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THE HARBINGER,

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

VOL. I.

OCTOBER 15, 1842.

No. 10.

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WESTERN CANADA.

The following paper would have been inserted in last number but for the press of other matter.

FOR THE HARBINGER.

MR. EDITOR,—With thanks for your insertion of our former communication, I send you the subjoined, and shall be obliged by your publishing it, if possible, in the ensuing number of the Harbinger.

On Tuesday, July 5th, the Deputation of the Congregational Mission for Canada West, in company with Rev. W. Hayden of Cobourg, visited the Indian settlement at Rice Lake, in the absence of the men, who were generally out shooting and fishing. They visited from house to house, and conversed with the women concerning the Kingdom of God, and in their humble sanctuary sang, "Let the Indian, let the Negro,—Let the rude barbarian see," &c. Although it is evident that their native prejudices and habits still have a powerful hold upon them, it is delightful to mark the advances they have made both in civilization and religion, since they have been partakers of "like precious faith with us."

Having spent a few days with their own flocks, the deputation recommenced their labors in behalf of our Infant Missions, on Lord's day, July 17th, when sermons were preached at Guelph, by Rev. W. Clarke of London, and at Eramosa, by Rev. W. P. Wastell of Guelph.

On Monday evening, a very interesting Missionary Meeting was held in the Congregational Chapel, Guelph, which was appropriately addressed by Rev. Messrs. Brownell and Fawcett, Wesleyans, and Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Harris, Denny, and Wastell, Congregationalists.

On Tuesday evening, there was a Temperance Soirée, of the Guelph Society, in the Court House,

when addresses were delivered by the President, C. J. Mickle, Esq., and by the above-named Ministers; as the result of which we trust a new impetus will be given to the good cause in this rising town.

On Wednesday evening, two members of the deputation, Rev. S. Harris and W. P. Wastell, held a Temperance meeting, at Irvineside, near Fergus, where the cause is in an interesting and encouraging state.

On Thursday evening, a Missionary meeting was convened, in Mr. M'Grea's School House, near Guelph, at which addresses were delivered by the deputation, assisted by Mr. T. Hodgskin, Student in the Congregational Academy, Toronto.

On Lord's day, July 24th, Missionary Sermons were preached in the Congregational Chapel, London. In the morning, after a Sermon by the Rev. S. Harris, on the subject of Missions in general, Deacon Hart was ordained to the work of an evangelist. The Rev. W. Clarke asked the usual questions, and offered the Ordination prayer; Rev. W. P. Wastell delivered the charge, and concluded the solemnities of the morning, by commending the newly ordained laborer to the confidence and sympathies of the Church with which he is identified, of the Churches of the Congregational Union of Canada West, of the Church of Christ at large. In the afternoon and evening, the Rev. W. P. Wastell preached, in behalf of Missions, and the Rev. S. Harris preached in the evening at Westminster, for the same object.

On Monday evening, a public Missionary Meeting was held in the Congregational Chapel, London, which appeared deeply interested in the addresses of the Rev. Messrs. Holtby and Noble, Wesleyans, and of the several members of the deputation.

On Tuesday evening, a Missionary meeting was

held in the barn of the Rev. J. Silcox, Back Street, Southwold, which was addressed by the Rev. — Baptist, Mr. W. Clarke, Student of the Congregational Academy, the Rev. J. Silcox, and the members of the deputation.

On Wednesday, the deputation visited Missionary stations at Muncey Town, where they were most kindly entertained by the Rev. P. Jones and his estimable lady. Mr. Jones accompanied the deputation to a Missionary Meeting at St. Thomas's, in the evening, where, as at Cobourg, he rendered our cause essential service. The meeting was held in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, the Rev. S. Waldron, resident Minister, in the Chair, after whose introductory remarks, addresses were delivered by the Rev. P. Jones, and the deputation.

On Thursday evening, the deputation returned to attend a Temperance Meeting at London, when a still was worked by the President, the Rev. W. Clarke, by which a quart of beer was analyzed, to the chagrin of a few, but to the no small gratification of the many. Addresses by the Rev. Mr. Holtby and the deputation.

On Lord's day, July 31st, Missionary Sermons were preached in the following places:—In the morning, at Burford, by the Rev. W. P. Wastell; at Paris, by Rev. W. Clarke; at Brantford, by Rev. S. Harris. In the afternoon, a Missionary Meeting was held at Burford, when the deputation was most efficiently aided by the Pastor, Rev. J. Nall, and by Rev. T. Baker. In the evening, Sermons were preached at Brantford, by Rev. W. P. Wastell, at Oakland, by Rev. S. Harris.

On Monday evening, a Missionary meeting was held in the Congregational Church, Brantford, when the deputation was sustained by the able advocacy of the Rev. Mr. Rose, Wesleyan, and the Rev. T. Baker, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Brantford.

On Tuesday evening, the deputation attended a Temperance Meeting at the same place. Rev. T. Baker presided.

In almost all the places where Congregational Ministers are located, the deputation had the pleasure of originating promising auxiliaries to the parent Society, which they trust will raise an amount of funds worthy of the end proposed.

In reviewing their Missionary Tour, extending over a distance of upwards of 800 miles, the deputation feel called upon to acknowledge the goodness of God, in returning them to their loved families and flocks, in health and peace. They also feel called upon thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness which has been invariably shown to them, and the Christian interest expressed in their labors, by Ministers and friends associated with other sections of the Church of Christ, especially the Wesleyan bodies.

And though they have by no means accomplished what they would, they trust they have done what

they could. May Jehovah signally approve the effort, by employing it as an instrument for his glory.
W. P. W.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, Aug. 21st, 1842,

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In my last an error was made regarding the Springfield, over which I had the pleasure of walking; it was *East*, not *West*. That Epistle left your traveller at Boston, in the midst of a fog; but said mist was an exception to a general rule, and was soon chased away, so that the morning awoke bright and lovely. Having but a single day for sight-seeing, no time was lost or toil grudged. I found the cupola of the State House, the best point from which to study Boston and its environs. That building stands on an eminence within the city, having the "Common," a Park neatly laid out, stretched before it. From its top, one observes that the city is built on a spot nearly surrounded by water,—that said spot is thoroughly occupied, and that the increase of population, if there be any, cannot be placed to the credit of Boston, for there is no room, but must swell "the returns" of dwellers in Charlestown, Cambridge, Dorchester, &c., which are in fact suburbs of Boston. By means of an omnibus, I was enabled to visit the College, forming the University at Cambridge. This is a richly endowed Institution, brought by some not very creditable proceedings under the entire control of Unitarians. If the righteous decision of the Court of Chancery, and afterwards of the House of Lords, in the case of Lady Hewley's bequest, could be brought to bear upon this University, the state of matters would soon be altered, and, instead of sending forth a baneful influence, it would become a fountain of light and truth and holiness. Walking through the grounds, I was struck with the consummate taste displayed in a new building, in the Gothic style, recently erected, and appropriated as Library and Reading Rooms. It is as one of our fine old English Cathedrals: only of course on a small scale. Its cost was £25,000, bequeathed for the purpose by a wealthy friend of the Institution. There are about 45,000 volumes in the Library. Incidentally, was a fact communicated to me concerning the present state of this University, which corroborates the statement I heard in several well informed quarters, that Unitarianism is on the wane throughout Massachusetts. There are about 500 students now at the University. Some 270 of these are under-graduates, 100 students of Law, about 100 students of Medicine, and some 30 of Divinity. If I mistake not, Andover, which is an Evangelical Institution, has between one and two hundred students; while the ancient and richly endowed Cambridge cannot muster more than about 30, to sustain the ranks of Unitarianism. May even this number continue to diminish, until

the Chair of Divinity, founded by a godly man, for the purpose of diffusing "Christ's holy Gospel," shall either pass into other hands, or be left in lonely dignity without a single disciple. It is a delightful fact that "pure and undefiled religion" is making effective progress in this city of the Puritans. The Lord has recently given large "testimony to the word of his grace," so that the ranks of enlightened, deep-toned, and active piety, have been wondrously filled up and multiplied. Boston is in every point of view an ornament to the country,—towards which dignified position be assured its *Congregational* Christianity has contributed no small measure of influence. Methinks, if an enlightened and pious "Apostolical Successionist" was to examine into the moral, intellectual, and religious condition of Boston, and (if such a thing be possible,) *without prejudice*, trace effects to their causes, he would have some sore toil to prove that Congregationalism was not the more excellent way, at least, as tried by the nature of the results.

Next morning, the Eastern Railroad offered an admirable conveyance to Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Passing through Salem and Newburyport, one obtains a glance of these ancient homes of the Puritans. They are so much like English towns that it is difficult for an Englishman to imagine himself in the Western hemisphere. The same may be said of Portsmouth. A steamer lay at the wharf, on board which we embarked for the River St. Croix, and St. John, New Brunswick. On entering the St. Croix the next morning, we found ourselves nigh the dominions of our own noble sea-girt isle. Her Majesty's territory is on the one side, and the land of the citizens on the other; the "British Jack" floats in the breeze that agitates the foliage on the eastern bank, and the "stars and stripes" appear on the little citadel that crowns the western. We touched at Eastport in Maine;—a very appropriate name, for it is the most eastern port or spot in the United States. It is a pretty village; clean, lively, enterprising; having some four or five thousand inhabitants. Proceeding upwards, the steamer crosses the mouth of St. Andrew's Bay, a sheet of water of great beauty, and surrounded by magnificent highland scenery. The day was calm and bright, the dark shadow of the hills was flung far across the placid bosom of the bay, met, and kept back as it were, by the silvery radiance created by the gorgeous sun-light, producing a scene of no common splendour. I wish I could describe scenery; but that requires a poet, and alas! I am no poet.

The village of St. Andrews, in New Brunswick, lies on the St. Croix, at the mouth of this Bay. We saw its churches and houses, and heard that wealth and enterprize had lodgment there; but of the state of its churches I could not obtain information. The land was cultivated along the high hills, and over the tops of some of them, while it would appear that

the people retained all their veneration for the titular saints of the Father-land. There are settlements named "St. David," "St. George," I believe "St. Patrick." I have mentioned "St. Andrews," and a village opposite Calais is called "St. Stephen;" this last may peradventure have reference to the locality in which the Imperial Parliament so long assembled. We ran up the St. Croix 30 miles to Calais, in Maine, united to St. Stephen, in N. B., by a bridge: for this is the head of the navigation. We passed numerous ships in various parts of the river, loading with lumber; and it would seem that the people on both sides not only live in good fellowship as families, but they accommodate each other in trade. If the state of the markets renders it better to ship timber as American growth, the British lumberman floats it across the river, and ships it as American; whilst on the other hand, when the character of British timber has the advantage, equal accommodation is afforded to the American lumberman, so that he and his property are for the time quite "loyal." After walking about Calais a short time, we embarked, and returned to Eastport. I was desirous of getting to St. John; but the owners of steam-boats have their own interests to serve; and this squall up and down of sixty miles was afforded me gratuitously, but without any benevolent intention on their part. The delay rendered it impossible, on account of the tides, to reach St. John on that evening. The tides in the Bay of Fundy are certainly of tremendous force. As we had to spend Saturday night alongside the wharf at Eastport, I walked again into that village, and, discerning a light in a part of one of the churches, I entered, and found myself in the Lecture Room of the Congregational Church. It was a meeting for conference and prayer. There were several who appeared to be male members of the Church, and a greater number, females. A gentleman, whom I regarded as the deacon, led the meeting. The prayers were fervent for their Pastor—the Church—the cause of Christ; and the remarks of the several speakers were spiritual and appropriate. The meeting was closed at nine o'clock. What an admirable introduction to the sacred services of the approaching holy day! I returned to the steam boat. At 5 o'clock next morning, ascending on deck, I found that we could see St. John, and at six, we were at the wharf; and I was soon on shore, and at my temporary home; sorry to be compelled thus to land on the Lord's day, having been promised arrival there on Saturday evening.

St. John presents a very commanding aspect as you enter the harbour. Said harbour is protected by an Island which lies in the centre of the inlet of which St. John forms the head. On this island stands a light house, telegraph, a small battery, &c. Running under its rocky side, the city lies conspicuously before you, ascending the water's edge to the summit of the three rocky elevations on which it is

built. The entire scenery is bold; a high ridge of land separates the city St. John, from one of its suburbs, named Portland; while the tide water of this inlet separates from both, another suburb, denominated Carlton. These, in truth, form a part of the city of St. John, and are included in its municipal organization, though they have these separate names. Including them, St. John contains a population of upwards of 30,000 souls. But in its proper place I shall have more to say of this important city.

I attended St. Stephen's Scotch Church, and before service was introduced to its enlightened, pious, and zealous Pastor—the Rev. Mr. Wishant. He kindly insisted on my preaching for him in the evening, which, with no common pleasure, I engaged to do. It is refreshing to meet with this fine catholic spirit.

How much purer and nobler is this temper of mind,—how much more of heaven is there in its developments, than amid the revived jargon of “the Church” and “Apostolical Succession,” or amongst men, who, with the arrogance of the lady on the seven hills, unchurches and virtually unchristianizes, all who do not delight in her very equivocal smiles, or yield implicit credence to their monstrous dogmas. Mr. Wishant preached a faithful sermon to his flock. In the afternoon, I attended St. Andrew's Scotch Church, and heard a clear exhibition of truth from the Rev. Professor Macintosh, of Halifax. In the evening, I had a large and attentive congregation. It was quite obvious on the surface of things, that a desire to hear the word of life prevailed amongst the people of this city.

As the friend on whom I principally depended for information and co-operation had been called to Halifax, and as it was not material on what week I visited Nova Scotia, I left on Monday morning for that Province, deferring my work in New Brunswick until my return. The steamer, “Maid of the Mist,” left the wharf at seven o'clock on Monday morning, to cross the Bay of Fundy for Digby. This bay would have been appropriately named foggy, for assuredly fog is the rule rather than the exception, if one may judge from several trips upon it during the month of August, and from the dreary report of dwellers upon its shores. Our steam-boat proved a maid in the mist; we soon entered the fog on leaving St. John, and bade it farewell only when we entered the river Annapolis. The entrance to this river, through “narrows,” with hills on each side, rising precipitously from the water to an immense height, is truly magnificent. Passing through this “gut” we enter a sort of basin, in which stands the village of Digby. This place is far-famed for its herrings. Who has not heard of Digby herrings? From thence, turning up the river, the sail is delightful. I say nothing of the cleanliness, or the elegance, or the speed of the “Maid of the Mist.” The truth is, the people here are half a century be-

hind the rest of the world in their steam-boats; and the “Maid” is a very poor specimen of the very poor class in which they take delight. But the day was now beautiful, and the run, or rather crawl, up the river, was truly delightful. Imagine a fine river descending through a country of extraordinary fertility and richness, that country settled between two and three centuries, having first a gentle acclivity on which are built the neat houses and farms of the farmers, and then rising upwards gradually to a vast height, completely shutting out the cold blasts from the Bay of Fundy, and these hills cultivated to their very summits. Though, on the other side, the hills are more rugged, yet they as effectually exclude the storm that rages on the broad Atlantic beyond them. I am told that the best cheese in America is made on these farms; a fact indicative of their fertility. Probably the first regular settlement in Nova Scotia was effected here. It is said that Mons. De Montz an intelligent and enterprising Frenchman, having received full powers from the King of France, as governor-general of Acadia, with a monopoly of the fur trade, took out a number of volunteers in the year 1604, and, sailing into the Bay of Fundy, “entered a spacious basin, surrounded by romantic hills, from which descended refreshing rivers, bordered with beautiful meadows, and filled with delicate fish. Ponceincurt, De Montz's personal friend, was so charmed with the beauty and safety of this harbor, and the fertility of the land, that he received a grant from De Montz, and sailing eighteen miles inland, fixed his residence on a point of land, and called it Port Royal.” This point of land was sometimes in possession of the French, at others, the Indians; and now and then, the English, either direct from the mother country, or from the Colonies, westward of Nova Scotia, drove out its inhabitants, and became its inhabitants, until, at length, in the year 1714, its name was changed in proof that the latter class had obtained the victory, and the name of England's Queen, Anne, was bestowed, “Annapolis” thenceforth was its designation. At said Annapolis your humble traveller lauded—his luggage being carried up to the village by a stalwart—not man, but negro woman! Now, this village, though ancient, is very small, but very beautiful. There is nought here of American “go-a-head;” all is still, and peaceful, and very dignified. The very horses and coaches move in slow and stately solemnity. Here are elegant thorn hedges—n at garden plots—indeed, except that the houses are built of wood, one might imagine oneself in some little agricultural village in Devonshire, having an inn, a Post Office, a blacksmith's shop, and a few et ceteras; together with a staid and sober, but rather sleepy population. We arrived early in the afternoon, and it was designed that in this pretty Eden-like place, we should spend the night. Finding, however, that I could obtain no conveyance, and being desirous of spending at

hour with an old friend who happened to be rusticating some thirty miles on the way to Halifax, and who had recently come out from Scotland, I moved forward "in advance of the mail." The drive was charming, through an extremely lovely country, and on capital roads. A heavy thunder storm, with a drenching rain, somewhat damp'd one's enthusiasm during the latter half hour of the drive. Bridgetown was my resting-place for the night. I wish my good friend Dougall would explore this region—there is some need of the Temperance reformation. We passed a number of neat churches both that evening and the next morning, the majority of which I found on enquiry were the property of the Baptist denomination.

I have little more to say concerning my ride to Halifax. The country is a garden—the people seem contented—but there is stagnation! We who are so accustomed to the activity of the Anglo-Saxon race, feel almost fretted to see it here so motionless and yet it is not quite motionless, and perhaps they have the advantage after all—their wants are supplied, and they have fewer anxieties. Besides, though not remarkably active, they do not lack intelligence: the number of schools, academies, and colleges, for the amount of population, affords a satisfactory indication that they appreciate the value of a sound education. To this point, and to some others, statistical, religious, and social, I must turn in a future communication: meanwhile, believe me,

Your's sincerely, H. WILKES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER.

St. Johns, Sept. 8th, 1842.

REV. SIR,—As your paper has for its object the communication of religious intelligence, I beg a place in your columns for the insertion of the following account of the opening of the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in this place.

An interesting object in the various rising towns and settlements of Canada, is the house wherein the name of the Lord is recorded, and in which His truth is declared. As a place of commerce this town is of present of considerable importance, and, from the facilities it possesses, it is likely to rapidly advance to the scale of excellence. During the last twelve years, it has increased in population from 385 to 100 inhabitants. Its trade must be considerable, will appear from the fact that the receipts at the Custom House amount yearly to the sum of £40,000. There has been a Wesleyan Methodist Society established in this place for a considerable number of years; but it has been subject to various fluctuations, and great struggles in maintaining its existence, and perpetuating the worship of God among the people. After having enjoyed the blessings of a Gospel ministry for several years, from ministers in the surrounding country, the Society and Congregation were nearly annihilated during the late unhappy re-

bellion. In the year 1840, a minister was appointed to the town, as the head of a Circuit, a number of places in the adjoining country being attached to it. By the blessing of God on the publication of his truth, the cause was again established; and the result was the devising of a plan for the erection of a Chapel, and strenuous efforts being made by our excellent friends to provide the means for accomplishing the object. The foundation of the building was laid in June, 1841, by the Rev. Wm. Squire, assisted by the Rev. R. L. Lusher. In the fall of the same year, the basement story was opened for Divine service by Mr. Lusher. The Chapel, having been, by great and persevering exertions, completed, on Friday, Aug. 26th, we commenced a series of opening services. At two o'clock, p.m., the Rev. W. M. Harvard, the Chairman of the District, preached an interesting sermon, on co-operation in the work of God, from Neh. 4. latter part 6 v. At half past seven, p.m., the same evening, the Rev. J. J. Carruthers, A. M., Professor of Theology in the Congregational Theological Institution, Montreal, with Christian courtesy, obliged us by occupying the pulpit, and preached a truly valuable sermon, beautifully illustrated, and faithfully applied, on the ministry of reconciliation, from 2. Cor. 5. 20. On the succeeding Sabbath, Mr. Harvard again preached, from Psa. 126. 3.

This Chapel is 50 feet by 35 feet, inside. It is in an eligible situation, and has a commanding appearance. The architecture is very neat and beautiful, and the entire building is an ornament to the town. The cost, including the purchase of two lots of land, is £795; of which sum about £500 has been contributed, including the collections at the opening services, amounting to £16 13s. 8d., leaving a balance of debt to the amount of £295. This amount, it is hoped, will yet, in the course of a short time, be diminished. Most of the pews were let before the opening, and applications have been since made for others, and the Trustees anticipate soon to be obliged to increase their number, for which purpose there is space in the body of the Chapel. The amount of rents will pay the interest of the debt, the expenses of the Chapel, with a balance which will be applied to the reduction of the debt. B. SLIGHT.

The Harbinger.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 15, 1842.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Alfred Smithers, Esq., Manager of the Bank of British North America, St. Johns New Brunswick, has kindly engaged to act as Agent for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Sub-

scribers names and remittances may be sent to him.

The Rev. D. S. Ward, of St. John, Newfoundland, will receive subscriptions in that Island.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF EASTERN CANADA.

The Union of the Ministers and Congregational Churches of Eastern Canada, assembled at Stanstead, and commenced the services of their Fourth Annual Meeting, on Tuesday the 20th ultimo; when an appropriate introductory Sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Dunkerley, of Durham.

Various and important measures, connected with the prosperity of the Associated Churches and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, were brought under the consideration of the assembled brethren. The meeting was also favored with the presence of several ministerial brethren from sister Churches in the adjoining State of Vermont.

The preliminary transactions by the Committee, to which was confided, at the last Annual meeting, the duty of forming an Academi- cal or Collegiate Institution, in connexion with the Union, engaged, from its high importance, an extended consideration. The Institution was then duly organized, and denominated "The Congregational Institute of Eastern Canada," and the Rev. J. J. Carruthers and the Rev. H. Wilkes were appointed Professors.

The principal design of the "Institute" is to prepare young brethren of suitable qualifications for the work of the holy ministry. Already, three candidates for the ministerial office are pursuing their course of preparatory studies. This School of the Prophets is affectionately commended to the care and fervent prayers of the Churches, that it may, under the Divine blessing, send forth many faithful and efficient ministers of Jesus Christ.

The Institute is also open in its Classical and Scientific departments, to all youths of good moral character who may desire to realize its advantages.

It was determined that the monthly periodical, the "Harbinger," hitherto conducted by a Committee of Gentlemen, should be published under the patronage of the Union, and the Editorial management confided to the Rev. J. J. Carruthers.

Fraternal letters were received from the Congregational Union of Western Canada, and

the General Association of New Hampshire; and to these the Union responded by similar communications of affectionate sympathy and regard. A brief narrative of the state of religion in Vermont was read by the Rev. Mr. Hall of Craftsbury, which produced a deep feeling of sacred satisfaction and pleasure, and the meeting expressed, by special resolution, its kind and fervent wishes for the increasing prosperity of our Sister Churches in that State.

A highly appropriate and impressive Sermon was preached on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. T. Atkinson, of Quebec, from Acts, ix chap., ver. 31. An unanimous request was preferred by the brethren for the manuscript of this valuable discourse, for publication in a cheap form, for extended circulation among our Churches. It will doubtless prove, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, a powerful means of promoting their spiritual prosperity.

The next Annual Assembly of the Union was appointed to be held, with divine permission, in Montreal, on the first Wednesday in July, 1843—the various services to continue during the week, and to conclude on the evening of the ensuing Sabbath, with the commemoration of the Saviour's death.

The Officers and Committee appointed for managing the affairs of the Union during the ensuing year, are

H. Vennor, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. R. Miles, Secretary; Rev. A. J. Parker, Mr. Arms, Rev. T. Atkinson, Mr. Musten, Rev. H. Wilkes and Mr. J. Dougall.

A spirit of harmony and fraternal feeling pervaded the several sittings of the Assembly, evincing "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

At the request of the Pastor of the Church at Stanstead, the Rev. H. Wilkes, of Montreal, preached on Thursday evening.

THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY, TORONTO.

In a recent communication, the Rev. A. Lillie, Tutor of the Congregational Theological Academy, says:

We commenced our session on the first of this month. Mr. Machin delivered an interesting and appropriate address to the Students, in the basement story of Mr. Roaf's Chapel, and Mr. Harris conducted the devotional exercises. We have received two new Students and a third is expected in a week or two, which will give us ten in attendance. Will you be

kind enough to state this in the next Harbinger? My health is considerably improved. I get through my work now with comparative comfort.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.—“A New Year’s Gift for the children of God,” and “An Affectionate Offering,” by George Bond. We know nothing personally of the author of these pieces, but, judging from the spirit that pervades his verses, we conclude that he has seen the wisdom and felt the power of Gospel truth—and is, moreover, sincerely anxious that others may be partakers of the same grace. To this end, may his humble efforts be abundantly blessed of Him, in whose service no kind of degree of talent can be uselessly expended.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSION.—Our excellent and valued correspondent, “A Catholic (not Roman,)” informs us that absence from home prevents, for the present month, the redemption of the pledge given in his last communication.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—We have received an anonymous communication on this subject, soliciting the expression of our views as to certain habits, in which the writer is very far from being singular, and about which he has had some salutary misgivings. We have ever held it as a first principle in Christian Morals; that in the absence of an express and explicit statute, as to any particular branch of Christian obligation, practical reference should ever be made to the nature, spirit, and design of our holy religion, as the best means of avoiding that which is evil, and cleaving to that which is good. Such a reference will solve at once a thousand questions, and prevent a thousand perplexities as to the path of duty. Our correspondent’s path is plain. Let him at once resolve henceforward to collect his family and unite with them in social worship, before even the youngest of them is wearied with the business or innocent pleasures of the day, (pleasures *not innocent* are not sanctified by prayer.) The service which God requires, is “reasonable,”—that, namely, of beings capable of thought, reflection, emotion; and, in the absence of these, all utterances and postures, however apparently devout, resolve themselves into mere bodily service. We know one family, (we believe there are many more,)

whose evening devotions, have, for many years, regularly preceded the third meal of the day,—an arrangement, which, if adopted and strictly observed by the present enquirer, will afford much satisfaction to his own mind, and obviate those inconveniences and positive evils which arise from the postponement of domestic worship to a late hour, when half the family are in bed, and the other half are physically incapable of worshipping God in spirit and in truth.

THE RELATION AND DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MONTREAL, SEPT. 18, 1842

Joshua xiii-1. There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed:

Such was the declaration of the God of Israel to Joshua, the son of Nuri. This faithful and devoted servant of the Most High was now old and stricken in years. His life had been marked by incessant activity and zeal, in furtherance of the great object for which, in very early life, he had been, by divine appointment, set apart as the successor of Moses—and invested with judicial and martial authority over the tribes of Israel. He had now served his generation by the will of God, and was about to exchange the temporal Canaan for another and a better country. Thus it is that one generation cometh and another goeth. He who but a short time since, was in all the bloom and vigour and vivacity of youth, now bends beneath the pressure of bodily infirmity; the once athletic frame is now tottering and feeble—the keepers of the House tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and the doors are shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low; and he rises up at the voice of the birds, and all the daughters of music are brought low—and they are afraid of that which is high, and fears are in the way, and the almond tree flourishes—and the grasshopper is a burden, and desire fails—because man goeth to his long home: Then the silver cord is loosed,—the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the wheel is broken at the cistern—and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.”

But amidst this constant waste of human life—this incessant removal from the earthly scene of action, of the servants of the Most High, it is their comfort to know that their departure shall in no wise affect the purposes of God,—that his counsel shall stand—that other agents shall be raised up and qualified to enter on the labours from which they

desire; and that each successive generation shall comprize a faithful few who, receiving from them, shall transmit to the generation following, the high and honourable task of extending and perpetuating the influence of truth and piety in this our fallen world.

Most of you, my brethren, on the announcement of the text, probably at once anticipated the probable use intended to be made of the important declaration it contains. I may perhaps be doing violence to some long cherished conceptions, when at the outset, I venture to affirm, that the land of Canaan cannot, with propriety, be regarded as in itself a type of Heaven. As such, indeed, it has often been represented—and the wilderness of the world, and the Jordan of death, and the better country that lies beyond, have often furnished the pleasing imagery in which the experience and anticipations of the children of God have been embodied and expressed. I do not find fault with these metaphorical expressions. There is much truth, and beauty, and fitness in such phraseology—and it were needlessly and perhaps injuriously to disturb the cherished associations of many a pious mind, to proscribe these almost established forms of expression. And yet, I am fully persuaded that no spiritual mind can calmly and collectedly contemplate the heavenly country under those aspects in which it is presented to the view of faith in the holy Scriptures—and in which too it is anticipated and desired by such as are fellow-citizens and of the household faith—without perceiving that the Canaan promised to Abraham and to his seed after him, could, in no respect, be regarded as its appropriate type. That it was a type there can be no doubt, but the *antitype* is to be found not in heaven but on earth. The *earth* is the land promised to the Church—the true Israel of God. Palestine of old was, in the character of its population, an epitome of the world. The relation borne to that land and to its population by the Israelites, corresponded, in some most important respects, with that which the spiritual Church of Christ sustains towards mankind at large—whilest the duty of the former towards the latter is similarly analogous to that which devolved on the chosen tribes. A few remarks will sufficiently elucidate and establish these two propositions, and more than justify the accommodation now made of the language of the text.

Palestine then, we have remarked, was, in a moral sense, an epitome of the world. Previous to the incursion of the Israelites, it was just what the whole world was at the period of that first invasion, made at the command of the great Captain of salvation by his Apostolic servants. Canaan was full of idols; the grossest systems of superstition universally prevailed. The Amorites, Hittites, Jebusites, Perrizzites—however in name distinguished from each other, and however otherwise

distinguishable by local prejudices and social customs—were, without exception, the followers of dumb idols—they had gods many and lords many—Moloch, Dagon, Baal, Ashtaroth, and a countless multitude of imaginary deities, were worshipped and served, and thus impiously substituted for Him, who, ever jealous of his honour, as the Creator, Preserver and Governor of all things, has emphatically declared that He will not give that honour to another nor his praise to graven images. And, similar to this, though on a larger scale, was the condition of the world, when he, whom God had given to be a Leader and Commander of the people, first uttered the injunction, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” The world “lay in wickedness.” Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. All nations—civilized, savage, semi-barbarous,—Greece, Rome, Egypt, Scythia, Africa, the Isles of the sea—were universally subjected to the intellectually degrading, the morally polluting influence of idolatry. True, there were numberless varieties—both as to the objects of worship, and the superstitious observances of their deluded votaries; but, however distinct and distinguishable as to modes and forms, the essence of idolatry was in all the same—incorporating itself with the whole texture and framework of society, and spreading its pestiferous influence through the mighty mass of the world’s population.

The relation which the Israelites sustained towards the land of Canaan and its idolatrous inhabitants was analogous to that which, according to the command of Christ, and the constitution of His Church, the latter sustains towards the world. The tribes of Israel were to go up and to possess the land. They were commanded to wage a constant and unceasing warfare with its idolatrous inhabitants—to claim and to take possession of the country, in the name of him by whom it had been given in covenant to Abraham, and who, after suffering its guilty inhabitants to fill up the cup of their iniquity, would vindicate, by their utter extermination, his insulted and outraged rights, as the one living and true God. The command was only partially obeyed. During the lifetime of Joshua, indeed, considerable progress was made towards the subjugation of the land, though even then, this progress was much more tardy than it would have been, if the spirit that animated this great man had pervaded the body of the people committed to his charge. Already, however, had a whole generation nearly passed since they had taken formal possession of the allotted territory—and still large districts remained in undisturbed possession of the guilty and devoted aborigines—there remained still much land to be possessed.

I need not pursue the analogy at length, betwixt the relation thus pointed out and that which the spiritual Church of Christ sustains towards the

world. One point there is indeed, which strikingly contrasts the duty of the Church with that of the tribes of Israel. The former is appointed and commanded to subjugate the world—not, however, in the way of seizing its territories, or exterminating its inhabitants; but by combating the deeply seated and wide-spreading delusions of heathen and antichristian error—and doing this, not with any carnal weapons, but with those spiritual weapons which alone are suited to the nature of the conflict—which alone are appointed by divine authority, and sanctioned by the blessing from on high. The first followers of Christ—the Joshua of this better dispensation—imbued the spirit of their Lord and Master, and entered on the conflict to which they were called, with becoming activity, energy, and zeal. Armed with the “helmet of hope,” “the breastplate of love,” the “shield of faith,” and “the sword of the spirit,” they invaded the hitherto undisputed territories of the prince of this world—and, strong in the conscious presence and imparted strength of Him whom it was their privilege to serve, they overcame all opposition—“the weapons of their warfare proved mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds”—and multitudes who had hitherto “served divers lusts and pleasures,” and been led captive by Satan at his will, became the willing and devoted subjects of the Prince of Peace. The peaceful triumphs of the Gospel were seen in almost every land. In Rome they were seen, eclipsing all the boasted achievements of her martial sons, and putting to shame the gorgeous abominations of her idol temples. In Athens they were seen—uprooting and overthrowing systems of philosophy, and modes of popular belief and practice, in whose behalf the wisdom of this world had spoken and written with a lofty eloquence, and civil authority had wielded the sword of state, and which seemed to be so firmly entrenched, as to baffle all attempts at their destruction. Yet they were destroyed—not indeed by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the living God, which gave vitality and energy and efficacy to the word of truth, as proclaimed by the Apostles, and the other primitive ministers of Christ, and made them more than conquerors! Had the spirit which animated these primitive soldiers of the Cross, continued in the Church of Christ, the last vestiges of idolatrous superstition would long since have disappeared. Satan would have been cast out. The dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty, would have been eradicated with the light of truth, and have been the blessed abodes of peace and righteousness, and holiness, and love. The “groans” of the moral and physical “creation” would have been hushed into perpetual silence. The wilderness would have been reclaimed. “Instead of the thorn would have come up the sir-tree, and instead of the briar would have come up the myrtle-tree, and it would have

been to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that should never have been cut off.” But alas! the church soon, very soon, forgot her high commission. She became “weary in well-doing.” Her hands hung down.” She sunk into a state of ignominious repose. And “while she slept,” the “enemy” awoke to unwonted activity and energy—saturated the moral soil with the tares of error and of falsehood—and reduced the earth to a state, scarcely less desolate and wild, than that from which it had been recently reclaimed. The fetters of superstition were re-forged and rivetted anew upon the minds of men—and many dreary centuries passed away, during which the god of this world seemed to have regained that supremacy which Apostolic fidelity and zeal had endangered. Never, until the age in which we have the happiness to live, has there been any general return on the part of the Church of Christ to the spirit of primitive times. At different periods, indeed, individuals have arisen to rouse her slumbering energies, and summon her to the moral conquest of the world—and, now and then, a section of the Church has become impregnated with the spirit of holy enterprise and zeal; but never, till now, has there been any general recognition, by the tribes of our Christian Israel, of the duty of attempting, and practically aiming, in the strength of God, at the mighty and glorious achievement of the world’s renovation.

Now then, in the middle of the nineteenth century, let us survey the condition of the world. What a mere fraction of its population are, in any just sense of the term, evangelized! and who that compares the actual conquests of the truth, with what must yet be realized, does not feel and acknowledge the appropriateness of the declaration, “there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed?”

[To be continued.]

GREAT BRITAIN.

CHURCH-EXTENSION IN WALES.

The Independent Church assembling at Capel Als, in the town of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, under the pastoral care of the Rev. D. Rees, presents a wonderful instance of that power of self-extension which is peculiar to the Christian system; and exhibits a happy illustration of the memorable words of Solomon, “He that watereth shall be watered also himself.” Three years ago, owing to the great increase of the congregation, and the inconvenience felt from the intermixture of Welsh and English, it was resolved to erect a neat and commodious chapel in the centre of the town, to which the English members, together with twenty others that understood both languages, repaired, to establish an English cause. This infant church grows, and the cause thrives amid all the disadvantages it has to encounter. A minister was ordained here on the 11th of

June, 1841. But no sooner did these friends vacate their seats, than the words of the prophet were literally verified, "The children which thou shalt have after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me; give place to me, that I may dwell." The spacious chapel became inconveniently full, so as to render an enlargement, or the erection of another, necessary. The latter alternative was chosen; a plain, commodious, and extensive chapel (Siloah) was erected; and 120 of the members residing in that locality, consented to be formed into a Christian Church in this new Chapel, on the 14th of January, 1841. Since that, 90 persons have been added; but, soon after this, the old hive again filled, and it was resolved to build another Chapel, in a vicinity about two miles from the town, where about forty of the members resided; and on the 7th of March last, a church was formed, which has already increased to two hundred members. On the 25th of July, the chapel was formally opened, when the Rev. Messrs. Davis, of Bethania; Evans, of Neath; Evans, of Cappel Sion; Williams, of Llandilo; Jones of Bethesda; and Thomas, of Adollan Merthyr, preached. On the 27th, the Rev. Thomas Rees, late of Aberdar, was recognized as the pastor of the church at Siloah; the Rev. Mr. Davis, Pantley, delivered the introductory discourse; the Rev. D. Rees gave a brief sketch of the step that led to the formation of the church, and to the invitation of the Rev. T. Rees, and prayed for the blessing of God on the union; and the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Gwnyfe, described "the efficient minister;" and—Evans of Three Crosses, "the efficient church;" the Rev. Messrs. Jones, of Holywell; Thomas, of Adulan; Evans of Neath; Morris, of Glandwr, preached during the day; and the Rev. Messrs. Evans, of Penygraig, and Williams, of Llandilo, on the preceding evening.—*Patriot*.

TIVERTON.—BISHOP OF EXETER.—The Tiverton people met yesterday to take into consideration a recommendation of our Right Reverend and respected Diocesan, that they should make a new arrangement in the Church, with a view of carrying out the views to his Reverence. The Bishop, who once advertised himself a back bone Protestant, has, of late, been wavering in his faith—or profession of faith, to speak more correctly, and he directed the Tiverton people to remove their baptismal font, in order that the more weight might be given to the sprinkling of the orthodox "babblers" of that town. The Bishop also makes another order with respect to the reading desk. The Tiverton people say, they will not do what the Bishop asks. The popish part of the clergy set great weight upon the sprinkling of water upon the face of a blessed babe, and make the sign of the cross thereon. The Protestant portion of the Clergy do not regard this ceremony as anything more than a cere-

mony; and this, in fact, is the secret of the Bishop's reasons for persecuting the Rev. Mr. Head. The Pusey parsons fancy that they will be able to get the people back to the dark ages, and that whilst they themselves enjoy all the luxuries of civilization, and live with their wives and families in ease and comfort, the people will pay the same regard to them as they do to the self-denying, zealous, and laborious Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. Such conduct as this of the people of Tiverton will help to cure them of the delusion.—*Western Times*.

THE QUEEN NO PUSEYITE.—In England Puseyism has many ramifications, and a compulsory or insidious policy to suit its Jesuitical design. The Puseyite Rector shows it in requiring his parishioners, of whatever belief, to attend his Church. The Puseyite landlord in dictation to his tenants. The manufacturer in dictation to his workmen. The creditor in dictation to his debtor. Not a week ago we heard of a Puseyite, who has something to do with a union school within eight miles from this city, saying, he would not vote for any book which had been written by a Dissenter. Such persons would do well to learn liberality from their Sovereign, as taught in the following paragraph taken from the *Stamford Mercury*:

"A very pleasing example of royal toleration reflecting infinite credit on the sound judgment and kind heart of England's beloved Queen, was exhibited lately, and, as related at the Methodist leaders' meeting at Louth last Monday night, was to this effect:—A young female domestic of the royal household, being recently met by the physician, was asked what was the matter with her, as it struck him from her appearance she must be labouring under a worse than bodily grievance—some mental anguish had rendered her aspect very different from what it usually was. The female replied, she was sorry to say she had been dismissed from Her Majesty's service. On being pressed for the reason, she stated it to be on account of her religion; she had ventured to unite herself with the Methodists, which had offended her superior, and led to her dismissal. The circumstance coming to her Majesty's knowledge, the superior servant was questioned on the subject, and admitted that she had turned away the female because she was a Methodist. The Queen expressed her sorrow that the lady interrogated should have been led to take so austere a step with regard to her inferior; adding, 'It would pain her exceedingly were any class of her subjects to suffer on account of their religion; more particularly if such should be the case in her own household. If either party was dismissed, her Majesty thought it should be the person who could act so illiberally to one who so honourably followed out the dictates of an enlightened conscience; she must inform that person that she had no further occasion for her services.' The first discarded female was restored."

MR. BICKERSTETH AND THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Mr. Bickersteth, so well known in this country by his various volumes upon religion, has lately been assailed most vituperatively by one of his neighbors, the Rector of Shenly, for his membership in the British and Foreign Bible Society. In consequence of that attack, he has published a short defence of himself and his course, which is so appropriate and adapted to all regions, and not less applicable to the United States than to Britain, that we present the larger portion of his letter to our readers. — *Christian Intelligencer.*

CLAIMS OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—“I view the Bible Society to be just as much a charitable institution as an Infirmary. I do not ‘object to meet Dissenters’ from the establishment on a plain, defined and understood object for the relief of the soul.

“The fact of my having been, for about thirty years, a member both of the Bible Society and Christian Knowledge Society, shows that, in my view, these Societies do not interfere with each other, or clash in their work. There is ample room enough for all.

“In former days, when an opposition was made between the Christian Knowledge Society and the Gospel Propagation Society, Archbishop Secker met it thus: ‘A true and judicious zeal will carefully avoid an opposition between two charities, which is a much surer method of hurting the one than serving the other; whereas, with this precaution, the first scarcely ever suffers considerably, if at all by setting up a second; but men’s hearts are engaged to contribute to both. Many of us belong to both, and promise to ourselves a larger share of the blessing of God in each for neglecting neither.’

“I cannot withdraw the statement, though I would without reserve admit my own share in the guilt, of too much indifference in our country, not merely to the Bible Society, but to the circulation of the blessed Bible through the world. When we consider what the Scriptures are—God’s own word, the only sure light to men’s feet and a lamp to their paths, ignorance of which is the cause of all error, and which are able to make men wise unto salvation, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—we shall see that famine of the word of God is the worst of all famines; and this famine does to this day most largely desolate vast countries to which we have free access. When we consider that the Bible Society is circulating, or helping the translation of the word of God, in at least 120 languages, in which no other Society, without its aid, has even attempted to introduce that word, it is clear that, at present, we can only aid in sending the Bible to the nations speaking those languages through the British and Foreign Bible Society. However valuable other Societies may be as a help in maintaining doctrinal truths, even as it regards the Bible So-

ciety itself, they do not supersede that Society.

“As to incorrect versions, when we consider our reformers received their first light through defective versions, while I would aim at giving the most correct version practicable, I will not wait for what is unattainable—a perfect version. I will joyfully aid in giving to foreign nations any accessible, attainable, or admissible versions—which, though with known imperfections, still have the grand truths of the Gospel written as with a sun-beam throughout the pages of the sacred volume—rather than suffer them to continue in total ignorance of the word of God.

“The union of all Denominations who agree in our version, furnishes a real security that there be no vital or sectarian error predominating in the fresh Translations. I can see, therefore, no adequate reason why there should not be, among all who count the Bible the Inspired volume, and agree in our Translation, which bears such full and clear testimony to all the great doctrines of Salvation, a cordial and general union for its widest circulation in every land.

“I condemn not my brethren who may differ from me; we stand or fall each to our own master, before whose judgment-seat we shall soon appear; but, by God’s grace, while the Bible Society continues the same noble course which it has now done for thirty-eight years, of widely diffusing the Holy scriptures in all languages through the earth, I will neither myself cease to have a part and share in the joy of aiding it, nor cease to invite my beloved brethren to come and join us in partaking of the blessed privilege of doing good in this particular Society. E. BICKERSTETH.”

Watton Rectory, June 27, 1842.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.

To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, incessant application and industry are necessary. Nothing great or good has ever been achieved without them. Be willing then to labour; be not satisfied with superficial attainments, and to accustom yourself to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that ‘there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency; there are teeming truths, rich in stores, with which they furnish the mind; and like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that, without them, could not be seen or known.’ These are the truths with which we should endeavour to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master spirits of the world, who will enrich your minds with profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you

to habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against the immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It will be equally important for you to guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent and imperfection of your attainments; on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you; on the hidden stores of learning which are contained in the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which perhaps you have not even heard. Remember too the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days. I would recommend you to read in early life, a few well selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of, Demosthenes, of Newton, of Locke, of Hall, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of such accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the ardent attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it—compare your attainments and habits with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency—but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth, to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them. It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame—it was by patient, persevering, untiring industry. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook with its thunder the throne of Philip, and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens; and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero, drove Cataline from the Senate house, and made Cæsar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet—their minds having been invigorated and expanded, and enriched and ennobled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment, and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's, soared to the very boundaries of creation; if he explained the laws that govern the universe, and let in a flood of light upon the world; it was ardent attachment to science; it was intense, patient, untiring industry, that gave to the pinions of his mind that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reid have dispelled the darkness that had for ages settled on the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies and subtleties of the schools, it was not merely by the force of their own genius, but by deep, patient, and re-

pested meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening senates by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts—if Mansfield and our own Hamilton illumined the bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence—if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed from the pulpit immortal truths in their loftiest strains, it was not only because they ranked among the first scholars, but also among the most laborious men of the age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men—imitate their industry, their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them.

PRAYER.

FROM A WORK BY DR. JOHN HARRIS.

Did Jesus pray? Oh, in a sense more than figurative, he saved the world by prayer! Pourtray a mountain-top, and Jesus on it, prostrate, alone, wet with the dews of night, praying to God with strong cries and tears. And next, a garden—Gethsemane—and Jesus there praying in an agony, which baptizes him in his own blood. And next, the place called Calvary, for “there they crucified him;” and Jesus died, offering that great sacrificial prayer which still pleads above—still fills the ear of God, and for the sake of which all other prayers are heard! Can the cloven tongues of fire be pourtrayed? Forget not to represent the Apostles on whom they rest assembled in prayer! Elsewhere, let an angel be seen despatched from the divine presence to liberate Peter from prison; but forget not to represent the Apostles in a neighbouring house in prayer! But oh! there is a vision no human eye but one has seen, a heavenly scene which sums up all—an angel standing at the altar, having a golden censer; and there is given him much incense, that he may offer it with, mark, the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar which is before the throne; and the smoke of the incense, blending with the prayers of the saints, ascends up before God out of the angel's hand. Yes, draw near; it is the summing up of man's instrumentality. Of all the various ways in which he employs himself here, look into that censer, and mark which of them it is that reaches heaven. Only that which was sanctified by prayer. When the clamors of a turbulent zeal have subsided, and the underout means which have dazzled and astonished men have spent their force, mark what is left in the censer. Only that which partook of the nature of prayer. This is all that lives to reach the skies, all that heaven receives from earth, all that is ever permitted to ascend before God. Nothing but prayer shall be in that censer, and nothing will ever find a place in that censer but that which ascends on the breath of prayer.

Again, here every thing is to be done with the view of leading to prayer. As we have been proceeding with our remarks, the question may have arisen in some minds, What, is our object to make no other form than that of prayer? Is it to show itself in no other way but by prayer? Such a question could be entertained only where there existed a misapprehension of the nature of prayer, or of the way in which prayer blends with all the acts of devotion and methods of instrumentality by which God works. Confine yourself to prayer? No; not even in the house of prayer itself. Only see that, whatever you do, you do it with an ultimate view to prayer. If you preach the Gospel, for instance, you

are to bear in mind that that is the most successful preaching which brings man prostrate before God for mercy. This is the very end of the gospel ministry; and the more vividly you can set forth Jesus Christ crucified among them, the more effectually this end will be answered. Yes, let every place of prayer have a Calvary in the midst of it, and on that Calvary let there be a cross, and on that cross a bleeding Saviour; and on that sight, that spectacle of love, let the eyes of the people be kept perpetually fixed. As preachers of the gospel, our great distinction is that we are the ministers of the cross, we have to wait on the cross, to walk around the cross, and to point out to the people the wonders of the cross. Have we any pathos? It should be kept for telling them of the cross. Have we any affection for their souls? It should gush forth when we are pointing to the cross. Have we any tears for them? When shall we shed them, but when we have led our people to the cross—when we are there saying to the sinner! "Behold him! look upon him! He is wounded for your transgressions! he is bruised for your iniquities; the chastisement of your peace is upon him, that with his stripes you might be healed. Draw nearer to him; it is of you that he is thinking; that blood is to wash away your sins; that life which he is pouring out is the ransom which he is giving for your souls. Draw nearer still; look into his heart; read the names which are written there; your name is among them." And while we are thus entreating the sinner, does he relent? Does he look upon him whom he has pierced, mourning? Does he smite upon his breast, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" Then the end of the ministry is answered. "Behold he prayeth."—*Christian Guardian*.

EVERY CHRISTIAN A MISSIONARY.

We think that it can be proved that every private Christian is bound to act as a missionary of Jesus Christ, from certain facts in Scripture, and from the reasonableness of the thing itself. We read in St. John's Gospel, that Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, when directed to the Lamb of God by the Baptist, "first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus." Now this is precisely what we wish all Christians to do, when we say that they should all act as missionaries. We who have found Christ have all of us either brother, sisters, connexions, friends, neighbors, children, dependants or servants, who know him not. Let all of us imitate Andrew—tell them that we have found the Christ, and have been found of Him, and bring them unto Jesus. And what an incalculable amount of good, God may give us to do, in this way! We ourselves may be rude of speech, unapt to teach, unfitted from a want of genius, or talents, or acquirements, to make a strong impression, and to exercise an extensive influence upon the mass of men; but God may bless our efforts, to the conversion and sanctification of some individual of great powers and abilities, who may stir up like Paul, whole nations, by his eloquence; and by his life and his preaching, be the means of awakening thousands in Christian lands, from their

sleep of sin and indifference, or of bringing multitudes from heathen darkness, into God's marvellous light. And who, in that case, would be the world's greatest benefactor? The superficial reader of the Bible would point to St. Peter as a far more useful and eminent Apostle than his brother; yet it was his brother that brought him to Christ. The multitude of religious men have thanked God for the wisdom, the learning, the piety, and the useful labors of St. Augustine, the famous Bishop of Hippo; the more thoughtful Christian is disposed to dwell with gratitude, upon the tears and prayers, and persevering exhortations of his devoted mother, Monica. Thus often is it, that the greatest benefactors of men, are those the least known and unobserved. The broad river that fertilizes extensive territories, and bears upon its surface vessels richly laden with the produce of its banks, is known to all men. The deep spring, from whence it has its source, hidden in the cavern of some distant hill, is seen alone by God. Christian, if thou wilt imitate Andrew, and endeavor to lead some brother to Jesus, thou mayest be, as it were, the spring to a stream that shall bear thousands to the haven of everlasting rest.—*Rev. B. D. Winslow*.

NOTHING GIVEN TO CHRIST IS LOST.

Say, what of the past is lost? the mites of the widow? True, the gift in itself was small, the act trivial; but she has, in high moral effect, been giving them daily ever since. They have multiplied into millions. Those millions have formed an inexhaustible fund; and to the end of time will constitute for the church an ever-augmenting treasure of wealth. What is lost? the labors of those who first took the Mission field, and who are already fallen? True, they failed in some of their immediate ends, and fell comparatively unwept. But, holy, honored men, your day of moral power is yet to come. Already, your names are our titles; your memory is our inspiration; your noble deeds are our heraldry; your example a precious part in our inheritance. By the perusal of your tale shall many a youthful bosom swell with sacred ambition of living to Christ in heathen lands; and as he hears your name pronounced with benedictions, or touches the soil that contains your hallowed dust, or opens the sacred page which you first laboriously unlocked to wondering eyes—your memory shall fire his zeal, and in his labors shall you live again. What is lost? the blood of the martyrs? True they fell. The car of the demon to which they were sacrificed, rolled over them and on "their ashes flew, the marble tells us whither;" the voices which bewailed them sank into silence; the tyranny which crushed them waxed stronger and stronger; and age followed age apparently only to blacken their names, or to proclaim that they had died in vain. But did they? Let the history of truth struggling with error ever since testify. Never

have their sufferings ceased to thrill the general heart. Long have some of their softest whisperers at the stake, been oracles to support the suffering, and watch-words to animate the valiant for the truth.

The time will come, when Christ will be taken, not one island only, but the earth for his possession. The price has been paid—the transfer made—the time for actual possession appointed—the approach of that time divinely indicated. Let us imagine that future period to have come. There is Christendom purged of its corruption; India without its caste; China without its wall of selfishness; Africa without its chains; earth without its curse. All its kingdoms consolidated into one vast spiritual empire, are happy in the reign of Christ and prostrate at his feet. And will it form no part of the employment of that blessed time, to trace back that grand consummation to all the trains of instrumentality which led to it? It will doubtless form a part of the occupation of heaven itself. And in the prosecution of that inquiry, will there be one period whose annals shall be referred to with surpassing interest? One, from which that great ocean of result will be found to have derived many of the most important springs and streams of Christian influence? That period will doubtless prove our own. And will not he be among the happiest Christians then, who perceives that by embarking his all in the cause of Christ, he has an ample revenue of glory to lay at his Savior's feet.—*Dr. Harris.*

BLESSED EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

When subjected to the multifarious ills which flesh is heir to, what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation! What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief, that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardship you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this, only let me trust in my Saviour, and pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence, and I will fear no evil; I will rise superior to affliction: I will rejoice in my tribulation. But let invidious interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and

all my expectation to a few years, as uncertain as they are short, and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burden of distress? or where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell, but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of cold water to refresh me in the weariness and the faintness of my pilgrimage.—*Thomson.*

READING.—Among the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps, too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a head-ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he had been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Review the history of our religion. See it, on the day of Pentecost, "beginning at Jerusalem;" melting into penitence the bigotted and cruel multitude whose hands were yet reeking with its author's blood; spreading, in despite the power and malice of its enemies, through Judea and the surrounding provinces; gathering its trophies in the idolatrous cities of Asia; crossing into Greece, confuting the philosophy of Athens; reaching Italy, entering the palaces of the Cæsars, flying with the Roman eagles, to the farthest corners of the earth; and reforming the habits and moulding the polity of nations, the most diverse in their origin, circumstances, and laws. See its influence on the character of individuals; how it turns the proud, unsocial Jew into the disinterested lover of mankind; the persecuting Saul into the affectionate apostle: the heathen of Antioch into Christian confessors; the scoffers of Athens—

the Epicureans, Stoics, and the careless votaries of folly and amusement—into penitent believers; the voluptuaries of Corinth into self-denying disciples; the idolaters of Galatia, and Ephesus, and Philippi, and The-salonica, into saints and martyrs. See it pouring into the bosom of the Roman, the new sentiments of humility in respect to himself, and of brotherhood towards others; suppressing the shows of the gladiator and the crimes of poisoning, infanticide, and self-destruction; abolishing polygamy, slavery, and the parental power of life and death; mitigating the penal law; confining, within just limits, that of divorce; and bringing back to connubial life the blessedness of Eden, by raising woman to the companionship, the duties, and the confidence for which she was designed. See it, in after ages, humanizing the ferocious Britain; softening the Vandal; and teaching mercy to the Goth. See it scattering throughout Europe the seeds of truth, and justice, and humanity, and social order, from which have sprung those various institutions which render Christendom so superior in government, in knowledge, in the arts and charities of life, and in all the elements of individual, domestic, and national happiness, to the most favored portions of the Mohammedan and Pagan world. See it, from age to age, repeating its miracles of mercy, in the transformation and improvement of human character; changing the vulture to a dove, the tiger to a lamb; teaching the revengeful to forgive, and the miser to be liberal; purifying the hearts of the unclean, the hands of the fraudulent, and the lips of the profane; making the proud man humble, and chastening the desires of the ambitious; filling the bosoms of the poor, the friendless, and the afflicted, with resignation, cheerfulness, and hope; and converting, oftentimes, the abandoned drunkard and the profligate debauchee—the very plague-spots of the earth—into ornaments of society, and benefactors of mankind.—*Rev. B. F. Butler.*

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN BOARD FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—

It appears by the report of the Treasurer of the Board, Henry Hill, that the total expenditures of the Board during the year have been \$318,955 93, and the total receipts \$318,396 53, leaving a balance against the Board of \$559 40. This is the first time since 1835 that the receipts have approached so near the liabilities. Of the receipts \$39,088 were from legacies. The increase of receipts above the preceding year was about 35 per cent, or \$83,207 23. About \$189,000 were received from New England, of which about \$103,000 were from Massachusetts. Out of New England, \$128,676 were contributed. The expenditures have been diminished \$7,767 77, or nearly 3 per cent. The Board has received also, in addition to the above, \$17,000 from the American Bible and Tract Societies.

The number of missions, is 26; of stations 85; of ordained missionaries, 131; 7 of whom are physicians. There are 11 physicians not preachers, 13 teachers, 9 printers and book-binders, and 10 other male and 170 female assistant missionaries. The whole number of laborers from this country, is 356; or 28 less than were reported last year. To these we must add 4 native preachers, and 138 native helpers; a number less than was reported last year, owing to imperfect returns from the missions,—and the whole number of laborers sustained through the treasury of the Board, is 488. Eight ordained missionaries, and 4 male and 12 female assistant missionaries, in all 24, have been sent forth during the year.

The number of mission churches is 59, and of church members in regular standing, 21,261, of whom 1,651 were received the past year.

There are 17 printing establishments, 31 presses, 4 type foundries, and 49 founts of type in the native languages. The printing for the year, was 64,499,767 pages; and the amount of printing from the beginning, is 354,338,077 pages.

Eight of the boarding-schools are denominated seminaries, and these contain 526 boys; the other 22 boarding-schools contain 212 boys and 386 girls; making the whole number of boarding scholars 1,124. The number of free schools is 618, containing 27,293 pupils.

INDIA.—*Rev. Dr. Scudder* was introduced by the President with a few appropriate allusions to his life and labors as a missionary. *Dr. S.* then addressed the audience in a most striking and impressive manner. Coming, said he, directly from a heathen land, I might tell you much of the darkness and death with which it is covered—much of the miseries of the 130 millions of perishing heathens among whom I have had my residence—a hundred and thirty millions of immortal souls posting to the judgment, deprived of all true knowledge, of all spiritual privileges, and who know nothing of God or of Christ, and among the thousands of whose temples, not one has been dedicated to the true God. I could tell you of their 30 millions of gods—gods, some black, some white, and some blue—gods of all shapes and all sizes, some human, and some bestial—some holding spears and clubs—some mounted on elephants, others on rats, on peacocks, and on serpents—gods in every form of beauty and deformity—gods dedicated to folly and to wisdom—to cruelty and revenge—to war and to peace—gods addicted to adultery, to theft, to murder, and to every vice comprised in the Apostolic catalogue of human crimes—and to vices which the Holy Ghost would not allow Paul to mention. I could tell you of Kuma, whose thirst could only be slaked with blood; and of men whose calling and profession it is, to steal their fellow-beings for sacrifice upon her bloody altars. I could tell of ceremonies in her service, at which the blood would curdle—of victims whose flesh

is cut from their bones while living. O, I could say much—too much of the manner in which the poor heathen grope in darkness, endeavoring in vain to propitiate their dark and cruel divinities—of their wearing iron collars—of their rubbing their bodies with ashes—of their counting beads—of their long and wearisome repetition of vain and foolish prayers, one word of which they do not understand—of their burying themselves in the earth—of their swinging on hooks—of the fearful funeral pile, the fires, the horrid fires of which yet burn in more than twenty Indian provinces—in all, indeed, which are beyond British authority. One king recently died, whose funeral was celebrated by the burning of seven queens, two concubines, one servant, and four female attendants—fourteen human beings burned to death. I could tell of 120,000 infants murdered annually in Bengal—of the revolting abomination of a heathen temple: But I must not—they are too awful, and cruel, and disgusting to be told. And a heathen religious procession, it is beyond the powers of description, and too horrid for recital—so horrid that a French Abbe justly said of it, that it presented a more vivid picture of hell than any other earthly spectacle. Heathenism with its dark orgies, its terrible sacrifices, its polluting practices, its soul-destroying influences—O, heathenism, its misery, its crime, and its blood, no one can know whose eye has not been pained, and whose heart has not bled to behold it.

But blessed be God, there are also bright spots on the dark landscape—spots made radiant and beautiful by Christianity. There is the district of Tinnevali, where are 15,000 native Christians. There is another luminous point at Travancore, where 6000 are Christians, and at Tanjore and Madras, are also many who love the Lord. I could point you also to Bengal, where thousands have been baptized, and to Ceylon, where are other thousands, converts from among the wild-men of the forests, who have lived among the rocks, and fed upon berries—these tamed, clothed, and in their right mind, are praising Jesus.

CHINA.—REV. MR. GUTZLAFF.—Our readers will be gratified to hear from this indefatigable missionary. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Gutzlaff to Rev. J. J. Roberts, Baptist missionary in China. It is dated Ningpo, Jan. 6, 1842:—

“ You have perhaps already heard that our next march will be upon Peking. The present plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, is a firm, determined and undaunted man. I live myself with the General, Sir Hugh Gough, who treats me very kindly, and occasionally talks upon Christian subjects with great fervor. He is a praying man, never undertaking any thing before having bowed his knees before the Saviour; and considers it the highest honor to be the means of opening a way for the gospel. He always says, ‘ I was sent here solely as

an instrument to execute the grand designs of my God; and only so far as he will direct me, I shall fulfill his will.’ You can form no idea of the terror inspired by the appearance of our troops. You might at Tau Mun have taken a stick and driven two hundred soldiers before you without the least trouble. Still the Emperor is determined to exterminate us, root and branch, and intends to do it very soon. May the Lord bless your work abundantly, and always be with you.”—*Christian Intelligencer*

POETRY.

A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“ Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad.”
GENESIS xi.

MAKE to thyself a name,—
Not with a breath of clay,
Which, like the broken, hollow reed,
Doth sigh itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold,
That dazzles to deceive;
Nor with the tints of love,
Form out its letters fair;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him who placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not in the sculptured aisle;
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile.
But ask of Him who quell'd
Of death the victor-strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

HUMAN LIFE.

From “*Sonnets, by Edward Maron.*”

Ah, what is life! a dream within a dream!
A pilgrimage, from peril rarely free!
A barque that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and no storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen, ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star, blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon,
Like as an infant on Affection's knee.
A youth now full of hope and transient glee;
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin, silvered o'er with years.
Life is a race, where slippery sleeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

MONTREAL.

Printed for the Committee, by Lovell & Gibson.