

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME V.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1840.

NUMBER 5.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

They dread no storm that lours,
No perished joys bewail;
They pluck no thorn-clad flow'rs,
Nor drink of streams that fail;
There is no tear-drop in their eye,
Nor change upon their brow;
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blessed?
From whom hath sorrow fled?
Who find such deep unbroken rest,
While all things toil?—The dead!
The holy dead!—Why weep ye so
Above their sable bier?
Thrice blessed! they have done with woe,
The living claim the tear.

We dream, but they awake;
Dark visions mar our rest;
Mid thorns and snares our way we take,—
And yet we mourn the bless'd:
For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed—
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

Mrs. Sigourney.

For the Colonial Churchman.

ON UNIVERSALISM.—NO. I.

How is it, Messrs. Editors, that the occupiers of so many pulpits, are well nigh silent on this most important subject? How is it, that the pens of so many learned and pious christians remain dry, when UNIVERSALISM is spreading its delusive and soul-deceiving sophisms around us? Is it because the Bible is less regarded as the sole rule of our faith,—or that (to borrow the indignant strains of Keble)

"Our Faith is cold, and wilful men are strong,
And the blithe world with bells, and harness proud;
Rides tinkling by, so musical and loud
It drowns the ETERNAL WORD."

Why has it become expedient for one of the Bishops of far-off India (Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta) to lately specially to urge in his Clergy, the necessity of "teaching more than ever and of unfolding earnestly the implacable malignity of sin, as committed against God—the nearness of Judgment—the everlasting duration of the miseries of a lost state?" But the Bible answers the question. The spirit of prophecy foretold, that in all ages there would be prodigies of smooth tunings; inventors of false doctrine. Thus we find that contrary to the ancient and general belief of the christian world, and in opposition to Holy Scriptures in its perpetual tenor, and in reiterated and express declarations,—in these latter days, persons professing to be guided by these Holy Scriptures, assert that beyond the grave there will be either

1st. No punishment whatever, or

2d. That punishment after this life will be (after

all) but short in its duration, and slight in its degree.

Well might one say, "the subject is unmeasurably important, and beyond all others affecting.—Few persons can behold it, in near vision, with a steady eye.—The destiny of but one immortal soul is an object the importance of which no finite thought can conceive, no numbers estimate. How vast must be this object when the number of such souls becomes so great, as to reach the lowest limit to which the most enlarged charity will be compelled to extend it!"* Some carnal men would erase the "Eternal" from our Bibles; others,—more dangerous yet not quite so bold, would apply it to the happiness of Heaven, but deny its application to the torments of Hell. Convenient doctrines these—but are either of them founded in Truth? Since God will not reverse his sentence, it well becomes us to learn what that sentence is, and to profit by the lesson. If we err in this matter, we lose the benefits of the strongest and most constraining motives of action,—*Hope and fear*. "Whither can we cause our shame to go?" 14 Jer. 12. And shall we scruple to believe, that which our Saviour three several times in one discourse, asserts to be true?—"The worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," 9 Mark 48, or shall we not rather in humble faith adopt such language as this of Bishop Kenn. "How desirous art Thou, O blessed Jesu—that we should be happy in loving Thee, when thou hast created Hell on purpose to deter us from hating Thee!" Reader! will you unite with me in seeking for the truth—on this most important subject? As the best preparation for this important research, first humbly offer up with me the prayer that God would impart to us of the bright beams of his uncreated Light, and open the eyes of our mind that we may understand His Holy Scriptures, and that he would not suffer us to remain in darkness, but cause us to know and perform His will?

Let us recollect also, that whether we hear or whether we forbear, the truth remains the same—Eternal damnation is not the less sure because so many heedlessly slumber on its very brink.—Awful as is our theme, yet it were madness and folly to pass it by, or to gloss it over.—The Word of God perpetually exhibits to us a future state—in relation to which the present life is a mere pilgrimage. He is but a silly traveller who toils and toils over some interminable desert, without an object or haven in view. If there be before the hapless Mariner, quick-sands which by no possibility can be avoided, it heeds not if he remain in ignorance of it—but when knowledge of the danger might enable him to avert it, it were horrible cruelty to conceal its existence. Let us, therefore, meet the inquiry with candid and solemn minds.

Jan. 1840.

* Dr. Dwight.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MILITIA TRAINING.

How absurd and pernicious is the operation of the present law on this subject. It is absurd to suppose that in two days, or rather in the course of six or seven hours of two days, any useful knowledge of military tactics can be acquired, such as will profit the country in the time of danger. And besides the system is pernicious in the extreme; for in the first place, a large amount of labour is thus annually lost to the country. Supposing the number of Militia even to be 30,000, and estimating their labour at four shillings a day, we have at once a dead loss to the country by two days training, of twelve thousand pounds. In the next place, a large amount of drunkenness, with all its attendant evils, is the usual winding up on such occasions,—on the injurious tendency, morally and politically, of which, it is unnecessary to dwell.

In both these ways, there is more mischief done to the country at large by one year's Militia training, than can be repaired in twenty,—or perhaps than an enemy would do by an actual invasion of the land.—If these exhibitions are to be continued, I would earnestly hope that one amendment may be made—namely, that the place of such meetings be at least two miles from any place where spirituous liquors are sold. By such an arrangement the disgraceful scenes with which Militia trainings generally end, might be avoided. I hope this matter will not be deemed beneath the notice of our Legislators in these times of Reform. Yours,

CIVIS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

Pictou, Dec. 31st, 1839.

As you have expressed yourselves desirous that the Notitia Parochialis of the different Clergy in the Province should appear in the Colonial Churchman, I have forwarded you mine for 1839, which varies but slightly from any of the last six preceding years, except in the number of communicants, which has of late considerably increased.

Your's faithfully,

CHARLES ELLIOTT, Rector.

Notitia Parochialis for the Parish of St. James Pictou, for the year 1839.

Baptisms 102. Marriages 15. Burials 12. Communicants throughout the Parish 61.

Greatest number communicating at one time 22.

AFFLICTION is a divine diet, which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter physic, to those children whose souls are dearest to him.—Walton.

SIGMA.

VOLTAIRE.—The Mareschal de Richelieu and M. Troughin, his physician, fled from his bedside declaring that the death of the wretched man was too terrible to behold.—Ch. Alm.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL.—A FRAGMENT.

My letter was sealed with black—I opened it with tolerable composure, though I knew it contained an account of my mother's death. I felt a kind of insensibility, but no sooner did I read a part of the contents, than my heart fainting; I wept, I sighed. * * * I left the bustle of a large trading town to see my dear mother deposited in the silent grave in the peaceful village church-yard. I met my brothers and sisters—ten thousand thoughts crossed our minds; we each had, as we imagined, our secret and sacred feelings, but we well understood the supposed unsuspected secret,—we were inwardly musing on the event, on childhood and youth, and on a mother's tender care and ever watchful love. These feelings and meditations, added to so solemn a circumstance as a mother's death, affected me to a degree, which I believe surprised those who were present.

Arrived at ———, I went to the dwelling where I was to behold a scene I knew must be deeply affecting, ——— and ——— the remains of my dearest mother were placed beneath a canopy on her couch.— Her look was peaceful and calm;—it was my mother,—yes—it was all that remained of my dear mother. O! my mother, I could that moment have desired to die to be with thee * * * We proceeded about a mile to the village church—to the resting place of our ancestors. On our way the simple affecting bell saluted our ears—I had heard it before—yes, it had announced the arrival at this sequestered spot of several of our family—I last heard its sound when a tender and indulgent father was conveyed to “the house appointed for all living:” it had also greeted in its solemn tones the arrival of my darling boy:—true, he was a flower transplanted to bloom in paradise, snatched out of this uncongenial climate, almost ——— soon as he was planted in our desert; but then, he was my child, and my only child: he was lovely and afflicted a short time on the earth and then removed from his father's fond caresses to await my arrival in his own native country:—the heavens were destined to be his dwelling place—he only opened his eyes on this world, wept over its vanities, bade me farewell, and now waits to welcome me to glory and to God.

We arrived at the church yard, and were met by the servant of God with glad tidings on his lips—“I am the resurrection and the life.” We proceeded to the house of God, where I had often gone with my mother to keep holy day; the scenes were familiar to me; they were the scenes of childhood and youth. I have seldom seen them of late years, as I only visit them on these solemn occasions.—Thence we repaired to the silent grave—to my mother's grave. I looked—I still saw the last robe in which mortality is allowed to be arrayed. I beheld the small space allotted for a residence—the solemn words were pronounced, “earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust.” We soon took our departure; I bid my mother—farewell—farewell. My first wish was that I might rejoin her in paradise,—my next, that I might in due time repose near—my Mother's grave. This last wish is not likely to be complied with, as the fallen souls of men have so far excited my sympathies, that I write this in a foreign clime, where my desire is to toll of Jesus who is “the resur-

rection and the life:” but should I not repose near thee my mother in this world, I trust our song shall unite in praise Him, who has in mysterious mercy united us in heaven. R.

VINE ARTS.

Grace Darling and her Father rescuing the Survivors of the Wreck of the Forsfarshire Packet from perishing on the rocks of the Fern Islands. Engraved by David Lucas, from a Picture painted on the spot by H. B. Parker and J. W. Carmichael. London: F. G. Moon, Threadneedle-street.

The joint efforts of these distinguished marine painters have produced the worthiest record we have yet seen of an heroic action well deserving to be commemorated by the highest endeavours of art.—Both resident at Newcastle-on-Tyne (in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action), the artists had the opportunity, as soon as the storm subsided, of repairing to the spot and sketching from objects as they then appeared. As William Darling and his daughter sat for their portraits, and as these have been esteemed faithful likenesses, we may not be surprised that the work before us should present the happiest result from their labours. The stir and bustle of the scene is vividly placed before us; the struggling boat in the foreground, the turmoil of the sea, and the rocks and figures in the distance, are all faithfully developed. Nothing can be more spirited and real than the hero and heroine of the scene as here depicted.

The point of time chosen for the picture is that when the little boat is nearing the rock: in the foreground are seen William Darling and his daughter toiling through a sea that would have daunted the bravest heart that ever beat beneath a sailor's jacket. The old man is steadily plying his oars, and Grace, who manages the aft oar, is trying to avoid a huge fragment of the wreck that seems about to be dashed by the fury of the waves against the boat, threatening to destroy it. In the middle distance are the remains of the wreck; the vessel had broken in two, and the after-part had been carried away, but the fore-part, with the disabled paddle wheels, lies on the rocks; the sea is beating over her, so that no one could be on board and live. Near it, on a fragment of wreck, to which they managed to get from the vessel, are the few half-clad sufferers whose gestures express their transport of joy and gratitude at the prospect of speedy deliverance, mingled with prayers for the safety of their preservers, and thanksgiving to the Divine Providence that has spared their lives.

In the further distance is Longstone Lighthouse; its light dimly shining through the grey of the morning, whose first ruddy streaks illumine the wild wattery horizon, and reveal the whole expanse of the tempestuous ocean. Over head, two or three screaming sea-gulls, buffeting with their native element, seem almost beaten down by the hurricane that drives on the rack of storm-clouds, mixing the clouds and spray; the crests of the leaping surges are seen relieved against the sky on every side.

Mr. Parker's Pictures of Smugglers and Coast Scenes have, we believe, always been very popular, and Mr. Carmichael has attained considerable eminence as a Marine Painter; but we think the present work will place them in a still more eminent position. The engraving has been very carefully done by Lucas, who now holds a very high rank among British artists, and this work is in no way inferior to his reputation. The middle distance is perhaps a little heavy, but altogether it is an admirable work of art.—*Cons. Jour.*

The triumphs of wickedness are short in this world. In how glorious triumphs will religion and devotedness to God end in the other.—*Lacon.*

PRAYER.—A man cannot pray long, and continue in sin; for either his prayers will compel him to leave his sins, or his sins will lead him to leave off praying.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.*

‘Happy New Year, my dear father,’ said Mary Wood, as she stole suddenly behind him, on New Year morning, and throwing her arms around his neck imprinted a fond kiss on his forehead. ‘Happy New Year, my love,’ he responded, drawing her forward, ‘and I hope you may live to enjoy a great many of them.’ She left his side in a few moments and taking her station beside the crimson curtained window, seemed soon deeply lost in thought. The colour deepened on her cheek; her eyes were cast down, and there was an appearance of tears gradually forming until they became large and full, then slowly rolling from those beautiful eyes, as if loth to leave so bright a home, fell over her cheeks. Mr. Wood had been an attentive observer of it all, and approaching his daughter, he said in an expostulating tone—‘in tears, Mary, and on New Year morning.’—‘Father,’ said she, taking his hand in both of hers, and speaking very slow, ‘last New Year morning Mother stood by this very window, and gave me a Bible, and now—now—she is in heaven! Brother William was here too: now he lies in the cold, cold, grave! there's none left but you and me.’ ‘My love,’ said Mr. Wood in a low tremulous voice, ‘God has seen fit to afflict us; he has seen fit to deprive us of near and dear friends: but can you think of no mark of his love and mercy, nothing to be grateful for, to-day?’ ‘Yes! father, yes!’ and those tear-filled eyes were earnestly fixed on his, ‘I was wrong—Oh I am always doing wrong—last New Year day I was without God in the world, now—she hid her face in her father's bosom and sobbed aloud. It was some minutes before Mary recovered sufficient composure to proceed, but when she did, in tremulous tone she for the first time informed her father of her hope in God. ‘I feel,’ said she, ‘that God has forgiven me—that he loves me—and Oh, such peace as has been breathed into my wearied aching heart,—and such sweet communion as I have enjoyed,—Oh father, God is too good—God is good to me.’ Mr. Wood was a pious devoted Christian;—the last year had been indeed to him a year of trials and afflictions; but through it all he had been enabled to see the hand of his Heavenly Father and to remember in the hour of his deepest gloom whom God loveth he chasteneth. This, his only remaining child, had been the subject of many a prayer; great had been the anxiety which had crowded into his heart, when he had seen her the star as it were of every convivial circle in which she appeared. He had feared that the love of the world, its pleasures and enjoyments, would make her forgetful of her God, but he had been enabled to commit her, his all,—to his heavenly Father, and God had seen fit to answer his prayer. Long and sweet was the discourse that passed between father and daughter on that happy morning, and a joy which nought but tears could express, filled that father's heart.

My dear reader,—have you, like Mary, during the last year, found your God? If you have not, will you not now sincerely resolve to seek him? Remember he is not far from any of us. He is over you, and around you; and if you sincerely ask and wish it, he will take up his abode with you, he will make your heart his home. You may not live another year; you may not live another week; Oh seek him now anxiously, earnestly, the present is all that is yours—all that you are sure of—let me entreat of you to improve it.

CHARITY.

Charity, says Dr. Johnson, is a universal duty.—Every man is bound to practice it. Whatever degree of assistance we give to another upon proper motives, it is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbour.

He that cannot attend the sick, may reclaim the vicious. He that cannot give much assistance himself, may perform the duty of charity, by inflaming the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant.—*Ban. of Cross.*

* From the Gospel Messenger.

SACRILEGE.*

Theft and sacrilege are evil brethren, but sacrilege is the more sinful of the two. Theft is mere robbery of our fellow-creature; but sacrilege is robbery of God, and is committed by perverting holy and ecclesiastical things to profane and secular purposes. What has been at any time solemnly dedicated or consecrated to God or his Church, which is the same, can never be again taken away and applied to worldly uses with impunity or safety. All churches, buildings, tithes, lands, or other property that have been devoted to God, are his; and he will not be robbed, as we shall hereafter see, without punishing the robbers. To rob the Church of her tithes or other property is direct robbery of God; as we discover from Malachi, iii. 8. "Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed me. But ye say wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even in this whole nation." If this language means anything it means that to rob the Church of tithes is to rob God; and as God is the same yesterday, today, and for ever, we must believe that he will punish sin the same now as ever, though perhaps not always in the same manner.

Now, it is very clear, that this nation has robbed God to a very great extent, not only in past ages, but in the very time in which we live. It is only lately that the Church of Christ in Ireland was robbed of above one-fourth of all her tithes at one stroke; and we have no doubt that the curse will follow, and that the landlords will lose more in the way of rent than they have gained from the robbery of God. Besides, the Irish Church Temporalities Act, by which ten Bishops were cut off from the Church, and their money applied to improper purposes, the nation, through its representatives in Parliament, has, in England too, robbed God of a great deal of his right by the Tithe Commutation Act; although the nation is now suffering, and is likely to suffer still more severely as the natural consequence of past robberies of God. The New Poor Law is creating great excitement through the country, and is in a fair way of producing bad consequences, and of becoming, as many declare it to be, a curse to the country. Now, it may not be amiss to observe, that if God had never been robbed, no poor laws at all would have been made. The poor were chiefly supported by property which belonged to God, and until after sacrilege had been committed, and that property confiscated and applied to secular and profane uses, no poor law existed in the country. The first poor law was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was found, that in consequence of the very great extent of the robbery of God and the Church, the poor could not find maintenance as formerly, at the numerous abbeys and hospitals which studded the country. We are not about to advocate the monastic system, not to palliate the criminality of the monks and nuns, which we have little doubt was great indeed; but what we do contend for is, that the property had been dedicated to ecclesiastical uses, and it was direct robbery of God to convert it to secular purposes, as Henry VIII. profligately did. If the parties who used the property abused it, the abuse should have been corrected, but the use retained. The persons who consecrated the property to God, and those who used it, might be as wicked as Korah himself, but as the censers of Korah had been consecrated by him, wicked as he was, to holy uses, and were not to be perverted to profane purposes, so the property given to abbeys and such like places was consecrated to God, and ought never to have been confiscated, but all abuses reformed, and the property strictly retained and applied to spiritual purposes. Ananias and Sapphara were struck dead for sacrilege, in robbing God of a part of that which they had given to him; and it will be well if this nation does not suffer grievously for the crying sin of which it is guilty in robbing God of his "tithes and offerings." As the nation by its Parliament has committed the sin, so by the same means let it restore that which it has taken away. Let it give compensation to the present holders of Church property, as it did to the slave owners to obtain the liberty of the slaves, and

return the property to the Church; and we doubt not that God would fulfil to us the promise implied in the language delivered by the prophet to the Jews:—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." May God grant us faith to trust him for the fulfilment of his word!

We cannot enter at length into this subject now; but as the Parliament are about to interfere with Church property which belongs to God, we have thought it not unseasonable to give a few facts, showing how sacrilegious persons have been punished for their wickedness. We are indebted for them to the preface to Sir Henry Spelman's work, *De Testamentis Ecclesiis*, and shall merely put them into a more modern dress.

We begin with William the Conqueror. In the first year of his reign he ordered his Normans to set fire to St. Peter's Church, York (the cathedral or minister.) In the fourth year he plundered the monasteries, and about fourteen years afterwards he destroyed thirty six churches in Hampshire, to make way for his New Forest; taking all their plate and treasure, and even their sacrament vessels. Well, and how did he prosper? In the thirteenth year of his reign, his own son, Robert of Normandy, rebelled against him, and in battle beat his father from his horse, wounded his person and his honour. About the nineteenth year, Richard, his second, but most beloved son, while sporting in his father's New Forest, where he had destroyed the churches, was there strangely killed by the goring of a stag. In the twentieth year of his reign William burnt the city of Mauntz and church of St. Mary's, with two anchorites; and coming too near the flame the heat of the fire and his arms attracted a disease; and his horse leaping with him, so injured him that he died, and his body, forsaken by his nobles and servants, lay there three days entirely neglected; afterwards, by the courtesy of a country gentleman, his corpse was brought to St. Stephen's Church, in Caen in Normandy; but while on the way the town took fire, and the bearers left the body and ran to quench the fire. So that even after he was dead, he did not go quietly to his grave; and at last, when he got there he was denied burial by one who claimed the ground as his inheritance, forced from him by the king. All ceremonies were delayed until a composition was made, and an annual rent paid for his grave. And before it could be buried his body swelled and burst, to the annoyance of all, and thus he was offensive both dead and living. Afterwards the town being taken by the enemy, his bones, unworthy of consecrated ground, were dug up and scattered like chaff before the wind, even death denying him rest.

His eldest son Robert of Normandy, was disinherited by his father, and taken prisoner by his brother Henry the First, who put out both his eyes; and after twenty-six years of imprisonment, Robert died, starved in the castle of Cardiff.

The grandchild of the Conqueror, Henry, the son of Robert duke of Normandy, while hunting in his grandfather's New Forest, was struck through the jaws with a bough of a tree, and like Absalom, was found hanging in the thicket of an oak. The Conqueror's grandchild William, second son of Robert, was made earl of Flanders; and in a war against his uncle Henry the First, received a small wound in his hand, and died of the wound; and thus perished, the last of the Conqueror's grandchildren, by his eldest son.

William Rufus succeeded his father (William the Conqueror,) in his crown and in his curse. In the first year of his reign, his nobles rebelled; in the sixth, a great famine raged, and such a mortality that the living could scarcely bury the dead. About the tenth year, he filled his treasury by robbing churches, and selling their plate. In the thirteenth year of his reign, Sir Walter Tyrrel, shooting at a deer in the New Forest, by accident killed the king, who died like a beast, without speaking a word; and in the same place where stood one of the six and thirty churches which his father had destroyed, to make way for his New Forest. As in the case of

his father, his followers left his body and fled. It was afterwards laid in a collier's cart, drawn by "one silly lean beast." In the journey the cart broke down in a bad road, and the body was left a miserable spectacle covered with mud. So like his father, he went not quietly to his grave; at last, however, he was brought to Winchester, and there buried unlamented. His bones were afterwards taken up and deposited with those of Canute, in one of the coffers wherein the bones of many of our ancient kings were preserved, but there he rests not; for in December 1642, when Winchester was entered by the dissenting rebels, the organs, windows, and coffers, were broken by the fury of the dissenting soldiers, and with others, his bones were scattered upon the face of the earth just as were his father's. This William Rufus was the third of the conqueror's issue which was killed in the very New Forest, to make which the churches had been destroyed.—Where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, there must they also lick the blood of Ahab. Where the sacrilege was committed, there also must the punishment be inflicted.

While this William Rufus was commanding against the Welshmen in Anglesey, Hugh earl of Shrewsbury kennelled his dogs in the church of St. Fridance, where in the morning they were found mad. The earl shortly after fighting with the enemy, was shot dead with an arrow in the eye.

Henry the first, the Conqueror's fourth son, succeeds his brother Rufus. He had several children, of whom his eldest son William, with his brother Richard, and sister Mary, were drowned on a calm day close by the English shore. Another daughter took herself to a nunnery, and died childless.—Himself died of a surfeit, in eating too many lampreys. The offensiveness of his body on being opened poisoned his physicians; and in the next generation his name was forgotten. Plantagenet takes the crown.

Now it is very remarkable that unless we consider the death of Henry by the lamprey surfeit a natural death, the sacrilegious conqueror and all his sons, and all their sons, died untimely deaths. And "what the author notes of Nebuchadnezzar, and Henry the Eighth, is also true of William the Conqueror; for in the sixty-eighth year after his destroying York Minister, his name becomes extinct, and his kingdom is departed from him, and given to another nation. And upon search it will be found that very few families among the many thousands in England, enjoy their sacrilegious possessions beyond three-score and ten years; and many hold them not half that time; and scarcely one dies, but with some remarkable misfortune.

The sacrilege and punishment of King John is very signal. In the seventeenth year of his reign, besides other churches, he plundered the abbeys and churches of Peterborough, and Croyland—and afterwards, he attempted to carry his sacrilegious plunder from Lynn to Lyncoln; but in passing the Wash, the earth in the midst of the waters opened her mouth, as for Korah and his company, and at once swallowed up carts, carriages, and horses, and all his treasures, and all his regalties, all his Church spoil, and all the Church spoils,—not one escaping. The king himself passed the Wash at another place, and reached Swineshead abbey that night. The news afterwards reached him, which together with a sickness which befel him, ended his days and his unhappy reign.—Some say, that one of the old monks poisoned him.

SHOEMAKERS—form the most numerous class of operatives in Canton; the number is estimated at 25,000. Of weavers there are about 15,000. Of lapidaries there are upwards of 7,000. The carpenters and cabinet makers are estimated at 16,000. There are about 18,000 trading boats of different sizes, which pass along the river from Canton to Wamoa. The Tanka, or small boats, in which people live, and which pay an annual fee to the police, are said to be upwards of 50,000.

*From the Church Magazine.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ON THE DUTY OF SUPPORTING CLERGYMEN AND SCHOOLMASTERS.*

As American authorities seem to be in favour with such persons, I will quote a passage from an address by the Chief Justice of the state of Massachusetts:—"It is objected that when a man disapproves of any religion, or of any supposed doctrines of any religion, to compel him by law to contribute money for public instruction in such religion or doctrine, is an infraction of his liberty of conscience. But when it is remembered that no man is compellable to attend on any religious instruction which he conscientiously disapproves, and that he is absolutely protected in the most perfect freedom of conscience in his religious opinions and worship, this objection seems to mistake a man's conscience for his money, and to deny the state a right of levying and of appropriating the money of the citizens at the will of the Legislature, in which they are all represented. But, as every citizen derives the security of his property, and the fruits of his industry, from the power of the state, so, as the price of his protection, he is bound to contribute, in common with his fellow-citizens, for the public use, so much of his property, and for such public uses, as the state shall direct. The great error lies in not distinguishing between liberty of conscience in religious opinions and worship, and the right of appropriating money by the state.—The former is an inalienable right; the latter is surrendered to the state as the price of protection. It is further objected, that 'to compel a man to pay for public religious instruction on which he does not attend, and from which he can, therefore, derive no benefit, is unreasonable and intolerant.' This objection is founded wholly in mistake. The object of public religious instruction is to teach, and to enforce by suitable arguments, the practice of a system of correct morals among the people, and to form and cultivate reasonable and just habits and manners, by which every man's person and property are protected from outrage, and his personal and social enjoyments promoted and multiplied. From these effects every man derives the most important benefits; and whether he be or be not an auditor of any public teacher, he receives more solid and permanent advantages from this public instruction than the administration of justice in courts of law can give him. The like objection may be made by any man to the support of public schools, if he have no family to attend; and any man who has no lawsuit may object to the support of judges and jurors on the same ground, when, if there were no courts of law, he would unfortunately find that causes for lawsuits would sufficiently abound." The weight of this argument depends upon the general benefit derived to the community as such, including Dissenters, from an ecclesiastical establishment. And, beyond all doubt, unless that benefit be real, unless it be obvious, unless it be of a character to arrest attention and compel even reluctant assent to that fact, the argument will not have its due weight, and our establishment will not retain its hold upon the judgments and affections of the nation. There is a mighty movement in society at this time. It is worse than folly to deny it, and worse than madness to ridicule it. The mischiefs to which it tends are not yet seen. There exists a vain hope that abuses hitherto inseparable from all human institutions may be wholly avoided. Existing abuses are keenly contrasted with this delusive but animating hope; and if they be fostered, palliated, screened, continued, it is as certain as that water runs down the hill that the institution, so spotted and not honestly cleansed, however ancient and venerable, and valuable in itself, must go before the giant force of opinion like chaff before the wind, to make way for some new and theoretically improved experiment.—It is vain to plead the sure promises of holy Scripture for the continued and infallible safety of the church of God. The church of God shall indeed be safe, as it was when the church of Jerusalem was destroyed by her Pagan conquerors, when the church of Antioch and the church of Carthage were swept away before the desolating cymeters of the Saracens

*Abridged from a Speech of Rev. H. McNeile.

when the church of Rome apostetized into heathenish superstitions, still the church of God was safe, and will be safe, when the Church of England should relapse into Popery, or disappear before the revolutionary madness and blighting scowl of atheism.—The church of God, chosen in Christ, like the Jewish nation, beloved for the father's sake, survives all these temporal and ecclesiastical commotions and changes, and presents, as it has been beautifully expressed, "a sublime antithesis to national decay."—If, however, we desire to perpetuate our established mode of carrying out the ordinances of Christianity among the people, that so we may instrumentally add to the church of God daily such as shall be saved—if we desire to commend to the judgment of the nation, and endear to the affections of the nation, our existing national arrangements for the attainment of this best and holiest object, that so we may have their cordial suffrages for the continued support and progressive enlargement of these means—if we desire to do this (and I believe this is the only medium through which our establishment can be preserved), we must show ourselves in earnest—in good practical earnest—in cleansing our national arrangements from all known and acknowledged abuses. If we desire to prove successful church extenders, we must show ourselves sincere and zealous church reformers.—To palliate abuses is to supply our assailants with ramparts on which they may erect their works of demolition. I am well aware of the malicious anxiety with which an acknowledgment of abuses is watched, and the foul advantages taken of it to swell the cry against the church; but such cries can do no real mischief; they recoil on those who raise them. The real mischief arises from an exposure of unwillingness to reform. If we can be held up to public scorn as the aiders and abettors, the apologists, or even the silent connivers at what we cannot justify, then indeed there is mischief. If we silently connive at the continuance of pluralities and non-residence—then it is that in apparent neutrality, and moderation, and silence, we are really fostering the worm in the ground, we are giving men cause to fear that we have no wish and no intention to amend, and thereby supplying them with an excuse for withholding from us their cordial and liberal support. (Cheers.) There is nothing the political Dissenters in this country so touch dread as the general adoption of the tone in which I am now speaking. (Hear.) Church abuses are their delight, the themes of the most effective eloquence. Church reform, boldly, honestly, thoroughly, kindly conducted, would prove a gag to their most dangerous orators. The difficulty is great, undoubtedly, but the object in view is paramount.—Instead of sinking gradually into ruins before the progressively successful assaults of her enemies, it were a glorious sight to see our venerable establishment, in the vigour of youth combined with the experience and strength of maturity, advance upon fresh ground, shaking off all the weeds and rubbish which had, for a season, marred the fair beauty of her foundations, and presenting before her delighted children and her discomfited adversaries a cleansed and new-manned battlement, "Bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and strong as an army with banners" (Loud cheering.)

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. MORE'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE CHILDREN OF THE BLAGDON SCHOOL.*

The last thing I shall call your attention to is the observance of the Sabbath-day; and however "the fool, who hath said in his heart there is no God," may pollute and profane it, pray do you observe it as a day holy unto the Lord. How particularly solemn is the fourth commandment! "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." That is, at your peril be the neglect of this day! Therefore, when you hear the morning bell sound forth, consider it as speaking aloud to the whole parish, "O be joyful in the Lord, all ye people; serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song! O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise!" Take up then your prayer-book, and read over carefully the psalms

*From Appendix to Thompson's Life of Mrs. Hannah More.

of the day, that you may commit no mistake in your responses at church. This done, you may walk in the garden, and observe the flowers or productions of the season; a thousand things will awake in your mind edifying thoughts, if you attend to them... The bell tolls. Take with you as many brothers and sisters, if you have any, as are of years of discretion to behave decent. Proceed slow and grave towards the church, and think thus: "I am now going to pay my public devotion to the great God; let me consider the dignity of the Creator, lest I offer the oblation of sinners, which is an abomination unto the Lord, rather than the prayer of the upright, which is his delight." "Keep," therefore, not only "thy foot," but thy heart also, "when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools, who consider not that they do evil."

As you enter the churchyard, you may say to yourself, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Grant, O Lord, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my latter end may be like his."—Don't stay long loitering about the churchyard (as is too much the custom), but proceed directly into the church. Kneel down and say slowly, "Lord, be merciful unto me a sinner; cleanse my soul from the contamination of sin, and grant, good Lord, that the words which I hear this day with my outward ears, may be so grafted in my heart, that they may bring forth the fruit of holiness in my life."

When the prayers begin, observe what is printed in small letters above every portion of the service. It is called the rubrick, which means red, because it was formerly, for distinction's sake, printed in red letters. You will find here every direction necessary for your instruction, in respect to attitude and responding. As, for instance, over the sentences which begin the service, you read, "The minister shall read one or more of these sentences." That is, the minister only shall read; the congregation are to hearken.—This continues to the general confession, over which you find, "To be said of the whole congregation, after the minister, all kneeling." For want of noticing these directions, we sometimes see people rise up when they should continue kneeling, and continue kneeling when they should stand up; thus perverting the beauty of the service into unseemly disorder. When it is your part to make answer, do it distinctly, and with a solemn tone of voice. While the minister is reading the lesson, or any part of the Litany, in which you are not required to respond, look up steadfastly at him, and consider the weight and value of the words he delivers. Service being ended, return home directly, and read the Scriptures, or walk in the garden, till your meat is prepared. Partake of it with innocent cheerfulness, and put on your best behaviour; this will be a heartfelt comfort to your parents, and a very pleasing and instructive lesson to the little ones of the family. After evening service and catechising are over, you may amuse yourself till bedtime in walking about home, or with your parents or friends, conversing freely with them, asking questions of such things as you observe, but cannot well understand; this will give you an insight into matters, and will both please and profit. When you retire to rest, kneel before you undress yourself at your bedside, and offer this prayer:—"Receive, O my God, the humble gratitude of thy creature for the numerous blessings and mercies of the day past. Extend thy accustomed goodness this night, O merciful Creator, unto all my relations and benefactors, and unto me also, O my Father. Guard our slumbers; let no evil thoughts pollute our souls, nor accident approach to hurt our bodies; but bring us in health, happiness, and prosperity, to the beginning of the next day, and grant that we may all be truly thankful for it. But if I awake no more in this world, receive my soul, O God, into thy everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose words I conclude my prayers. Our Father," &c.

This, my dear little friends, is the pleasant, rational, and comfortable life of a Christian, who lives in the fear of God, and dies in the Lord. "As for the wicked, it is not so with them, but they are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waves cast up mire and dirt; there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

A PLEA FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE SCRIPTURES TO THE SCHOOLS.*

Resolved, That the use of the Scriptures as a reading-book in common schools, is of such importance, as to deserve immediate and universal encouragement, in all our States and Territories.

Every people without exception, has thought it necessary to teach its religion to its children, as the basis of all other knowledge; and every nation that has been sufficiently advanced to have a written religion, and places for the regular instruction of youth in knowledge, has made the national religion a national study, in childhood. The sacred books of all heathen nations have been known of all, who know any thing whatever. The pages of the Koran, in every age and country, have been the first study of every follower of the false prophet. The very highest literature of all antiquity is thoroughly impregnated with the popular religion; so that every Greek and Roman youth was made a scholar and a pagan, by the self same process. The Hebrew parent, by the most express command of God, made his child from its very birth, by every outward mark and every inward accomplishment; at home, by the way-side, in the school, in the sanctuary, in the halls of justice, on the field of battle, and upon the throne itself,—thoroughly and intensely a Hebrew. The early Christian Church, was in no degree less assiduous, in the same devotedness to the exact and universal religious instruction of the young. Every corrupt and apostate sect which has forsaken or renounced our divine Redeemer—and most conspicuously those who thoroughly and openly rejected the Bible—has instilled each its own peculiar heresies, by every means, not excluding their schools, into the minds of their children. The leaders of the glorious reformation of the sixteenth century, and for two centuries and more, all their true followers, received as from God the solemn duty, of the public as well as private instruction of the young in the word of life.—The illustrious spirit of Luther as he drew near his rest, in a review of his literary labours, rejoiced the most in this, that he had written his book *De Seruo Arbitrio* again. Erasmus, and had prepared his Small Catechism; a performance, which like the similar one of his immortal fellow-labourer, John Calvin remains, each, after the lapse of three hundred years, respectively the symbol of churches, states, and races. Nay, until a period so little remote that many who hear me, can recall it, the school-house and the church, stood side by side, throughout our country; and the Bible and the Catechism constituted, in both, the basis of perpetual instruction. * * * *

The protestant churches generally throughout Europe have made a more steadfast resistance, than ourselves, to the exclusion of the Bible from the course of general education; and are therefore, in this respect, generally, in a better condition than ourselves. In England, there is no school system of sufficient extent, to deserve the name of national; but the institution which has the oversight of what are called the National Schools, has introduced the Scriptures into them. The schools of Scotland, so far as they have been under the care of the national church of that kingdom, remain on their ancient model. In Ireland, a systematic attempt was recently made by a committee of the British House of Commons, which in 1825, 6 and 7 carefully investigated the whole subject of Irish education; with a view to provide a general and thorough system of popular instruction. The result is given in nine reports, which together contain considerably more than three thousand printed pages in folio; and the sum of all is, that the most ignorant and illiterate of all civilized states, absolutely repudiated by the high dignitaries of the papal church, every system of public, nay even of gratuitous instruction, which should not as a starting point, reject the Bible, and admit the dogmas of Popery.

* From an Address delivered at the 23d anniversary of the American Bible Society, at New York, by the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge.

whatever is most excellent? Is it a part of instruction to set before us, the highest exhibitions of whatever is great and striking in the past? The greatness of virtue, the greatness of passion, of achievement, of effort, of transcendent civilization, of unparalleled crime? Well, what is the Bible? It is amongst other things, the record, the safety, often the only record, of the largest, the longest the most striking part of the history of genius, of knowledge, of sublime adventure, of all-glorious success,—yea of man himself! It is the text-book, out of which to unriddle the great mystery of God's providence in the government of the world! The greatest of all poets, philosophers, orators, moralists, lawgivers, rulers and conquerors, who have adorned those long annals which cover two-thirds of the whole duration of human existence here below; these are the men who have written this book! It contains their legacy of wisdom and instruction, to generations of generations! A legacy so vast and so enduring, that one single man, and he the beginner of the book, has bestowed in a few brief pages, the elements of civilization, or organized society, of law, of morals, and of religion upon every age that has succeeded him; and stamped the impress of his mind, upon the whole human race! Why, this book, which is the sum and substance of all literature more ancient than the Greek, is the substratum also of whatever exists in our modern tongues. The two great protestant translations of the Bible, the germanic and our own, formed, in truth, the two languages; and they reign over them still when centuries have passed, the highest classic respectively in each. In sober verity this book is not only the book of God, but also the book of the human race. So that to reject it is at once to be separated from the Lord and from enlightened man?

PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

It has been usual to recommend to intending communicants, and especially to those who are about to approach the table of the Lord for the first time, a particular course of retirement, meditation, reading, and prayer. In reference to this, I would venture to say to you, that I fear any short preparation of a character totally foreign to your habits, and to the habits you intend to pursue afterwards, can be of little avail. To assume for a week or for a month the external garb of severe piety, is no mark of an intention to lead a new life; nor has it, as far as I can see, any probable tendency to produce such an intention. The preparation which I am now recommending is simply a careful inquiry as to your actual state of fitness for communion. And in order to determine this, you have seriously to put the question to your own conscience, Do I so believe the Gospel as to act in accordance with my belief? Do I feel that I have no merit whereby to deserve heaven; nay, that my sins of omission and commission have justly and necessarily incurred God's wrath and condemnation? Do I believe that the fact commemorated in the Eucharist, was the purchasing of my redemption? and do I feel in my heart a sincere desire to devote myself in grateful obedience, as "a reasonable sacrifice, holy and acceptable," to Him who gave his life a ransom for me? . . . The first qualification for communion is a consciousness of your own unworthiness. But, then, there is a mere speculative conviction of sin, just as there is a mere speculative belief in redemption; and the one, like the other, is dead, and profiteth nothing. The most hardened profligate is ready, in full sincerity, to confess himself a sinner—perhaps to triumph in the boldness of his iniquity—perhaps to calm merit for the honesty of his confession. The consciousness of sin by which you must be fitted for communion, is not the bare consciousness that you have sinned, for that must be possessed by every human being that knows the difference between right and wrong; but it is a consciousness of your own actual sinfulness, combined with some perception of the intrinsic baseness, and some dread of the dangerous consequences of sin. These are the root of true Christian repentance; and without these there can exist no true Christian faith, because till they exist, the scheme of redemption will never appear of sufficient importance to have either its evidence or its contents fairly and thoroughly examined.

—Rev. C. H. Terrot.

GOD'S ORDINANCES.

For a constant and copious stream of grace and blessing to flow to us in ordinances—the appointed channels of Divine grace—we must apply to them in faith and use them with regularity and thankfulness. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—The form profiteth nothing—the power of godliness is alone valuable. Ordinances are to be regarded as both ends and means—ends of glorifying God—means of benefiting man. In both respects faith is necessary. The empty homage of the lips brings God no honour, and man no benefit. The pure incense of the heart mounts up to the throne of grace, and whilst it gives honour, and praise, and glory to Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, brings down a rich blessing upon the faithful and spiritual worshipper.—Rev. Newton Smart.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

Whoever considers attentively his own frame, will read in it abundant evidence of the wisdom of God.—So much contrivance, such delicate workmanship, such intricacy in the parts, and yet such simplicity in the whole, it would be absurd to think produced by chance, and impious to ascribe to less than God. Nor are we only wonderfully, but also fearfully made; for every joint, sinew, nerve, and vessel of our body is liable to numberless disorders, which Providence only can avert; and, above all the rest, that mysterious harmony and correspondence which is maintained between two parts of our constitution which have no affinity or resemblance to each other, the body and the spirit, we can neither aid nor comprehend; but must owe both its existence and its preservation to the ever-watchful superintendence of the Almighty. It is he that contrived, and wrought, and preserves it; and if ever it is deranged or disorganized, there is none who can restore it but he.—Rev. E. G. Marsh. Note on Psalm cxxxix.

It is not a season to begin to turn to Christ, when we cannot turn in our bed.—Lacon.

The way to keep hope alive, is to keep its glorious blessed object in view.—Horne.

THE USE OF AFFLICTION.*

"Those afflictions which have their proper effect, and humble us into true resignation, are like storms which drive rightly-directed vessels onwards to their destined ports."

O who would shun affliction's rod
When wielded by Thy hand,
Thou art an all forgiving God,
With all at Thy command.
Thou rulest every tossing wave
Upon the bright blue sea,
Thou'rt tost and driven, Thou canst save
And from destruction free.
O grant that those afflictions Lord,
Which late have been my lot,
Through inward grace may hope afford,
That I am not forgot:
Thou' darkness all my paths obscure,
And every hope seems wane,
Thy sacred word is pledged and sure,
That none shall ask in vain.
Then grant, O Lord, in mercy grant,
My bark may gently glide,
To where calm waters always flow
At morn and even-tide.
Our task then o'er, our race then run,
From care and sorrow free,
Thy smile shall be a changeless sun,
To sinners such as me.
Then blow ye storms, I heed ye not,
If guided by Thy hand,—
Afflictions ne'er should be forgot,
That leads to such bright lands.

* From the Banner of the Cross.

THE NAME JESUS.

At the time of His circumcision, our Lord, according to the Jewish custom, received his name, and "was called Jesus! which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb."—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus," said the angel to our Lord's reputed father, "for He shall save His people from their sins." Then was that name bestowed upon the incarnate Son which has now for eighteen centuries been the watch-word of peace, and joy, and consolation, to the Church of God. That name of power, of which the Holy Spirit has declared that God has given him a name which is above every name, that "at the name of Jesus every knee should bow of things in Heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." That name of mercy, of which the Evangelist declared, "signs, and wonders, and healings, were done by the name of the holy child Jesus;" at the sound of which, the lame walked, the lips were cleansed, the deaf heard, and the very dead were raised. That name of love, of which the Church of old declared, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee." All of power, all of mercy, all of love, which the weak, and wounded, and bleeding heart can need, is treasured up for it in that blessed name.

My brethren, have you experimentally found that there is virtue in the name of Jesus?—Have you ever suffered from deep depression of spirit, when all around you was dark and lowering, and no single ray of hope from earthly objects came struggling through the gloom, when you have felt as if all had forsaken you, and no man cared for your soul, at such an hour have you experienced the matchless power and efficacy of that name of love?—Oh! there is in those short syllables a sound more soothing than the fanning of a seraph's wing, more musical than the melody of an angel's harp. For that name alone is able to sustain the sinking spirit, to bind up the broken heart, and to bring peace and comfort to the despairing soul. Nay, more, that name can bring, what no other name which the lips of man have ever uttered can aspire to bring, pardon and acceptance to the most hardened, most rebellious, most God-forgetting spirit among us all. He was called Jesus, because he came to save his people from the guilt, from the power, from the consequences of their sins.

Has, then, that name no charms for you? Have you heard it often, and repeated it often, and does it convey no pleasurable feelings to your heart. We do not usually hear unmoved the name of one we love; the quickened ear catches the sound amidst a thousand voices; and of a thousand names hears that alone: the throbbing heart beats faster and higher, when that name is mentioned, for it comes laden with recollections of past joys, and hopes of future happiness. So it is to the true children of God, with the name of Jesus, their Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend; it reminds them of all that God has done for their souls; of all the assurances of pardon and peace which that blessed name has sealed to them; of those short and transient moments of close and intimate communion with Him who bears that name, which they have already realized, of those ages, those eternal ages of happiness and joy which they yet hope to spend in the Redeemer's presence, and amidst the endearments of the Redeemer's love. Blessed, thrice blessed is every soul among you, who can in that holy name recognise one who has saved you from your sins, who is the best-beloved of your soul now, and who, when your heart and your flesh fail you, shall be the strength of your heart, and your portion forever.—*Blunt's Life of Christ.*

SCRIPTURE DIFFICULTIES.

An exacter knowledge in language and circumstances would cause many difficulties in the Bible to vanish like shades before the light of the sun. *Jeremiah*, to describe a furious invader, saith, "Behold, he shall come up as a lion from the swelling of Jordan against the habitation of the strong." One would be apt to think this passage odd and improper, and that it had been more reasonable to have said, "a

lion from the mountain or the desert." But travellers who have seen the river Jordan, bounded by low lands, with many reeds or thickets, affording shelter to wild beasts (which, being suddenly dislodged by a rapid overflowing of the river, rush into the upland country), perceive the force of the comparison, and that the difficulty proceeds, not from nonsense in the writer, but from ignorance in the reader.—*Bp. Berkeley.*

The atonement which Jesus made was foretold by the prophets, and strikingly prefigured by the Jewish sacrifices. This singular method of salvation was devised by infinite wisdom, and executed by infinite grace.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNenburg, Thursday, January 23, 1840.

COLONIAL SERMONS.—It gives us pleasure to extract from the *Church*, the following notices:—one of a volume of sermons by the Rev. W. COGSWELL, Curate of St. Paul's, Halifax,—and the other, of a single sermon by the Rev. G. JARVIS of Shediac—extracts from which lately appeared in this paper—The authors are both alumni of King's College. To the former we shall probably return ere long, having but just received a copy, through the kindness of its esteemed author.

"We have much satisfaction in adding to our extracts from the *Christian Lady's Magazine*, the following remarks upon a volume of sermons, recently published by the Rev. Wm. Cogswell, curate of St. Paul's Church, Halifax. The commendations upon this work, which we subjoin, we feel assured are well merited,—as well from the character of the sermons previously published by Mr. Cogswell, which we have had the opportunity of perusing, as from the high reputation he enjoys as an impressive preacher and indefatigable parish minister amongst the subjects of his pastoral charge. Mr. Cogswell has been for some time absent from Halifax, for the purpose, we learn, of recruiting his health. By his fellow-labourers at large and those especially who reside in that city and neighbourhood, and by all the members of his flock, we are sure that his return, with the full restoration of the blessing he has been seeking, will be greeted with a fervent welcome.—The following is the extract to which we allude; and we ought to add that its author, Charlotte Elizabeth, was for some time a resident in Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia:—

"Desiring, as earnestly we do, that the Gospel may be preached in all the world, the glad tidings of an Almighty Saviour declared to every creature, there is still a peculiar feeling excited in the heart on behalf of those for whom a personal interest exists.—We love to hear that the lamp of divine truth is lighted and held forth in the house of prayer where we have been accustomed to worship—that the sweet sound of salvation by Jesus is heard in the congregation among whom we were once numbered: and if the separating distance be vast, and a mighty ocean roll between, no human prospect of our ever again revisiting the well-remembered spot, how deep a pathos belongs to the silent aspiration of a swelling heart. For my brethren and companions, saith I will now say, Peace be with thee!"

"It has pleased God to place a faithful minister in that distant church, the cathedral, we may call it of our valuable Nova Scotian colony—a branch of our transatlantic empire, the value of which is now negatively known, as being wholly uninfluenced by the demon of rebellion: and of which the tried loyalty will become more conspicuously apparent as the crisis advances. We, of course, opened with great avidity this volume, and we again closed it after shedding tears of thankfulness over its many pages of sound doctrine, of warm, fervent, affectionate, heart-stirring expostulation, in which the author has been plead-

ing with his beloved flock. Mr. Cogswell is ever mindful of what one of our elder divines has left on record—that Jesus Christ should always be the diamond breast-pin in the bosom of every sermon. He is truly so in these discourses; not a page but Christ is there in fulness of his redemption, in all the gracious and glorious offices wherein God has made him unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. The style is particularly animated and energetic; the doctrine scripturally strong, and most carefully guarded from abuse—Under any circumstances, we should have placed this book among our treasures: coming, as it does, from a native Nova Scotian, holding the sacred office of Christ's ambassador to his own brethren after the flesh, it is doubly valuable. May it be made doubly useful, by assisting to nourish Christ's flock in this country, and exciting a more affectionate interest for their brethren in that distant land."

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of an excellent Sermon preached before the Church Society of the Archdeaconry of New Brunswick, on the 7th February last, by the Rev. Geo. S. Jarvis, B. D., Rector of Shediac in that Province. The Church Societies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are designed to Promote the building of Churches and the Propagation of the Gospel in destitute places throughout those Provinces,—that conjunction, in short, of private with national effort in the Saviour's cause, which is incumbent upon all who bear his hallowed name. This duty is forcibly inculcated in the Sermon before us, upon a principle set forth by our Lord himself, and which will find a response in every heart turned from mere earthly affections to him, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." The obligation of sustaining a National Church,—the duty of every Government calling itself Christian to make a public and permanent provision for the maintenance of the Gospel within its bounds, is one so well supported by arguments from Scripture as well as from reason, that nothing has ever yet been advanced that, in the slightest degree, impairs their force; but the fulfilment of this obligation, so far from deadening or destroying individual effort in the same cause, is the best means, by the general diffusion of Christian principle, to call it into vigorous and healthful exercise. Of this the Christian enterprise now so cheerfully manifested by the members of the National Church in England, is a satisfactory proof.

We have not a few instances in the Canadian Provinces of the exercise of a similar spirit, in the voluntary maintenance of itinerant Missionaries who pursue their quiet course through the by-ways of the forest and amongst the inmates of its log-huts,—preaching to the exiles from the happy village church to which in their father-land they had been wont to bend their steps on the Sabbath-morn at the sound of the church-going bell, the glad tidings of "the Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

THE LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL,—having issued a Circular in the latter part of October to such of the clergy of Lower Canada as are situated within the limits of his proposed winter visitation, it may be convenient for them to be made aware that he expects now, with the divine permission, to set out from Quebec on the 2d of January; and, proceeding first to Montreal, to pass thence up the Ottawa. After which, about the middle of January, he will cross over from the Coteau du Lac to visit the county of Beauharnois and the adjacent tracts of country, and so by La Prairie, Montreal, and St. Johns to Missisquoi Bay and the Eastern or St. Francis townships, from whence it is his purpose to come down to William Henry, and crossing to the northern shore of the St. Lawrence to proceed to Rawdon. He will then visit the few stations of the Church of England which lie on the downward route to Quebec. This circuit will probably occupy the whole time during which the winter roads will be practicable. His Lordship reserves for the summer months the Visitation of the Districts of Quebec, and of Gaspé in the Gulf.—*Church.*

SUMMARY.

The Grand Jury Bill passed in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia

Resolutions for the union of the Canadas have passed both branches of the Legislature of Upper Canada.

The Queen of England has announced to the nation her intended marriage with Prince Albert of Saxo-Cobourg and Gotha.

Parliament was to meet on the 16th January.

An arrival at New York brings Canton papers to the 23d July. The troubles between the foreigners and the Chinese authorities at Canton were farther than ever from a settlement, and it was thought, would lead to something serious. The Admiral commanding in chief, on the Indian seas, had received orders to concentrate all his disposable naval force, and to proceed at once to Canton to support the demands of government.

A letter from Odessa, dated Nov. 4th, states that the Circassians had completely defeated the Russian cavalry, along the whole line of Sundja, and on the plains of Alanzan. The loss is estimated at 3000 men.

Sir J. Colborne received every mark of respect on his arrival in England—he is to be raised to the peerage.

The Paris journals affirm that the Turkish fleet had returned to Constantinople.

A Maine paper mentions that the Boundary question will be brought early before the State Legislature—that measures will be taken to maintain the rights of jurisdiction and the agreement made last winter between Generals Harvey and Fairfield—and that should Maine be again compelled to resort to arms, the subjugation of "all the British provinces on this continent" would be the consequence!

Most disgraceful riots and outrages occurred at New York on New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day. Parties of fellows paraded the streets, grossly insulted respectable passengers, particularly females: entered houses, seizing refreshments, destroying the furniture, and behaving with brutal grossness to some of the inmates.—They attacked one house in which a party of Dutch were amusing themselves, and on being driven out returned with reinforcements. The Germans defended the premises, fired from the windows, shot one of the rioters dead, and severely wounded several others. Dirks, swords, and clubs, were also used. Several of the Germans were wounded. The mob were met at another tavern by a fire of musquetry.—*Nor.*

Some difficulty had arisen between the States of Georgia and Maine, in consequence of the latter having assisted the southern slaves to run away from their masters.

The United States exploring expedition is said to be a failure—the men having deserted, and the commander acting otherwise imprudently.

SUPREME COURT.

Hatifax, Monday Night, 10 o'clock.

The trial of Clarke and Elexon, for the Murder of James Bosson, which came on this morning at 10 o'clock, has just terminated. Elexon has been acquitted, and Clarke convicted of wilful Murder, but strongly recommended to mercy.—*Times.*

Berlin, Sept. 20.—Two more Roman Catholic families, consisting of nineteen persons, have lately joined the Protestant Church, because on occasion of marriages the Romish clergy required a promise that the children should be educated in the Roman Catholic religion—a promise the parties refused to give; had the ceremony performed by a Protestant clergyman, and with their relations quitted the Romish Church.—*Hamburgh Paper.*

LETTERS—received since 1st Jan. 1840—Rev. N. A. Coster, Rev. G. Jarvis, Rev. L. Doolittle, Rev. Chas. Angles, Rev. Charles Shreve, James T. Allison, Esq.; Capt. R. Binney, (each with remit.); George Bergman, Esq. (new subs)

DIED.

At Digby, N. S. on Thursday the 28th Nov. George Augustus, son of the late Rev. Roger Veits, in the 19th year of his age.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK may be had at his Office. It is an improved Edition, and well deserving the attention of Farmers. January 23.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

The Rochester (U. S.) Democrat, has the following article:—

BASE ATTEMPT TO MURDER A CLERGYMAN.—Some one effected an entrance into the house of the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, the Catholic clergyman in this city, on Thursday night last, and with a large bludgeon proceeded to the room where he was asleep, and inflicted wounds upon the reverend gentleman so serious as to leave him senseless for some time.

He can recollect nothing but giving one scream and hearing indistinct footsteps. When assistance came, he was bleeding profusely and quite helpless. The blow struck the forehead immediately over the eyes, and Mr. O'R. feels that it is through providential interference that he escaped with his life. He suffered much from acute pain on Friday and Saturday.

The only cause that can be assigned for this desperate act is, that Mr. O'R. has been receiving funds in behalf of a College in or near New York, which he had in his house, and it is thought the base wretch had this in view.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we learn that some examinations will take place to-day—one person being under arrest.

The whole affair is mysterious; and we will only now add the expression of our satisfaction that the worthy clergyman is considered beyond danger from his wounds.

ANECDOTES.

A young man was once led by his companions to a scene of dissipation, where they indulged in festivity and sin. In the midst of their enjoyment, the clock struck one. The following passage, from "Young's Night Thoughts," rushed on the young man's mind.

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? W a the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done? My hope and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss,
A dread eternity.

The effect of the recollection of this passage was solemn and powerful. He could no longer enjoy the scene around him. He quickly retired, but his soul continued to be troubled; nor did he find rest till he had chosen the Saviour for his portion. Reader! when you hear the clock tell the departure of another hour, will you ask yourself what report it bore to heaven? and how many more hours you are likely to have, to waste, perhaps in sin?—*S. S. Journal.*

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

One day in which there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dumblain, he was descried, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him, but wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one of them presently said, "I will lay down by the way side as if I were dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the Archbishop came up the infamous wretch told him this fabricated story, and the holy, unsuspecting man believing it, sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him actually dead. Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, *Oh, sir! he is dead!* On which the Archbishop returned, discovered the fraud, and said, "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!"—*Church Magazine.*

LITURGY MENDERS.

Some, says Fuller, complained against the Liturgy to the Lord Burleigh, of whom he demanded, "whether they desired the taking away thereof."—

They answered, "No; but only the amendment of what was offensive therein." He required them to make a better, such as they would have settled in the stead thereof. Whereupon the first classis framed a new one, somewhat according to the form of Geneva. The second classis disliking it, altered it in six hundred particulars. The third quarelled at those alterations, and resolved on a new model.—The fourth classis dissented from the former.—*Ibid.*

A Tunnel.—A deacon in — went to his minister, and professing to speak the sentiments of the congregation, began to complain of his style of preaching. "I do not say these things for myself," said the deacon; "I am not at all dissatisfied; but the people are very uneasy, and I am afraid we shall have trouble." "How is it," inquired the pastor, "that you hear all these complaints? No other member of the Church seems to be so familiar with them as you are?" "Oh," said the deacon, "they all know that I am on terms of intimacy with you, and they make me the tunnel, into which they pour every thing which they wish you to hear." "Yes," replied the pastor, "and it is because you are a tunnel that they use you as such.—*Epis. Rec.*

Charles the Second, says Addison, he ring the celebrated Roscius a free thinker, repeating some incredible stories of the Chinese, turning to those about him said, 'this learned divine is a strange man; he believes every thing but the Bible.'—*Ch Almanack.*

IMPRECATORY PSALMS.

Psalm 5, verse 10.—"Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels: cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions, for they have rebelled against thee."

Concerning passages of this imprecatory kind in the book of Psalms, it is to be observed, that they are not spoken of private and personal enemies, but of the opposers of God and his Anointed; nor of any among these, but the irreclaimable and finally impenitent; and thus by way of prediction rather than imprecation; which would appear, if the original verbs were translated uniformly in the future tense, as they might be, and indeed, to cut off all occasion from them which desire it, should be translated. The verse before us would then run thus, "Thou wilt destroy them, O God; they shall perish by their own counsels; thou wilt cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions, for they have rebelled against thee." The words, when rendered in this form contain a prophecy of the infatuation, rejection, and destruction of such as should obstinately persevere in their opposition to the counsels of heaven, whether relating to David, to Christ, or to the Church. The fate of Abitophel and Absalom, of Judas and the Jews should warn others not to offend after the same example.—*Gos. Mess.*

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.—*Matt. v. 4.*

O stay not thy hand when the winter winds rude,
Blow cold through the dwelling of want and despair,
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,
Or if folly has wrought the wreck that is there.

When the heart-stricken wanderer asks thee for bread
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;
When the wife moans in sadness—the children unfed,
The cup must be bitter—oh! ask not the cause.

When the Saviour of men raised his finger to heal
Did he ask if the sufferer were Gentile or Jew?
When the thousands were fed with the bountiful meal,
Did he give it alone to the faithful and few?

Oh, scan not too closely the frailties of those,
Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold winter's day:
But give to the friendless who tells thee his woes,
And from him that would borrow, oh! turn not away.

DR. COSTILL.

POETRY.

AN EVENING PRAYER.*

Lord of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow :
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

I humbly, O Lord, I come to thee,
Sinful before thee fall ;
My Saviour's blood my only plea,
My life, my hope, my all :
Clothe me in the Redeemer's dress,
His spotless robe of righteousness.

I pray thy grace my wayward heart
From this vain world to free ;
The riches of thy love impart
To live alone to thee ;
Take me, and claim me for thine own—
Make me but thine, and thine alone.

O may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow !
To thee and to thy glory live—
Dead else to all below :

Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path of God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day :
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing—
Lord, teach me how to pray.
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity.

Thou, blessed God, has been my guide,
Through life my guard and friend ;
Yet still throughout life's wearied tide :
Preserve me to the end ;
And when this life's sad journey's past,
Receive me to thyself at last.

In my Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings I implore ;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore :
Lead from thy throne of earth and skies,
And bless my evening sacrifice.

ETERNITY.

Onwards, Onwards,—You are hastening onwards to Eternity as fast as time can fly.—Another moment is past, and you are nearer to Death and Judgment—to Heaven or to Hell.—Have you ever seriously thought of this solemn word ETERNITY;—for ever and ever? You would consider that person guilty of extreme folly, who, for the pleasures of an hour, would sacrifice the comforts of a life; yet he is wise compared with the individual, who, for the pleasures of Time, gives up the joys of Eternity. The present Time is of infinite importance. Do not neglect it! You are now warned—you are now living—mercy is now offered to you, and Jesus Christ who died on the cross to save sinners, is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. He is able to save you. "Seek ye the while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah lv. 6, 7.

SCOTTISH EPISCOPACY.

We are fortunate in having an example how Christians may lawfully separate from an established

* From the Church of England Magazine.

Church; and how they ought to behave in their separation. The Episcopalians of Scotland thus separate, because they deem themselves bound to remain in a communion governed by the apostolic order of bishops, which the national establishment has lost or rejected. Their principle rests upon the plain duty of obeying at all events the spiritual authority which God has appointed from the foundation of his Church, whether it be recognised or neglected, established or persecuted, by the civil power. But they acquiesce without murmuring in the poverty and obscurity to which the non-conformity exposes them; and they make no attempt to disturb the existing arrangements of the country. They separate, not because Presbyterianism is established by the state, but because Episcopacy has been ordained by God: and since obedience for conscience' sake, under whatever trials or discouragement, has been their ruling principle, we cannot wonder, however we may admire, at the noble example they display of uncomplaining meekness and devoted loyalty. They who are true to God will always be loyal to their king. Far otherwise they, who, deeming all orthodox sects indifferent, and of equal authority in themselves, yet contend, that if the state sanction any one of them, that one ought therefore to be resisted. Thus they canonise rebellion; and truly they honour their patron saint.—From Oslor's Church and Dissent.

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HALIFAX, JAN. 1st, 1840.

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FOR

1840.

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