot lamenting, say,  
They're out of hearing, far away,  
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near  
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

And yet no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where, or how they live;  
Tho' conscious whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know;

As if bound up by solemn fate,  
To keep this secret of their state,  
To tell their joys or pains to none,  
That man might live by faith alone.

Well, let my Sovereign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous decrees:  
Why should I wish him to reveal,  
What he thinks proper to conceal?

It is enough that I believe,  
Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive:  
And he that makes it all his care  
'To serve God here, shall see Him there!

But Oh! what worlds shall I survey,  
The moment that I leave this clay?  
How sudden the surprise, how new!  
Let it my God, be happy too.

## COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the New-Brunswick Religious and Literary Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I lately received a letter from a young lady dated W—, in the United States, in which she announces the death of her Uncle; a man eminent for his piety and christian disposition. It was my privilege to act in the capacity of Clerk to the old gentleman in Quebec, during the years 1809 and 10; since 1812 we have met twice and have had occasional friendly correspondence. My last letter to my old friend was dated in March 1823; which communication remained unanswered until the other day; when I received a letter from his niece. From her letter I have made the following extract, and should you consider it worthy of a corner in your Religious and Literary Journal, you will oblige Dr. Sir your friend

April 3, 1829.

S.

W—, FEB. 4th 1829.

My much esteemed Friend.—After hesitating for some time, I have decided upon replying to your letter of March last, addressed to my dear Uncle, (one of my greatest earthly treasures.) The interest he felt for you, in your eternal as well as temporal concerns, leads me and my Sister, to acknowledge the respect which you have evinced towards him, not only while an inmate with us under his parental roof, but since you have been established for yourself; and I am unwilling you should not be made acquainted with his removal from this transitory scene. In October 1827, we left S—, thinking the marine air was the cause of a continued cough and unpleasant pressure upon his lungs, for the mountain air of V—, but as the physicians had told us, it was water on the chest which could not be removed, though it might be in some measure relieved; and though a change of place might have a more favourable effect, yet time, a very short time, proved to us, we were not long to be blessed with his dear society. After ten days confinement to his room, during the whole of the time cheerful, and calm, planning for us when we should no longer have him with us, and joyful in the prospect of eternal happiness, through the all atoning dear Redeemer, his quotation was, "Cheerful I live, or joyful die, if thou my Saviour still art nigh." He was taken from us on the 22d of November.—It appears to me but as a dream even now, and I can scarcely realize we are no more to see him here, and though the idea of the separation is painful, yet we have comfort in the recollection that he was spared a length of suffering and sickness. I trust his removal may have a suitable impression on our minds, and far from an undue grief, may we be reconciled in the consoling thought that God is making up his jewels, and may it be our study to be found prepared for our summons, that we may through the mediation of the dear Redeemer be of that happy number, that will join in the praises of transcendent love. If I have dwelt too long upon a melancholy theme your goodness will I trust excuse me, in the thought, that the past and the future, are more prone to be our theme, than the present. If wishes would avail my good friend you would be one of the dams fortune's favourites, but you must hope that the time will come when industry and enterprise will be rewarded, and then the sanguine wishes of your friends will be realized. Make our kind remembrance acceptable to your good Lady, we hope your last advices from Scotland bore the pleasing information of your valued friends health, may this and every year find them and yourselves in the enjoyment of every blessing. We have been engaged lately in reading the life of one of your countrymen, John Urquhart, one of the most interesting characters I have ever read; a youth of uncommon piety possessing a remarkable mind; we were reminded of you a great deal in the perusal, if you have not read it, and can get at it; I am sure you will not consider your time devoted to it as lost, &c. &c. &c.

Collect for the Sunday before Easter.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Good Friday.

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, over one God, world without end. Amen.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, by whose spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified; Receive our supplications and prayers, which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy Church; that every member of the same, in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve thee through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

O MERCIFUL God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks; and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

The Ladies forming THE COMMITTEE OF THE BIBLE ASSOCIATION, are respectfully requested to visit the Subscribers in their districts, previous to the first of May; when the Annual Meeting is expected to take place, and the Collections to be received. St. John, 11th April. 1829.

The Rev. Mr. McLEAN'S Sermon against Intemperance noticed in our last, is now on Sale at the Book Stores of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. McMillan.

## MARRIED.

On Monday evening by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. WILLIAM McFARLAND, to Miss LIVINIA CANE, both of this City.

## DIED.

On Sunday afternoon, THOMAS WENTWORTH son of Mr. Samuel Cowdell, aged 18 months.

On Tuesday afternoon, JOHN FAWCETT PAYNE, aged 27 years.—Funeral to-morrow, (Thursday,) at 4 o'clock, P. M. from the residence of Mr. James P. Payne, in the Parish of Portland.—The friends and acquaintance of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, Mr. GEORGE HAZEN, 6th son of the late WILLIAM HAZEN, Esquire; in the 23d year of his age. The funeral will take place on Tuesday next, at 2 o'clock, when the friends and acquaintance are requested to attend.

## AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredericton,	Mr. WILLIAM TILL.
Shoffield,	Dr. J. W. BARKER.
Chatham, Miramichi,	Mr. ROBERT MORROW.
Nowcastle, ditto,	Mr. EDWARD BAKER.
Bathurst,	T. M. DEBLOS, Esq.
Sussex Vale,	Rev. M. PICKLES.
Sackville,	Rev. S. BUSBY.
Moncton,	WILLIAM WILEY, Esq.
Shepody,	Mr. GEORGE ROBERT.
St. Andrews,	Mr. G. RUGGLES.
St. Stephen,	Geo. S. HILL, Esq.
Magauquadvic,	Mr. THOMAS GARD.

## NOVA-SCOTIA.

Halifax,	Rev. Mr. CROSCOMBE.
Cumberland,	THOMAS ROACH, Esquire.
Newport,	Rev. R. H. CRANE.
Bridge Town,	Mr. A. HENDERSON.
Granville,	Rev. A. DESBRISSAY.
Yarmouth,	Mr. JOHN MURRAY.
Barrington,	W. SARGENT, Esquire.