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# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME II. LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1837. NUMBER 5.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

MESSRS. EDITORS,

What is the precise reference of the well known expression in the Burial Service of our Church, "We commit (his or her) body to the ground, &c. in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, &c.?"

"These words have been objected to not only by the dissenters in general, but also by many of our Church. For say they, how can we have any well-grounded hope of those committed to the ground, who have led ungodly lives, that they will rise to the life eternal: if, as the scriptures assure us, eternal life means an everlasting duration of happiness in Heaven, and of which they only that have died in the faith of Christ will receive?"

"Some contend that this passage in the Burial Service does not mean the resurrection of the person interred, but the general resurrection; it is in sure and certain hope of the resurrection not his resurrection. Where the deceased is really spoken of, the expression is very different,—'as our hope is, this our brother doth' (rest in Christ)—a mode of speech consistent with every thing but absolute certainty that the person departed doth not rest in Christ, which no one can be assured of without immediate revelation from Heaven. In this view of the subject 'eternal life' does not necessarily mean eternity of bliss, but merely the eternity of the state; whether in happiness or in misery, to ensue upon the resurrection."

A writer in the 2d vol. of the Scottish Episcopal Review, from which I have taken the above, differs in his opinion from these authors on this passage, and states his reasons why he differs from them, and what he conceives to be the true meaning of the words in question. "It is said in the first place," says this writer, "that the 'resurrection' here declared to be the object of 'sure and certain hope,' is not the resurrection of the individual departed, but the general resurrection. But if words have any meaning, surely in the general resurrection, that of every individual is implied. Besides in the general resurrection we cannot correctly be said to 'hope' for 'the life everlasting,' is a doctrine of faith, not an object of hope; it is assured to us by the truth of Christ's declaration, that 'all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.' Again, the expressions in the Burial Service relate to a state where 'our vile body shall be changed by the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and made like unto his glorious body.' Now we know that there are some who will at the general resurrection 'come forth unto the resurrection of damnation,' and of these although they will be 'changed,' we have no reason from Holy Scripture to suppose that their bodies will be made 'like Christ's glorious body.' So that it would appear from the whole context of the passage, that the general resurrection to a future state of all without exception, was not in the contemplation of the composers of our Liturgy, when the Burial office was drawn up; but the 'resurrection of life,' spoken of by our Saviour, and of which they only 'that have done good' will be partakers.

"I have no hesitation then, in expressing my humble opinion, that 'the resurrection to eternal life' in the 'sure and certain hope' of which our Church teaches us to 'commit the bodies' of her departed members 'to the ground,' is that state of future and everlasting happiness, promised through our blessed Lord and Saviour, to all who by his grace, live and die in the faith and fear of God. His hope is 'sure and certain,' rested on our confidence in the truth of God's promises in our holy Redeemer. That it is intended to direct the minds of the mourners round the grave to this sublime and elevated doctrine, at the moment when they must feel most keenly the sorrows of mortality, is evident, from the immediate introduction of that glorious passage from the Revelation of St. John, 'I heard a voice from Heaven,' &c.

It is evident also, from the language of the beautiful and affecting prayer directly following,—'Almighty God with whom do live the spirits of them who depart here in the Lord,' &c. I cannot suppose that any one can without prejudice, read our Burial Service, and not be satisfied of this intention in the arrangement of these devotions; and I am sure, under the impression of recent affliction, ever listened to the service without feeling the wisdom, and piety, and charity of our Church."

Which of these writers, as quoted above, is correct in his views of this subject I leave to your readers, Messrs. Editors, to determine. This much I will venture to say, whatever differences of opinion there may be respecting the passage in question (which perhaps could be altered and so worded as all would perfectly understand and subscribe to, as has been done with the said service of the Episcopal Church in the United States,)—yet take the Burial Service of our Church as a whole, it is a most sublime, solemn, and beautiful service. And I fully agree with Southey, in declaring it to be the "finest and most affecting ritual that ever was composed—a Service that finds its way to the heart when the heart stands most in need of such consolation and is open to receive it."

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

A CHRISTIAN'S DAILY MEDITATIONS.

*Thursday.*—Lord open my eyes that I may see the wonderful things of Thy law.—119 Psalm, 18.

O heavenly Father! I humbly beg Thy Holy Spirit so to help me to read and understand, and to remember and practise Thy word, that it may make me wise to salvation.—*Kenn.*

*Friday.*—Hail king of the Jews.—19 John, 3.

Hail Israel's King, enthroned in light!  
Whose glory never shone more bright  
Than when, by trembling friends betrayed  
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

*Saturday.*—There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you.—7 Joshua, 13.

The entertaining of any worldly lust, and indulgence of any known, wilful sin, is the accursed thing, by which we are deprived of the power of God, and cannot stand before our spiritual enemies.—*Golden Treasury.*

*Sunday.*—This do in remembrance of me.—22d Luke 19.

I thank Thee O my dying Lord  
For thine appointed feast;  
Vouchsafe to meet me at Thy board,  
And smile upon Thy guest.—*lb.*

*Monday.*—Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day: for suddenly shall the wrath of the Lord break forth, and in thy security shalt thou be destroyed, and shall perish in the day of vengeance.—5 Eccles.

Let us follow the counsel of the wise man. These words I desire you to mark diligently,—because they do most lively put before our eyes the fondness of many men, who, abusing the long-suffering and goodness of God, do never think on repentance or amendment of life.—*Homily.*

*Tuesday.*—I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.—3 Habak. 18.

O my God! in all my dangers, temporal and spiritual, I will hope in Thee, who art Almighty power, and therefore able to relieve me; who art infinite goodness, and therefore ready and willing to assist me.—*Nelson.*

*Wednesday.*—Lest any of you be hardened, through the deceitfulness of sin.—3 Heb. 13.

A tender conscience give me Lord,  
And put thy fear within;

That I may tremble at Thy word,  
And 'scape the snares of sin.

S I N

Appears fair, but is.....deceitful.  
Appears pleasant, but is.....pernicious.  
Promises much, but.....performs nothing.  
If one is allowed, prepares.....others.  
December, 1836. SIGMA.

From the Missionary.

MINISTERIAL.

*Excellent Counsels for the Clergy.*—Beware of being more anxious to add numbers to the communion of the Church, than to add 'such as shall be saved' and will glorify God. There is enough already of such zeal in the christian community, and grievous is the incubus it is placing upon the bosom of the Church of Christ, and sad the harvest it is rearing for posterity. If we sow to the flesh, we must of the flesh reap corruption. Remember it is the faith of the Church, not its multitude, that constitutes its strength. A little band, 'full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' will do more to 'overcome the world,' than a 'mixed multitude,' however immense, of the faithless and unholy, the worldly-minded and unstable. The former have God to go before them, and His strength made perfect in their weakness. The latter are a dead weight upon the host—the more helpless, as they become more numerous. When in the array of Gideon there were tens of thousands, it was not ready for the battle. 'The people that are with thee, (said the Lord,) are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands; whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him depart.' Not till the thirty and two thousand had diminished to three hundred true men, did they become 'mighty through God.' 'Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

Remember the word of the Lord: 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.' It is not the number of branches upon the vine, but their fruitfulness, that glorifies God and honours the gospel. We may multiply branches and they may be dead, mere deformities and encumbrances, hindering the growth of better, and such as the Lord 'taketh away.' One vine bearing fruit in its season and well pruned 'that it may bring forth more fruit,' is of more honour to the husbandman than a thousand, having leaves only.' Here, then, you see your calling, brethren.—To win souls to Christ, and then to build them up in Him, that they may be well established in the faith, and 'not soon moved away from the hope of the Gospel.'

To this end, labour that your people may be well-grounded in the knowledge of evangelical doctrine and in discriminating views of great practical principles in religion. No broad and settled foundations can be laid without such knowledge. Neither faith, hope, nor charity, will long abide in the Church militant, when 'knowledge shall vanish away.' Labour to fix in your people's minds clear views of the lost state of man as depraved by nature and condemned for sin—clear views of his remedy in the renewal of the Holy Ghost and in justification by faith; clear views of the office of faith in our instant reconciliation, and of its fruits in our progressive sanctification; clear views of our need of the Holy Spirit to work in us both to will and to do of God's good pleasure, and of our duty, by that working to give all diligence to work out our own salvation; clear views of Christ, as 'made unto us of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'

Labour to inculcate clear, discriminating views of the essential life of a christian as a hidden life—'hid with Christ in God'—a life, the springs of which are fed by human excitement; nor dependent upon human instruments: nor subject to the changes of earthly things—a life that draws its nourishment from within the veil; does the chief of its work within the

and seeks the sweetest of its joys within the veil—a life of 'faith that worketh by love'—an active life, but active without fainting, because its springs are often becoming fresh and new in secret contemplation and prayer—such a life as makes the Christian feel that it is not he that lives, but Christ that liveth in him. Teach your people the way to Christ in every thing and for every thing. Be much in the habit in your ministry of carrying out this hidden life into the various applications of its principle, showing, by line upon line, the several practical results to which it leads in spirit and action, in private and public, in domestic and social relations. More instruction is needed, without more exhortation—more exposition of scripture, and less formal dissertation—more distinct setting forth of doctrines by their practical bearings, and of practice connected with, and only resulting from, the great doctrines of the gospel. We need to have more sowing of the seed of the word, as it comes fresh and immediately from the Bible, and less of that admixture of man's wisdom in which they who deal at second hand are apt to exhibit it.

Let your preaching, my brethren, in these days especially, be much upon the distinctive features of the Christian character, the evidences of a new heart; the various counterfeits under which delusion may be masked; the duty and evidence of growth in grace. Imitate your Master in bringing every hidden affection to the test of its fruits. Measure it by obedience to whatever the Lord hath commanded.

Labour to promote a great deal of secret prayer. How many lamps go out because they are not fed by such prayer. How has the most fine gold become dim, because of neglect of the praying that is 'without ceasing'—that always prays, 'and never faints.' You cannot do a better work for the revival of religion and the glory of God, than to promote a more steady habit and a more earnest spirit in secret prayer.

For all these ends, brethren, you need no new instruments or devices; but only that you use the old ones with which Paul fought his good fight, and Timothy did the work of an evangelist, with more of your devoted, fervent, believing mind. 'Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season.' 'Study to show yourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' 'Be instant in prayer.'

But what can ye do except ye be holy! How can ye shine as lights in the world, or promote the growth of your people and the revival of religion and the advancement of the Church in all spirituality of mind, except ye be holy! How can ye recommend the unspeakable preciousness of Christ, and the joy unspeakable of his great salvation, except as ye know him and are daily receiving out of his fulness! Follow after more holiness, if ye would attain more usefulness! Who can calculate what fruits of blessedness the ministry would be daily yielding; how the life, vigour, glory of the Church would increase, if, to be spiritually minded, to be constrained by the love of Christ and crucified with him—to walk with God—to be dead to the world, and 'holy in all manner of conversation,' were much more the hungering and thirsting of those who preach the word. 'Be ye holy, because the Lord your God is holy.'—*Bishop McTearne*.

#### "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

We are grieved to know that another of the Clergy of the diocese has been lately called to mourn. We observe, in a daily paper, the death, at Bristol, Pennsylvania, of an infant daughter of the Rev. Jehu Jones, of this diocese. "I am in some little disorder," writes Jeremy Taylor to Evelyn, in 1656, "by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sighe, and long to be as safe as he is." May our afflicted friends rejoice in the same consolation!

*Good Works.*—Even as the picture, graven or painted, is but a dead representation of the thing it is, and is without life, or any tranſfer of moving; so he the works of all unfaithful persons before God.—*Hom.*

*The Sick.*—Would death be a loss or a gain to you? And from what considerations do you form your opinion on the momentous subject—eternal life or death?

NAAMAN THE SYRIAN. 2 KINGS V. 1-14.

By J. Jacob.

Bravest in battle field—in hall,  
Mid Syria's princely clan;  
Wisest, and most renowned of all,  
Was favoured Naaman;  
But all his lordly power and fame  
Could not secure his mortal frame  
From mortals' dreadful ban;  
High tho' his titles, great his soul,  
The warrior was a leper foul.

His little captive Hebrew maid  
Of Israel's prophet told;  
"Would but my master seek his aid  
He'd not his aid withhold."  
From Syria in his stately car  
Came down the mighty man of war  
Laden with gifts of gold,  
And stood in all the pomp of power  
Expectant at the Prophet's door.

But lo! no fawning prophet came,  
To please the Syrian's pride,  
A message in Elisha's name,  
Obsequious forms supplied.  
"If from this hour thou would'st be free  
From thy polluting leprosy,  
Go wash in Jordan's tide,"  
High rose the wrath in Naaman's breast,  
He scorned to observe the mean request.

"And is it this for which I came?  
"And shall I stoop so low?  
"What, wash in Jordan's puny stream?  
"Insulting prophet!—no.  
"Thro' Syrian vales of sylvan song,  
"Far purer rivers roll along  
"Than all thy lands can show.  
"Why may I not to them repair,  
"And wash—and leave my foulness there?"

He said—then madly turned away;  
His homeward path pursued;  
Till by his servants urged to stay,  
And check his ireful mood:  
He listened to his faithful men,  
In Jordan dipped—and lo! was clean.  
Then full of gratitude,  
Came back the prophet to reward,  
And praise the goodness of the Lord.

Sinner—behold thy madness here,  
Thou art unclean—unclean;  
Yet, tho' thy Saviour's blood is near  
To wash away thy sin,  
Thou view'st it with a scornful frown,  
And seekest fountains of thy own;  
Proud leper, think again:  
Hear—Hear the voice that speaks to thee,  
Wash from thy fatal leprosy.

#### ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

A KING of England of happy memory, who loved his people and his God better than kings in general are wont to do, used, as the custom of the times then was, occasionally to take the exercise of hunting. Being out one day for this purpose, the chase lay through the skirts of a forest; the stag had been hard run, and to escape the dogs, had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs, however, could not be brought to follow; it became necessary to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass, and frequent thickets, gave opportunity for the sportsmen to separate from each other; each one endeavouring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and weariness; so much so that his majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his horse. With this view he turned the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently on to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. His Majesty had proceeded only a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied that he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly: "Oh, my mother, my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!" The curiosity and kindness of the king led him instantly to the spot; it was a little green plot on the side of the forest where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; a basket or two with some packs, lay on the ground. At a few paces distant from the tent, near to the foot of the tree, he observed a little swarthy-featur-

ed girl, about eight years, of age, on her knees, praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears.

Distress of any kind was ever relieved by his Majesty, for he had a heart which melted at human woe. Nor was it unaffected on this occasion.—And now he inquired, "What, my child, is the cause of your weeping?"—For what do you pray?" The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and then, pointing to the tent, said, "Oh, Sir, my dying mother!" "What," said his Majesty, dismounting and fastening his horse to the branches of the oak, "What, my child? tell me all about it?" The little creature now led the king to the tent.—There lay, partly covered, a middle aged female gipsy, in the last stage of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressly to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven: but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office; the silver cord was loosed; the wheel broken at the cistern. The little girl again wept aloud, then, stopping, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The king was much affected; asked the little girl her name and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at this moment, another gipsy girl, much older, came, out of breath, to the spot. She had been to the town of W—, she had brought some medicine for her dying mother; observing the stranger, she modestly curtsied, and hastened to her mother, kneeled down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears, "What, my dear child," said his Majesty, "can be done for you?" "Oh, Sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died: I ran all the way to W— and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother." The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavoured to comfort them; he said, "I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down on a pack, by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy in his, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the nature of redemption; he then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour.—While the king was doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated, she looked up, she smiled, but it was her last smile, it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not until some little time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality. It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found the king comforting the afflicted gipsies. It was an affecting sight, worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings. His Majesty now rose, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bid them look to heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration; Lord L. was going to speak, when his majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and the weeping girls, said with strong emotion, "Who, my lord L.—, who, thinkest thou, was neighbour to them?" Reader, "Go, thou, and do likewise!"—*Huish's Memoirs*.

#### THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Another peculiarity in the construction of the church in Medina, in which, I believe, it and that at Geddes, stand alone in our Diocese, is the surmounting of its spire with a cross. The conceding of the epithet catholic to the Church of Rome, as in any peculiar way appropriate to it, and regarding the sign of the cross as symbolizing its distinctive principles, I cannot but consider as serious errors, inconsistent with sound Protestantism. It is generally granted by Christians, in accordance with the teachings, of nature, and the sanction of Holy Writ that it is meet and right to have, in the construction of Churches, a due regard to becoming ornaments. Emblematic representations are frequently introduced into them. Why should one so full of deeply interesting meaning, and the very name of which is made in Holy Writ to represent the essence of the Christian's faith, and all that is well founded, holy, and true, in the Christian's hope, be discarded? Why should it be given over to degrading association with heresy, corruption, and idolatry? Let it not be. Let the cross stand on every temple devoted to the true Christian worship of the crucified, as indicative of this its sacred purpose, and as symbolizing the holy faith in which that worship is conducted. — *Bishop Onderdonk*.

## LIFE OF VENN.

Continued.

In the year 1763, Mr. Venn published "The complete duty of Man." Of this work above twenty editions have been sold: it has proved highly useful to many. Several remarkable instances of the good which it has produced, fell, in a very unexpected manner, under the author's own observation.

A year or two after its publication in the west of England, he observed while sitting at the window of an inn, the waiter endeavouring to assist a man who was driving some pigs on the road, while the rest of the servants amused themselves only with the difficulties which the poor man experienced from their forwardness. This benevolent trait in the waiter's character induced Mr. Venn to call him in, and to express to him the pleasure which he felt in seeing him perform this act of kindness. After shewing him how pleasing to the Almighty every instance of good will to our fellow-creatures was, he expatiated on the love of God in sending his Son, from the purest benevolence, to save mankind. He exhorted him to seek for that salvation which God in his infinite mercy had given as the most inestimable gift to man. He promised to send him a book which he himself had published; and, taking down the directions of the waiter, he sent him a copy of the "Complete Duty of man." Many years after this, a friend travelling to see him, brought him a letter from this very person, who then kept a large inn, in the west of England—having married his former master's daughter. In this letter he expressed the obligations which he owed him, and the happiness which himself, his wife, and many of his children and domestics, enjoyed daily, in consequence of that conversation Mr. Venn had had with him, and the book which he had sent him, which he had read again and again with increasing comfort and advantage. Another instance occurred at Helvoetsluy's whilst he was waiting for a fair wind to convey the packet to England. Walking upon the sea shore, he observed a person who, from his address and manner, he supposed to be an Englishman, and addressed him therefore, in English, as such. The gentleman informed him that he was a Swede, though he had lived many years in England, and was well acquainted with the language and manners of that country. This induced him to converse with him; religion was introduced. The stranger invited him to sup with him, and then after much interesting conversation, took out of his portmanteau a book, to which he said he owed all his religious impressions: and presenting it to him, asked if he had ever seen it. This was his own work, and it cost Mr. Venn no little effort to suppress those emotions of vanity which would have induced him at once to discover that he was the author of it. It would be needless to recite all the instances of the benefits obtained from its persual, which fell continually under his own observation. From Scotland, Ireland, and America, as well as in England, he received numerous testimonies to its usefulness.

In 1767, he was visited with the severest domestic calamity—the loss of his affectionate wife—whose prudence had guided him, whose zeal had animated him, whose sound judgment had directed him, and whose kindness and affection had been his great stay and support amidst all the heavy trials with which he had been surrounded. A heavier trial than this could not have been laid upon him; and nothing supported him under it but that perfect confidence in God, and that blessed hope of immortality which it was his great employment to make known to others. He was now left with the sole charge of five small children; and immediately began to discharge assiduously the duties which he owed to them. The manner in which he endeavoured to turn the minds of his children to the contemplation of the highest subjects, was most affectionate and judicious. During a thunder storm, he expatiated to them upon the power of that God whose will the thunder and lightning obeyed. He taught them to fear his power, and adore his majesty; and finished his address by kneeling down and solemnly adoring that God whose perfections they had seen so signally displayed. At another time, he informed them that in the evening he would take them to an interesting sight. They were anxious to know what it was: but he deferred

gratifying their curiosity till he brought them to the scene itself. He led them to a miserable hovel—How, said he, can any one that lives in such a wretched habitation as this, be happy? Yet this is not all: a poor man lies upon a miserable straw bed within it, dying of disease, at the age of only nineteen. How wretched a situation they all exclaimed. He then led them into the cottage, and addressing the poor dying young man, said, "Abraham Midword, I have brought my children here, to show them that it is possible to be happy in a state of disease, poverty and want: and now tell them if it is not so." The dying youth with a sweet smile of benevolence and piety, replied, "Oh, yes Sir! I would not exchange my state with that of the richest person on earth, who was destitute of these views which I possess. Blessed be God! I have a good hope, thro' Christ, of being admitted into those regions where Lazarus now dwells, having long forgotten all his sorrows and miseries—Sir, this is nothing to hear whilst the presence of God cheers my soul, and whilst I can have access to Him by constant prayer, through faith in Jesus. Indeed, Sir, I am happy, truly happy."

In the year 1771, having accepted the rectory of Yelling in Huntingdonshire, Mr. Venn finally quitted Huddersfield. It was not for the sake of greater emolument that he took this step, for the income of Yelling was little superior to that of Huddersfield, but it was solely on account of his health, which was so exhausted by his continual labours, that he required rest. He was deeply wounded in his feelings at leaving a flock amongst whom he had laboured so successfully. The last two or three months of his residence was peculiarly affecting—many came from a distance to take leave of him, and to express how much they owed to him for benefits received under his ministry, of which he had not been aware. Mothers held up their children, saying, "There is the man who has been our best friend, our most faithful minister." The whole parish was deeply moved; and when he preached his farewell sermon, an impression was made which did not soon wear off. Twenty years after a stranger, passing through that place, and inquiring about their former pastor, heard blessings showered down upon him and his family.

Mr. Venn made a great point of the due observance of the Sabbath in the town and parish, and endeavoured to repress the open violation of the day, by persuasion, rather than by legal intimation. He endeavoured also to preserve the utmost reverence and devotion in public worship. He read the service with peculiar solemnity. The "Te Deum," especially, was recited with a triumphant air and tone which often produced a perceptible sensation throughout the congregation. He succeeded in inducing the people to join in the responses and singing. Twice in the course of his ministry at Huddersfield, he preached a course of sermons in explanation of the Liturgy. On one occasion, as he went up to church, he found a number of persons in the church-yard, waiting for the commencement of the service. He stopped to address them, saying he hoped they were preparing their hearts for the service of God—that he himself had much to do to preserve a right frame, &c. He concluded by waving his hand for them all to go into the church before him, and waited till they had all entered. He took great pains in catechising the young persons in his congregation, chiefly those who were above fourteen years old. He wrote out for their use a very copious explanation of the church catechism.

When Mr. Venn came to Yelling, his feelings were deeply excited by the striking contrast between the church at that place and Huddersfield. Twenty or thirty rustics composed the congregation; but when his strength was recruited he laboured in that humble sphere with at least a proportionable degree of success.

Mr. Venn continued his ministerial labours till he began to find his faculties impaired by age. He then had wisdom and fortitude enough to retire from that work, which he said, required all the highest and noblest faculties of man. He used to observe that the Levites, under the old Testament, were dismissed from their service at the age of fifty, and collected from it that God, who is the most gracious and tender of masters, did not require that his servants

should exert themselves any longer than while their full faculties and powers continued.

The age of sixty-eight may seem a very early period for withdrawing from the public duties of his office: but his constitution had never recovered from the effects of excessive exertions at Huddersfield, and old age came prematurely upon him. Ever after Mr. Venn was disabled from the discharge of ministerial duties: he knew not what it was to have a tedious or vacant hour. He declared that he never felt more fervency of devotion than whilst imploring spiritual blessings for his children and friends, and especially for those who were still engaged in the ministry of the blessed Gospel, from which he was himself laid aside.

For himself, his prayer was that he might die to the glory of Christ. "There are some moments," he once said, "when I am afraid of what is to come in the last agonies: but I trust in the Lord to hold me up. I have a great work before me—to suffer and to die to his glory."

About six months before his death, he removed to Clapham where his son was now settled as Rector. His health became very precarious: he was often upon the brink of the grave, and then unexpectedly restored. A medical friend who frequently visited him at this time, observed, that the near prospect of dissolution so elated his mind with joy, that it proved a stimulus to life.

Upon one occasion, Mr. V. himself remarked some fatal symptoms, exclaiming, 'Surely these are good symptoms.' The medical friend replied, "Sir, in this state of joyous excitement you cannot die."

At length, on the 24th June 1797, his happy spirit was released, and entered into the long-anticipated joy of his Lord.

## CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

A christian may be concerned to act in character, and adorn the profession of the Gospel, without any imputation of vanity; and opportunities, though in obscurity and retirement, will not be long wanting. The late pious John Newton is said to have endured a very severe operation without a groan. The operator expressed surprise at his fortitude. 'Why, Sir,' said he, 'I have preached some years from my pulpit about Divine support, and shall I live to negative all by my cowardice?' Great and trying occasions, which attract the eyes of all men, rarely occur; but every good man frequently finds something to exercise his faith and patience. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Cecil, 'it is a greater energy of Divine power, which keeps the christian from day to day, from year to year, praying, hoping, running, believing, against all hindrances, which maintains him as a living martyr, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.'

If the data from which our estimate is made be correct, and we have no reason to think otherwise, there is now consumed in the United States more than one hundred million pounds of Tobacco every year which gives about SEVEN POUNDS to every man, woman and child, or about fifty pounds a year to every family of seven persons! And the sum annually paid by those who use it, in a manufactured state, is not short of \$20,000,000!

Twenty million dollars paid for—what? why, for the purpose of making disgusting members of society—of filling heads with noisome powder from which bugs flee by instinct—for making the breath fetid, and destroying the functions of the stomach—for abstracting the mind by puffing narcotic fumes, and unfitting it for every useful purpose. In short, for making sensualists in the strictest sense,—disregarding the sensitive feelings of those who are compelled to be associates—and of being bound with more than iron manacles to the grim tyrant Tobacco.—*Portsmouth Journal*.

## THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

What message can come from God to guilty sinners? can any thing else be expected than that he should speedily come to execute on such rebels the fierceness of his just displeasure? Behold, the goodness and mercy of our God! He sends forth his ambassadors, not bearing denunciations of vengeance, but charged with the ministry of Reconciliation. "Comfort ye; comfort ye my people;" is the gracious tenor of the Gospel message.



## DIOCESE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

## BERMUDAS.

*The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia's Report of a Visit to Bermudas in the year 1835—concluded.*

*Sunday, May 31.*—A very hot day. At the particular desire of the admiral I had engaged once more to preach for the convicts, and his barge was sent for me at eight o'clock, in which I proceeded to the dock-yard, where, at half-past nine, I preached to nearly five hundred convicts on board the *Coromandel*, belonging to that ship, and to the *Weymouth*. Immediately after this, I preached to three hundred other convicts on board the *Dromedary*, where I was attended by all the officers and labourers of the dock-yard, who had been assembled at their chapel, but for my convenience came on board the ship. The responses and singing of the convicts were very creditable to them. I was anxious, under the Divine blessing, to be useful to my hearers, and, as well as I was able, adapted all I had to say to their peculiar circumstances. I never had more attentive congregations. Many showed excellent feeling, which was particularly excited, with many tears, when their hopes were directed to their return, as faithful penitents, to their country, their kindred, and their home. Nor did I fail to endeavour to raise still higher hopes, and point them to a heavenly home, and the society of angels, and the perfected spirits of the just. We then proceeded about three miles, partly on foot, but chiefly in a boat, through the beautiful scenery of Mangrove Bay, to the church at Somerset, which was closely crowded. I preached again, and affectionately bade farewell from the pulpit, to this affectionate people, and confirmed a person who had not been able to attend me before. After this, we had to walk two miles, to Mr. Basdens, who had long been one of the Society's valuable schoolmasters, and here we rested for the night.

*Tuesday, June 2*, was occupied, in part, by attending the sale of every variety of article produced or manufactured in the islands, which are collected by a benevolent and judicious Society of Ladies, for promoting industry among the poor, whom they greatly relieve and assist by their charitable help and attention. The remainder of the day was devoted to intercourse with many excellent persons, from whom I was soon to be separated.

*Wednesday, June 3.*—A very busy day. In the morning we met a large congregation at the church in Devonshire parish, where I preached on the leprosy of sin. From hence I had to return to the Archdeacon's who, with Mrs. Spencer, were now happily so far recovered from very dangerous illness, as to be able, though not without a serious effort, to go to Paget's, the nearest church, where, by his request, I married a very interesting person, who had been often an inmate in his family; but I was obliged to hurry from the friends whom this marriage had assembled, and proceed to keep an appointment at the church in Smith's parish, where I met a large congregation, whose faith and holiness it was my desire and endeavour to establish and increase. After the service we had time to visit a remarkable rock on the south shore, marked with some rude letters, not easily distinguished at present, of which B is one, and with a cross, and the figures 1543; probably the date of Bermudas's shipwreck on these islands.

*Friday, June 5.*—A beautiful morning, (though hot,) which enabled me to be early in preparation for a busy day. I first wrote an answer to an affectionate address presented to me by a very respectable portion of the inhabitants of every parish in this Archdeaconry. I proceeded from the *Royal Oak*, on board of which I had slept, five miles to my lodgings, where I had much to occupy me—then received the subscriptions of Mr. Wood, a candidate for deacon's orders, and proceeded with him to the church at Paget's, where I ordained him, and preached upon the occasion. The church was crowded, and I administered the Lord's Supper to more than eighty communicants, including the Acting Governor and his lady, and several members of Council. We were four hours in church, and I was greatly hurried afterwards, in preparing for embarkation at six o'clock. From the time of my arrival, the admiral had very kindly expressed his desire that I should return with him and his family in the flag-ship, for

whose sailing he early named this day. At first I feared this arrangement would delay my return too long; but, as these memoranda will show, abundant occupation was found for me, and I gladly availed myself of a conveyance, in every respect most desirable. I therefore now embarked in the *President*, attended, to the last moment, by my affectionate Clergy, and many of the laity, with similar kindness.

It is impossible for me to close this report without expressions of warmest gratitude for the many comforts and mercies imparted to me during my visitation. Although it was impossible not to feel some inconvenience from the great change of climate, which compelled me to use more caution than ordinary for the preservation of health, I was not interrupted in the performance of any duty by indisposition, or by weather. Whenever we had rain, it fell at night; and there was not one day in which we had not clear sunshine. A lovelier season had never been known in these islands of perpetual summer. I was enabled to deliver thirty-two sermons or addresses; to have eleven confirmations, at which 302 white, and 360 coloured persons were confirmed; to consecrate one church, and one burial-ground; and to ordain a deacon as missionary to the coloured people. I have reason to hope that, through the heavenly blessing, the religious improvement of the island is advancing, and that all the progress that can be reasonably expected has been made, and will continue to advance, in the intelligent and religious instruction of the people of colour, many of whom already show a proper sense of the benefits and blessings which are benevolently extended to them. In my first visit to Bermudas in 1826, (which was the first episcopal visit to that colony,) when the population of the islands was nearly 11,000, I confirmed 1171 white persons, and 104 coloured.

In 1830, 259 white persons, and 130 coloured.  
In 1835, 302 ditto 360 ditto  
The population now is only between nine and ten thousand. It is also a most gratifying circumstance, that, under the Divine favour, the efforts for procuring increased religious instruction, by the enlargement of churches, by the building of school-houses and chapels, which is now proceeding, and by the employment of two well qualified missionaries, and the prospect of obtaining a third for the especial benefit of the people of colour, have thus far been eminently successful. While the Society, according to their means, are aiding in this good work, the benevolence of the Legislature in Bermudas, and of many pious individuals there, is cooperating with them. The provision for these Missionaries is unhappily insufficient; but we will hope that, through the blessing of God, a door will be opened for some increase to the bounty which is promoting this work of christian love. I feel assured it will have all the aid which the Society can spare, and that it will be forwarded by their prayers. That every thing may be done in that order, and uniformity, and affectionate fellowship, which are essential to the beauty of holiness, the Missionaries are engaged as curates by the Rectors, in whose parishes they are to labour; and thus, too the affection of the coloured people for their Rectors and their parish churches will be undiminished by the warm attachment which we may hope will be excited towards their Missionaries and their chapels,—an object which I have considered it very important to promote. I thought the affection which was formed towards the objects of my care in Bermudas, by my first and second visits to them, could hardly be increased; but the tie thus formed seems to be strengthened by every renewal of our intercourse, and it is my earnest prayer that his intercourse may be greatly blessed to them and to myself.

*Saturday, June 6.*—By the direction of the Admiral all who were to sail in the *President* slept on board last night; and at an early hour of a most lovely morning, the ship was gliding past the beautiful shore of Bermudas, accompanied by the *Vestal* frigate and an armed schooner, which soon steered for the West Indies. We quickly passed all the narrow channels, favoured by a fair wind, and were on the ocean, which now seemed as smooth as the waters of an harbour, before seven o'clock. A most agreeable and rapid passage of five days, in which we partook of every comfort that can be enjoyed in the most perfect ship, managed with the greatest skill and ability, a passage enlivened by very engaging so-

ciety, and rendered happy by the unbounded kindness of all on board, brought us to Halifax on the morning of Thursday the 11th of June, when I landed, and, as I would humbly trust, grateful for the blessings which had been imparted to me in the last two months.

## YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

## SKETCHES OF SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

No. 3.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT. B. C. 1452.

Fiery Serpents—*Their bite were painful as fire.*

While the Israelites were in in the wilderness, they offended God repeatedly. On one occasion he sent fiery serpents, which bit them, and many of them died. Moses prayed for them, and God told him to make a serpent of brass and set it upon a pole; and every one that was bitten, when he looked upon it, was healed.

Christ told Nicodemus that he should be lifted up on the cross, as the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness; and that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Read 21st Numbers. 2 Kings 18, 14. 3 John 15.

The Brazen serpent lifted high,  
And seen with a believing eye;  
Would heal disease, new vigour give,  
And bid the dying sufferer live.  
So Jesus Christ, beheld by faith,  
Will save from everlasting death.

BALAAH BEATING HIS ASS. B. C. 1452.

Balaam—*Swallowed of the people.*

Balaam wished to disobey God, for the sake of unrighteous gain, and the angel stood ready to destroy him; but the ass on which he rode would not go on. He beat her cruelly because she stood still, though by doing so she preserved him from destruction.

An obstinate person always desires to have his own way, even though it may be very hurtful to him. 'Be not wise in your own conceit,' and be sure that whatever is contrary to the will of God and his word, can only bring you into trouble. 'The love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.'

Read 22 Numbers. 13th Joshua. 22. 2 Rev: 14.

See Balaam beat the beast he rode,  
That beast to which he safety owed!  
How senseless this! And yet may we  
In him our own resemblance see,  
When we the will of God resist,  
And madly in our own persist.

RUTH'S PIOUS REGARD FOR NAOMI. B. C. 1312.

Ruth—*Satisfied.*

Ruth would not leave Naomi, her mother-in-law; and God was pleased to reward her for her kindness. *This is a very interesting story, and we may learn from it that when we do an act of kindness to others, we thereby do good to ourselves also.* The Bible tells us that God will not forget a work and labour of love. Then pray earnestly that God the Holy Spirit may change your heart; for by nature all are disposed to be selfish, and unkind. It is God alone, who worketh in us to will, and to do, according to his good pleasure.

Book of Ruth.

Behold the piety of Ruth!  
A bright example this for youth.  
Her kindness to Naomi shewn,  
The God of Israel deign'd to own,  
Made her partaker of His grace,  
And mother of a royal race.

THE CHILD SAMUEL. B. C. 1137.

Samuel—*Asked of and lent to God.*

Samuel was brought up under the care of Eli the high priest, being devoted by his mother to the service of God from his birth. He served the Lord when a child, and so may you. When we are kind to others, when we try to subdue our evil tempers, and seek to do His will, then we serve Him. But, remember, it is only by His grace, that we can be

able to do this. Look then to the Saviour; he was meek and lowly of heart, intreat Him to fill your heart with love to Him, and to cause you to delight to do His will. 'His Ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.'

Read 1 Sam. 1. 20—12. 1—25. 1.

Samuel was humble, meek and mild,  
And serv'd the Lord while yet a child;  
Devoted to the will of God,  
He made the temple his abode.  
May grace divine our souls renew,  
That we may love and serve Him too.

#### THE CHURCH OF NORWAY.

It is a peculiar characteristic of the Norwegian Church, that there is no dissent from it; no sectarians. A few years ago, a person of the name of Houghan had a few followers; but his doctrine on religious points did not differ from that of the established Church. It was his object to inspire a more religious spirit, and more strict observance of the Church doctrine; so that his followers were similar to what is called the evangelical part of the community of the Church of England. But even this slight attempt at a division, within the pale of the Church itself, appears to have had no success. There are several reasons for this peculiarity of the Norwegian Church. The principal, perhaps, is, that it has no temporal power; no political existence as a part of the state; no courts, or laws, or interests of its own, jarring with those of the other classes of the community, and raising animosity between them and the clergy. The clergy are, in political rights or privileges, on the same footing as any other class of the community. The Lutheran religion is part of the state; but not the ministers who are employed to teach it. They are represented in the Storting like other citizens; and, having no separate interests as a body of clergy, enjoy individually the confidence of the people, and an unity of interests with them. They are often sent to the Storting as their representatives. This unity of worldly interests prevents dissent in spiritual matters.

Another cause of the great influence of the clergy and of the total absence of religious dissent, is the great consideration in which the rite of confirmation is held. It is not here, as it practically is in the Church of England, a mere ceremony in which the bishop knows nothing personally of the parties admitted into the Church, and the parish priest knows little more than that they were baptized and are of due age. There is here a strict examination by the bishop or the probst, or rural dean, into the young person's knowledge of his moral and religious duties, his capacity, acquirements, and character; and it is only after long previous preparation by his parish minister, equal almost to a course of education, the confirmand being instructed singly as well as in classes, that the individual is presented for this examination. I was present lately at a confirmation of about twenty young persons in our parish church by the probst. The examination, in presence of the congregation, occupied nearly two hours. It was not merely asking and replying, by a string of set questions and answers, from the church catechism. It resembled more the kind of examination used in teaching the reading class in the sessional school in Edinburg. It was a sifting trial to know if each individual attached the real meaning to the words he was using, and actually did understand what he had been taught on the subject of religion. It was evident that considerable pains had been taken with the instruction of each individual. To pass such a confirmation implies that the young person is well-grounded in the principles of his moral and religious duties, and is of good character and understanding. It is, in common life, equivalent to taking of a degree, in the learned professions, being in fact a certificate of capacity for discharging ordinary duties and trusts. It is accordingly so considered in Norway. "A confirmed shop-boy wants a place;" "wanted, a confirmed girl who can cook," are the ordinary advertisements to or from that class in the community; and the not being confirmed would be held equivalent to not having a character, either from want of conduct, or of ordinary capacity. Some of the same similar prevailed formerly in Scotland, but not to the same extent. A young man, of the labouring class, usually took a certificate of his good character, from the minister when he removed to a distant pa-

rish. The confirmation in Norway certifies much more, as, in the face of the congregation, the confirmand has shown that he can read, and has the use of his mental faculties to an ordinary degree, according to his station, and has moral and religious principles to direct him. It is extraordinary that the Church of England has not like this Lutheran sister in the north, kept fast hold of a rite which connected her so closely with society, its education and its business. This simple discharge of an unexceptionable duty shuts out dissent from the Norwegian Church.—*Laing's Journal of a Residence in Norway.*

#### CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

The following is from Dr Hawks' "Contributions," &c. in the British Critic:—

*Bishop Moore.*—"It was at one of his stated lectures in the Church, that after the usual services had concluded, and the benediction been pronounced, he sat down in his pulpit, waiting for the people to retire. To his great surprise he soon observed that not an individual present seemed disposed to leave the Church; and, after an interval of a few minutes, during which a perfect silence was maintained, one of the members of the congregation arose, and respectfully requested him to address those present a second time. After singing a hymn, the Bishop delivered to them a second discourse, and once more dismissed the people with the blessing. But the same state of feeling, which had before kept them in their seats still existed, and once more did they solicit the preacher to address them; accordingly, he delivered to them a third sermon; and, at its close, exhausted by the labour in which he had been engaged, he informed them of the impossibility of continuing the services on his part, once more blessed them, and affectionately entreated them to retire to their homes."—pp. 249, 250.

Now, here let it be carefully recollected, that the incident in question had been preceded by nothing like a process of artificial preparation. No inflammatory religious drugs, no spiritual sinapisms had been employed by him, to rouse the languid circulation of devotional feeling. "Prayer, public and private,—the stated worship of the Church,—her comfortable sacraments,—and the faithful preaching of the Gospel, were all the machinery of which he knew the lawfulness, or the use. He had been perseveringly engaged in the use of these, for a length of time, until at an hour when nothing unusual had occurred to produce any solemn effect, the minds of the people seemed to be simultaneously awakened to the infinite value of divine things." Here, then, we may surely remark, was something very like a religious revival, but without any of that turbulent "pomp and circumstance," which so often mark the unnatural eruptions of *theopathy*, generally known by that name. We hear nothing of the midnight assemblage,—the "anxious benches,"—the loud and passionate appeal,—the frantic paroxysm,—the breaking up of the great abyss of animal emotion,—the calling of one deep unto another. On the contrary,—without the smallest attempt to get up a scene,—without the faintest expectation of a crisis,—nay, to the utter astonishment of the preacher himself—the hearts of the congregation suddenly burn within them; but, still, with a flame so pure and gentle, that it produces only an unusual thirst for the waters of life, and a respectful solicitation that the supply may be continued. We, therefore, can scarcely wonder at the opinion afterwards expressed by the Bishop, that "although we have the promise of heaven to be always present with us, yet there may be peculiar seasons, in which the Almighty displays his power in a manner so overwhelming, as to command the attention of his rational creatures: to dispel that coldness which makes them indifferent to the calls of duty; to compel the offenders into contribution; and to oblige them to sue for forgiveness at the throne of Grace."

#### MILTON.

My morning haunts are, where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring: in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### MEMOIR OF BISHOP HEBER.

The following memoir of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D., late bishop of Calcutta, is from the London Christian Guardian for October.

Reginald Heber, the second son of Thomas Heber, and Elizabeth Atherton his wife, was born at Malpas, in the county of Chester, April 21, 1783. His early life was repeatedly endangered by serious illness, and the usual diseases of childhood, under which he evinced great patience and deep impressions of piety. Both Mr. and Mrs. Heber took great pains to store his mind with Scriptural and useful knowledge, and by their sedulous instructions he was able to read the Bible with ease and fluency before he was five years old.

Mr. Heber, being himself a warm admirer of the simple and beautiful language of Scripture, gave particular directions that the Bible, without any abridgment, should be put into Reginald's hands, that he might become as familiar as possible, not only with its contents, but with its inimitable style. Young Heber's capacious memory, and diligent attention to his studies, enabled him to derive the utmost benefit from this plan that could have been anticipated; and its happy results were visible, not only in his early piety, but during the whole of his life. It was probably owing to this, that at an early age, he had a deep sense of the importance of prayer, and was accustomed to engage in it with an earnestness and a frequency very unusual; evidently proving that the seed of those divine principles was then implanted in his mind, which afterwards brought forth fruit to the glory of God. Nor can it be attributed to any other cause, than to the blessing of God on these early efforts to imbue his mind with sound religious instruction, that he evinced through life so deep a sense of his entire dependence upon God: discovered on all occasions so much resignation to his will; exhibited such unequivocal proofs of the humbling views he had of himself, and manifested, as well in adversity as in prosperity, such a constant sense of gratitude to the Father of mercies.

Young Heber early displayed an ardent desire for knowledge. When only six years of age, on recovering from a severe illness, the first indulgence he asked for was to be permitted to learn the Latin grammar, while such was his application to his studies, and his inclination for poetry, that before the close of the ensuing year, he had translated the fables of Phædrus into English verses; such indeed was his attachment to study, that instead of engaging with his companions in the usual schoolboy sports, he was accustomed to employ his leisure hours in a lonely walk with some interesting volume with which he wished to become acquainted.

When eight years of age, he was sent to Whitchurch Grammar school, then under the superintendance of Dr. Kent. After remaining there for five years, he was removed to Neesdon, near London, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Bristow, where he continued till his admission at Brasenose, Oxford, in 1800. His conduct while at school evinced the exceeding value and importance of early scriptural instruction. Having been accustomed by his excellent parents to the serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures, he never relinquished this important practice, and found those sacred oracles to be a light to his path and a lamp to his feet, preserving him from those snares and temptations to which, notwithstanding every precaution, youth are exposed, and leading him to devote himself with full purpose of heart to God's service. When only fourteen, Mrs. Heber missing her "Companion to the Altar," inquired for it among the servants, but it could not be found; after three weeks she casually mentioned her loss to Reginald, who immediately brought it to her, stating that he had been deeply interested and impressed by its contents, and earnestly requesting that he might accompany her to the Lord's table when the sacrament was next administered, and from this period he appears to have been a regular communicant.

In his sixteenth year, we find Mr. Heber diligently reading Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and carefully studying Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, with a view to that sacred office, to which he had been early devoted; while at the same time he

diligently applied himself both to classical and mathematical studies. His removal from school to Oxford produced little change in his plans and pursuits; in order to improve his time to the utmost, he agreed with one of his college companions to read together two hours every morning, before the commencement of their regular college exercises; and by steadily pursuing this plan, he soon became marked out as an individual of whom the highest expectations might be entertained.

These expectations were speedily realized. In his first year at Oxford, Mr. Heber obtained the university prize for Latin verse, and about two years after, an extraordinary prize being proposed in the university for an English poem on the subject of Palestine, Mr. H. secured this also, by the production of a poem of very unusual beauty and excellence. In the year 1804, having previously taken his degree, Mr. Heber was elected Fellow of All Souls, and in the following year, obtained the prize for an English essay on the *Sense of Honour*.

Having completed his academical course, Mr. Heber, in company with his former school fellow and friend, John Thornton, Esq. commenced a tour through Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Austria, Bohemia, &c. Shortly after his return, he entered into Holy Orders, and in 1808 was inducted into the family living of Hodnet. In the following year he married Amelia, the daughter of Dr. Shipley, late dean of St. Asaph.

Mr. Heber's proceedings at Hodnet were such as might reasonably have been anticipated from that diligence and devotion which he had previously manifested. He applied all the powers of his mind, to render the great truths of Christianity intelligible to the meanest of his parishioners; devoted considerable sums of money to the relief of their temporal necessities; sedulously visited and relieved the sick and the afflicted, and established and superintended schools for the instruction of the ignorant. These labours were in many instances attended with beneficial results.

"Among other instances of good resulting from these exertions was the following interesting case:—An old man resided in the parish who had been a notorious poacher all his life, and who, through the combined influence of his irregular mode of life, drunken habits, and depraved associates, had settled down into an irreligious old age. He was a widower, had survived his children, shunned all society, and was rarely seen abroad. The sole inmate of his lonely cottage was a little grandchild, in whom were bound up all the sympathies of his rugged nature, and on whom he lavished the warmest caresses. It was considered an unaccountable departure from his usual line of conduct, when he permitted little Philip to attend the rector's school, and some one expressed to him surprise that this should be the case: 'why not?' was the old man's reply, 'Do you think I wish Philip to be as bad as myself? *I am black enough, God knows.*' The old man was taken ill and confined to his room. It was winter, he was unable to divert his mind. His complaint was a painful one, and there was every probability that his illness might be of long continuance. A neighbour suggested that his little grandson should read to him. He listened at first languidly and carelessly; by-and-by, however, with some interests, till at length he became deeply concerned for his soul, convictions of guilt flashed upon his mind, and he expressed an earnest desire to see Mr. Heber. Immediately on its being made known to the rector, he paid him a visit. The old man lay upon his bed in the corner of the room near a trellised window. His features were naturally hard and coarse, and the marked lines of his countenance were distinctly developed by the strong light which fell upon them. Aged and enfeebled as he was, he seemed fully alive to what was passing around him; 'and I had,' says the narrator of this anecdote, 'leisure to mark the searching of his eye, while he gazed with the most intense anxiety at his spiritual comforter, and weighed every word that fell from his lips. The simple phraseology in which Heber clothed every idea, the facility with which he descended to the old man's apprehension, the earnestness with which he strove not to be misunderstood, and the manner in which, in spite of himself, his voice occasionally faltered, as he adverted delicately, but faithfully and most affectionately, to the fundamental points of our

holy religion, struck me forcibly; while Philip stood on the other side of the bed, his hand locked in his grandfather's, his bright blue eye dimmed with tears, as he looked sadly and anxiously from face to face to the other, evidently aware that some misfortune awaited him, though unconscious to what extent.' Not long afterwards the old man died, in a state of mind so calm, so subdued, so penitent and resigned, that 'I feel myself cheered in my labours,' said Heber, 'whenever I reflect upon it.' Heber officiated at the funeral; and says our narrator, 'I shall never forget, I never wish to forget, if I were cast to-morrow on a desert island, it is one of the few things I should wish to remember of the world I had left behind me—the air, the manner, the look, the expression of hope and holy joy and steadfast confidence, which lit up Heber's countenance, as he pronounced the passage in our excellent ritual, 'O Father, raise us from the death of sin into the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in thee, as our hope is this our brother doth.'"

#### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

*Annual Meteoric Shower.*—Facts already ascertained leave no doubt of the recurrence of "the Meteoric Shower," on the morning of the 13th November. The preceding day had been rainy, and early the same night the sky was overcast; but before midnight the firmament became cloudless, and the stars shone with unwonted brilliancy. About half past three o'clock, observing that the meteors began to appear in unusual numbers, I directed my attention towards the eastern part of the heavens, whence they mostly proceeded, and closely watched the stars from the Great Bear on the north to Canis Major on the south, embracing in my field view about one third of the firmament.—It was soon discovered that nearly all the meteors shot in directions which, on being traced back, met in one and the same point, near the Lyon's Eye. For a quarter of an hour, from half past three o'clock, I counted twenty-two meteors, of which all but three emanated from the above radiant point in Leo. Ten left luminous trains; twelve were without trains; and the three that did not conform to the general direction, moved perceptibly slower than the others. The greatest part shot off to the right and left of the radiant, a majority tending south, towards the heart of Hydra. The next fifteen minutes afforded but seven meteors, and the number gradually declined until day-light.

The exact position of the radiant was near a small star, forming the apex of a triangle with the two bright stars in the face of Leo. Its right ascension was 145 deg. and declination 25 deg. Its place was therefore very nearly the same as in 1834; differing only half a degree in right ascension, and all the phenomena very much resembled those observed that year, except that they continued for a shorter period. Although shooting stars occur at various seasons of the year, yet these meteoric showers, whether they occur on a larger or a smaller scale, are marked by several striking peculiarities: (1) The meteors are much more frequent than usual, and sometimes are exceedingly numerous. (2) A larger proportion than common leave luminous trains. (3) They mostly seem to radiate from a common centre, and for several years past, the radiant has been in nearly the same part of the heavens, namely in the Constellation Leo. It is also exceedingly remarkable that the shower is not only repeated on the same day of the year, but arrives at its maximum every where, and at every recurrence, at nearly the same hour of the morning—from 3 to 4 o'clock. By a letter obligingly communicated to the writer of this article from Samuel Dunster, Esq., agent of the Franklin Iron Works at Springvale, (Maine,) it appears, that the display was considerably more splendid at that place than here. The whole number of meteors counted from 3 o'clock, to fifteen minutes past 6, was two hundred and fifty three. An auroral arch which appeared in the north between the hours of 4 and 5, followed by auroral streamers, enhanced the interest of the meteoric exhibition. As was observed here, the meteors emanated from a common radiant situated in the Constellation Leo. This notice has been delayed in the hope of being able to add some particulars respecting the succeeding nights; but these have proved unfavourable for observation,

\* To be concluded in our next number.

with the exception of the night of the 12th, when the heavens were attentively observed from half past 2 to half past 3 o'clock. Only six meteors were noticed, of which two only left trains. These proceeded from a common point near the western hinder paw of the Great Bear,—a position at least fifteen degrees north of the radiant observed on the 13th.—*N. Haven Her.* Yale College, Nov. 16.

*Connection of an Independent Chapel with the Church of England.*—The chapel in Castle-street, (Reading,) recently occupied by the Rev. James Sherman, was opened on Thursday evening as a chapel of ease to St. Mary's Church. The Rev. P. French read the evening service, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Marsh, M. A., of Birmingham, from Isaiah liii 11. The Reverend gentlemen alluded with much good taste and feeling, to the gratifying fact of the return of so large and respectable a congregation into the bosom of the Church of England, a fact which must afford sincere joy to all lovers of our venerable Establishment. Most of our readers know that this Chapel was erected by the followers of the late Hon. and Rev. W. Cadogan, whose successor at St. Giles' Church did not, in their opinion, preach similar doctrines. They still retained the liturgical service of the Church, and always manifested a warm attachment to her discipline. A union with the Establishment had long been desired, but it was not until the recent vacancy found practicable.—We understand that a permanent incumbent will shortly be engaged—that he will be an efficient and able clergyman cannot be doubted.—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

*Missionaries to Crete.*—The Rev. George Benton and his wife, missionaries of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society to Crete, Greece, together with Miss M. E. Spencer, sister of Mrs. Benton, embarked yesterday, the 29th of August, for the chosen scene of their future labors. Many deeply attached friends accompanied them on board the vessel, where they enjoyed the pleasure of uniting with the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, Foreign Secretary of the Board of Missions, in commending them to the mercy and protection of Him "who alone spreadest out the heavens, and ruleth the raging of the sea." And we doubt not that, in compliance with their wishes, the Church will send up united prayer for their "preservation on the great deep," and safe arrival at the "haven where they would be," as well as for the safety and preservation of all others who, like them, leaving all behind, have gone forth to this vast work and labour of love.—*Churchman.*

*Steam Boat Disasters.*—A steam-boat bound from New-York, lately while off New London, came in contact with a sloop laden with flour. The sloop was upset, but the crew, clinging to the bulwarks and sides, were taken off by boats. With the exception of one female, all the passengers were saved, through a passage cut into the cabin.—An infant was missing, but Providence had watched over it, and kept it well; for on removing the rubbish above and around the child, it was found smiling happily amidst impending ruin and distress. Two other vessels also struck against each other in the Thames, during a dense fog on which one of them sunk in three minutes. Although there were 300 persons on board of each of the vessels, the lives of all were providentially preserved.

*A Protestant Episcopal Church,* said to be neat and commodious, has lately been built in Woodstock, N. B. The funds had thus been raised:—  
Society for promoting the Gospel in foreign Parts, £120  
Advanced by building Committee..... 510  
Voluntary subscriptions,..... 470  
Currency,..... £1000

Archdeacon Coster preached the first sermon in it on the 6th Nov. last; and the sales of Pews were realized £825.

*Heretical Books.*—Rev. Mr. Dewey, in his very entertaining work, "The Old World and the New," mentions that in St. Jervois, not far up the mountains of Savoy, that there is a bathing establishment for the use of mineral waters. The keeper of the house had collected for the entertainment of his visitors, a miscellaneous library of about one thousand volumes. Last summer, in his absence, two Jesuit Priests visited the establishment, looked over the library, took the almost entire body of it and burned it on the spot.



## I WILL TRUST IN PROVIDENCE ONE DAY LONGER.

*A Short Tale.*—On John's river, in the county of Burke, there lived a worthy old gentleman, by the name of Corpening. He was a man, well at ease, in point of worldly substance, and was known far and near for his charity and hospitality. There happened, in the year — a remarkable scarcity of provisions, especially grain:—Money, also was scarce, and times every way hard. Hunger!—aching, maddening hunger, was felt by a few in every neighbourhood, and in some cases we have heard of its proceeding to starvation! But, to the honor of our country, and to the honor of human nature, be it said, these cases were extremely rare. In these difficult times, however, old Mr. Corpening happened to have a large and well filled Corn crib, which, for a long time, he would not open; grain became scarcer, the price rose higher and higher, still the old man held up his corn, as some supposed, for a higher price. At length, Mr. Corpening began to let his corn go—but money could not buy it—to those who had money, he would say, "you can get something to preserve life, for you, but there are many who have no money, and being without food, they must perish unless those who are blessed with the means shall feed them." Of course, the number that came without money and put up pitious tales, was great. This was foreseen, and before he opened his crib, Corpening had taken pains to find out who were really objects requiring his assistance. One safe rule he adopted against imposition, was, *not to let his charity go too far from home.* If this rule was now generally adopted, much more real good would be affected, with the amount annually contributed by us of the South. This rule however, like all general rules, will sometimes work wrong, and so it did with our hero—(and he better deserves that name than thousands who have gained it, by the number they have slaughtered of the human family.) A man, bringing a bag with him, came to Mr. Corpening, from a distant neighbourhood, and told the usual story, of wife and children being without bread, and being sorely wrought with hunger, &c., but no corn was to be had, and the disappointed man, with a heavy heart, turned his steps homeward, and, for a time was no more thought of. In the course of the afternoon, however, word came to old Mr. Corpening that a very suspicious looking stranger, with a bag on his shoulder, was seen lurking about his premises; a few particulars more satisfied him that this was the applicant for charity, who had visited him that morning, and that he had a design to rob his crib, that night; accordingly, himself and another of his family, secreted themselves, and waited events. But they did not wait long before the stranger, with the bag on his shoulder was seen making his way towards the crib; the crib was opened, not a dog was heard to bark, or the least difficulty opposed his purpose:—He entered, and with a deliberation, or rather hesitation that surprised the observers, he proceeded to fill the bag, he tied it, and unlike such visitors generally, he continued at the spot, with his hand still on the bag, apparently in great mental agony: at length, he rose suddenly, untied the bag, poured out the corn, and said—*I will trust to Providence one day longer!* He departed in peace, but he did not trust to Providence in vain: old Mr. Corpening being satisfied from his own observation, that this man was indeed in a state of extreme suffering; moreover, that he was of an honest heart, sent his son on the next morning, with a full bag of corn, with a message, that when that was out, to let him know it, and he should have corn whenever he wished it.

Old Mr. Corpening, we think, has been several years dead, his whole life, we learn, was of a piece with this act of benevolence. He bestowed much, but he bestowed judiciously, and still, at his death, he left a fine estate to a most worthy family. They, it is hoped, will imitate his charities, and if they are in want of a family motto, we commend the words that grace this head—*"I will trust to Providence one day longer!"*—N. C. Watchman.

## LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

On a recent visit to the Institution for the Blind, in the city of Boston, while we were delighted with the whole arrangement of the admirable Institution, we were especially struck with the facility with which the pupils, blind from their birth in many instances, read the Scriptures by the touch. How can

we sufficiently rejoice in that new gift of God's providence, which, of a finger makes an eye, and renews, as it were, that ancient miracle, which excited the strange wonder of Jewish unbelief, "since the world began, it was not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was blind!" There have been printed at the Institution, the New Testament, a selection from Dr. Watts' Psalms of David, the Dairyman's Daughter and the Pilgrim's Progress. The execution is beautiful indeed, and greatly superior in clearness and sharpness of outline to the books printed in France. Experiments are in progress to improve the mode of binding, so as to reduce the inconvenient bulk of the volumes, arising from the necessary largeness of the letter, and the use of but one side of each leaf. When the arrangements of the Institution are complete, the New Testament can be furnished at a dollar and a half. Besides reading in the Scriptures, in places taken at random, with ease, accuracy, and sufficient rapidity, some of the scholars read a portion of a French author, and translated as they read, with propriety and fluency. By the Principal, Dr. Howe, who conducts the enterprise with admirable success, we were told that the Pilgrim's Progress, which has just been printed, is so great a favourite, that the pupils have been found with it in bed, that they may read it there—their visual organ not depending on the light. It is high praise that is given to this immortal production of the rapt old tinker, by Sir James Mackintosh, in his history of the Revolution in England of 1688. "His Pilgrim's Progress, an allegorical representation of Calvinistic theology, at first found readers only among that persuasion, gradually emerged from this narrow circle, and by the natural power of imagination over the uncorrupted feelings of the majority of mankind, it rivalled Robinson Crusoe in popularity. The bigots and persecutors sunk into oblivion; the scoffs of wits and worldlings were unavailing; while, after the lapse of a century, the object of their cruelty and scorn touched the poetical sympathy as well as the piety of Cowper; his genius subdued the opposite prejudices of Johnson and of Franklin, and his name has been uttered in the same breath with those of Spenser and Dante." But surely, a blind boy secreting the book under his blanket, that he may devour its contents in the watches of the night, is a triumph infinitely higher—in earnest, far more to be coveted, of glorious immortality!

## Missionary.

## THE DYING MAN.

It is a very terrible and amazing thing to see a man die, and solemnly take his last leave of the world. The very circumstances of dying men are apt to strike us with horror. To hear such a man, how sensibly he will speak of the other world, as if he were just come from it, rather than going to it; how severely he will condemn himself for the folly and wickedness of his life; with what passion he will wish that he had lived better, and had served God more sincerely: how seriously he will resolve upon a better life, if God would be pleased to raise him up, and try him but once more; with what zeal and earnestness he will commend to his best friends and nearest relations a religious and virtuous course of life, as the only thing that will minister comfort to them when they come to be in his condition. Such discourses as these are very apt to move and affect men for the time, and to stir up in them very good resolutions, whilst the present fit and impression lasts; but because these sights are very frequent, they have seldom any great permanent effect upon men.—They consider that it is a very common case, and sinners take example and encouragement from one another; every one is affected for the present, few are so effectually convinced as to betake themselves to a better course.—Tillotson.

Justification is not the office of man, but of God; for man cannot make himself righteous by his own works, neither in part, nor in the whole.—Hom. of Salvation.

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith; and not for our own works and deservings.—Art. xi.

The "thoughts of our hearts" are cleansed "by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit." Collect in the Communion Service,

Extract from Mr. Venn's correspondence with a young friend:—

"I hope you read your bible with much prayer. I can give you a never-failing receipt to make you a complete christian, and an heir of glory. You will find the medicine described in the 19 Psalm, 7. 11.—and the method of taking it, Prov. 2. 1—6. By the use of this medicine and this method, you will as certainly improve, and grow in grace, as any sensible diligent scholar ever got any knowledge at school.

"This is our condemnation, and alas! this is the real cause of our being so weak in faith, so cold in our love, so confused in our notions. The Bible and prayer over it, for the true understanding of it, is not our exercise, our constant employment.

"Any other means of grace than this, which is yet the most profitable of all, is rather chosen. But as it is written, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force; so in nothing do we offer violence to our evil nature more than in studying God's holy word, and earnestly praying that the divine truth it teaches may sink deeply into our hearts, work mightily, and produce all those gracious effects for which it was of old matter by inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

## THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1837.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR.—If every thing connected with this venerated Institution be as interesting to our readers as to ourselves, they will be pleased that we record the following Latin inscription, which a friend lately sent us, saying that it is a copy of that deposited under the corner stone of the College:—

Egregii principis Georgii Tertii patrocinio,  
Atque  
Gentis Britanniae liberalitate summa,  
Strenue vero adiuvente Carolo Inglis,  
Novae Scotiae Episcopo primo,  
Aedificium hoc,  
Literarum atque Disciplinae Domicilium futurum,  
Inchoatum est;  
Anno Salutis Humanæ MDCXCXI.  
Provinciam pro Rege obtinente  
Johanne Parr.  
Juventuti Academiae praesidente  
Gulielmo Cochran,  
Collegii Dubliniensis quondam Alumno.  
Q. F. F. Q. S.

FIRE IN ST. JOHN, N. B.—We regret to observe that a destructive Fire took place in this city on the 14th instant, by which upwards of one hundred and ten houses were reduced to ashes.

THE ACADIAN RECORDER.—This paper has passed out of the hands of Mr. P. J. Holland, into those of Messrs. English & Blackadar, two very respectable and industrious young men, who have been bred to the printing business, and have thrown themselves on their country for a share of patronage and support.

THE ACADIAN TELEGRAPH.—This paper reappeared on Friday, looking very neat, and filled with readable matter, original and selected.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, and Repository, &c. &c.—A Religious Newspaper under this title, made its first appearance on Friday last. It is brought out under the Patronage of the Baptist Associations of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—conducted chiefly by gentlemen belonging to that denomination, but addressed generally to the Religious world of the North American Provinces. It is printed at this Office, for the Proprietors.—Novascotian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are obliged to defer the favors of 'Sigma,' 'L,' 'Zenas,' &c. Our absence from Lunenburg for a few days past, must be our apology for the meagre appearance of the editorial column.

"D. V. N." is received, and his suggestions shall be borne in mind.

## DIED.

On the 14th instant, Josephine, only child of Mr. Joseph Rudolf, aged 15 months.

Sunday evening, 15th instant, Mrs. Sarah Bolman, wife of Dr. Edward Bolman, much respected and lamented.

16th, Rebecca, daughter of Capt. Neale, aged 3 years.

21st, Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Young, aged 8 years.



## POETRY.

## SELECTED.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Calmly thy head is laid,  
Babe of my breast;  
Lowly thy couch is made,  
Where thou must rest:  
Fled is the bloom divine,  
Where health was used to shine,  
Pale are those lips of thine,  
Death has imprest.

Thou didst too soon depart,  
Far, far from me;  
Twined round thy mother's heart,  
Why didst thou flee?  
Oh! could I fly away,  
And with thy sleeping clay  
This aching bosom lay,  
Sweet it would be!

But where's thy spirit fled?  
Oh, 'tis on high,  
My lov'd one is not dead,  
Gone to the sky!  
Clothed in robes of light,  
Beaming in azure bright,  
Past is thy glorious flight—  
Can I ask why?

Soon was thy contest won,  
Trials are o'er;  
Thou, my beloved one,  
Sufferest no more:  
Thine eyes of sweetest blue,  
There shine in brightest hue,  
Ne'er wet by sorrow's dew,  
On that blest shore.

Heaven did but ask a share  
From gifts divine;  
Thou wast its chosen care,  
Sweetest of mine!  
My spotless dove did rise,  
Fittest for sacrifice,  
And I, with streaming eyes,  
Bow and resign.

## THE CHURCHMAN'S SUNDAY.

Sweet day, let not the clouds of earthly care  
Come over thy calm brightness—let reproof,  
And pale remorse, and sadness stand aloof,  
Let nought of worldly strife or ruder air  
Ruffle or rend the mantle thou dost wear;  
The robe thou wear'st is all celestial woof.  
Come from the grave with Jesus. Heaven's blue roof  
Seems nearer earth, and all earth hath of fair  
Is fairer. On thy calm and glassy floor  
We sit, in commune sweet, thy riches blest  
Recounting, and forget that we are poor.  
Let us be bright to meet thee, angel guest,  
With contemplations of enduring rest;  
And with thee, listen at the heavenly door.—*British Mag.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

JEREMY TAYLOR, than whom a nobler and richer mind has rarely existed, was the descendant of a noble, exalted, intelligent and ardent Christian, in the person of Dr. Rowland Taylor, of whom Fox, in his Martyrology, gives a very interesting account. In point of learning, Dr. Taylor was so eminent as to be called "the Glory of Cambridge," that seat of rich and varied lore. From his knowledge of the canon and civil law, he was not only able to confute, but confound his persecutors, though he could not, or rather would not, elude the fury of their wrath. He acquired the appellation of "the walking library," from the depth and extent of his learning. His wisdom did not exceed the fervor of his piety, the sweetness of his temper, and the extent of his benevolence. He is stated never to have sat down to dinner with his family without inquiring whether the poor wanted any thing; and before he ate, saw that the distressed were properly relieved. He was pursued with all the venom that the brutal Gardiner could invent, with the aid of his minions; but in the mistaken spirit of the times, he heeded none of their machinations, and took no pains to shun the severest tortures. The following incident shows his entire contempt of ap-

proaching pain and cruelty, for his language was—"God will either protect me from sufferings, or he will enable me to bear them." When on his way to Aldham, where he was burnt, under charge of the sheriff of Essex and his officers, in reply to the sheriff's importunities to recant his offensive opinions, in regard to marriage and the real presence, he said, "To be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself, and am likely to deceive a great many in Hadleigh (the place of his residence) of their expectations." At this the sheriff and the company demonstrated their joy, for they supposed the remark to mean his intention of recanting. "Play a wise man's part," said the officer, "and you will find favor." Taylor replied, "I am as you see, a man of a large body, which I thought should have laid in Hadleigh church-yard, and there are a great number of worms there who would have had the feasting, which no doubt they wished for many a day; but I know I am deceived, and the worms are so too, for my body is to be burned to ashes, and they will lose their feast." This spirit of composure did not forsake him, his faith wavered not—his prayers faltered not, till his speech and his misery ended together.—*Gospel Messenger.*

## GENERAL WASHINGTON.

While encamped at —, N. J., a soldier arrived one morning, about day-break, with despatches for the Commander-in-chief, from a distant division of the army. As soon as his business was known, he was directed to me as captain of the body guard, to whom he came forthwith, and giving me his papers, I repaired at once to the General's quarters. On my way to his room after reaching the house, I had to go along a narrow passage of some length. As I approached his door, it being yet nearly dark, I was arrested by the sound of a voice. I paused and listened for a moment, when I distinguished it as the General's voice, and in another moment found that he was engaged in audible prayer. As in his earnestness he had not heard my foot-steps, or if he heard me did not choose to be interrupted, I retired to the front of the dwelling, till such time as I supposed him unengaged; when returning, and no longer hearing his voice, I knocked at the door, which being promptly opened, I delivered the despatches, received answer, and dismissed the soldier.

How impressive an example of sincere devotion have we here! The leader of our armies, though oppressed with cares and labours, an unequalled burden, yet forsakes his friendly couch at the dawn of day, and upon his knees, 'cries unto God with his voice.' He is not content with unuttered prayer. His earnestness seeks its natural vent in audible and articulate sounds.—*Epis. Rec.*

## MOUNT ARARAT.

The devoted missionary, Henry Martyn, passed near Mount Ararat a short time previous to his death. He speaks of it in the following terms:

"On descending into the plain of Nakshan, my attention was seized by the appearance of a hoary mountain, in front at the other end, rising so high above the rest, that they sunk into nothing. It was truly sublime, and the interest it excited was not less when on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri, or Ararat. The evening was pleasant; the ground over which he passed was all full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole church was contained: it has now spread far and wide, to the ends of the earth; but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God 'that seed time and harvest should not cease,' appeared to me more anxiously fulfilled in the agreeable plain where it was spoken, than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part of the Shah's dominions. Here the blessed Saint landed in a new world: so may I safe in Christ outide the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

## CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

It has frequently been proposed, as a question of considerable practical importance, how a person may

know that he has a call to the ministry: the following observations by Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century, may perhaps be useful: "He who is called to instruct souls, is called of God, and not by his own ambition; and what is this call but an inward incentive of love, soliciting us to be zealous for the salvation of our brethren? So often as he who is engaged in preaching the Word shall feel his inward man to be excited with Divine affections, so often let him assure himself that God is there, and that he is invited by him to seek the good of souls. Truly, I love to hear that preacher who does not move me to applaud his eloquence, but to groan for my sins. Efficacy will be given to your voice, if you appear yourself to be persuaded of that to which you advise me. That common rebuke will not then at least belong to you, 'Thou who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?'—*Life of Bernard.*

BISHOP HALL, the eminently pious author of "Contemplations upon the Principle Passages of Sacred History, has been called the "Christian Seneca," from the likeness of his style to that of the moralist. He encountered many severe trials and persecutions. He was by some supposed, and has been represented in later years, as favouring the Puritans. This charge, however, was abundantly refuted by his able work in defence of episcopacy. He died in September, 1656, in his eighty-second year. His writings were so extensive and numerous, that one of his biographers remarks, "He may be said to have died with the pen in his hand." And again, the same writer says he was "not ill at Controversies, more happy at Comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations." His Contemplations, revised by Glasse, constitute one of the most engaging and edifying works that can adorn the library of the private Christian.

## A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED.

Just before his death, Locke thus addressed a friend: "May you live and be happy, in the enjoyment of health and freedom, and those blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you. You loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passeth away, and afford no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account.

## A SEVERE REPROOF.

A young clergyman having, in the hearing of Dr. Parr, stated that he would believe nothing that he could not understand, "then," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

DR. JOHNSON'S prejudice against Scotland shows itself in his otherwise well pointed remark upon Lord Lyttleton. The latter, on his death, left Mallet £100 to superintend the publication of an infidel work, which his lordship had not the courage to publish in his life time. Dr. Johnson remarked—that Lyttleton had charged a blunderbuss which he durst not let off, and had given a Scotchman half a crown to pull the trigger.

No man is a better merchant than he who lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petitions. For the body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so must we labor for all that we ask.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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