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# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME V.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1840.

NUMBER 6.

TO ONE "BROKEN IN HEART."

Broken-hearted, weep no more!  
Hear what comfort He hath spoken,  
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,  
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken,—  
"Ye who wander here below,  
Heavy laden as you go,  
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,  
Come to me and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,  
Brought again from sin and straying,  
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,  
'Tis a true and faithful saying,—  
"Greater love how can there be  
Than to yield up life for thee!  
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,  
Turn and live!—why will ye die?"

Broken-hearted, weep no more,  
Far from consolation flying:  
He who calls hath felt thy wound,  
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing:  
"Bring thy broken heart to me,  
Welcome offering it shall be—  
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,  
Mine accepted sacrifice!"

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW.\*

The reflecting portion of the world sympathise heartily with the sorrows of the widow—and of the sorrows and varieties of trials connected with all the varied classes of widows, this pensive part of the public have a correct idea; but there is one class of widows whose peculiar kind of change, distress and desolation is but rarely touched upon by those who draw on the sympathies of mankind; and yet of all the tribes of mourners, who may say to those who pass by, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" the widows of the clergy are that most afflicted class; between them and other widows there are few shades of difference—there is a change—a change to all—but to them *most of all*.

The wife of the clergyman, like the clergyman himself, holds no fixed place among the various grades of society; if humble, she is not even versant among the aristocratic branches of society, if wise, she is more generally found among the middle classes—and useful, not unfrequently does she mix with those accounted poor, in the world's eyes—if gentle and prudent she walks among all acceptably, unflattered by the attentions of the noble, yet not ungrateful; and, visiting the poor, is yet uninjured by contact with the lowly. The pastor is still more free, and less affected by caste—to day the guest of nobles; tomorrow, on mountain and moor, the visiter of the mud-swept hut, he sits with the peasant and the peasant's children—travel, and the free wind of heaven have given relish to the humble food which is readily yet affectionately offered; and, if he partakes with the poor man of oaten cake or the more humble potato, a sacred blessing on his honored head goes from the host, and from that poor household, when the pastor returns homeward, not less a pastor, but less suited for the work of the ministry, nor yet mingling with the great—because, like his Heavenly Master, he loved the poor, and because the "ministered to him of their substance." Blessed be God! hundreds of such pastors are and are increasing. How honored the wives of—they live in an atmosphere of blessedness—

From the Ulster Times, an Irish paper.

every day they hear the claims of the poor to the relief of which they are enabled by their influential position to be auxiliary—they hear the voice of grateful acknowledgment—their home is trodden by the feet of numerous wealthy and kindly parishioners;—they are familiar with every parochial movement, and are favored by the Christian friendship and intercourse of surrounding ministers—their children grow up amid the kindness and attention of many—should even a trifling ailment visit their home, the knock of affectionate inquiry is frequent—should any want be manifested, it is often eagerly yet delicately supplied. The pastor's wife is happy amidst all this din of usefulness, kindness, and comfort, and if her husband be faithful in the pulpit, and from house to house, and if her own heart responds to every Gospel promise, and rejoices in every prospect of souls won from death to life, then indeed are her "lines cast in pleasant places"—"Praise the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name?"

Thus full and overflowing is the cup of her happiness—it is even dangerous in its ingredients, for like every other prosperity, and akin to all of the machinery of devotedness, in the hazard of decreasing spirituality; be this as it may, the wife of the pastor, is happy, honored, and blessed among women: days dawn in usefulness and prayer, and close in gratitude and peace; the sweet incense of holy prayer floats in wide atmosphere, and penetrates from the parsonage to remote and most lowly of the habitations of the flock; in one blessed volume of adoration the hearts of all are made one; and what heart so happy, knowing its own gladness, as is the heart of the pastor's wife?

But suppose that the process of years had silently and fleetly rolled on—and that the desk and pulpit must know its transient possessor no more; suppose, "full of years and honors; the aged man of God," like a "ripe shock of corn," is to be gathered to his predecessors—and that she—the loved and faithful friend of his bosom—witness and softener of his trials—is to survive; or let us suppose a case not unfrequent—that in the midst of life's vigor and most energetic usefulness, the pastor is summoned to give an account of his stewardship—and the woman, still young, and expecting aught else than this, is suddenly bereaved; long—long does it appear but a dream, and tears seem unnecessary, the apparatus of death and the viduate array are but as a dream only; slowly and wearily the vision is invested with substantiality—and bitter truth demonstrates that it is simple, awful "matter of fact,"—the flock deserted—the house masterless—the kind and true and the faithful departed; her joys clouded—her hopes withered—her babes orphans—and she a widow!

A few brief weeks and the glebe-house must be resigned—the sunny lawn where the children sported—the garden, with its endless pleasures—and the flowers which the children had planted, and on which the departed had smiled—each thing familiar is to be forsaken, and the world is all before her—her children partake of her bitterness; and in their fond memories, in after years, revert to the possession which for a season was theirs. Cowper, apostrophizing his beloved parent's picture, and full of the reminiscences of scenes "where early childhood strayed," writes thus:

"Where once we dwell our name is heard no more;  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own;  
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced,  
A thousand other themes less dearly traced."

But at the moment when widowhood is new, and the sorrowing heart scarcely fit for deliberation, where are the widow and fatherless to turn? It is precious to think that a voice from heaven has proclaimed—"Leave thy fatherless children to me—I will preserve them alive; and thy widows, let them trust in me," and they that trust in Him are never disappointed. Still human heritage demands the adoption of some specific line of conduct; another home must be chosen, and other means of existence wrought out, and many a clergyman's widow has no home—no means.

The widow of a pastor who lived generously and affectionately towards the temporal and spiritual wants of men, is, indeed a desolate object—soon does the tide of sympathy ebb, and what remains is dried up in the revolving years that pass on until the once loved, honored, widely known, and greatly happy as the pastor's wife, becomes forgotten; other preachers have arisen more gifted—more adapted to rising exigencies; new plans have obliterated the old, new generations arise; by little and little the old stock drops off, and after many years the widow gazes on her husband's church, and wonders how strange all things have become, since many know not of olden glories and benefits, for they were but children then, others have ceased to remember them, and she is a *willow*.

The writer of this article at one time learned that he lived in the neighbourhood of one such as he now describes. Her husband had been one of eloquence and popularity in his day. Families, in baptizing their children, were wont to call them by the pastor's beloved name. His widow survived him some thirty years. At the time of the writer's visit she was not far distant from the "better land." She chamber in its furniture, the Bible of ancient days on the table: that Bible, and an aged servant, all that had stood by her! and there she sat, day after day, "forgetting the world, by the world forgot;" her very existence forgotten, and it was happy work to kneel beside that widow indeed, and though not of her household of faith, yet loving her for her Master's sake, and for the sake of the work with which her husband was connected, to pour forth prayer on her behalf to the God of the widow. She appeared to be greatly comforted, and doubtless many hurried and vivid remembrances were busy in her lone mind. Not long after the newspapers announced the death of Mrs. ———, wife of the Rev. ———, and some who read expressed astonishment, and said "they thought she had been dead many years!"

The families of preachers are often the worst attended to, and while their flocks "have bread to spare," their own little ones may be hungry. They are also often engaged in plans so gigantic, in studies so profound, in labours so multifarious, that they are too apt to forget "what the end may be," the sickness and the sorrow, the mourning congregation, the eyes of many tears, the dismissal of chancel, and pulpit, and vestry, and committee: the platform trodden by other feet, the meeting hushed before other voices, the hearts occupied by other messengers of truth, and the shroud and coffin, the portion of their earthly tabernacle while wife and little ones, to use the language of the beautiful chaunt of Wolff, "sit alone and weep!"

LINES WORKED ON A LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST SAMPLER.

Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand  
As the first effort of an infant's hand;  
And as her fingers on the sampler move,  
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;  
With thy dear children may she have a part,  
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.

The Doctor.

## Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

## AN ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.\*

Humboldt, in his celebrated travels, tells us, that after he had left the abodes of civilization far behind, in the wilds of South America, he found, near the confluence of the Atabapo and the Bis Terni rivers, a high rock—called the "mother's rock."—The circumstances which gave this remarkable name to the rock were these:—

In 1799, a Roman Catholic missionary led his half-civilized Indians out on one of those hostile excursions, which they often made, to kidnap slaves for the Christians. They found a Guahiba woman in a solitary hut, with three children—two of whom were infants. The father, with the older children had gone out to fish, and the mother in vain tried to fly with her babes. She was seized by these man-hunters, hurried into a boat, and carried away to a missionary station at San Fernando. She was now far from her home; but she had left children there, who had gone with their father. She repeatedly took her three babes and tried to escape, but was as often seized, brought back, and most unmercifully beaten with whips. At length the missionary determined to separate this mother from her three children, and for this purpose, sent her in a boat up the Atabapo river, to the missions of the Rio Negro, at a station called Javita. Seated in the bow of the boat the mother knew not where she was going or what fate awaited her, she was bound, solitary and alone, in the bow of the long boat; but she judged from the direction of the sun that she was going away from her children. By a sudden effort, she broke her bonds, plunged into the river, swam to the left bank of the Atabapo; and landed upon a rock.—She was pursued, and at evening retaken, and brought back to the rock where she was scourged till her blood reddened the rock,—calling for her children! and the rock has ever since been called "the mother's rock." Her hands were then tied upon her back, still bleeding from the lashes of the manatee thongs of leather. She was then dragged to the mission at Javita, and thrown into a kind of stable. The night was profoundly dark, and it was in the midst of the rainy season. She was now full seventy-five miles from her three children in a straight line. Between her and her children lay forests never penetrated by human footsteps; swamps and morasses, and rivers, never crossed by man. But her children are at San Fernando;—and what can quench a mother's love! Though her arms were wounded, she succeeded in biting her bonds with her teeth, and in the morning she was not to be found! At the fourth rising sun—she had passed through the forests swam the rivers, and all bleeding and worn out was seen hovering round the little cottage in which her babes were sleeping!

She was seized once more;—and before her wounds were healed, she was again torn from her children, and sent away to the mission on the upper Oronoko River—where she drooped, and shortly after died, refusing all kinds of nourishment—died of a broken heart at being torn from her children!—Such is the history of "the mother's rock." Perhaps I might make use of this touching story to lead you to contemplate the curse of slavery; or show you how far cruelty may fill the hearts of those who profess to bear the image of Jesus Christ; but I have a different object in view, and I mention it solely to illustrate one single point, viz:—the strength of a mother's love for her children;—a feeling as universal as man, and a stream so deep, that nothing but the eye of the omniscient one can see its bottom!—For, wherever you find woman, whether exalted to her place by the Gospel, reduced to a mere animal by Mahomet, or sunk still lower by heathenism, you find the same unquenchable love for her children.—She will cheerfully wear herself out, and go down to the grave, to alleviate the sufferings of a single child. I have now in my mind a poor widow, who told me at the funeral of a son, whose intellect and reason had been destroyed by fits, that for thirty and eight years she had never passed a single night in which she did not rise once or more, and go and minister to the wants of that child! She was literally worn out, and in a few weeks followed her son to the grave.

\* By the Rev. John Todd.

The heart of the mother can never grow cold.—Her offspring may go out one by one, and be scattered to the four quarters of the globe; but the rivers that run, and the mountains that rear their heads, and the long deserts that lie between them, neither lessen her love, nor loosen the bonds which hold them to her heart. Time and distance do nothing towards extinguishing those eternal fires which burn in her heart. From the moment that she first gazes on the face of her babe, to that which she closes her eyes in the slumbers of death, she never remits her care, her anxieties, or her love for him. But you will ask is this so without exception?

Have we not read of Jewish mothers who would go out to the fires of Moloch, and with their own hands, take their babes, and dash them upon the iron spikes in the midst of the flames, and there stand and see them writhing in death, while the drums are beating all around them to drown their cries? Yes, you have read of this, and probably thousands of Jewish mothers have done it. And have we not read in the letters of Ward, (now we trust residing in heaven) of the mothers in India at the present day, who take their first-born, when the child is two or three years old, to the river's side and encourage it to enter the stream till the current carries it out, and there stand and see it struggle as it screams and stretches its hands to her and perishes? And have we not read of mothers of Sanger Islands, who have been seen casting their babes out among the alligators, and watching these monsters as they quarrelled for their prey, and watching too the writhing infant in the jaws of the successful animal—standing motionless while they break the bones and suck the blood of these innocents. You have read all this.

How then, say you, can I reconcile all this cruelty with what I have been saying of a mother's love? I reply, I said that a mother's love was strong and deep. I did not say it is the deepest thing known on earth. No! there is one thing deeper! It is that unutterable sense of guilt and ill desert which can overcome even a mother's love, and turn her into a tiger. These awful cases only prove what I have been saying, for when the wounded conscience, knowing of no Redeemer from sin, would try to purchase her salvation, she offers the highest price of which she can conceive—the life of her own child! Oh! if we need no atonement by the blood of the Lamb, how is it that the soul, so torn that its very holiest and deepest affections are tortured away and destroyed, is ever to find peace, and confidence, and joy? What, but a Saviour's blood, can pacify a conscience which will make a mother a monster in hopes of finding relief from its awful lashings!

The love which the father, the brother, or the sister bears seems to be secondary, and the result of habit and association. But that which glows early and late, that which never tires or decays in the bosom of the mother seems innate—a part of her very being. In such cases as that presented by Solomon, it speaks out in Nature's own voice.

Now, why has God planted this deep, this unquenchable, irrepensible love for her offspring, in the mother's heart? Does he do any thing in vain? Did he ever rear a mountain, or hollow out the basin for the great waters, or even leave the impression of his hand anywhere in nature—much more on the human heart—unless that hand was guided by infinite wisdom? No—he had a design in all this, and a design worthy of himself. All do not see it,—all do not feel it. The Indian mother who hangs her infant to the bough of the tree, and sings her wood-song while the winds rock it,—thinks no further than to rear up her child to be a warrior or a hunter: the African mother who carries her infant on her back to her daily toil, may think no further than that he may be a slave under a kind master; and many a mother claiming high intelligence and refinement, thinks no further than to rear up her child to share and enjoy wealth, pleasures, notice and distinctions. With what pride does she gaze upon her little daughter, hoping she shall yet see her excite the admiration of the bright circle!—How will her heart doat when that infant boy shall stand the first in the university, the first in his profession and among the first in the nation! As such mothers bend over their children in all the tenderness of maternal love and solicitude, they have no conception of the design of

God in creating that feeling which looks down into the future, and lives in posterity: May we not fear there are too many who profess to be Christians, who day by day go no further in their views than merely to train up their children for earth? I do hope there are none of this description who will read these pages; but if there are not, my readers will be very few or very uncommon indeed.

What are correct views on this subject? Why is a love so deep planted in the bosom of the mother, that no language can describe it? You have seen the child die, and heard the lamentations of the father, the wailings of David over his son, still ring in our ears, but the sorrows of the bereaved mother are too deep for wailing. You never hear her voice on such an occasion. Nature has given her no means by which to convey the agony of her sorrows! Why has God created this love in her heart.

I will try to tell you. It is because he commits to her first, constant and immediate keeping, a treasure too important to be entrusted to a love that can be measured! When he gives to the mother a child, what does he do. He has made a new creation; he has created a mind which is to think and feel, to live, grow and expand for ever!—a mind which is to act on other minds, and influence their destiny for eternity,—a mind which is to be a vessel into which blessings or woes are to be poured and from which blessings or woes are to flow upon other minds for ever! A new spirit is placed under the care of the mother, which is surely to track its way in the eternal world, and in its train carry joy or misery—not for a day, or an age, or while a world lasts, but while ten thousand worlds fall away into nothing, and then it is only in the dawn of its being. Who would think it a small charge, were a young son committed to her charge, which would shine as our sun does, and give light, and warmth, and heat, and uncounted blessings, if properly reared; but which, if not properly reared, would be a curse for ever to hang up in the heavens, pouring woe and death upon the generations of the earth! But know ye, that yonder infant in the cradle is a spirit which will live, when that sun has done shining, and will be felt in the universe ages after his light is extinguished.—will be a greater blessing than the brightest sun that ever shone, or a heavier curse than the sun would be, if every ray of his light were a poisoned arrow.

This is the reason why so deep a love is centred in the bosom of her to whom this immortal spirit is first committed. It would not do to trust it to the cool calculations of one who could stop to measure her affection;—no!—such a spirit must first be placed in the hands of one whose love is too deep for measurement.

Here, then, I take my stand; and here I feel the real dignity of the mother to begin—for God had committed to her hands the keeping and the moulding of a spirit which may for ever rise up in glory and in light. Never, this side eternity, will the influence of the mother of Moses be known, who trained up a child and so implanted religious impressions upon his soul, that a kingdom and a crown could not tempt him from the service of God—his great end for which he was created! You say the you cannot expect your child to become a Moses—True—nor did she expect this. But when you see a little boy walking the street, who dare say that he may not become a man, and become a blessing to his day and generation? Recollect that our mere existence on earth is but a childhood; the making of the soul is in the next world, where the spirit that child, redeemed and glorified, shall shine as the sun in the firmament, for ever and ever, and scatter blessings as widely. Oh! if my child do all that he ever does for his God, in this life, or nothing; but when I recollect that heaven is his home,—infinite the space in which he may move, and everlasting ages the period in which he may act, with a nature unwearied day or night, can tell the greatness of the destiny of such a spirit, or the work of rearing it for God! Blessed His name, he hath created in the mother's bosom a love that can receive such a charge, and looking for assistance, can train up that child and then patience and tears and prayers, will at last see him up and become "a star of day."—To be continued.

THE EARTHLY PEWS AND THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS.\*

James ii, 1-4.

On a pleasant Sabbath evening I fell into a quiet reverie, and this was the burden of it:

I saw a beautiful building which had been erected for the worship of the Most High. An humbler church had once stood on its site, and many souls had tasted the mercy of God within its walls. But wealth had flowed in upon it, and rich men had clustered round it; and "they pulled it down, and built a greater." The new, majestic temple was adorned within and without, indeed, art and taste might be said to be here personified. The broad aisles were carpeted, the capacious pews were cushioned, and every convenience that luxury could desire might here be found. I saw a crowd of rich and great men there, for the time had come when the choice and fashionable pews were to be sold to the highest bidder. Five hundred, eight hundred, nay a thousand dollars rang on my ears; and the "chief seats" in the holy place became the possession of the proud and wealthy, and they rejoiced in attaining the object of their ambition.

I turned away, for, from some unaccountable cause my heart hung heavy in my bosom, and my eye fell upon a withered, decrepit old woman, who drew near slowly, and with evident tokens of pain, resulting from the effort. She was all alone in this world—in her childhood she had been an orphan, in her womanhood she had married, but her husband's wearing and arduous labours had laid him in an early grave; her children—she had but two—bloomed a little while, and died, and joined their father; and now she was known and loved by none but her Saviour, and a few whose condition was akin to hers. She had come to obtain a solitary sitting—she needed no more in the holy temple of her God. But she was poor, and they bade her stand aside. They judged her by her dress; they quite forgot that heaven's jewels in this world are often meanly set to preserve them from injury and defacement. Unmurmuringly she waited. The proud men left the church, and those who bartered the seats of the Lord's house went out one by one; and the last was also going, but as he went he saw the patient, poverty-marked old Christian, looking after him. His conscience smote him—he spoke kindly to her. She made her errand known. He pointed out to her a seat far off in the gallery. A few cents would defray its yearly cost. She thanked him, and departed.

Day followed day; the Sabbath came and went, and months were born and died. I looked for the old saint, and never looked in vain, for in her seat she constantly appeared. Her dress was thin and scant; but still the winter's blast was never cold enough to keep her from the house of prayer; her strength was little, yet the summer's heat did not detain her at her humble home, and on her oaken staff she came to worship Him whose love burned in her heart. Besides, I saw that while she climbed the stairs, a willing lad (I loved his look, and felt assured he was a Sunday scholar,) stood near to lend his arm to aid her trembling steps; and she blessed him so tenderly my eyes had almost wept. Her sight was dim and weak; but still she listened to the preacher whom she could not see, and whom, because her ears were almost deaf, she scarce could hear. The cold wind swept o'er her head whenever the gallery door was opened; but still it seemed the sweetness of the service of her God made her forget all her discomforters.

I marked the rich men's pews; and when the sky was fair, and "the south wind blew softly" in the morning, their seats were filled. Rich feathers, costly clothes, and chains of gold adorned the tender forms of those who sat therein; but when the people rose to pray their eyes they kept unclosed, and round and round they glanced to mark whose dress outshone their own attire; and oft they yawned; and ere the prayer was o'er they sat them down upon the cushioned seats, and turned the pages of a book in crimson bound, and edged around with gold. Then, lo! I turned again to the decrepit Christian woman.—Her hands were clasped—her eyes were closed, seemingly lest earthly things should turn her thoughts

from God. Lame though she was; her attitude she reverently kept. And then I thought that she must own some wondrous treasure up in heaven, which made her thus forget this earth, and in her childlessness and widowhood to joy in looking to that world.

Before the exercises of the morning closed I often heard the stamping of proud horses' feet, and the impatient changing of the bit; and when the benediction was pronounced the carriage doors were opened wide, and, entering therein the pompous men rode to their splendid homes. Their pews were empty in the afternoon, as well as when the summer sun beat hotly down, and when the blast of winter smote the earth. And, lo! of these I felt their treasure was on earth; they wore the gold of earth, but had no care to win the glorious crowns of heaven!

The piercing breath of March came o'er the land; and soon I noted, nor sorrowfully, that the ancient Christian faded, and I thought that cough was sent to bring her to her rest, it was so deep, so hollow!—Her seat was vacant! At home she lay upon a couch of straw, and cold and cheerless was the room, and comfort seemed to dwell no where but in her soul. I saw the lovely Sunday scholar there; he often read to her from her old Bible, and just as oft his bright and beautiful eyes were all suffused with tears. Ah! he loved Jesus too! He was an orphan boy, and he felt drawn to her like to a mother. Thus he tended on her till she needed no more care. She died in hope, her body lies in earth, her soul is surely up in glory, for when she died it seemed as if I heard sweet noises, like the voices of heavenly spirits welcoming a wandering, but ransomed sister home.

I lifted up my eyes, and saw a stately dwelling.—A line of carriages were drawn up near it—a velvet-plumed hearse, ornamented with chased silver, was now the home of one of those proud men of earth, who passed their Sabbath mornings in the house of God. His "bones were full of marrow," he had departed in the "lusty prime of life." Cut down as in a moment his worldly soul.

Lo! I started from my reverie, and solemnly I turned the pages of my Bible, wherein I read,— "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is their will your heart be also."

LITERATURE.

NEW WORKS.

*Infant Baptism in the Church of England, vindicated by The Rev. R. Graves. London: Painter, pp. 75.*

The object of this little work is to place in its real light the verdict of our Church, concerning Infant Baptism; in answer to a recent article in the Church of England Quarterly which represented her as using a reserve in this particular. So far from this, if it be allowed to plain words to express a meaning, she most clearly asserts not only its indispensability to participation in both her other sacraments and christian offices, but also its necessity to salvation, and pleads the command and example of Scripture as her authority; and if she did not this, she must make a most dangerous concession to Rome, by admitting human tradition only, as her warrant. This opinion of the Church, our author most clearly states, and ably vindicates her conduct; for if, as he reasons, Christ authorised his Church to receive members within her fold, she exceeds not her commission in admitting them by Baptism. The object of God's Church in all ages, in Eden, and in its patriarchal times, and under the Jewish dispensation, has been perfectly uniform—by taking in and training up individuals in the exercise of privileges in the household of Grace, to fit them for members in the household of Glory; this purpose Christ recognised—he also recognised children as heirs of heaven; therefore, the Christian Church has the same object as the Jewish, and is bound to admit little children to a participation in the things of the kingdom of God. Baptism is the means of admission; therefore, she has by implication a divine command for Infant Baptism.

But Baptism is, as our author clearly shews, something more than admission into a religious commu-

nity, it is not only a sign to shew a consent to religion, but to make us religious—a mysterious sacrament with vivifying symbols without which we cannot be saved—"a sign of a new birth whereby we are made children of God," to quote the beautiful words our forefathers were used to sing—

"Quem lavacra consecrant  
Hic nascitur proles Dei,"

Not that we, any more than Mr. Graves or the Church, assert that baptism converts; it only matures it—the seal that stamps the Christian gold and gives it its value and currency in heaven; but this is a point which the admirable charge of the Bishop of Exeter has left quite fresh on our reader's memory. Mr. Graves, is however, a champion of a different cast of mind to the venerable bishop; his motto seems to be "Let gentleness my strong enforcement be"—to both and every one of our Church defenders in this day of her adversity, we and succeeding ages are deeply obliged, and certainly, if the learning and zeal of her advocates can save and elevate her, we have no need to despair, even though the too hasty zeal of friends and the cold sectarian views of some who call themselves her sons, sometimes make us fear for her safety.—*Cons. Jour.*

*Church of England Quarterly Review*.—October.—London: W. E. Painter. 342, Strand.

Although only the 12th number, there is a character about this periodical, which leads us to anticipate that it will shortly become a very important organ of the Church. Published as it is, only four a-year, the reader has a right to expect (and will not be disappointed in his expectation) articles of a soberer and less fugitive description, than are generally found in publications of more frequent appearance. All the articles in the present number are well written, contain much original matter, and are evidently the productions of men well qualified to wield a pen in defence of our much assailed Establishment. The third is written in review of a work called *Secession Justified*, the author of which, among a vast number of other charges, endeavours to fasten the sin of persecution on the English Church; and in proof of this, in modern times, alludes to the cases of the two dissenting churchwardens, who were committed to prison for the non-performance of their duties. "The very allusion," says the reviewer, "to these cases proves that the writer is actuated by a spirit of animosity towards the Church. What has the Church of England to do with the business? The men were committed to prison by the civil power, not by the ecclesiastical; and their offence was an offence against the laws of the land. What are the facts of the case? Two dissenters, conscientious and honest dissenters, seek the office of Churchwardens, for it would not, nor could it, have been imposed upon them against their inclinations; and they seek it for the purpose of annoying the Clergyman and injuring the Church. In undertaking the office, they solemnly engaged to perform duties which they did not perform and never meant to perform. Now the law of the land, as a matter of course, enforces performance of the duties of the office; and under these circumstances, the Clergyman had no alternative but to insist on the performance of the duties. They refused to do what they had solemnly engaged, and thereby incurred the penalty inflicted, not by the Church, but by the State."

While we are able to speak in terms of high commendation of the present number of this Periodical, we are nevertheless constrained to regret the spirit of its first article. It appears that a person signing himself "a Member of the Established Church," sent a series of letters to the *John Bull* newspaper, with which he was so highly delighted that he collected, and published them under the title of "Evangelicalism, generally; and more especially as it exists in the parish St. Mary, Isington." We have not, and most likely shall never read these letters; but we regret the temper and spirit of the notice of them in the *Church of England Quarterly*. Yet in this article there are many things well deserving of serious consideration; particularly the remarks on the character of the hymns sung in some churches—hymns which are certainly oftentimes very objectionable, and unwelcome to good taste.—*Ibid.*

\* From the Presbyterian.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

JOHN RAYNER,—OR, PRESENCE OF MIND.

During the summer holidays, of 1800. I had a young friend, (a school-fellow,) staying with me and my younger brother Edward. His name was John Rayner, and he was then fifteen, two years older than myself. I was very much attached to him, not only from his being good-natured and obliging, but because with the same love of reading as myself, he was far more cheerful and lively, and always seemed to be able to tell us every thing at the very moment that it was wanted. Whether in our games, or in our school studies, he was generally appealed to by the boys. How he obtained so much information, I do not remember that we ever troubled ourselves to enquire; but my father, who liked John exceedingly, said, it was from his constant habit of observation. Certainly, numbers of things were observed and remembered by John, that other boys had not taken the least notice of, although enjoying the very same opportunities. Well, during the mid-summer holidays that I was speaking of, my mother and father were unexpectedly obliged to leave home to see a sick relation who lived at some distance. The evening before their return, we three boys occupied ourselves with assisting our old gardener to put the garden in order. The garden sloped down to a broad river, which joined the sea at a few miles distance. While the gardener was arranging some flower-pots on a stand on the grass plot, and John and Edward were watering the flower-beds, I was sweeping the turf near the water's side. I was not so busy, but I looked up every now and then to watch the beautiful sunset sparkling on the water, or the passage boats and country barges that glided by at intervals. Suddenly I observed at a little distance, something that I could not well make out floating down the river. I called to the gardener, to ask him what he thought it could be.

"Oh it is nothing but a dead pig," answered the gardener, as he sauntered towards me.

"Are you sure of that?" I exclaimed, for I thought as it drew nearer, it looked like a child.

"I do not think it is a pig," said John Rayner, who had joined us, "I am sure it is not. It is the body of a boy!" and in a moment, to our great surprise, he flung off his jacket, and threw himself into the river."

"Oh papa," exclaimed Richard, "what did you and your brother do?"

"Neither of us knew what we were about," replied Mr. Bourne. "Edward exclaimed in terror, 'he will be urbane. He will be drowned, he will be drowned!' and placed his hands before his eyes. I would have dashed after the brave fellow, but the gardener who knew I could not swim, held me back. He called out to John not to fear, but to keep well up against the tide. This last advice was very necessary, for the current was strong, and John found himself drifting in the direction of the mouth of the river. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and his courage never left him. He swam with all his strength towards the floating body, and seizing it by the hair with one hand, with the other he directed his course back to shore. The gardener, Edward, and I, watched him anxiously, and the moment he came within reach, assisted him to land, and in laying the body on the grass-plot."

"Was the body quite lifeless, papa?" said Richard, eagerly.

"We all thought so at the time, all at least except John. My brother Edward recognised the poor little fellow at once, as the son of a washer-woman that lived on the common. He had seen him playing at marbles but the day before, and he therefore felt more shocked than any of us. He burst into tears as he exclaimed, 'Poor, poor woman, she will never see her boy again!'"

"I remember how much we were astonished, when John replied in a hurried tone, 'She may see him again, if we use the right means to recover him. Let us lose no time. Edward, run quickly for a doctor, while we carry him into the house; and as you pass the kitchen tell Susan to get a bed warmed directly.' You may be sure we lost no time in obeying him."

"We had better hold the poor boy up by the heels," said the gardener, "to let the water that he has swallowed run out."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed John, by doing so, you will kill him, if he is not already dead. We must handle him as gently as possible. Run for the shutter of the tool-house, and we will place him upon it. When we had done so, and the body had been carried into the house, Susan and the gardener urged John to place it near the kitchen fire, saying 'that as the body was as cold as a piece of marble, there could be no better plan than to place it as near the fire as possible. After a little persuasion, however, they yielded to John's entreaty, and the body was carefully rubbed dry, and placed on a mattress on its right side, between hot blankets. I should tell you that while I was fetching the shutter, John had wiped the body gently with a handkerchief to remove as much of the water as he could at the time.

"There were no wet clothes to remove, for the boy had evidently been bethriving, and had most probably got out of his depth while amusing himself in the water. After the body had been laid in bed, John bound the head with flannel, and placed it high on the pillows. He then begged Susan to rub the body all over with hot flannels, which the gardener heated from time to time. I was told to fill four common bottles with hot water. These bottles, wrapped in flannel, were placed under the arm-pits and at the feet. John then took the kitchen bellows, and having carefully blown out all the dust that had collected within them, he directed me to close the mouth and one nostril, while he gently blew into the other nostril from the mouth of the bellows. When he saw the chest appear to rise as if filled with air, he put aside the bellows, and pressed the stomach upwards to force the air out. He repeated this process twenty or thirty times in a minute to imitate natural breathing.

"In the midst of his exertions, many of the poorer neighbours assembled, and made their way into the room. They expressed great sorrow for the sudden death of the child, and warm sympathy for the unfortunate parent. Not one of them, however, could offer us the least assistance, because they were quite ignorant that any means could restore a person apparently drowned. They watched us with curiosity and displeasure, and began to mutter among themselves that they should not like a son of theirs to be so treated, dead or alive. At last one woman declared 'that all that nonsense would never bring the dead back to life.'

"And did you turn the people out of the room, papa?" said Richard, "I am sure I would have done so."

"We did not think much about them at first," replied Mr. Bourne, "we were too much engaged in our occupation. But when John found that they crowded near the bed, and impeded the fresh air which is absolutely necessary to assist the recovery of a drowned person, he insisted upon their leaving the room, and as he spoke firmly although gently, they gave way. All this time the windows and doors were left wide open. At last Edward arrived, but the doctor was not with him. He was absent from home when Edward called, and a messenger was sent for him. Edward was anxious to be of service, but he could do little else than heat the flannels, or fill fresh bottles of water. We could not induce John to allow any of us to inflate the lungs. An hour and a half had now passed since the boy was taken from the water, and still no signs of life appeared. The gardener and Susan would have given up all further exertions as useless, and they urged John to think of his own health first, assuring him, that from standing so long in his wet clothes, he would certainly be ill, while he could no longer do any good. John, however, resolutely declared that he would not cease his attempts to recover the boy, till the doctor should declare them to be useless. The time seemed very long particularly to Edward, who was not employed so much as the rest of us. He had kept on the watch for John's orders, gazing alternately on the pale face of the apparently dead boy, and then straining his eyes from the open window, to catch first sight of the doctor. Another half hour passed, and at the end of that time, to the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy, opened his eyes and uttered a faint sigh."

"Oh my dear papa," said Richard, "what did John say?"

"He made no exclamation whatever, but he clasped his hands with exceeding joy. As for the rest of us, the surprise was so great, that I am ashamed to say we were quite bewildered: we ran backwards and forwards, entreating John to tell us what we were to do next. In a low voice he told us that the greatest stillness was necessary but that a small quantity of brandy and water might be given to him. After a few spoonfuls had been poured down the boy's throat, he opened his eyes again, and seemed to smile on his preserver."

"But papa," said Richard, "how did John Rayner know the proper means to recover a drowned person? If he had not known them beforehand, he would not, in spite of his courage, have been able to save the boy?"

"Certainly not, nor could we have saved him," replied Mr. Bourne, "for we were all ignorant. I will tell you how he acquired the knowledge. One day, the winter before, John, and several other boys, and myself, spent the day at a gentleman's house, where we amused ourselves with skating and sliding on some very large ponds. In the evening, John observed in the library a framed printed paper, the title of which struck his eye, 'Rules of the Humane Society for recovering persons apparently drowned.' He was much interested in reading these rules, because on the same paper there was an account of two thousand persons who had been saved by treating them according to the method described in the paper. Some few individuals, it was stated, had even been recovered after the means had been tried for two or three hours without the least appearance of life. John, quite astonished, wrote down these rules in a little pocket book that he happened to have in his pocket, and the act of copying must have impressed them upon his memory."

"What a good thing it was for the mother of this boy, that John Rayner had seen these rules!" exclaimed Richard.

"Better still, Richard, that he had taken pains to remember them. I and many other boys had seen them as well as he, and we were none the wiser for it. Hundreds of people who have read them in newspapers or books, have been quite unable, at the moment of need, to assist another. We forget quickly what we observe or read carelessly.—Parent's Cabinet.

## RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

## A MOTHER'S INSTRUCTION.

The following quotation from an address of the principal of the Flushing Institute, Rev. Dr. Muldenburgh, should be laid to the heart of every mother:—

"We are often asked, 'What kind of boys do you want?' To this question, too, the theory of our institution furnishes an answer. Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used in infancy to hear the precepts of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus instilled live forever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of the conscience; not impregnable, it is true, but indelible. They furnish the mind with chords, which in later life seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful exposition. They are an inextinguishable spark, which, after being smothered under a heap of corruption, may be fanned by the breath of friendly and spiritual counsel into the pure and genial flame of piety. The child of a mother's prayers, said St. Augustine, (and may we not believe it?) is never lost. It is those children who have been dedicated to their Maker under the auspices of a pious and vigilant mother, whose education we should esteem it a happy and useful vocation to continue. While, on the other hand, we should deem it an act of temerity equally hopeless and presumptuous, to become responsible for the youth in whose mind a mother's voice was connected with no other associations than those of apathy to religion, and devotedness to the character and civilities of the world.—Flushing Journal.

## A WORD OF WARNING.

The cloud departed from off the tabernacle; and behold Miriam became leprous, white as snow, and Aaron looked upon Miriam, and beheld she was leprous.—Numbers xii. 10.

"A shocking example of divine displeasure against one of the most odious of crimes! My fair hearers, let me whisper an advice in your ears. I am no common-place declaimer against your sex, I honour it, and I wish to improve it. You must hear me with the greatest attention, and mark what I say. You lie under a general imputation respecting views of the tongue; but general imputations are for the most part unfounded. I do not mean, however, to insinuate, that you are totally innocent, or more so than the other sex; for your affections are eager, and what the heart feels, by the eyes or the tongue, you will express; and that expression is sometimes too strong for either piety or prudence. I mean to caution you, at present, on a particular fault of the tongue, which affects my own profession, which is far from being foreign to the subject, and in which I deem myself both qualified and entitled to advise you. Women, among other favourite objects, have their favourite systems of religion, and their favourite preachers; and, following perhaps the impulse of an honest affection, they are for establishing their favourite object on the ruins of every competitor.—What is the consequence? In the event of difference of opinion, or of attachment, one man is unmercifully, unrelentingly run down; and another is, with equal want of reason, magnified and exalted.—Women, young women, good young women, think they are only yielding to the impulse of a pious affection when they applaud or censure this or that public character: but what are they doing indeed? Blowing up one poor vain idol of straw into self-consequence and importance; and piercing through, on the other hand, an honest heart with anguish unutterable; perhaps robbing a worthy happy family of its bread, or, what is more, of its peace and comfort. I am no stranger to what is by some termed religious conversation; and I am seriously concerned about the topics of it: it generally turns upon persons, — not upon things. Now it ought to be just the reverse. Persons always mislead us, for no one is wholly impartial; but truth is eternal and unchangeable. Apply then the test:—Does the conversation dwell upon this man or his neighbour, his rival or his enemy, check it, away with it,—what have the interests of piety to do in the case? Had he never been born, 'the foundation of God' would have stood as it does, without his feeble aid. Call no man Master in sacred things, but Christ; and take care that you measure neither orthodoxy, sense, nor virtue by the imperfect, fluctuating standard of your own caprice, affection, or understanding. Were similar punishment instantly to follow the vice of the tongue, as in the case of Miriam, I shudder to think how many a fair face, now lovely to the sight, must by tomorrow morning stand in need of a visit; but not for the same reason that the face of Moses did, on his descending the mount, to temper its lustre,—but to shroud its loathsomeness and deformity! Consider what hath been said, and 'set a watch on the door of your lips,' and 'keep the heart with all diligence.'"—*Dr. Hunter.*

## THE PARISH CHURCH.\*

The Parish Church carries back our thoughts from the present to the past, and from our individual, to our national, interests. It is not a thing of yesterday. It does not take its station among us "like a stranger and wayfaring man that tarrieth but a night." It is connected with the very soil; it is "part and parcel" of the district. It belongs to the nation in general, and to that parish in particular. It is, and it has been set apart for the holy uses of the people of that place, from one generation to another. It is a point, in which the rich and the poor truly meet together. It is a monument and memorial of that spiritual sympathy, that only league, in which all ranks, under a *Christian and Protestant Government*, should be united; the prince and the pauper, the peer

and the peasant, the legislator and the citizen, the pastor and the flock, the tradesman and the artisan, the farmer and the labourer, the parent and his family—in a word—*THE KING AND THE PEOPLE*—who, in their care of these sacred edifices, exhibit to God and man, public pledges of the national sense of God's blessings—the national dependence on God's providence—the national reliance on God's mercy—the national zeal for God's glory—the national observance of God's will—and the national faith in God's edifying and saving word.

The Parish Church is associated with ideas of peace and unity, order and stability, decency and antiquity.

When we look on the Parish Church, every thing about it may give rise to recollections suited to the great principles, and to the solemn and unchangeable character, of religion. It bears, in all points the venerable traces, of remote ages, and durable consistency. The very building (in the case of St. Martin's) takes back our thoughts to that period, when, distinctly, and beyond all question, is established the union of our British priesthood with that of the primitive church: and our calling can be traced in one unbroken line, to the times of the Apostles.

In the laws, which provide for the preservation of that ancient fabric, are visible records and proofs of our being a Christian nation, and under a Christian Legislature.

The funds, which the State appropriates to the maintenance of its fleets and armies, are evidences of its care to guard the independence of the community from foreign foes. Those, which it expends in our courts of justice, are the evidences of its care, to protect our property from domestic wrongs. But those, which it devotes to the Parish Church, are evidences of its care, to save us from the deadliest of all assaults—those of our spiritual enemies. The two first distinguish it as the organ of a reasonable society—the last consecrates it as the organ of a christian society.

But, from considering the outward fabric, let us pass on—let us enter the Parish Church. What objects there present themselves to our memory!—There we behold a minister, whose calling can be traced back, in uniform practice to the primitive church, and has passed down, as it were, from hand to hand, from the very day when Jesus himself "came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

The Parish Church reminds us of the blessings of the Protestant Reformation—the unsealing of the word of God by the translation of the Bible into the English language—the noble and effectual bulwark established to defend not only this kingdom, but all Europe, against the corruptions and domination of Popery. It is connected with the memory of those holy men, whose wisdom and piety, faith and perseverance, under God, wrought out that deliverance. It turns our thoughts to those brave and blessed heroes of the cross, who shed their blood, and gave their bodies to the flames, to establish and maintain this pure and apostolic branch of Christ's Church. It is connected with the memory of our Cranmer, our Ridley, our Latimer, our Hooper, and all our "noble army of martyrs."

The Parish Church leads back our thoughts to the "Communion of Saints," the common sympathy, interest and union of holy men—however distant their countries—however various their languages and customs—however remote the ages, in which they sojourned here on earth. It raises recollections, according with the Scriptural description of the union of every member of Christ in one mystical body, in which, "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and if one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." In the Parish Church we do not regard ourselves as mere separate individuals or as part of a separate body; but we feel our connection with both the National Church and with the Universal Church.

We turn our thoughts back to the generations of our

forefathers, who have worshipped here the same God, the same Saviour; and who have professed the same faith, (though at one period sadly corrupted and perverted.) On the walls and pavement of the Parish Church are memorials of the dead, to whom we perhaps are related, not merely as members of the same Church, but as descendants of the same blood. Here the records of them, who have gone before us, meet our view, as we bend the knees in prayer to that God, before whom we shall see the individuals themselves, when we again kneel before him for judgment. Here, too, they, as well as we, were received into the ark of Christ's Church; here they, as well as we, were guests at the Holy table of our universal Lord; here they worshipped God in the faith of their forefathers, and within the same hallowed walls as those forefathers worshipped, and were themselves baptized.

From the past; we carry on our views to the future. We look to the generations yet to come; and, in Christian charity and faith, we desire and pray, that they may forfeit our inestimable privileges—that they may enjoy the same blessings—be received into the same ark—worship in the same faith—and communicate in the same Parish Church, as we and our fathers have done before them.

This Parish Church, humble as it is, has been consecrated to God's service. It has been lawfully endowed, by pious persons, with a property for the perpetual maintenance of God's ministers. It is a part of the National Religious Establishment—it belongs to the people for their religious uses—it has so belonged to them from age—it forms part of that hallowed chain, which unites father to son, generation to generation, in Christian communion. Great and awful will be the responsibility of those individuals, or of that legislature, which shall dare to touch it with a sacrilegious hand, or to rob the altars and the Ministers of the Lord.

"It was no ill advice," (said Bishop Taylor), "whoever gave it, to the favorite of a prince, 'never make yourself a professed enemy to the Church, for their interest is so complicated with that of the public, and their calling is so dear to God, that one way or other, one time or other, God and man will be their defender.'"

May our Sovereign, and our legislature, consecrate their functions, and seek the blessing of God upon their labours. May all our countrymen shew their sense of God's goodness, by prizing that which has for ages been a glory and a blessing in all parts of this illustrious and highly-favoured land.

## WARN THEM ALL.

Friends of temperance! onward go,  
Fear not yet to face the foe:  
God and truth are on your side,  
Needful strength will be supplied.

Warn the drunkard of his state,  
Rouse him, ere it be too late,  
Tell him hope doth yet remain,  
If he only will abstain.

Warn the moderate to beware,  
Lest they fall into the snare:  
Bid them from temptation fly,  
Touch not, taste not, lest they die.

Warn the makers of strong drink,  
And the sellers, lest they sink,  
With an aggravated doom,  
To perdition's deepest gloom.

Warn them all with feeling heart,  
In this sin to take no part:  
Warn them all this curse to shun,  
Which hath multitudes undone.

Ulster Missionary.

\* From the Gospel Messenger.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

Messrs. Editors,

Being of rather a pacific temperament, and occupied, I trust, in promoting peace, by the proclamation of the blessed tidings of salvation,—I feel a great reluctance in these gainsaying days, to leave my own peculiar circle of duties, in order to prepare a column or two for your excellent paper, though I know well that we ought all to aid you in your laudable efforts to edify your fellow churchman, at a great sacrifice to yourselves. Still I feel constrained, powerfully constrained, to offer you and your readers a few remarks upon one of the many evil practices of those who would subvert the constitution of our country in Church and State, and certainly none is more conspicuous than that of ridiculing, or holding up to contempt the existing authorities of the country.

In every place on which the fomenters of our political evils have had occasion to appear, the ordinary respect for rank, and station, and official dignity, has been attempted to be set aside. The customary forms of respect are infringed, and every effort is made to raise a suspicion or a laugh (it matters little which) against those who bear the least rule. It was well observed by that meek and wise defender of our ecclesiastical polity, Richard Hooker, that "he who goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject;—but the secret hindrances and difficulties which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider: and because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of the State are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men of singular freedom of mind—under this fair and plausible colour, whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current.

That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other hand, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with prejudices, deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time and speak in favour of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment—but also, to hear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take, against that which they are loth should be poured into them." Actuated probably by considerations of this kind, there are those among us whose reiterated and only theme is, the "grievances," real or imaginary, under which we labour: and it is but too true, that they seldom or never want attentive and favourable hearers. The brighter side is, by many, not thought worthy of exhibition. To descant upon our great and numerous mercies—to shew how highly we have been favoured nationally and individually—to dwell upon our creation and preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all upon the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ—would be far less welcome to the ears of many, than to give a misanthropical view of our condition, and to represent even our privileges but as the badges of slavery.

Certain it is, that the indecorous conduct in question is but too well received among those who mistake arrogance for honest boldness, and audacity for truth. Even the most common-place dulness is contrived into wit when the object of its attack is invested with official dignity.—The more grave or sacred the occasion, the more credit is assumed, for the violation of the rites of ordinary deference and decency.

A sneer at a Bishop, or a petulant reply to a judge, is retailed from lip to lip as a happy instance of patriotic ability, while a jest upon the Bible itself, or a profane application of its sacred words to common discourse is considered more poignant still. Under circumstances like these, it becomes important to recollect that a respectful

demeanour to constituted authorities is a christian duty, and one which ought especially to be encouraged and enforced in this age of unbounded innovation. Names, it has been said, are things: and it is very certain that the exterior forms of respect for any office have seldom been violated with impunity, without the office itself being soon exposed to contempt.

It may at first sight appear somewhat invidious, (that however I will at once disavow) and at all events unnecessary, to transmit observations like these to the public, through the pages of a religious journal: but if we consider how deeply the germ of this propensity is seated in almost every heart, and how much need there is of christian humility wholly to extirpate it, it will not appear unnecessary in times like these to have touched upon the subject.

Men naturally dislike the superiority of a neighbour, and too easily learn to feel a secret pleasure when those who are more privileged than themselves are exposed to any little inconvenience or mortification which appears to reduce them to their own level. Hence the propensity to exult over the insults cast upon constituted authorities.

The misplaced repartees of the most worthless characters are frequently treasured up with satisfaction, by many who have neither ear nor heart for the maxims of sober wisdom. To those who really wish to know their duties to constituted authorities, the Scriptures furnish an unequivocal guide. The obligation to decorum and respect, even towards evil Governors, is there so frequently and so forcibly displayed, especially in our Lord's own recorded observations, and in the writings of the apostles, that any further remark upon the subject on the present occasion would be quite superfluous.

But to the christian the conduct of his Saviour must ever be the strongest argument; and what that conduct was, in reference to the subject in question, needs not to be formally recited. It is impossible to read his life without observing how completely he performed the part of a loyal and obedient citizen, and that not only in the more substantial points, such as "rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but even in the minutest forms of respect and civility to every recognized authority. His meekness, his submission, his patience before that tribunal that condemned him, form a noble contrast to the conduct of many in the present day, who hope to ingratiate themselves with the unreflecting multitude.

It is very obvious, Messrs. Editors, that the spirit of the present age is, generally speaking, too little inclined to those respectful usages which are necessary to the very being of civilized society. The language and conduct of the young to the old, the servant to the master, the child to the parent, have undergone a remarkable change within the last century. In some respects the change may be for the better. But in others it is fraught with evil: for to mankind at large, the prescriptive usages of distant respect are a more powerful safeguard to the just balance of society, than the deductions of reason and political expediency.

The times imperatively require that every parent should teach his child, and every preceptor his pupil, that "to order himself lowly and reverently" to all his betters, is not an unmeaning part of his catechetical instructions, and that much less is it a mark of a servile and degraded mind.

He who is our great Exemplar pities while he corrects his wayward creatures: how little then does a disposition prone to accuse, and backward to justify, become those whose very existence depends upon the exhibitor of the exact contrary of such a line of conduct toward themselves on the part of their omniscient Judge.

The christian learns his duty to his fellow creatures in the reflections that humble him before his Creator.—Conscious of his own sins, "negligences, and ignorances," he can in some measure be touched with the feeling of the infirmities of others, as his all meek and merciful Re-

deemer is with his own.—Such an habitual feeling will lead to the very contrary of every thing like petulance of speech, or harshness of construction. It will employ that restless activity which too many evince in scrutinizing the failings of others, to discover and amend our own.

A disposition like this will lead to the best of all reforms;—a reform radical as our sins, and coextensive with our evil passions. Arduously engaged in casting the beam out of our own eye, we shall have little leisure or inclination to insult our brother for the mote that may be in his.

The gentle graces of the christian character—the kindness, the forbearance, the candour, which we all need, and should all learn, in return, to bestow—will exercise more extensive influence over our hearts. Thus will society be united by closer bonds, and thus will the period advance when all discords shall for ever cease.

PASTOR.

*To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.*

Sirs,

In compliance with your request made in the Colonial Churchman of November 14th, a sermon was preached by the Rector of St. Mary's Church, Aylesford, in behalf of the New Church to be built in Grand Manan, and the sum of £3 10s. was this week remitted, to the Rev. Mr. Dunn as an expression of our sympathy with this afflicted minister and his congregation. This fact is communicated, not as being in itself worthy of publication, but in the hope that it may stimulate the ministers of wealthier congregations to bring this case before their people.

I remain, Your's, respectfully

HENRY L. OWEN.

Aylesford, January 18, 1840.

I AM A CHRISTIAN,

Not only because I am convinced that a divine revelation is absolutely necessary, to make known to mankind the proper object of their faith and worship, as well as to instruct them in their present duties and future expectations;—but also, because there is such evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the bible, as can be produced for no other writings, pretending to be revelations from God to man;—because the history contained in the bible is credible or worthy of being believed;—and because the miracles and prophecies recorded in it, as well as the excellence and sublimity of the doctrines and morality which it inculcates, the harmony subsisting between every part, the astonishing and miraculous preservation of the scriptures, the tendency of the whole to promote the present and eternal happiness of mankind, as evinced by the blessed effects which are invariably produced by a cordial reception and belief of the bible, together with the peculiar advantages possessed by the christian revelation over every other religion,—are all of such a nature as incontrovertibly prove it to be, indeed, the inspired word of God.

Reader, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts xvi. 31. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." John v. 10, 11.

*The Village Churchman.* No. 22. October, 1839.  
W. E. Painter, 342, Strand.

This is a very good and cheap little periodical.—We should be glad to see rather more original matter in its future numbers, as readers of magazines are sometimes also readers of other publications. The article on Infidelity, No. VI., is really hardly anything more than a sketch, and dilution of Robert Hall's sermon on that subject. The History of Mr. Faulstich we have somewhere seen before. It is, however, a very good tale, and deserves to be repeated.

Cons. Jour.

**SCHOONER MAGNET.**—Being absent from Lunenburg when our last paper was issued, we omitted to notice the melancholy circumstances connected with the recent voyage of this vessel, from the West Indies,—which, having been but partially stated in the Halifax papers, we now record.—She was commanded by Capt. Joseph Moser, a native of this town; and shortly after leaving the West Indies, the mate, Mr. John Frederick, jr. son of Mr. John Frederick of this town, a promising young man—James Contoway, Justus Dauphiney, and John Marhaver, seamen, fell sick, and after ten days illness died, leaving only the Captain and two boys to bring the vessel on the coast at this inclement season of the year. Two were dead on board at one time, and were committed together to the deep, with the impressive funeral service of the Church. The feelings of the desolate remnant that were left may be better imagined than described. "God be with us", was the very proper expression of these feelings noted in the log-book at the time: and God was with them; for just in their great need, He caused a friendly sail to appear—the brig Blue Nose, Capt. —, of St. Andrews, N. B. who kindly lay by them all night, promising assistance in the morning. One of the crew then volunteered his services, and the weather being too boisterous to lower a boat, he sprang into the rigging of the Magnet, and got safely on board. The name of the young man who thus braved the dangers of the sea and of infection, deserves to be mentioned with the highest praise,—it is CHARLES JANGLEY;—and we are happy to find that both by the owners, Messrs. Chas. & Jos. Rudolf, and by the Underwriters at Halifax, he was handsomely rewarded, having received from the latter Fifty dollars. So it should be, for the encouragement of others in similar cases.

While we deeply deplore the loss of so many active young men, (all but one natives of the place and members of the Church;) and while we in common with the rest of the community have sympathized with their sorrowing friends, who will see them no more here below—we ought still to adore the mercy of Providence in so ordering it that the small remainder were preserved from sickness, and brought to the haven where they would be. This was the Lord's doing, who can still the raging of the sea, and save where hope seems to be at an end.—It hath pleased Him to visit this place sorely during the last 14 years, in taking off a large number of our young men, either by the influence of sickly climates, or by the fury of the elements, engulfing them in a moment in the mighty waters. Many a dear one, for whose return wives, mothers, parents, brothers and sisters, had looked in vain, until "hope deferred has made the heart sick"—lies in the hidden caverns of the wide Atlantic, waiting the time when "the sea shall give up her dead."—May we all feel that such dispensations are chastenings of the Lord to the whole community to which they are sent, and may the effect be—the renewal of our hearts and the amendment of our lives.

The Magnet, Capt. Moser, sailed again on Saturday for the West Indies. We hope her return will be more cheering than the last.\*

\*The Halifax Journal and Times are requested to give as much of the above as they feel disposed to insert.

**NEW CHURCH.**—We are happy to hear that the large congregation of Lutherans, of which the Rev. Mr. Cossinan is the respectable Pastor, have resolved to erect a new and spacious Church in this town, in the course of the ensuing summer. We understand that their subscription list has been very handsomely filled up.

**NEWPORT.**—We rejoice to hear from time to time of the continued prosperity of this, the favourite mission, (many years ago,) of one whose honoured head now withers in the dust, but whose name lives in the grateful remembrance of numbers to whom he ministered under circumstances of toil and danger to which the new race of missionaries are strangers.—The people of this Parish have ever been remarked for a steady adherence to their Church, and they are now rewarded by the enjoyment of the constant and comforting services of a devoted and resident Pastor. We have lately heard that some of the Ladies of the congregation have presented a bass viol, for the use of the Choir.

**Dr. Hook.**—The celebrated sermon of this Clergyman on the text "Hear the Church" has passed through Forty editions in little more than a year.

COMMUNICATED.

MEETING OF THE ANTIGONISHE BRANCH OF THE DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

The Society met at the Episcopalian Church in Antigonishe on Thursday the 4th December at half past six in the evening, when the evening Service was read by the Rev. Mr. Leaver.—A sermon was then preached by the Rev. Charles Shreve of Guysborough, forcibly and pathetically calling the attention of the audience to the objects of the Society.

The Rev. Mr. Leaver, then took the chair and delivered an address explaining the objects, operations and success of the Parent Society—the proceedings of the last meeting of this Branch—the appropriation of the funds raised at that time—and calling on those present to lend their aid to the advancement of the cause by contributions in proportion to their ability.

After which the following Resolutions were moved and passed:—

Moved by E. H. Harrington, Esq. seconded by M. C. Hierlihy, Esq. with suitable addresses.

"Resolved, That it is a duty incumbent upon all who have received the great blessing of the Christian Religion to aid according to their abilities in sending to the destitute and uninstructed, both in this and other countries, the same blessing they have themselves freely received."

Moved by Augustus Ogden, Esq. who read to the meeting the Bishop of Calcutta's account of the successes of Missions in the East Indies, published in the Colonial Churchman in September or October last; seconded by Mr. Charles Leaver, with an address.

"Resolved, That the blessing lately given from above to the labours of the Church Missionaries in the East Indies and other parts, calls for devout thankfulness from us to the Giver of all good, as well as increased exertion in aid of Religion."

A subscription was then entered into which, with immediate contributions from those who preferred that mode, amounted to Thirteen Pounds. To this amount it may be anticipated that £3 or £4 will be added when subscriptions are received from Little River in this Parish, and from several of our members here who were not present at the meeting; so that our Treasurer will probably be enabled to remit £16 as the proceeds of this meeting.

It may be well to remark here for the information of other Parishes, that one quarter of the amount remitted from this Society at its last meeting has been returned to us by the Parent Society in books which were exhibited to the meeting by the Rev. Chair-

man, and which form the nucleus of a Library to be open to all Subscribers to the Society in this Parish, and to be increased by the one fourth of all future remittances in like manner.

SUMMARY.

Our House of Assembly appear as yet to have done but little. The Resolutions and proceedings of the Delegation sent home last summer, will probably at this time be the subject of debate. It may be a question whether any object has been attained by that measure sufficient to compensate for the outlay of money, loss of time, and risk of disturbing the contentment of as happy a people as live under the sun, by conjuring up imaginary grievances.—A Bill for the repeal of the act establishing the Church of England in this Province was introduced by Mr. McKim of Cumberland—a sweeping measure indeed, but one which we hope will itself be swept from the table of the House. It is pretty good evidence, how little that Act operates to the prejudice of any, that the hon. repeater actually did not know of its existence until the day before he aimed at it this deadly blow.—The hon. J. B. Uniacke made some very just observations on the first reading of this precious bill, and gave notice that he should oppose it at the proper stage, as no doubt all the Presbyterian members also will—acknowledging as they do the principle of an Established Church.

The Baptist denomination have presented a long and strong petition for a charter for their Queen's College at Horton. We would not confine academical honours to any denomination of christians—but it would seem undesirable unnecessarily to multiply Colleges in a young country like this. The Windsor University, where the Horton Professors received their honours, is free to all, and it will be long before degrees conferred under new charters will stand as high as these to be found there. The expenses are alleged as an argument against resorting thither for education, but these are greatly reduced—and if Baptists and other Dissenters would found scholarships there for the benefit of their respective denominations, it would be found cheaper and better than multiplying sectarian institutions in the land.

In Upper Canada we perceive with surprise, that the Clergy Reserve question has again been brought into the stormy arena of the Assembly, after being, as was thought, removed to one where a calmer and more impartial decision might be expected.—The renewal of the discussion there is deprecated by every lover of peace, and the terms of the proposed partition of the Reserves are in direct violation of the just rights of the Church of England.—No irruption from the United States, nor any internal disturbance, had occurred in the Canadas at the last accounts.

The steamer Lexington, plying between New York and Providence, had been destroyed by fire, and near 200 lives lost by the awful calamity.

It is reported that her Majesty's nuptials with Prince Albert of Cobourg were to take place earlier than April. Mr. O'Connell is said to have determined to retire from Parliament after next Session, (?)

☞ We have the pleasure to announce the safe arrival last evening of the brig Durham, Capt. John Rudolf, (for whose safety many fears were entertained) after a tedious and arduous passage of 55 days from Nevis. We regret to add that another of our young men, George Burn, seaman, died on the passage. Several others were ill, but recovered. They have been several times near land, but blown off,—and have lost some of their sails and spars.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, Dec. 14, 1839.

At an examination held this day, Mr. John Harvey, and Mr. William Black, were elected to the vacant Scholarships.

Jan. 16th, 1840.

At a Convocation held this day, the Rev. George S. Jarvis, B. D. of this University, and Rector of Shediac in New Brunswick, was admitted to the degree of D. D.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, Mr. John Bailly to Miss Eleanor Perrier.

At Upper LaHave, on Thursday last, by the same, Mr. Joseph Mulock to Miss Sophia Wenzell.

Lately, at Newport, by the Rev. Richard Uniacke, Mr. Sopater Shaw to Miss Phoebe Mumford.



ON CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN 1829.

Hail Ocean wild ! hail Ocean free !  
 Indomitable main !  
 Though Britain boasts she ruleth thee,  
 Where has she fixed her chain ?  
 And is there none, to whom thy waves  
 Obedient rise or fall ?  
 Yes ; He who from their coral graves  
 Thy drowned hosts shall call.  
 When thou shalt cease to be a dread,  
 Or object of desire,  
 Licked from thy deep and vasty bed,  
 And quonched by conquering fire.  
 Oh ! what a fearful banner then  
 Shall thy red foe display  
 When, gorged with spoils of cindered men,  
 He covets thee for prey.  
 A hissing horror thou shalt shew—  
 While he, with sharpened zest,  
 Shall kindle to a fiercer glow  
 As fiercer curls thy crest.  
 In vain against his flaming front  
 Thy floods successive pour,  
 There comes, till now unfelt, a want  
 Of moisture at thy core.  
 Then what shall rest of thee but soum—  
 A void thy vaunted space ;  
 Nor less in all thy billows dumb  
 Than man in all his race.  
 Who, who shall stand against the wrath  
 Revealed in that dread day ?  
 He, who hath held his steady path  
 In God's appointed way.  
 Him not the globe involved in fire,  
 Nor molten heaven can move—  
 Secure, though all things else expire,  
 Still lives a Saviour's love. [Church.]

NOAH'S ARK.

He who commanded Noah to build the ark, was graciously pleased to give him its plan; and no other plan could so fully sustain, as this does, the fact of inspiration. Be it remembered that navigation then was not a science. But look at the magnitude of the ark and its proportions. After the nicest computations, and taking the dimensions with the utmost geometrical exactness, the most learned calculators, and the most experienced ship-builders, declare the plan and the proportions perfect. If the cubit be taken at eighteen inches—and many reckon it at twenty-one—the ark was four hundred and fifty feet long, seventy-five wide, and forty-five high, or nearly as long as St. Paul's cathedral, and almost half the size of that immense building. It contained three floors; and Dr. Hales shows that it would be of forty-two thousand four hundred and thirteen tons burthen. A first-rate man-of-war is but of about two thousand three hundred tons; so that it would hold as much as eighteen of the largest ships now in use, and might carry twenty thousand men, with provisions for six months, besides the weight of one thousand eight hundred cannons, and all requisite military stores.—The height might be divided into three stories, besides the hold, appropriated to a magazine, the beasts, and the fowls. We cannot doubt that this would be ample room to contain eight persons and about two hundred and fifty pairs of four-footed animals, a number to which Buffon reduces the various distinct species. Dr. Brothway has stated that a first-rate man-of-war would be sufficient for the purpose.—*Dublin Christian Journal.*

What the tree of life was to Adam in Paradise; what sacrifice in general was to the faithful, after the fall, from Abel downward; what the paschal lamb was to Israel quitting Egypt; what manna was to that people in the wilderness; what the shew-bread was in the tabernacle and temple; all this, and if there be any other symbol of like import, it is now briefly comprehended, during the continuance of the Christian Church upon earth, in the holy eucharist. The former were prefigurative sacraments, this a commemorative one. They showed forth the Messiah, and life which is by him, until his first coming; this shows forth the same Messiah, and the same life, "until his coming again." Excluded from the tree of life in Paradise, we are admitted to partake of the bread of life in the church. Lost by the covenant of works, we are saved by that of grace. A cheering voice calls to us from the sanctuary,—"Draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort." The elements are honoured with the names of the body and blood of Christ, because appointed to signify and convey, to the worthy communicant, the blessings purchased by his body broken, and his blood shed, upon the cross; blessings to the soul, like the benefits conferred upon the body by bread and wine; life, health, strength, comfort, and joy.—*Bishop Horne.*

C. H. BELCHER,

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- .....'s Book of Private Devotions
- ..... Christian Truth
- ..... Companion to the Holy Communion
- ..... Scripture Help
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- Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, by the late Mr. Charles Taylor, with the fragments incorporated. The whole condensed and arranged in alphabetical order; with numerous additions. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings on wood, 1 vol. imperial, 8vo
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- The Church Service, arranged by the late hon. C. Grimston, 2 vols: Vol. 1, Morning Service—vol. 2, Evening Service

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HALIFAX, JAN. 1st, 1840.

FOR 1840.

Containing Lists of the Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils and House of Assembly; Officers of the Army and Navy; OFFICERS OF MILITIA throughout the Province, corrected from the late Returns; Sittings of the Courts and List of Public Officers, arranged under their respective Divisions and Counties; Roll of Barristers and Attorneys; Charitable and other Societies; Clergy, Colleges, Academies, &c.; Routes and distances to the principal towns in the Province, and to St John, Fredericton and Quebec, with a variety of other matters useful and entertaining,—containing every thing requisite and necessary. The Calendar pages and Farmer's Calendar have been considerably enlarged, and the time of High Water given for Annapolis, Windsor, St. John, N. B. and Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, in addition to that for Halifax.—May be had of the Subscriber, and at every respectable store throughout the province.  
 Halifax, Nov. 1, 1839. C. H. BELCHER,

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*Bookey*