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T H E C O L O N I A L C H U R C H M A N.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE. Eph. 2 c. 20 v.

VOLUME I.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1836.

NUMBER 4.

For the Colonial Churchman.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

The Life and Times of WILLIAM LAUD, D. D. and Archbishop of Canterbury. By John P. Lawson, M. A. published in 1829.

Continued.

But to return:—Laud had his faults doubtless; but he was on the whole a great and a good man. It has been well remarked in Grant's Summary of the History of the English Church, vol. II. 232—"A man's private journal is a window to his soul. Laud kept a diary, and according to the most entertaining of all writers, that man cannot be a bad regulator of his affairs, who casts up his receipts and expenses every night; and a soul either is, or seeks to be, good, which enters into a scrutiny of her actions." The gross injustice done to Laud appears in nothing more notorious, than, first, in the utter impossibility, on the part of his enemies, in the space of two years and a half, to find out evidence to prove their accusation of his endeavouring to introduce popery and arbitrary government; and secondly, in the eagerness with which they seized upon his papers prepared for his defence, his diary, book of private devotion, &c. &c.: thirdly, in the committing the execution of this order to his most inveterate enemy, William Payne; and, fourthly, in abetting the malice of this most wild and fanatical zealot, who actually employed such of the Archbishop's private papers as might seem to be rendered prejudicial to him,—suppressed those that might be advantageous to him,—published many for the sake of exciting and keeping alive public prejudice against him,—embezzled some and garbled the whole, so as to give the colour of his own malice to that which was not only innocent but praiseworthy. While the persecuted primate's courage and confidence in the hour of death,—a courage which was modest, and a confidence which was christian, free from every tincture of presumption and enthusiasm,—must be considered in the judgment of every impartial person, as marking a conscience perfectly at ease,—at peace with God and man: and will compel every feeling mind to concur in the hope which he expressed on the scaffold—"that his cause in heaven will look of another dye than the colour that is put upon it here." He who, in sober seriousness, appeals with christian confidence, from the judgment of fallible men to the tribunal of Almighty God, and who in the habitual prospect of that tribunal, holds constant communion with heaven, may still have faults; but they will never be in any moral respect, grievous faults: and if he shall indeed pay the debt of nature by a violent death, it will be much more true, and therefore much more philosophical to conclude that he was conducted to the scaffold by his virtues than by his vices; and that his condition is much more enviable, when thus enduring the last stroke of popular injustice, than that of his persecutors at the time, or than that of their apologists in after times. Laud's diary, which was happily recovered, and published, 1695, by Henry Wharton, under the title of "*The History of the troubles and trial of the most Rev. &c. William Laud, &c.*" furnishes irrefragable proof that he meant in all things to do right to the best of his capacity; and that he subjected himself in all circumstances to such consideration as was much more likely to lead him right than wrong upon the whole. Besides, his *Daily office of a Christian* published in 1688, including his speech on the scaffold, exhibits at once the language and the practice, and the prospects of the christian life, as

they formed the constant current of his thoughts, and the uniform guide of his conduct; and yet this venerable christian prelate is libelled with extreme violence by a late biographer of Milton, himself a clergyman* of the same church, and a graduate of the same university, over each of which the proscribed primate most worthily presided, and to each of which he was a bountiful benefactor. And yet he is the common object of reproach and calumny among that large list of hereditary grumblers, who give free currency and permanent credit to the malicious insinuations and the envious falsehoods, which were forged by the faction and credited by the fanaticism of that unhappy age, which involved the monarchy, the legislature, the church, and universities of England, in one common ruin.

"William Laud," Mr Lawson informs us, "was born on the 7th day of October, 1573, in the parish of St. Lawrence, Reading, a town of considerable importance in Berkshire, pleasantly situated on the river Kennet, and famous for its magnificent Abbey, now in ruins, founded by Henry I. in 1126, and dedicated to St. James the Apostle. He was the only son of William Laud, by profession a clothier, and Lucy Webb, sister to Sir William Webb, of the same county, of an ancient and respectable family, who filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, 1591."

It would be inconsistent with the short sketch of this eminent prelate's life which our limits compel us to give, to follow the able author before us in every particular which he relates concerning the position of parties and the line of policy which the Archbishop pursued. We must rest content with noticing the date and the nature of his several gradations from the time he entered the Grammar School, until he assumed the Archi-episcopal mitre; accompanying the detail with such passing remarks as the subject seems to demand, and concluding with a short review of the manner in which he performed the arduous duties, occasionally attached to that exalted station.

He was educated at the free Grammar School of Reading, his native place; and was admitted a commoner of St. John's College Oxford in July 1589. He was elevated to a scholarship in 1590, and to a fellowship in 1593; though he did not take his degree till 1594. He proceeded master of arts in July 1598, and was grammar reader that year. He was admitted into deacon's orders in 1600, and into priest's orders in 1601, by Dr. Young, Bishop of Rochester. He does not appear, on his promotion to the priesthood, to have had any spiritual charge. He remained within the walls of his college, devoting his active and energetic mind to pursuits of literature and theology, and preparing himself by every means in his power for the prominent part which he afterwards took in the measures of the nation.

At this period, the University of Oxford seems to have been distracted by polemical discussions and controversies, which were conducted in any spirit but that of the Gospel. The reformation had taken place some time previously, and many errors and abuses, introduced and countenanced by the Church of Rome, had been entirely abolished, both in the universities and Church of England. The divines of the day seem to have put forth great zeal and much energy of purpose in eradicating from the minds of the people, every degree of veneration or respect for the prescription of the Roman Missal and the dogmatism of the Roman priesthood. Their success was what might have been anticipated from the operation of so mighty a

*The Rev. Dr. Charles Symmons.

cause. The spiritual ascendancy of the see of Rome was thus hopelessly crushed, and an impetus given to the public mind, which was in danger of proceeding in its heedless career to the opposite extreme. In many parts of the land the cry became general, that every vestige of the Romish Church,—every precept and practice which flowed from that source, whether in conformity with scripture or not, should be swept away; and, what they called a purer fabric, erected on its ruins. These sentiments were entertained by the popular party, or those who mustered most numbers, and exerted most influence over the opinions of the multitude; and were grounded chiefly on those dogmas about predestination which were introduced into the theology of the day by the celebrated Calvin.—The chief patrons of these doctrines at the university were *Lawrence Humphrey*, senior professor of Divinity, and *John Reynolds*, president of Corpus Christi.

The party which opposed that just described were very powerful at Court; because the sentiments which they entertained of Church government, and on subjects connected with general politics, and the immediate government of the nation, were generally favourable to the extension and full exertion of the royal authority. They engaged heartily in the protestant cause; but from motives of prudence and consideration, did not join in the general cry against all church government and discipline, because those of Rome happened to be corrupt. Their general aim appears to have arisen from a desire to retain all that was useful and solid of the old superstructure; to take away its tinsel ornaments and its gaudy appearance—to renovate, purify, invigorate, the whole edifice; and to render it an efficient and strong member of the state. It was their object to stem, if possible, the torrent of popular clamour, regardless alike of its threats or its power, and to fix the goodly edifice of the English Church upon the sure foundation of the Law, the Prophets, and Apostles. Hence arose the origin of that bitter enmity and party spirit, which not only caused the overthrow of the establishment, but involved the nation in civil strife, whose consequences were felt for many a day, not only by individuals immediately interested, but by every subject within the realm.

Between these two contending factions, Laud took a middle course. Whilst principle deterred him from taking part with the violent amongst those who were calumniated as Papists, a commendable sense of prudence prevented him from espousing the cause of those, who pleaded for Calvinistic doctrines, and a new form of church government. His studies in divinity were firmly founded on the Holy scriptures, according to the glosses of the ancient fathers; for which he had the countenance and direction of a canon made in convocation in 1571, by which it was declared, that, in interpreting the Scriptures, no other doctrines were to be raised from them than what had been collected thence, from the ancient fathers, and other godly Bishops of primitive times. Here then we shall leave Laud at present, quietly pursuing his studies at the university; and will take the earliest convenient opportunity of resuming the subject of this article.

CRITO.

CHRIST has reconciled God to us, and he would now reconcile us to God.

God will give us nothing for our own sake, but he will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Christian Biography forming a part of the plan of your paper, which I trust the blessing of God will render eminently and widely useful in extending his knowledge and promoting his glory; I beg to furnish for your consideration, a sketch of the brief earthly existence of one of the Lambs of Christ's flock, whose last days indeed only attracted especial observation, though his whole life, short as it was, is worthy of notice. It exhibits a vivid instance of the efficacy of divine grace, a marked fulfilment of His word, who hath said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

L. W. was from his earliest years noted for a seriousness of disposition which led him to prefer the conversation of grown persons, or the amusements of a book, to the noisier sports of childhood. He was brought up in the bosom of the establishment, and no less punctual in the private use of those prayers and collects of the Church which he was early taught to lisp, than in a marked attention to public worship. He first came within my notice a year and a half since; and few subsequent days have passed without my seeing him. During this period my own observation confirms the accounts I have received from others. In the month of November, he was seized with that disease which has at this season caused among us many a repetition of the voice which (as on this day) was heard in Rama, "Mothers who weep for their children and will not be comforted, because they are not." He however so far recovered as to go out on the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, and that which preceded it. Whether on this occasion he took cold, or from what other cause it proceeded, it is not known; but he was immediately seized with that species of dropsy, which has rendered the present visitation of scarlet fever so fatal. His last day of going abroad was the 1st Sunday in Advent. Then although much swollen and exceedingly debilitated, he pleaded hard to be allowed to attend the afternoon service. On his return from church he seemed much gratified, and spake of the sermon. This was his last attendance on the public worship of God. When another week had revolved, his redeemed spirit took its flight to join that innumerable company which no tongue can number, surrounding the Eternal Throne.

We come now to the closing scene. No immediate danger was anticipated by his parents; and although the days succeeding that I have mentioned, were marked by weakness and suffering, still he was cheerful and conversed freely with his family. On Saturday, however, he was attacked by epileptic fits which seemed to cause intense agony, and were only partially relieved by medicine. On Sunday, the 2d in Advent, about midday, he started out of bed and said to his mother, who was sitting near him, 'I am dying!' His mother answered, 'I hope not my dear.' He replied, 'Yes, I know I am dying: I am going out of this miserable world, to be with the Angels, and to sing the praises of God.' His mother again said, 'I hope, my child, you understand what is meant by Christ dying for sinners, and that no one can go to heaven without repentance of their sins and faith in his blood.' He replied, 'I understand it all.' adding, 'a dying bed is no place to begin to think of these things.' He was then reminded by his mother that he could do nothing without the grace of God. He answered, 'the way to obtain the grace of God, is to pray for it: I have prayed for it and obtained it, and I trust it will endure to the end.' Several persons were standing by and listening to this conversation.—An hour or two after, he addressed himself to an adult sister, who was supporting him in her arms, 'O —, religion is the grand thing;—endeavour above all things to live a pious life—what a dreadful thing it would be to die and go to hell: but I am going to heaven.' About this time he was in great bodily pain, when a person standing by said,

as if involuntarily, "Poor child!" He immediately replied, in the midst of his sufferings, 'Don't call me poor when I have such glory before me;' again repeating, 'I am going to heaven.' Some one observed, 'What a comfort this assurance must be to your friends.' He said, 'Yes, particularly to my father and mother, my brothers and sisters.' After two o'clock, or perhaps later, he listened with great attention to the Service for the sick, which at his desire was read to him, replying to each petition with a hearty Amen. And at the moment when the bell was pealing for evening service, his happy spirit winged its flight to those blessed mansions where 'the weary are at rest.'

Thus at the early age of 12 years was this interesting child taken from the evil to come. But 'being dead he yet speaketh.' He reminds us of the blessedness of those who 'die in the Lord.' He declares how powerfully, even in a weak child, the supports of divine grace rise superior to the pangs of expiring nature. He bids us be ready for our own summons. If the young be thus called away, it is to the aged a double warning. But more especially would I call the attention of parents to this brief sketch. I would say to them, 'Christian Parents—do you love your children? I know that you love them. O! shew this love in your care of their dearest interests. Devote their tender years to God. Train them early for heaven. Bring them up in preparation for that place where you hope to meet them. Consider your high responsibility. You will rise early and late take rest to provide for their bodily wants; and are their immortal souls of less value? They may at any moment be snatched from you; and think what a sword would pierce your very heart, were you called to stand by the corpse of a beloved child, with no more cheering reflections than these,—this beloved one has gone into an eternity, for which I have used no care to prepare him; nay, which perhaps from my very example he learned to forget. O! spare yourselves the bitterness of such self-reproaches as these!'—And, my dear little children, lambs of the flock of Christ, let me address a parting word to you—You are not too young to think seriously of religion; for you are not too young to die. And if you have read this little narrative, you will see that one as young, perhaps younger than many of you, could die without fear, could depart without one wish to remain, not only entirely reconciled to the will of God, but with a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness, a joyful anticipation of being forever employed in singing the praises of God. And would not you wish if you were called to die (as you may perhaps very soon be), would not you wish to be happy? Would not you wish to leave to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters the blessed comfort of these parting words, 'I am going to heaven!'—Then you must call to mind some other words of his—'A dying bed is no place to begin to think of these things.' Then you must learn like him to 'call for the grace of God in diligent prayer.' Like him you must be punctual in your morning and evening devotions. Like him you must go regularly to Church, and listen with seriousness and attention, to what you hear there,—earnestly entreating the Most High, that he will make you able to understand and to do his will. If you do thus, God will love you, and make you, whether living or dying, his children. For he has said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Halifax, Dec. 28th, 1835.

CLERICUS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

SCRIPTURE COMMENTARIES.—No. 2.

I venture, Messrs. Editors, to offer for insertion in the Colonial Churchman, an additional selection of Scripture Commentaries, &c.—should you consider them in the least calculated to advance the attainment of that wisdom which the Holy Word teacheth, and the holiness which it requires. Although the Scriptures are a well of truth and salvation, from which

even the most unlearned may draw the waters of eternal life, without the aid of any other teaching than that of the Holy Spirit which indited them, yet their 'fitness and excellence,' (as the late Dr. Watson remarked) 'will display themselves with the brighter lustre, the more carefully and diligently we read them.' Scarce a verse, indeed, but admits of profitable and most instructive amplification. A conviction of the benefits likely to be derived from the more extensive diffusion of the commentaries of pious and learned writers, affords my only excuse for again intruding on your columns. I trust that these extracts are offered, and will be read, with somewhat of the spirit with which Bishop Horne exclaimed—'Lord! give us affections toward thy Word, in some measure proportioned to its excellence, for we can never love too much that which we can never enough admire.'

Yours, &c.

O.

December, 1835.

Charity, or Love—13th 1st Corinthians, 3 v.—'If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' St. Paul took the portrait of charity, warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time his canvass glows with many others. He does not chain her to this world; but displays her touching Heaven while she stands upon earth, and bowing down to practise among men, the good will she has learned above. Study his portrait and you will say, that Charity is love to man, founded upon love to God. The apostle never imagined that we could compromise for our neglect of the Maker, by acts of mercy to the thing made. Charity knows nothing of covering or mitigating the offences of man in the view of God, though to her own sight, she ever softens the complexion of another's crime, by the deep glowing with which she imbues her own.'

Rev. J. W. Cunningham, of Harrow, England.

Parables—'And Jesus spake many things unto them in parables.'—13th Matthew, 3 v.—'In all the discourses of our Lord and Master, and in all the Parables and Illustrations whereby He placed the principles of his religion in a clear light, to bring them home to the consciences of his hearers, there is a good sense and plain practical character, which come at once to the bosom of every honest inquirer after truth and obligation. Although occasionally he involves the sentiments which he means to convey in the garb of allegory, which the careless observer could not immediately see through, and would not take the pains to withdraw; yet even then the man whose mind is alive to the importance of the instruction, and who is conscious that he has himself a personal interest of the deepest kind in understanding and applying the truths communicated, cannot fail both to perceive their tendency and to feel their force.'

Dr. Samuel Turner, of New-York.

False Pleasure—'Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead.'—2d c. Proverbs, 18 v. O! yet, while Heaven suspends your doom be wise! — O! cease to listen to the lure Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step, And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.

Ogilvie.

'Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind. It shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked.' 23d c. Jeremiah, 19 v. See 6 v. 11th Psalm, 19 c. Proverbs, 25 v.

The above and other passages of Scripture, impressed us with the fact that whirlwinds of desolation, in eastern countries, terror and danger unfelt in these regions.—Lamartine, travelling in the Holy Land in 1832, thus describes their effect near Lebanon—'The murmuring winds that had slept in the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains, began to utter a mournful sound, as if from beneath the earth, like a roaring sea after a storm. The gusts passed like thunder bolts, sometimes over our heads, and sometimes in the regions beneath our feet, driving before them, as dead leaves, masses of snow, quantities of stones, and even large pieces of rock, with the same violence wherewith they would have been thrown from cannon. Two of our horses were struck by them, and rolled over the precipice. The whirlwind filled all the defile in which we were with snow, which, turning rapidly round, rose in columns to the sky, and fell again in immense

sheets, like the foam of a huge wave upon the rock beneath. There were times when it was impossible to breathe;—our guides stopped almost every instant; hesitated and discharged their muskets as signals to us; but the furious wind would allow nothing to be heard. It seemed as if part of Mount Lebanon had fallen, and was rolling down like a torrent of rocks. The torrent had all at once become an immense river, hurrying along with it, huge masses of stone, and the wrecks of the tempest. The wind soon after, altogether fell.

For the Colonial Churchman.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the breath of the spiritual life in the soul. By it every grace is exercised, every sin opposed, every blessing obtained; the whole soul revived, strengthened, and invigorated for the Christian race. By it we obtain true peace of mind,—that peace arising from a calm, and entire resting upon God, for the supply of all our wants and from the casting all our care whatever it may be, upon a kind compassionate and Almighty Friend, who willingly sustains, relieves, and comforts us. High is the privilege of prayer, which turns our very wants to our advantage, leading us by them into a constant intercourse with God, and keeping us in a spiritual and Heavenly state of mind. And with what filial confidence may those approach God, whose whole life is a drawing near to Him. When trouble, or affliction assails them, they can take to themselves this promise, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Again, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'

He who has kept up this heavenly intercourse on earth, is prepared to enter into the blessed society above. God is not a stranger to him, but has long known him. His Saviour is his tried and constant friend, and what a happy life does he live, whose prayers afford him constant communion with God! he may calmly, and cheerfully, pass through all the trials, and troubles, of this life, living in the most exalted, and endearing friendship with his Maker; having a constant support, and a hidden but solid joy, from intercourse with Him; possessing an ample resource in every circumstance here below; and the expectation of everlasting happiness with Him, 'at whose right hand there is pleasure for evermore.'

In order to render our prayers acceptable to God, it is essentially necessary, that we deeply feel our weak, indigent, and helpless state, and, with the earnestness of drowning Peter, cry out, 'Lord, save us, we perish!' and if we have no feeling of our spiritual poverty, and necessities, our first prayer should be for this feeling.

We must also have faith in the being and goodness of God. He who has not a scriptural knowledge of God will never feel disposed rightly to approach Him. It is faith, the gift of God, realizing the views given us in the Bible, of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, of his continued presence, and of the way of access by Jesus Christ,—which excites the heart to draw near to him, in full confidence that He hears us, loves us, and will help us. And what can be more delightful than thus to come to God, as an Almighty, compassionate, and reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, in the full conviction that he loves us; and because he loves us, will deny us nothing that is for our good.—All true prayer comes from faith like this. It is the voice and expression of faith. We must believe that God is, and that he is a rewarder of all that diligently seek him.' To faith in the presence of God we must add an undoubted confidence in the faithfulness of his promises. This confidence is perfectly consistent with the deepest humility and the most entire distrust of ourselves. It is the very nature of faithful prayer, to charge Christ with all, and leave every thing with him. It says 'Lord, here are all these sins that I have done: here are all the temptations that I have to struggle with: here are all these corruptions to subdue; here is all this work to do, and I am a poor helpless thing; behold I humbly lay it all upon thee; and I know that thou canst, and thou hast told me thou wilt, take care of the whole. It is thy gracious office to do so; and thou delightest to do it; Lord I cast all my care on thee.'

It is also essentially necessary, that we have the

assistance of the Holy Spirit to enable us to pray as we ought. 'The spirit also helpeth our infirmities. For we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered.' We have the promise of this help, in many parts of scripture. Our Lord says to his apostles, 'the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name; he shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you.' The Holy Spirit enlightens the understanding to shew us what we need, and sanctifies the heart, so that we desire what is really good for us. He removes our natural ignorance and blindness; shews us our great and alarming danger, and inclines us, earnestly to seek deliverance. He directs and guides our minds to right ends in asking. He intercedes in and with our hearts at the throne of grace, suggesting to us, and offering up in us those desires, arguments, and pleas, which would otherwise never have arisen in our minds. He excites holy desires, raises holy expectations, and works holy affections within us, often secretly inclines us to pray, and helps us in praying; giving us clear perceptions, a ready utterance, and an humble confidence. Let all seek then, by earnest entreaties, for this heavenly influence, and we may fully expect to obtain it: for there is an express promise, that 'our Heavenly Father will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.'

We also have the promise of the intercession of Jesus Christ. 'He is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.' All true believers, all the children of God, in general, have the fruits and benefits of Christ's intercession. And O! how great are the advantages of this intercession, when we consider the dignity of the person who intercedes! He procures the hearing and acceptance of our prayers. He pleads the merit and power of his blood.—How sure we may be then he will obtain what he asks when he pleads that he died to procure it. By what has been advanced, we may easily judge whether the prayers that we offer up to God, are such as he requires of us, and consequently will accept; or whether they are (as there is great reason to fear with very many) mere outward forms to satisfy the conscience. This, if trusted in, will prove a dangerous delusion: it will not advance us one step towards Heaven. The Lord will say of such, 'This people draw nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.'

M.

ON THE DUTY OF STUDYING THE BIBLE.

In the Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, our Church teaches her members to pray, 'Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy holy word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.'

Reader, if you profess to be a member of the church of Christ, it becomes you to 'Search the Scriptures,' habitually and daily, with fervent prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit. The command is express, the obligation universal, and the benefit immense. Whatever situation of life you may fill, there is something in the Scriptures that concerns you; something which it is infinitely important that you should know and remember.

Parents, Heads of Families—read the Bible for your own sakes, and for the sake of your children and servants. God expects that you will not only read it in private, but that you will also instruct your families in the knowledge of it. He requires you to keep the words which He hath commanded, in your hearts; to teach them diligently to your children; to talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up, Deut. vi. 6, 7. How then can you live in the neglect of family instruction and prayer? or how can you instruct your family, if you yourselves are wilfully ignorant of this book? If you have hitherto neglected this great duty, neglect it now no longer. Remember what the Lord says concerning Abraham, 'I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the

Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him.' Gen. xviii. 19. Remember the determination of Joshua. xxiv. 15. 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.' Follow these bright examples.

Children.—You, also, should read the Bible, not merely as a task-book, but to become wise unto salvation. I know even young children who like to retire by themselves, that they may read this blessed book, and pray to God in secret. Jesus says, 'suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' And again, 'They that seek me early shall find me.' The child Samuel early sought the Lord. Josiah was only eight years old when he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Jesus, at twelve years old, was found in the temple. Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. In them you will read about Jesus Christ,—how he became a child for you, and how kind he was to children: there you will learn, also, that it is your duty to love one another, and love and obey your parents and teachers. See Ephes. vi. 1, 2. 3. Col. iii. 20. 1 John iv. You therefore should read your Bible.

Young People.—You must read the Bible. You are about to enter the world— you will there be exposed to innumerable dangers and temptations; and 'where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way but by taking heed thereto, according to God's word?' Psalm cxix. 9. David was wiser than his enemies, and had more understanding than his teachers or his elders, because he meditated on God's testimonies, and kept His precepts. Ps. cxix. 98, 99, 100. O that I could prevail upon you to imitate David's example! It would keep you sober-minded, and give a right direction to all that warmth, and ardour, and zeal, by which youth is distinguished. It would preserve you from innumerable sins, give you peace of mind, and lead you to eternal glory. Whatever your companions say, let me entreat you to read your Bible.

Servants—You also should read your Bibles. Perhaps some of you are in hard service under severe masters. The word of God will console you in the worst service. 'Thy statutes,' says David, 'have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.' Ps. cxix. 54. There you will find an account of pious servants—you will see how faithfully Abraham's servant obeyed his master; Gen. xxiv. how a servant-maid was useful to Naaman, the captain of the King of Assyria's army; and you will see the punishment of a lying servant in Gehazi. 2 Kings v. There you will see your duty fully pointed out and explained. Col. iii. 22.—25.—Ephes. vi. 5—8. Titus ii. 9, 10. You see, therefore, that you must read the Bible.

In short, all classes of men and women, at every age, in every situation, kings and subjects, ministers and people, husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, rich and poor, righteous and wicked, prosperous and unfortunate, learned and unlearned, even all kind of persons may, as Archbishop Cranmer says, 'learn in this book all things, what they ought to do, and what they should not do, as well concerning Almighty God, as also concerning themselves and all others.'—Church of England Tract.

From the Christian Guardian.

We are happy to announce that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has consented to grant Ten Thousand Pounds for the instruction of the Negroes in the West Indies. The Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction of the Negroes have granted Five Thousand Pounds for the same purpose; the whole of which is to be placed at the disposal of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

To win Christ is the greatest gain; to know Christ is the sublimest knowledge; and to live upon Christ is the happiest life.

None are so humble as those who know and experience most of the grace of God in truth; as the fullest and best ears of corn always hang lowest towards the ground.

The world looks at ministers out of the pulpit, to know what they mean when in it.

From the Christian Guardian.

THE PATRIARCH ;

OR THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

'Gently on him had gentle Nature laid
The weight of years. All passions that disturb
Had passed away.'

Southey.

Soon after my arrival in the State of North Carolina. I was informed of an isolated settlement at a considerable distance from the place of my residence. Its original elements were emigrants from New England: a father and his five sons, who with their wives and little children, had about thirty years before become sojourners in the heart of one of the deepest Carolinian solitudes. They purchased a tract of wild swamp encircled land. This they subjected to cultivation, and by unremitting industry, rendered it adequate to their subsistence and comfort. The sons, and the son's sons, had in their turn become fathers of families, so that the population of this singular spot comprised five generations. They were described as constituting a peaceful and virtuous community with a government purely patriarchal. Secluded from the privileges of public worship, it was said, that a sense of religion influencing the heart and conduct, had been preserved by stately assembling on the Sabbath, and reading the Scriptures, with the Liturgy of the Church of England. The pious ancestor of the Colony, whose years now surpass fourscore, had at their removal to this hermitage, established his eldest son in the office of lay-reader. This simple ministration, aided by holy example, had so shared the blessing of heaven, that all the members of this miniature commonwealth held fast the faith and hope of the gospel.

I was desirous of visiting this peculiar people, and of ascertaining whether such glorious and precious fruits might derive nutriment from so simple a root. A journey across that section of the country afforded me an opportunity. I resolved to be the witness of their Sunday devotions, and with the earliest dawn of that consecrated day, I left the house of a friend where I had lodged, and who furnished the requisite directions for my solitary and circuitous route.

The brightness and heat of summer began to glow oppressively ere I turned from the haunts of men, and plunged into the recesses of a forest. Towering amidst shades which almost excluded the light of heaven, rose the majestic pines, the glory and the wealth of North Carolina. Some, like the palms, those princes of the East, reared a proud column of fifty feet, e'er the branches shot forth their heavenward cone. With their dark verdure, mingled the pale and beautiful efflorescence of the white poplar, like the light interlacings of sculpture in some ancient awe-inspiring temple, while thousands of birds from those dark cool arches, pour their anthems of praise to the Divine architect.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arrived at the morass, the bulwark thrown by nature around this little city of the desert. Alighting, I led my horse over the rude bridges of logs which surmounted the pools and ravines, until our footing rested upon firm earth. Soon an expanse of arable land became visible, and wreaths of smoke came lightly curling through the trees, as if to welcome the stranger. Then a cluster of cottages cheered the eye. They were so contiguous, that the blast of a horn, or even the call of a shrill voice, might convene all their inhabitants. To the central and largest building I directed my steps. Approaching the open window, I heard a distinct manly voice, pronouncing the solemn invocation—'by thine agony and bloody sweat—by thy cross and passion—by thy precious death and burial—by thy glorious resurrection and ascension—and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.' The response arose fully and devoutly in accents of manhood, and the softer tones of the mother and her children.

Standing motionless that I might not disturb the worshippers, I had a fair view of the lay-reader. He was a man six feet in height, muscular and well-proportioned, with a head beautifully formed; from whose crown time had begun to shred the luxuriance of its raven locks. Unconscious of the presence of a stranger, he supposed that no eye regarded him save that of his God. Kneeling around him were his 'brethren according to the flesh,' a numerous and attentive con-

gregation. At his right hand was the Patriarch,—tall, somewhat emaciated, yet not bowed with years, his white hair combed smoothly over his temples, and slightly curling on his neck. Gathered near him were his children, and his children's children. His blood was in the veins of almost every worshipper. Mingled with forms that evinced the ravages of time and toil, were the bright locks of youth, and the rosy brow of childhood bowed low in supplication. Even the infant with hushed lip, regarded a scene where was no wandering glance. Involuntary, my heart said, 'shall not this be a family in heaven!' In the closing aspirations, 'O Lamb of God! that takest away the sins of the world have mercy upon us!'—the voice of the Patriarch was heard, with strong and affecting emphasis. After a pause of silent devotion, all arose from their knees and I entered the circle.

'I am a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I come to bless you in the name of the Lord.'

The ancient Patriarch, grasping my hand, gazed on me with intense earnestness. A welcome, such as words have never uttered, was written on his brow.

'Thirty-and-two years has my dwelling been in this forest. Hitherto, no man of God has visited us. Praised be his name, who hath put it into thy heart to seek out these sheep in the wilderness. Secluded, as we are, from the privilege of worshipping God in his temple, we thus assemble every Sabbath to read his Holy Book, and to pray unto him in the words of our Liturgy. Thus have we been preserved from forgetting the Lord who bought us, and lightly esteeming the rock of our salvation.'

The exercises of that day are indelibly engraven on my memory. Are they not written in the record of the Most High? Surely a blessing entered into my own soul, as I beheld the faith, and strengthened the hope of those true-hearted and devout disciples. Like him, whose slumbers at Bethel were visited by the white-winged company of Heaven, I was constrained to say, 'surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not.'

At the request of the Patriarch, I administered the ordinance of Baptism. It was received with affecting demonstrations of solemnity and gratitude. The sacred services were protracted until the setting of the sun. Still they seemed reluctant to depart. It was to them a high and rare festival. When about to separate, the venerable patriarch introduced me to all his posterity. Each seemed anxious to press my hand; and even the children expressed by affectionate glances, their reverence and love for him who ministered at the altar of God.

'The Almighty,' said the ancient man, 'hath smiled on these babes born in the desert. I came hither with my sons and their companions, and their blessed mother who has gone to rest. God hath given us families as a flock. We earn our bread with toil and with patience. For the intervals of labour we have a school, where our little ones learn the rudiments of knowledge. Our only books of instruction are the Bible and Prayer Book.'

At a signal they rose and sung, when about departing to their separate abodes—'Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will towards men.' Never by the pomp of measured melody was my spirit so stirred within me, as when that rustic, yet tuneful choir, surrounding the white-haired father of them all, breathed out in the forest sanctuary,—'Thou, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.'

The following morning I called on every family, and was delighted with the domestic order, economy, and concord, that prevailed. Careful improvement of time, and moderate desires, seemed uniformly to produce among them, the fruits of a blameless life and conversation. They conducted me to their school. Its teacher was a grand-daughter of the lay-reader. She possessed a sweet countenance and gentle manners, and with characteristic simplicity, employed herself at the spinning wheel when not absorbed in the labours of instruction. Most of her pupils read intelligibly, and replied with readiness to questions from scripture history. Writing and arithmetic were well exemplified by the elder ones; but those works of science, with which our libraries are so lavishly supplied, had not found their way to this retreat. But among the learners was visible, what does not always distinguish better endowed seminaries, docility, subordination, and profound attention to every precept and illustra-

tion. Habits of application and a desire for knowledge were infused into all. So trained up were they in industry, that even the boys, in the interval of their lessons, were busily engaged in knitting stockings for winter. To the simple monitions which I addressed to them, they reverently listened; and ere they received the parting blessing, rose and repeated a few passages from the inspired volume, and lifted up their accordant voices, chanting, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people.'

To be continued.

MEDITATION FOR EPIPHANY.

From Morning Thoughts, by Rev. J. Cunningham.

The star of Bethlehem no longer arises upon the path of the earthly pilgrim, to guide him to the presence of his God. But does not every orb of heaven appear to go forth charged with the same holy commission? Has not each 'a voice?' and do not all 'proclaim the glory of the Lord,' and summon us to the presence of Him who built the heavens, who threw the arch of fire over this benighted world, who said 'Let there be light, and there was light?' And if all these lights of heaven were extinguished, is not every object in the universe, and every incident in life, calculated to teach the same lesson, and draw us closer to the same compassionate Redeemer?—Welcome, then, prosperity, for it lifts the soul to the great Giver of our joys. Welcome, sorrow; for it guides us to the only Comforter.—Welcome, every star or every spot which marks the face of our heavens; for all seem to 'stand over where the young Child' is, and to guide us to his presence; all prompt us to approach Him, and to cast our 'gifts' at his feet. Thou Saviour of the miserable! every vicissitude of life, every turn in the restless wheel of events, prompts us to take refuge in thy bosom. But with what offerings, shall we approach Thee? It is not in our power to bring the gold and frankincense of an uncorrupted heart, or of a spotless life. We are by nature and by practice, 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' O welcome us, thou gracious Redeemer! as we are; wash us with thy blood, and sanctify us with thy Spirit. Admit us to lie at thy feet, to hear thy voice, to see thy face, and to rejoice in thy love for ever. Welcome us as we are, and make us all that we ought to be. The star of Bethlehem is set: arise on us, thou 'Sun of Righteousness,' with 'healing in thy wings.' Whatever has been our former distance from Thee, draw us nearer to Thee; and constrain us, by thine own gentle influences, to surrender ourselves a 'living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.'

That star of the East never gladdened my sight
Which poured on the path of the Magi its light,
Till they gazed with believing, adoring delight,

On an Object more wondrous and fair:

That midnight effulgence ne'er dazzled my eye,
Which suddenly streamed from the chambers on high,
While the voices of seraphs and harps of the sky
With melody ravished the air.

But, O my Redeemer! all thanks to thy love!
For us the fair day-spring has beamed from above;
Nor e'er shall the 'star of the morning' remove,
Till we reach the celestial abode.

Eclipsed is the beam which illumined their way;
But brighter and broader the heavenly ray
Which guides our faint steps to the regions of day.
To the sight of our Father and God.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Epistle. Rom. xii. 1. Gospel. St. Luke. ii. 41.

As the design of the Church, in all her proper services from Christmas to Epiphany, appears to be to set forth the humanity of the Saviour, and to manifest him in the flesh: so, during the Sundays after Epiphany her design appears to be to display his divinity, by recounting to us in the Gospels, some of his first miracles and manifestations of divine power.

The Collect for the day first petitions God, 'mercifully to receive our prayers,' when we implore pardon for present sins—offer thanks for present mercies—and resign ourselves to him under present trials. It

then, by an easy transition, passes to a consideration of future events; and proceeds to supplicate the gracious aid of God, against the power and influence of future evil:—praying Him so to inspire the soul with holy thoughts, and good resolutions, that whatever future doubts and difficulties may arise, we may neither be cast down by surprize, nor dismayed by unforeseen trials; but may be enlightened to see the right way, to know it, and to follow it:—may 'both perceive and know what things we ought to do, and have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same.'

The design of the Epistle is to excite us to imitate Christ as far as we can, and to manifest ourselves his disciples by a constant practice of all Christian virtues. In compliance with the apostle's advice, let us consecrate our bodies, as so many living temples unto God, and let all the members of them become the instruments of his honour. Let the mouth praise him with joyful lips, and the tongue sing of his honour; let the hands be often lifted up to him, and open in bounty to his members; let the feet walk in his ways, and run with cheerfulness the path of his commandments. And, to complete the sacrifice, let us dedicate our souls to him as the living monuments of his praise, and devote all the faculties of them to the setting forth his glory. To which end, let both be kept pure from the defilements of the world to attend the service of their Maker; avoiding all sinful conformity to the world, and having our natures renewed by the graces of the Holy Spirit; our minds enlightened with the knowledge of God; our wills and affections rectified to the loving and obeying of him. Let us learn from our Saviour to be 'meek and lowly in heart,' not thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; 'but to think soberly' and modestly, 'in honour preferring one another.' Lastly, let us learn to live in the unity and communion of the Church, as the only means of living in love, peace, and amity with one another. For the Church being but one body, there should be no schism or division in it; but all the members are to be joined and united to it in one communion under Christ at the head, that they may be fitted for the communion of the saints for ever in heaven.

The Gospel for the day deserves our very particular consideration, because containing all the account thought fit by the Holy Ghost to be given us of our blessed Saviour's life, from his infancy to his baptism, and the entrance upon the prophetic office. A little compass of words for so long a tract of time, and chiefly confined to one single occasion. Short as it is, however, it furnishes abundance of matter for useful reflection and practice, and to these purposes it should be our endeavour to improve it. The sacred writer furnishes a testimony which extends itself to all that period, when the narrative is not filled with more particular accounts. 'The child,' saith the inspired historian, 'grew, and waxed strong in spirit; filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.' This is abundantly sufficient to satisfy us, that the early stages of our Lord's life were answerable to his spotless character, and conformable to those more shining and distinguished parts of his demeanour, which are described for our perpetual regard, and commended by every motive of gratitude and duty to our faithful recollections.—*Episcopal Watchman.*

SELECTED.

LINES ON THE EPIPHANY.

Star of glory brightly streaming,
Welcome; Oh! thou blessed star!
Star that erst, serenely beaming,
Led the wise men from afar.
Thou their wandering footsteps leddest,
Star of glory, planet mild,
Till thy heavenly light thou sheddest,
O'er the holy blessed Child.
Holy Father, thou who gavest
Them that light and grace to see—
Holy Son, Oh Christ! who savest
All that look for light to thee.
Holy Spirit! ever pouring
Grace on them that seek aright—
Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
Still to walk with thee in light.

From the New York Observer.

SWITZERLAND.

About four years ago, an Evangelical Society was formed at Geneva, by the efforts of the Rev. Messrs. Gaussen, Galland, and Merle, three ministers of the Established Church, to promote the evangelization of France, (and for doing which they were ejected from the Establishment,) which has already done much.—Last year it employed, twenty-one colporteurs in France, and five or six evangelists, and circulated a vast number of tracts and Bibles. But the most important work, in many respects, which it has attempted, is the establishment of a theological institution in this city, to train up faithful ministers of the Gospel. This it was compelled to do, since, for a long time, the theological department of the academy which Calvin founded, has been possessed, and likely to be long retained, by men who teach doctrines widely different from those of the Reformation. It has two departments, one of which is preparatory for the other. In the preparatory department there is an instructor, who is aided also by the professors in the other. In the theological department, strictly so called, there are five professors, who are excellent men, and fully competent to their work. They are the Rev. Messrs. Merle, Galland, Gaussen, Steiger, and Preiswerk.—The number of students in both departments is twenty-two, several having completed their course with the last session.

In addition to the Rev. Dr. Malan's church, and that of the Bourg-de-Four, a third place for evangelical worship has been opened. It is called the Oratory of the Theological School. It is a beautiful place, capable of holding five or six hundred people, and is well filled. The Rev. Messrs. Gaussen and Galland preach here, and through their instrumentality a number of important men have recently been brought to the knowledge of the truth. In addition to all this, the Rev. Mr. Hartly, a faithful English minister of the Established Church in England, preaches to a fine congregation of English people, of whom there is always a large number in this city. There is also an excellent minister, who has commenced, preaching to the Germans, who reside in the city.

In the Canton de Vaud, where, a few years ago, every sort of persecution almost was endured by the friends of truth, the cause of CHRIST has made great progress. There are in that canton, at present, nearly one hundred faithful ministers preaching the Gospel, without interruption: and there is every reason to believe that the number of evangelical ministers, in all Switzerland, is at least two hundred. Twenty years ago there were very few—perhaps not ten!

Meetings of Religious Societies.—We should have been glad, had space been left, to have devoted a few pages to the late meetings of the Religious Societies, which have been numerous, interesting, and well attended, beyond example. With no feeble delight and gratitude do we find the income of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge rising to £91,092, and its distribution of Bibles, Prayer-Books, and other books and tracts, to 2,278,048; that of the Church Missionary Society rising to £69,582 and its stations and operations increasing every year in number and efficiency; the Naval and Military Bible Society circulating 12,958 copies of the Scriptures among our soldiers and seamen; the Society for the Conversion of the Jews augmenting its resources, to £12,328, being a rise of one-fifth of its last year's income; the London Missionary Society, with eight hundred missionaries, teachers, and schoolmasters, and receipts amounting to £57,895; the Prayer-book and Homily Society, with its translations in numerous languages, and its issues during the year of 13,247 bound books, and 81,260 tracts from our venerated Formularies; the Hibernian Society, with 1945 schools and 114,486 scholars; the Temperance Society issuing 3,832,800 tracts; the Religious Tract Society issuing during the year 16,241,349 copies of its publications, making a total of 215,000,000, in eighty languages, since its commencement; the Bible Society—but for that see the statement appended to our present Number. We notice only those whose recent papers happen at the moment to be in our hands, meaning no disparagement to others; and we cannot thus briefly condense the labours of various excellent institutions—such as the Lord's day Society, the District Visiting Society, &c. Yet it is not the mere amount of funds and operation,

that we rejoice in; but rather in the increased activity, harmony, spirituality, and by the blessing of God the unspeakably beneficial results of these and similar institutions. To Him be glory.—*Christian Obs.*

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LITTLE CHARLES.

'I don't want to attend the Sabbath school to day,' said little Charles to his mother.

'And why not, my son?'

'Because my teacher told me last Sabbath to be sure and pray to God every day this week, and I have not done it—and I know he'll feel badly about it.'

'Why did you not pray, Charles?'

'Because, ma, I was afraid to.'

'Afraid of what?'

'I was afraid that God would not like to be spoken to by a boy so small as I am.'

'But, my child, God loves to have children pray, and when they go to him and tell him of their wicked hearts, and ask to be made better, he will always hear and grant them their request. God will make you good if you but ask him in the name of his Son, and by the help of his Spirit, which he has promised to those who ask him.'

'Then I will pray, mother. And I will go to school, and tell my teacher that I will obey him next week. I wish I had prayed before.'

Little Charles went to school—told his teacher about his refusing to pray, and promised to pray in future, which I am glad to say he did not forget.—Now every night he loves to address his Saviour, and thank him for his kindness through the day. And I hope he will soon become a true and faithful Christian.

Reader, imitate Charles, and pray every day, and your heavenly Father will love you, and bless you, and be with you till you die, and then take you to himself.—*S. S. Instructor.*

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I lately sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, 'I must be very industrious for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone.'

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life. While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform every thing enjoined by my heavenly Master.

1. I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

2. I ought to be all alive to the immortal interests of my fellow-creatures; working while it is called to-day; striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ, for my brief candle is soon to go out; and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

3. I ought to be unceasingly active in every work of benevolence, making as many happy as I can; relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach: for this light is soon to be put out; and in the other world the miserable and suffering will be beyond my reach.

4. I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ; working the works of him that sent me while it is day, because the night cometh in which no man can work.

'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.'—*Ecc. ix. 10.*—*S. S. Journal.*

Cain in Heaven.—A Universalist parent was instructing his child in the story about Cain and Abel. When they came to the murder, the child, who was only four or five years old, looked up with a tender countenance, and said, 'Pa, where did Abel go when he died?'

'Why to heaven,' answered his father.

'And where did Cain go when he died?'

'Why, I suppose to heaven,' was the reply.

'Ah then,' said the little theologian, 'would he not murder Abel again? He understood that if translated to heaven, without a change of heart and disposition, he would still retain his murderous propensity.'—*S. S. Visitor.*

ESSAY ON THE LITURGY.

ESSAY II.—Continued.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

Psalm xcvi. 9.

The creed is so drawn up, as that the declarations of belief, are the declarations of every individual who repeats it. We do not say, we believe in God the Father, but believe; so that the priest himself, who is elsewhere the publick minister of the congregation, seems here to become a private member of it, confessing only for himself.

Thus far we have marked the order, and beauty, and variety of the arrangement, and the rich and scriptural materials wherewith the liturgy is composed. We have seen our church acknowledging her sins in the confession; then setting forth God's most worthy praise, in the psalms; then hearing his most holy word in the lessons; and she now proceeds, to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul. This she does in a series of prayers, studded and enriched with gems of scripture, and consecrated by the breath of saints and martyrs, who are now with God. Let others pass by these devotions of holy men of old, and present their offerings in other censers:—we blame them not for a difference of taste:—but we love to join hands with the confessors of early times, when christianity was yet pure and lovely, and utter the same prayers which trembled on their dying lips. O could we but catch the spirit which animated them, 'the beauty of holiness' would become as apparent in the use of our liturgy, as it is now in the theory.

Although we frequently pass from one office of devotion to another, the transitions are never abrupt, but are commonly introduced by one or more versicles pronounced by the minister, and re-echoed by the people. In the present case, the salutation of Boaz to the reapers, 'the Lord be with you,' is adopted by the minister, and responded by the congregation, preparatory to the exercise of prayer.

It may be proper here to remark on the expediency of having our prayers broken into short petitions, instead of offering them in one continued request. They were made short, in imitation of our Lord's prayer, and in accommodation to human weakness, which will not suffer the attention to be kept constantly on the stretch. They were made concise, that some attribute of the Deity, corresponding with the subject of the petition, might be introduced; as in the collect for peace, we say, 'O God, who art the author of peace, and lover of concord.' And finally, the concise form of composition was adopted, that every petition might be offered up in 'the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord:' and this course seems to be recommended in his declaration, that 'whatsoever we ask the Father in his name, he will give it us.'

The collects for peace, which stand first in order, both in morning and evening service are translated word for word from the sacramentary of St. Gregory, a liturgy compiled by him about 1230 years ago. In that for the morning, we pray for outward peace, and preservation from the injuries, insults, and wicked designs of men. In that for the evening, we petition for inward tranquillity, for 'that peace which the world cannot give'—for that peace, in short, which springs from the testimony of a quiet and unrepenting conscience.

The prayers which follow,—that for grace in the morning, and that for aid against perils in the evening, are of equal antiquity. That for grace is very proper to be used in the beginning of the day, when we are about to go forth into the midst of temptations: nor is that for aid against perils less seasonable in the evening, when we are about to commit ourselves to the protection of Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Thus far we have prayed for ourselves only. But we are exhorted to pray for 'kings, and for all in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.' We therefore offer up our petitions for our civil rulers, that they may 'be endued with heavenly gifts, and be inclined to do the will of God, and walk in his ways.—

This, as well as the following prayer, was translated from the sacramentary of St. Gregory, and has held its place in the church for thirteen centuries.

Having made our supplications for our temporal rulers, we proceed to pray for our spiritual guides, and 'for the congregations committed to their charge.' In this collect we pray for spiritual blessings only. In petitioning for other favours, we may, through ignorance, make improper requests, and 'so ask and receive not, because we ask amiss.' But in supplicating for larger donations of the spirit, we have the assurance that our request is not improper, since it is a donation of which we always stand in need.

But because we are directed to make prayers and intercessions 'for all men,' we pray in the next place for all sorts and conditions of men; that all who profess and call themselves christians, may live agreeably to their profession, and that the kingdom of the Redeemer may yet be extended, and his saving health made known among all nations. A general thanksgiving succeeds, in which our creation, preservation and other temporal blessings, are noticed; but above all, the inestimable love of God, in the redemption of the world by his Son, is made a particular theme of thanksgiving.

The prayer composed by Chrysostom, reflecting on the great and necessary requests that have been made, and desiring their fulfilment in the way most expedient for us, is properly added at the close; and the whole service is finished by the benedictory prayer of St. Paul, which he added in substance at the close of most of his epistles.

☞ We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the excellent Essay on the Liturgy continued in our columns this day, as well as to the portions inserted in our previous numbers. They clearly point out the reasonableness, beauty and propriety of that form which we use in 'worshipping the God of our Fathers,' and which only requires to be considered with a spiritual and candid mind, in order to be admired and loved. With reference to this Liturgy, it may truly be said of our Church—'Her clothing is of wrought gold.'—We particularly commend to the notice of those who may belong to other denominations, but occasionally attend our services, one remark of the writer of these essays—that the use of the Prayer Book is essential to the due comprehension of its beauties, and a profitable participation in our public worship. And to our own people we would say the same. Much of the effect of our excellent forms is lost when the people neglect to bear the part assigned them in the rubric, leaving, as is often the case, the minister and his clerk to do the whole. The loud response of ancient times, which came from the united voices of the congregation, and sounded like 'a clap of thunder,' lending a fire and animation to the service, which must have been felt in every bosom, we shall look for in vain among modern congregations—Yet such would be still the case, if each worshipper obeyed the direction of the church.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

We left Hoboken in a sleigh, with 12 passengers, for Albany. Among them was a young woman about 17, who having spent the winter near the city, was returning to her friends in the west. She was under the protection of a young man, who from his polite, though cool attention, I thought must have been nearer related than a cousin.—Had she been at the ball the papers would have said she was a very interesting young lady, but as I do not quite understand the phrase in this connexion, it is as well to say at once that she was a handsome young woman.

Most of this day's journey, there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio—a man of sound principles, and who, from his observation, must have seen much of men and their manners; he appeared to be about 50. On her left, sat a young man about 22, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and eyes, (observe this was not her protector.) Our farmer, in answer to a question by one of the passengers, when speaking of the inhabitants

of the new settlements, observed—Wherever there was a Church and stated minister, the people for five or six miles round were more orderly, sober and circumspect, than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This observation drew forth the wrath, the tongue and the eloquence of our young hero of the whiskers; he had been to college, and was studying some learned profession; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft and witchcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses; he said the stories about hell and the devil were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death, at worst, was only a leap in the dark—but ah! this leap in the dark. We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that in a few minutes our courage would be put to the test. It had rained for the last twelve hours, the sleighing got bad, the horses were sinking to the knees, and the driver said he would take to the river. We thought he was in jest; but finding him turning in that direction, the passengers, one and all, remonstrated,—but to no effect. At every stopping place, while the horses drank water, the driver drank rum. He was now at that point of high pressure, that he declared he feared neither death nor the devil.—This took place between Newburg and Catskill. The ice, we knew, was strong enough to have borne a hundred sleighs; but the rain had run from the frozen hills on each side, and the ice was now covered to a depth of at least two feet of water, the wind was fresh, and the waves rolled as if no ice was under. Our apprehension arose from the danger of our getting into air holes, which could not be seen, as all now appeared but one sheet of water.

At this juncture, the rain ceased, and snow began to fall in broad flakes, so thick and so fast, that the driver could hardly see the head of his leaders; and to add to our fears, the banks were so steep we could not effect a landing for nearly one mile ahead I looked at our farmer; I thought as he had travelled the length and breadth of the land, he must have encountered dangers by field and by flood; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with something like fear. I asked him what he thought. He thought it was both unsafe and imprudent. I looked at the young woman. She was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket, the lids opening to each side of the handle. While I was observing the effect of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a little red book. She opened the book, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read a minute. As she shut and replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face towards the heavens, she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. As she opened her eyes, the hue of fear, which for a few moments blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadow of a shower cloud by the side of a green mountain on a summer's morning. During the remainder of our perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not. I looked at the whiskered young man; he trembled in every limb; ten minutes before, he looked fierce enough and stout enough to have crossed the bridge of Lodi, on the right hand of Bonaparte. He now sat in dismay. This leap in the dark took him by surprise; he was like one without hope; while she placed her tender foot firmly on the rock of ages, and with her hand she took a grasp firmly on the skies, then bade the waves roll—nor feared their idle whirl.

At this juncture, a passenger crept through the green baize covering, and sat with the driver.—What unanswerable arguments he used I know not, but in five minutes the driver and horses returned to the earth, from whence they had lately sprung.

We stopped at the village of — to dine. While they were placing the victuals on the table, I asked Miss C—for a sight of the little red book she carried in her basket. Its title was, 'Daily Food for Christians—being a Scripture promise, &c. for every day in the year.' I asked what text seemed to please her so much while we were sleighing on the water. The text for that day was, Psalm 125, verse 2; to this she pointed. Next day we parted in Albany, and have not met since.

The following from the Albany Argus of 10th inst refers to the young lady mentioned above.

Yours,

A. B.

'Married, in the Presbyterian Church, Cherry Valley, on the evening of the 6th inst., by Rev. Mr. Lockhead, Asabel Grant, M. D. of Utica, N. Y.'

Miss Judith S. Campbell, adopted daughter of the Hon. Wm. Campbell, Surveyor General.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant are we understand, about to sail from Boston to Constantinople, as missionaries, destined to the city of Oormiah, in Persia, where they expect to join the Rev. Mr. Perkins and his wife already in that country.

Their route from Constantinople will be first to Trebizon on the Black Sea, and then by land by Erzeroum and Tabrez to Oormiah.

This mission is to the Nestorians, a Christian sect that originated in the fifth century, somewhat numerous, and who have persevered in refusing to connect themselves with the Church of Rome.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1836.

TEMPERANCE.—The increase of Temperance must ever be interesting to the friends of morality and religion, who view the opposite vice of Intemperance as most destructive to the present and eternal welfare of mankind. And whatever means may be effectual for the promoting of the one and the diminution and eradication of the other, must commend itself to the support of the philanthropist and the christian. We have been accustomed to rank Temperance Societies among the most powerful of those earthly means, so long as they were constituted upon the original principle of total abstinence from the article, in the abuse of which the evil consists, and so long as they confined their exertions strictly within the objects indicated by their name. While they did so, astonishing success appears to have attended their endeavours; and we believe we only echoed the general voice of all good men in "wishing them good luck in the name of the Lord." Many perhaps doubted the correctness of their foundation, and the abiding character of their influence; but none could avoid rejoicing to see drunkards by thousands abandon their downward courses, and assume a respectable and useful stand among their fellow men, whereby a large amount of positive good was added to the stock of general happiness, and infinite evil escaped.—We regret to find however, these institutions assuming a new and different character, and departing so far from their original principles, as to divide the friends of the cause, and consequently to strengthen the hands of its foes. Many of them are going too fast for us to keep pace with them, and thus compel us to make a distinction which we had hoped would never have been necessary, between the cause of Temperance, and Temperance Societies.—We believe, as many of these societies are now going on, they will injure that cause most fatally, and eventually undo the good that has been done: and we cannot conceal the indignation and abhorrence with which we have read of the impious intermeddlings with the Divine Ordinances, to which these new extravagancies have given rise.—Nor could we have believed, that so early in the history of temperance in Nova-Scotia, any one would have publicly declared his opinion, 'that we may use any home-made wines in the celebration of the Holy Communion;' and that, as we have heard, another should have ventured to say, that he thought even spruce beer might so be used! With such advocates of temperance as these we can have no fellowship—and as they have abandoned their original principles, the sooner they abandon the original name also the better. That the old system has worked well, we have a comfortable evidence in this very township, where the Town and County Temperance Society has in less than three years, increased from about 20 members to 470, after allowing for all expulsions and removals. And we cannot doubt of its having been the instrument in the hands of God, of doing good, when we can reckon among its consistent members, very many who have before been victims of intemperance, or were advancing rapidly towards its ruinous depths. It is our belief that it will continue to be useful so long as it is governed by its present principles, and no longer; and we therefore earnestly hope it may be guarded from the extravagant additions lately made by the lovers of new things. In connexion with this subject, we extract the following

sensible reasons for refusing to sanction these novelties, (from the New-York Churchman) as given in a letter from the Rev. Dr. Miller.

I have uniformly declined to sign a written pledge of abstinence from wine, and still intend to decline; and have strongly advised that no such innovation on the old pledge, at least for the present, be introduced, for the following reasons, viz.

1. Because I am not yet convinced that drinking wine is, in all cases, and *per se*, criminal. That it is generally inexpedient and insalubrious; and that the great mass of mankind would be much better without it, (that is, that they would be likely to live the longer, and be more healthful, I firmly believe; and, therefore, adopt the personal habit and the mode of exhortation of which I have spoken. But, with the Bible in my hand, I cannot, dare not say, that drinking it is in all cases, sinful. If I adopted this opinion, I should feel bound to banish the use of wine from the Lord's table.

2. Because I am persuaded that adding to the temperance pledge as it originally stood, the *new pledge* of abstinence from wine, cider, beer, and every drink that is capable of intoxicating, is adapted to hinder the progress of the temperance cause; to confuse and divide its friends; to banish many of them from the temperance ranks altogether; to weaken the hands of the advocates of this good cause; and to excite fear in many sober and ingenuous minds, that in joining the temperance band, they will be in danger of being urged on to extravagant and untenable positions, not yet avowed or foreseen. I know this to have been the effect in regard to a large number of highly respectable and worthy persons, whose co-operation in this great cause I have regretted to lose.

3. Because yielding to the advocates of the *ultra* pledge their principles, I do not see but that, as before suggested, the exclusion of wine from the Lord's table is a natural and necessary consequence. Now, this appears to me an unscriptural and mischievous result. Both my judgment and my heart shrink from it with instinctive horror. And I must say, without entering into particulars, that the greater part of what I have read in the public journals, intended to show by biblical criticism and by ecclesiastical history, that fermented wine is to be considered as a divinely prohibited article,—that it was not originally used in the dispensation of the sacramental supper, and ought not now to be used in that ordinance, I have regarded with utter disapprobation and deep regret.—All those who take this ground, appear to me to expose themselves to the charge of 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men,' and of being 'wise above what is written.'

FIRE IN NEW-YORK.—We regret to state, that a conflagration to an extent unprecedented in the United States, (and it is believed not exceeded in the world since that of Moscow) visited the city of New-York on the 16th ult. by which 674 buildings, and property to the amount of Eighteen Millions of Dollars are said to have been destroyed. It is a happy but wonderful feature in this great calamity, that only two lives are reported to have been lost.—It is stated that the smoke had scarcely ceased ascending from the ruins, before arrangements were made by some for rebuilding upon the former site. We could not but remark in the newspaper accounts, how the corruption and wickedness of human nature were painfully manifest on this occasion, unrestrained by the distress and horror of the scene. In the midst of all, one man is said to have been discovered in the very act of setting fire to a house; and nearly three hundred thieves were apprehended who had been pilfering from the sufferers. On the other hand, we find the display of feelings far more honourable to humanity.—It is stated that the property of Arthur Tappan & Co. who have proved themselves ardent friends of negro slaves, 'was rescued mainly by the blacks, who rushed into the store after it was hot as an oven. By these means more than \$100,000 worth of goods were removed to a place of safety. It is said that it was with difficulty that the negroes were restrained from rushing in after the flames had communicated to the upper stories.' And it also gives us much pleasure to copy the following article

addressed to the editors of a New-York paper. The young gentleman whose heroic exertions it records, and who has thus laid up for himself the source of most delightful reflection to the end of his days, is the nephew of Judge Wilkins of Windsor in this province, and we believe his father once practised at the Nova-Scotia bar.

Gentlemen—I have just heard (through a friend) of a very gallant and heroic deed, performed by a young gentleman,* during the late awful conflagration, and think it but justice to him, and indeed to our frail human nature, that it should be made known.

Passing along one of the streets, then a prey to the devouring element, his ears were assailed with the agonizing cries of a female, to whom he immediately rushed, and on hearing from her that her only child, an infant was then in the upper part of a house already in flames, and would inevitably be burnt if some one did not instantly fly to its rescue, he forced his way upstairs, notwithstanding the repeated warnings of the firemen and other spectators, that he would inevitably perish in the attempt, and there found the innocent in bed, who, unconscious of its danger, was playing with its little hands, pleased no doubt at the brilliancy of the scene, (for the room itself was on fire!) He seized it, and happily succeeded in effecting his escape, restored it to the embraces of its almost distracted mother, who, with frantic joy, threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming, with a heart overflowing with gratitude—'My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken me!'

* Mr. Lewis Wilkins, [son of Martin S. Wilkins] a midshipman, returned a few months since from the Pacific.

Remarks on the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova-Scotia, by Abraham Gesner, Esq. Surgeon.—We have seen the Prospectus of a work bearing this title, dated Parrsborough, Sept. 20, 1835—"to be published at Halifax in a moderately sized octavo volume, as soon as sufficient encouragement is offered, to defray the expense of printing. Price to subscribers, half bound 7s6d—in boards 6s."

A short introduction to the study of Geology and Mineralogy is promised, with a classification of rocks and minerals, and some notice of the mineral springs in Nova-Scotia.

"The author has availed himself of the advantages to be derived at the British Museum, Mines of Cornwall, and other parts of Great Britain, during his professional studies in that country; and having had an opportunity of examining the rocks of tropical climates, as well as those of many localities in America, he hopes that after several years laborious study, with a good collection at hand, he may render the present volume useful and interesting, and now offers his labours with sincere diffidence."

We hope Dr. Gesner will meet sufficient support to induce him to publish his work, which we doubt not will prove interesting to the lovers of those branches of science, and creditable to the province of which he is a native.

John Creighton, Esq. is agent at Lunenburg.

Letters received since our last from—The Lord Bishop of Nova-Scotia; Rev John Black, Shediac; Rev J. M. Campbell, Granville; Rev William Cogswell, Halifax; Rev J. Shreve, Chester; Ven. Archdeacon Wix, St John's, Newfoundland; Rev. Richard Uniacke, Aylesford; William Mumford, Esq Newport; Rev J. Moody, Liverpool; Rev J. W. Weeks, New Dublin; Rev Dr. Twining, Halifax.

Several communications are postponed until our next.

MARRIED.

In this town, on the 2d instant, by Rev J. C. Cochran, Mr J. M. Chamberlain, merchant of Halifax, to Mary Irene, second daughter of John Heckman, Esq.

At Petite Riviere, 22d ultimo, by Rev J. W. Weeks, Mr John Bush, to Miss M. Deagley—31st, Mr Martin Vogler, to Miss A. Lohnis.

At New Dublin, by the same, Dec 29, Mr M. Richardt, to Mrs M. Getson.

At Koch's Mills, by Rev J. C. Cochran, on the 7th inst. Mr John Mason, to Miss Mary Koch.

At Liverpool, on the 29th ult. by the Rev Mr. Moody, Mr Jacob Whitman, to Miss Susan McGill; 30th, Mr Robert Lee, to Miss Turpin.

DIED.

At New Dublin, Dec. 31, Mrs Mary Anne Shaw, aged 25—Same day, Mrs Mary Anne Publicover, aged 21.

POETRY.

From the Christian Guardian.

DEPARTURE FROM CHRIST.

"Will ye also go away."—John vi. 6, 7.

Where shall I go, my Lord from Thee?
Where shall my faithless footsteps move?
How can I brave life's troubled sea,
If unsupported by thy love?
When sins like boisterous winds arise,
And tears obscure the black'ning skies,
O who should bid the tempest cease,
And guide me to the port of Peace?

Where could I go? no living stream
Can earth's vast wilderness supply:
Afar from Thee no heavenly beam
Of hope, could reach my tear-dimmed eye.
Hungry, the "bread of life" I want,
Thirsty for Thee, my Lord, I pant:
Naked, and poor, and cold, and weak,
Where else can I salvation seek?

Where shall I look if not to Thee,
When death's dark billows angry roll?
How can I hope for victory,
Unless thy staff support my soul?
And when before thy judgment-seat,
In Thee my righteous Judge I meet,
Whose blood can for my sins atone,
Thine, blessed Jesus, thine alone.

But lest this vain deceitful heart
Should e'er to others look or flee,
Oh never let Thy love depart,
But draw me Saviour, after thee.
Without Thee what is earthly gain?
And with Thee welcome loss and pain!
Oh let thy love my portion be,
Through time and through eternity.

LIFE IN THE SOUL.

THE heart of man 'is dead in sin,'
And thronged with fears and care,
Until the Saviour enters in,
And plants his mercies there.

His Spirit moves upon the soul
In a mysterious way;
And, gently as deep waters roll,
He rolls our guilt away.

He bids his soft'ning light of love
On our affections shine,
To show us of his world above,
And make our thoughts divine.

He gives us strength to journey on
Thro' griefs and changes here;
And tells us where himself hath gone
His saints shall soon appear.

O may the Lord awaken us,
And help us with his grace,
Until we are transformed thus,
And gaze upon his face.

And, till the light of glory shine
Our ransom'd spirits o'er,
May we recline on love divine,
And live, and sin no more.

It is but a small thing to see Christ in a book, as men see the world in a map; but to draw near to Christ, to love him truly, and to see him in his endearing attributes of Redeemer and Mediator, is the joy of believers.

BISHOP IVES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Our readers will share with us the pleasure which we have derived from the following extract of a letter just received by Bishop Doane, under date of Geneva, Sept. 25, 1835—"I can say nothing I know that will give you more pleasure than that I am again comparatively well. For two or three weeks in Germany I had a trying time. My expectations of ever seeing you and my dear home and country, were dwindled to a point. But God be praised! I am now better than I have been for four years. To convince you, I must record what I have been able to accomplish during the last week. I walked 25 miles a day, (18 miles ascending and descending Mont Blanc,) creeping for miles along mere ledges of rocks, often jutting over a perpendicular height of from 3 to 4000 feet, and all without fatigue, vertigo or fear—evincing, you will own, a most important change in my nervous system! The two young gentlemen with me, who are in perfect health, have been able to do no more, and express their astonishment at the rapidly improved state of my health. As I have thus fallen upon the right plan, I have resolved to pursue it so long as the weather, which is now as delicious as May, will permit. To-morrow I start for a four weeks' pedestrian tour through the most interesting passes of the Alps." We give these particulars in addition to those published in our last, because we know the extensive interest which is felt in the health of the excellent Bishop, and because, knowing the shattered state of health in which he went abroad, we desire that those who long for his return, should see and feel with us how desirable it is that he should stay until, with God's blessing, his health shall be re-established. Greatly as we desire to see him, we hope that he will not return until spring.

"You may desire," the Bishop continues, "to know my impressions of Europe. In respect to physical comfort, Germany is greatly blessed. But if I may judge from the facts gathered in a few weeks, the religious state of the country is deplorable. The day, the word, and the ordinances of God are despised—especially in the towns adjacent to France and Belgium. The watering places along the Rhine are hot-beds of the rankest evils. No Christian can pass through them with his eyes open without shuddering. Many of those who frequent them are persons of doubtful character in their own country, who visit these places to eke out the remains of a broken fortune. Others, respectable at home, where the restraints of religious institutions are thrown around them, are here found too weak and cowardly to stem the current of fashionable vice. Others again come with the avowed expectation of finding peculiar means of indulgence. Thus, a short-lived community is formed for the mere purpose of enjoyment, without a single ingredient calculated to make that enjoyment virtuous, or conducive in any way to the permanent good of society. On this account it is peculiarly gratifying to find here and there an English chapel, where the faithful word is preached, and the sacraments of Christ's Church are duly administered. These are the green spots in the desert. At this place (Geneva) there is one. And I could not but think, as I heard "the truth as it is in Jesus" published to the multitude by a minister of the Church of England, while the followers of John Calvin are every day proclaiming the heresies of Socinus, how, in the good providence of God, this might be the means of establishing in Geneva the 'Gospel of the Church.'"

"While at Chamouni," says Bishop Ives, touching a string which will vibrate sadly in many bosoms besides his to whom he writes, "I had the melancholy satisfaction of finding the name of our dear Bishop HOBART upon an old Register of 1824—the leaf of which I obtained. It adds not a little to the interest of these enchanting scenes to feel that they have all been viewed and enjoyed by one so

dear. O, how often have I longed for your companionship that I might pour out my feelings fully on this theme!"—*Missionary.*

The late Duke of Gloucester.—The late Duke was uniformly distinguished by his regular and exemplary conduct. His establishment was liberal and splendid, but yet he always kept within the limits of his income, and discharged every claim with the utmost punctuality. He zealously advocated the abolition of slavery; he was a firm and active supporter of the Bible, the London Hibernian, and various other Societies, and there is good reason to hope, that he himself experienced the supports and consolations of those principles which he assisted in communicating to others. He was fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and during an occasional intermission of the pains of disease, an attendant observing to him, 'You are better; you need not despair.' His Royal Highness replied, 'I SHALL DIE, BUT I DO NOT DESPAIR.'—*Christian Guardian*

Ministerial Errors.—When I began to preach, I was too candid. Disgusted with certain divines who railed at objectors instead of answering them, I made a point of placing the difficulty I had to combat in the strongest possible view, and then I set about demolishing it. But I lived to fear that I was sowing tares instead of wheat—feeding the natural perverseness of the carnal mind, instead of humbling it. My difficulties—and mine I may well call them, for but for me they had never occurred to my simple hearers,—were remembered; my solutions were soon forgotten. I am now endeavouring to preach—candidly and fairly, I hope, but simply, and 'with authority'; laying down what I believe to be scriptural, without combatting what I suppose to be erroneous.

If I were to add, that I was too anxious to know what my heavens said of sermons, and that I was defective in tenderness as well as in simplicity, I presume this would be merely to re-echo the confession of most of your clerical readers, with regard to their earlier years. Would to God that our earlier years were the only portion of our ministry on which it is humbling to look back!—*Christian Observer.*

True believers do good works without trusting in them; worldly men trust in good works without doing them.

Benevolence is to be judged of, by proportions, by income, by self-denial—hence the most liberal are those who give the least—Luke 21st 1, 4.

Every place is alike to him who goes nowhere without his God.

Prayer.—A family without prayer, is like a house without a roof; exposed to every wind that blows, and every storm that rages.

The gift of prayer may have praise from men, but the grace of prayer has power with God.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY

E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

Where Subscriptions, &c. &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent to the Country by post, 11s. 3d.—Half to be paid in advance. If the year be paid in advance, 8s. 9d. per ann. exclusive of postage.

General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.

Communications may be addressed (post paid) to the Editors of the Colonial Churchman, Lunenburg, N. S.

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AGENTS.—Rev. W. C. King, Windsor; Wm. Munford, Esq. Newport; Dr. Gesner, Parrsborough; Rev. Mr. Snyder, Weymouth; H. G. Farish, Esq. Yarmouth; Rev. J. T. T. Moody, Liverpool; Rev. J. Shreve, Chester; Rev. J. W. Weeks, New Dublin; Dr. Carritt, Truro; Rev. Dr. Rowland, Shelburne;—Taylor, Esq. Digby; Rev. H. N. Arnold, Sussex Vale, N. B.; Rev. J. S. Clarke, Cornwallis, and Horton; Rev. Mr. Robertson, Bridgetown; Rev. R. Uniacke, Aylesford; Mr. Meier, St. John's, Newfoundland.

In Canada—Hon. A. W. Cockran, and Rev. J. Brown, Quebec; Rev. J. Reid, Fredericburg, L. C.; Rev. L. Doolittle, Sherbrooke, L. C.