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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 III.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1837.

NUMBER 2.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

And the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from off

Oh! for that land of perfect love  
Where joy and peace eternal reign,  
The land of happiness above  
Undarkened by earth's wo and pain.  
No sorrow there is known in heaven,  
And mourning from its confines flies;  
Our God his promise sure hath given,  
"Tears shall be wiped from off all eyes!"

Though here by cares and griefs oppressed,  
Affliction's bitter cup ye drain,  
Then trust in Him, his promised rest  
Shall soothe the sting of earthly pain.

Mourner! art thou in heart forlorn,  
For thee no comfort here is given;  
Yet look beyond this mortal bourne!  
Tears shall be wiped away in heaven.

## TEMPERANCE.

Temperance shortens human life, and tends powerfully to lead men to dishonor God, and forever to destroy their souls.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

From the Fifth Annual Report of the American Temperance Society:—

Intemperant spirit increases the number, frequency, and violence of diseases, and tends to bring those who use it to an early grave. In one place, (Portsmouth, N. H.) of 500 people, twenty-one persons were killed by it in one year.

In another, (Salem, Mass.) of 181 deaths, twenty were occasioned in the same way. Of ninety-one who died in another city, (New Haven, Conn.) in one year, thirty-two, according to the testimony of the Association, were occasioned, directly or indirectly, by strong drink; and a similar proportion had been occasioned by it in previous years.

In another city, (New York, N. J.) of sixty-seven adult deaths in one year, more than one-third were caused by intoxicating liquor. In another city, (Philadelphia, Penn.) of 4292 deaths 700 were occasioned in the same way.

The physicians of another city, (Annapolis, Maryland,) state that of thirty-two persons, male and female, who died in 1828, above eighty years of age, ten, or nearly one-third, died of disease occasioned by intemperance; that eighteen were males, and six females, of these, nine, or one half, died of intemperance.

As it is called, of ardent spirits, lays the foundation of a numerous train of incurable maladies, we feel that in expressing the belief, that were the use of liquors entirely discontinued, the number of deaths among the male adults would be diminished at least one

third. An eminent physician, "Since our people generally give up the use of spirit, they have not had more sickness as they had before; and I have no doubt, should all the people of the United States cease to use spirit, that nearly half the sickness of the country, would

Alcohol so effects the understanding that moral considerations are less clearly perceived; and it so affects the heart, that moral obligation is less powerfully felt.—It causes the conscience to lie more dormant, and the imagination to be more extensively and deeply polluted, and polluting. It corrupts the very source and springs of moral action, and brings a man peculiarly in all respects, under the power of the devil. Mental iniquity, from which the mind, when not poisoned, instinctively recoils, becomes, when it is, the element of its delicious revel; and crimes from the thought of which it before started back with abhorrence, it now commits with greediness. And so perfectly is this known, that, by the agents of him, who was from the beginning "a murderer," it is furnished for this very purpose.

A young man in Ireland committed a murder, in March, 1833. He was afterwards tried at Killkenny, and pronounced by the jury to be guilty. "Yes, my Lord," said the prisoner, "I am guilty;" and pointing to his mother, a woman of more than eighty years of age, who stood by, he said, "She was the cause of it." She had agreed beforehand, for the price of the blood of Mr. Lennard, the man, who, according to that agreement, was to be murdered, by her son.

She watched for the coming of the unfortunate and unsuspecting man, and when she saw him approaching, she handed her son the pistol, with which to take his life. But there was not enough wickedness and hardness in the young man to commit the deed. He instinctively shrunk back saying, "How can I murder the poor gentleman?" His mother handed him the whiskey bottle, which she had got for the occasion, and said, "Take that." He took it, shot the man, and was hanged. (Br. Par. Rep. p. 292.)

It increases the wickedness of the soul; and prepares it to be led captive by the adversary of all good, at his pleasure. The men, therefore, who manufacture, import, sell, or in any way furnish it, to be used as a drink, are assisting the old murderer in the work of human destruction.

Another young man who had committed a crime, so horrid that it was thought to be incredible, was asked by the magistrate in his examination, how it was possible, that he could commit such a crime? He answered, "With the help of whiskey I could commit twenty such crimes." (Do. p. 299.)

It tends to remove all difficulties, arising from moral considerations, in the way to hell; and to keep its victim, till his probation closes, from turning his eye toward the path of life.—Family Temperance Agent.

We find the following interesting article in a late No. of the "Missionary":—

## MISSIONARY FOR JERUSALEM.

On Sunday, March 19, in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, the most Rev. Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed the Bishop of London, Mr. John Nicholayson, who has been appointed minister of the Church soon to be erected, God willing, in Jerusalem. The same Rev. gentleman was ordained priest on Trinity Sunday by the Bishop of London. Mr. Nicholayson, proceeded forthwith to Jerusalem fully authorised to purchase the grounds, and the materials for the proposed Church. He was to embark on the 23d of June, for the Holy Land. How much this event calls for the gratitude and the prayers of the Church Catholic, every Christian must feel. A Missionary of the cross has gone forth to proclaim salvation where the Saviour was crucified. A Church is to be erected in the city which was indeed the mother of all the Churches. What thoughts will thrill the breast of the preacher as he

recollects that he lifts up his voice to announce good tidings of great joy in the land over which a multitude of the heavenly host hovered, and sung in the still winter evening; that his feet press the streets trodden by the incarnate Son of God. It may not be amiss to mention in this connection, that there are at the present time, eight Jews who are Clergymen of the Church of England; and that more of that ancient people have become Christians within the last twenty years than since the first ages of the Church. Let these facts awaken a new sympathy in behalf of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and incite many fervent prayers that the branches which now lie withered and lifeless may, by God's mercy he grafted anew in the tree of life. Surely the sentiment of fervent Paul should grace every Christian heart, and burn on every Christian lip, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved."

Rev. George Cowles and Wife.—In the list of unfortunate individuals who were lost in the steamboat Home, from this port for Charleston, we perceive the names of the Rev. George Cowles and wife. Mrs. Cowles was the sister of the Rev. William Adams, of this city; her husband, for several years, was the pastor of the first church in Danvers, Mass. Very feeble health obliged him about two years since, to seek a dissolution of his pastoral relation, and at the time of his death he was on his way to a southern residence for the winter. When in this city, for the first time within two years, he was able to preach, in the lecture room of the Central Church, a discourse which will long be remembered for its impressive and solemn character. Few have ever been so generally and deservedly beloved.

It will afford their numerous friends great consolation to learn—that amidst the terrors of that appalling scene, they maintained the utmost composure, and even a serious willingness to depart. When last seen, they were reclining side by side on the luggage, and a kind Providence permitted a survivor to report, as the last words which fell from the lips of Mr. Cowles—"He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even in the perils of the sea."—N. Y. Observer.

Legacy to Bishop Chase.—We have recently received and remitted to Bishop Chase the sum of \$200, being a legacy bequeathed to him by the late Miss Juliet M. Glimmer of Virginia. The letter which accompanies the remittance speaks in terms of great respect for the labors and self-denial of Bishop Chase, in regard for which has prompted this expression of interest and kindness in his behalf.—Epis. Rec.

## FAITH IN CHRIST.

There is no sure refuge but in Christ. The sinner tries every place of security, before he will enter this ark. He is exposed to a storm; he sees a shelter provided; but is unwilling to repair to it. He flies from one place of fancied security to another. The storm increases. All his hiding places are, one by one, swept away; and at last left, without a shelter to the raging of the storm, he feels his need of Christ, and flies for refuge to the only hope that is set before him in the Gospel.

*From the Church.*

A Tribute to the Memory of the Right Reverend CHARLES JAMES STEWART, D.D. late Lord Bishop of Quebec.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

## I.

Rest—Christian warrior! rest;—the war is past,  
Rest—for the fight is fought,  
The battle bravely won;  
Death is disarm'd;—the enemy—the last—  
Yields to the strength supplied  
By God's victorious Son!  
No more thy cheering voice  
May marshal for the field;  
That practised arm no more  
The Spirit's sword shall wield;  
Our honour'd chief no more shall need  
Faith's all-protecting shield;—  
Rest—Christian Warrior! rest.

## II.

Rest—faithful Shepherd! rest,—your task is done,  
Rest—for your Pastor saith—  
"To me the Charge resign—  
"True to thy trust, thou good and faithful one!  
"Enter my heavenly fold,  
"Partake of bliss divine.  
"The streams to which thou erst  
"Wast wont my flock to lead,  
"The pastures where by thee  
"My sheep were taught to feed,  
"Are all surpass'd by higher joys  
"For thee by Love decreed."  
Rest—Faithful Shepherd! rest.

## III.

Rest—wakeful Watchman! rest;—the night is past;  
Rest—for a glorious day  
Bursts on thy wearied eye!  
Spent was the night in vigil, pray'r, and fast,  
Lest Zion to the foe  
Should fall a sacrifice.  
Rest—where no ruthless storm  
Thy watchfire can destroy;  
Rest—where no ambush'd foe  
God's Israel can annoy;  
Securely rest in perfect peace  
In Israel's Keeper's joy!  
Rest—Wakeful Watchman! rest.

## IV.

Rest—pilgrim Bishop! rest;—thy toils are o'er;  
Rest—for the great Highpriest,  
The Bishop of thy soul  
Stayeth thy pilgrimage for evermore;  
Run is the rugged race,  
And gain'd is glory's goal!  
Thou guileless man of God!  
Thou venerable priest!  
Unnumber'd works of love  
Thy righteousness attest.  
Apostle of the western wilds,—  
Thy ministry was best,  
Rest—pilgrim Bishop! rest.

## V.

Rest—on the Saviour rest thy rev'rend head;  
Rest—thou who ne'er desired  
Labour or loss to shun;  
Old at three score, and gather'd to the dead!  
The glass of 'rolling years'  
How prematurely run!—  
Thus God to us appoints  
A clouded, darksome day;  
Thus God from ills to come  
The righteous takes away;

Yet,—to her Father's will resigned

The Church bereav'd doth say:—  
"Rest,—Soldier—Shepherd—Pilgrim—Priest—  
"Friend—Father—worn out watcher, rest;—  
"Sleep thou in Jesus—on that Saviour's breast!"  
E. D.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

Luke 19. 46.—"My house is the house of prayer."

Listen to any notice given in certain places of worship,—  
"Mr. — will preach in the union meeting house on Sunday next." Again, ask the first dozen you happen to meet on that Lord's day, for what they are going to meeting, and they will certainly reply, "to hear Mr. So-and-So preach." God's house by them is supposed to be a house for preaching instead of a house for prayer. And I am afraid that in their zeal to differ from the practice of the church, they have so long slighted prayer, and mustered all their powers for their preaching, as almost to have forgotten the very end for which the congregation ought to be assembled.

The reading of God's word—prayer and praise—are the ingredients of the christian's worship;—they constitute the christian's sacrifice; and admirably are they mingled in the services of the church. Strange therefore does it seem that men's ears should so perversely itch as to slight in their religious assemblies the noblest privilege vouchsafed us by a gracious Providence.

C.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

Messrs. Editors,

The annexed charge of Bishop McLVINE, the present Bishop of Ohio, to the Clergy of his Diocese, has given to my own mind, very great pleasure, and I humbly trust, instruction also; and having somewhere met with an admonition that it is a duty to communicate to others, any work or writing which we conceive to have benefited ourselves, I send it for insertion in the Colonial Churchman, should you deem it to possess sufficient value.

A.

"Brethren in the ministry of Christ,—it has pleased God to allow us the pleasure of assembling ourselves together, and consulting with one another for the promotion of the blessed Gospel committed to our trust. I would embrace the opportunity thus presented, of addressing you in obedience to an enactment of our church, which requires her Bishops, occasionally, and not unfrequently to deliver a charge to the clergy of their respective dioceses. My object will be the promotion of an increase of faithfulness and of fruit in the discharge of your work as ambassadors of Christ; humbly beseeching Him, without whom we can do nothing in wisdom, nothing in holiness, nothing to edification, to give me grace, that in all things I may speak "as the oracles of God" in "the mind of Christ."

You are well aware that the great work for which your sacred office was established, is the preaching of the Gospel.

However various the means and modes by which christians of all orders are bound, in their respective spheres, and according to their distinctive vocations, to be co-workers with God in promoting his kingdom; all are subordinate to—all depend for sufficiency upon the faithful and enlightened execution of that last command of the Saviour to his ministry—"Go preach the Gospel." It was the simple unquestioning obedience of an undaunted faith to this one command, united with unquenchable love to Christ and the souls of sinners, that constituted, under God, the whole power of the apostolic ministry, and gained those stupendous victories of the truth at which the weaker faith and more hesitating obedience of modern times have so much wondered. And none can read the scriptures intelligently without perceiving that it hath pleased God that sinners shall be saved chiefly through the instrumentality of the preaching of the Gospel: and especially, that the great things to come—the in-gathering of the nations—the univer-

sal reign of the Son of Man as the accepted King over all people and languages, are to be accomplished by means which, without excluding the use of many subordinate measures, will refer the grand result to the preaching of the Gospel—"the foolishness of preaching," as the chosen and chief ordinance of God, by which to make known His wisdom and power in saving them that believe. Hence should it be inferred, that while there are many objects of christian benevolence which have an imperious claim on the affections and assistance of christians, no should stand so exalted in the hearts of all that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, as the increase of the number of devoted ministers of the Gospel, and the furtherance of all who have received the ministry, in that heavenly skill by which they may most successfully preach the word, and that missionary spirit by which they may emulate the examples of the Apostles, till there be no speech in language where their voice is not heard.

Another thing you cannot have failed to notice. While such eminent importance is attached to the preaching of the Gospel—so that it is written "faith cometh by hearing;" there is one distinguishing feature of the preaching of the Apostles, on the continual and prominent exhibition of which they rested all their hope of advancing the cause of their Master. Various as were the topics on which they spake, and skilful as they were to accommodate their instructions to the different circumstances and characters of their hearers,—there was one great subject in which all hearers were taught to behold the beginning and the ending of religion, the whole consolation of a sinful world—the whole business strength and glory of a christian minister. They made it their invariable principle to know nothing, glory in nothing, among men, but "Jesus Christ as him crucified," so that "every where, in the temple and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." To set forth the glories of his person and of his work—to teach him in his various offices and benefits, in his humiliation and death, his resurrection and exaltation, in his freedom of grace to receive, and his fulness of grace to save the chief of sinners; to persuade men to flee to him as their refuge, to follow him as their shepherd, submit to him as their King, to rejoice in him as the everlasting portion, and always and by all means glorify him as head over all things for his people, this was their life's business unto which they had separated themselves as to be virtually dead to whatever might hinder its promotion. Sitting at the feet of their inspiration, to learn by what teaching the minister of the gospel, in those days, may hope to be made instrumental "in bringing many sons to glory," we obtain this most important lesson, that preach "Christ crucified" is to preach the Gospel, that nothing can be done to any purpose for the salvation of sinners, but so far as this one subject is exhibited in simplicity; that while all learning and eloquence and human wisdom, without this, can do nothing; all that is feeble and foolish among the men of the world, if it have but this, may be mighty through God, to confound the wise and win souls to Christ; consequently, that all our talents and powers should be drawn this way and concentrated upon this very thing of learning through the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost, the more simple, spiritually, completely "to teach and preach Jesus Christ. Dear Brethren, if this be a lesson for life, it is worth a thousand lives to know and practice it. Without what would it profit us, or the perishing souls whom we are sent, should we understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and speak with the various tongues of men and the eloquence of angels? Preaching would be as effectual to the overthrowing of the kingdom of Satan in the hearts of men, as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—while we, the balance of the sanctuary, would weigh as "straw than nothing and vanity."

What then is it so to preach, that it may be justified, in the sense of the apostle, that we "preach Christ crucified?" There are many ways of preaching this excellence without reaching it, of failing in the fruits of an evangelical ministry without perceiving the cause. It is possible to preach a great deal of important truth having an essential relation to the gospel—truth unmingled with any





## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE ANGRY CHILD.

The following affecting tale is from *The Infant Annual*, and ought to be read by the young to show them the dreadful effects of giving way to anger. See, young reader, to what anger sometimes leads, if you indulge it. It is possible you may not occasion the death of a brother or a friend; but remember that God will not, on that account, forget your sin.

Little Harriet M. was between four and five years old. She was in many respects a very good little girl; she was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper: when any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was in a passion; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet with her little face swelled and inflamed with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with her feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, "I don't love you, Mary—I don't love you—I hate you." She stopped when she saw her mamma. "What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M. to the servant. "It is just thus, ma'm," said Mary, "that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room out of her little new jug, and when I forbade her, she threw the water in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen." Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sob had quite gone. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice desired her to repeat after her the following words: "O my heavenly Father! look down with pardoning mercy on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. O my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon the evil I have done this day, for Jesus Christ sake. Amen." Harriet trembled exceedingly, but she repeated the words after her mamma, and as she did so, in her heart she wished that God would hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was gone. Harriet answered "Not quite, mamma, but it is better." "Very well," said Mrs. M., "till it is quite gone, I will tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check, my poor child, your bad and furious temper.

"Lord and Lady—were very great and rich people; they had one child, and it was a daughter; they were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful, but like you, Harriet, she had a naughty temper; like you she got into transports, of rage when any thing vexed her; and like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again, but the next temptation, all that was forgotten, and she was angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son, a sweet, sweet little tender baby; her papa and mamma were very glad, and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that her papa and mamma would not care for her now, all their love and pleasure would be in this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly, "You are a wicked woman to say so—mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her;" and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mother's room. The servant called after her, "come Miss, you need not go to your mamma's room, she won't care you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by

a strange woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this woman, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now;" she was going to say more—she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma was, because she was very sick and must not be disturbed: but she was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, that she must be prevented coming into her mamma's room. Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked woman burst out a laughing, and said, "I told you that, Miss, you see your mamma does not love you now." The poor child became mad with fury, she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent, new born baby, the maid whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair; and O Harriet, Harriet, like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it with all her force on the little tender head. It gave one little struggle, and breathed no more." "Why, mamma, mamma," cried Harriet, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?" "It was dead—killed by its own sister." "O mamma, mamma, what a dreadful little girl! O mamma, I am not so wicked, I never killed a little baby," sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M., solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? you are more wicked; and but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment, more miserable. Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little child—you would have killed her; it was only because she was bigger, and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed she gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right—whereas, no one can wonder that Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid: yet you may observe, that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she was in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love, that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed." "And, mamma, what did Eveline's mamma say to her for killing her little baby?" Eveline never saw her dear and beautiful young mamma again: she died that night with grief and horror, at hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered,—and by whom?" "O dear, O dear mamma, was Eveline sorry?" "My love how can you ask such a question?" "But, mamma, I mean, how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?" "Indeed, Harriet it is not easy to know how she could be sorry enough; all I know is she lived to be a great lady; she lived to be a mother herself, and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile." "And, mamma, was it quite a true story? it is so dreadful." "Yes, my child, it is quite true; that unfortunate child was the great grandmother of the present Earl of E——." "My dearest mamma," said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, "let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become miserable." "Yes, my love, pray to him for that end; he will hear and bless you, but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

This we believe is perfectly true; the unfortunate angry child was Anne, Countess of Crawford and Livingston, in her right her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smothering iron, which in her paroxysm of rage she snatched up, and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family, and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed she had committed, and which was the means of her having attained to so many honors. She was amiable and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortun-

nate Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1746, who, whatever might have been the motive of his loyalty to the king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to concern. Notwithstanding this, his excellent and unhappy husbandly hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is well known.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## "WHAT DOES HE WANT?"

"What does he want?" said a person once of a pastor, "what does he want? Have we not done everything in our power to satisfy him? What more can we do, what more can any Church do to render her pastor contented, or to procure for herself the estimable blessing of peace?"

There are several things which a faithful pastor may want, and without which he may be very far from being fully satisfied, which some professors of religion consider as matters of very small moment, indeed as matters of any moment at all.

1. He may want to see his flock spiritual, devoted and useful Christians, causing their light to shine before men, and aorning the doctrine of Christ by consistent walk and conversation.

2. He may want to see his people all at peace—in love, among themselves—and habitually and mutually discharging all the relative and social duties which their covenant engagements impose.

3. He may want to see all the enactments and decisions of the Church regularly and faithfully executed, so as to convince him that the members are at least as much alive to the claims of religion, as they were to those of the world.

4. He may want to see his flock doing something for the general cause of Christ on the earth by contributing to the support of Bible, missionary and other institutions—so as to show that they feel some of the spirit of primitive Christianity.

5. He may want to see among his brethren a general disposition to attend their meetings, to improve their privileges, and otherwise to benefit themselves and others by a conscientious discharge of duty.

6. He may want to see a rigid and wholesome discipline maintained in the Church, agreeably to the provisions of the Gospel; so far, at least, as may be thought necessary for the good of the whole.

7. He may want to see his own wishes regarded and his own counsel observed, in those matters, any rate, in which the welfare of the Church, and his own usefulness as a minister may be supposed to be involved.

8. He may want to see himself treated with much respect and civility by his brethren, as he is accustomed to receive from people of the world.

9. He may want to see his brethren cordially and zealously uniting with him in devising and executing plans for the enlargement of his congregation, the conversion of sinners, the welfare of the Church, and the general interests of Zion.

All these things a conscientious minister may want—and for the want of them, after having waited and remonstrated for a season in vain, he may very properly give up his charge, as the husbandman would abandon a piece of ground which promises no increase. No minister should be satisfied who sees that his services are not duly appreciated, and turned to the best account by the people to whom he ministers. All this, however, is, no doubt, wondrous strange to a worldly professor, who feels but little concern for the interests of religion, and is, therefore surprised that all others should not be as easily satisfied amid the desolations of Zion as he is himself. *Biblical Recorder.*

The father of William Penn was opposed to his son's religious principles; but finding that he acted with sincerity, was at last reconciled. When dying he adjured him to do nothing contrary to his conscience. "So," said he, "you will keep peace with all men, which will be a comfort in the day of trouble."

## From the Missionary.

## A FILIAL TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

In an address delivered by Mr. Pownall, a candidate for Parliament from Westminster, there occurs the following eloquent and truly filial tribute to that blessed communion, the good old church of England. It serves to show how much that Church is yet revered and beloved by her intelligent and pious laymen. Throughout the length and breadth of England, in her palaces and cottages, the Church has many such sons. In their prayers, the Church of England is safe. God is in the midst of her, and therefore all she not be removed; God shall help her, and all at right well.

It is not for a town, for a city, or for a country, that we are contending, but for the land of our forefathers, the land that is dear to us; it is not only for the institutions to which I have been alluding, but for that which is even more dear to us, our rational Protestant Church—that Church, which while it was the brightest fruit of the Reformation, has continued for upwards of three hundred years the glory of the Protestantism of Europe. Where can you point to any other of the Reformed Churches that has maintained the principles of the Reformation pure and unaltered as they are maintained in the articles and services of the Church of England? Where is there a Church containing all that Christianity enjoins on her followers, exhibiting to others that kindness and purity which they imbibe with their earliest lessons, the same time bringing their children around that common centre of human sympathy and human hope—the Cross that consummated eternal love? Where shall we find another Church which has weathered the storms and vicissitudes of time and circumstance, and now exhibits as fair a front to the Christian world as the Church which it is our duty, our privilege, and our pleasure to uphold? It is said that the Church is old, and that the name given to her is "Old Mother Church." Why, it is precisely for this reason that I would cling more closely to her. It is the duty of the child to love the parent as she becomes more venerable with years, with more interest and sympathy than when she was in the vigor and prime of life. As we grow more matured we should feel more value of the instructions she gave us in our youth; we should esteem more highly the comforts and consolations she poured forth in her liturgies and services, and more duly appreciate the everlasting things which we have been taught to aspire through her ministrations. As the font received us when we could not blisp her hallelujahs, so the grave will receive us when we cease to repeat them, and the hallowed bosoms of the church-yard solitudes grow over us, till the trumpet sounds that shall summon us to re-echo through-out eternity."

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

To comfort the desponding parent with the thought without diminishing the stock which is imperiously demanded to furnish the more pressing and homely wants of our nature, he has disposed of one or more naps out of a numerous offspring, under the shelter of care scarce less tender than the paternal, where not only their bodily cravings shall be supplied, but mental pabulum is also dispensed, which He has declared to be no less necessary to our sustenance, who said, that "not by bread alone doth man live." For this Christ's Hospital unfolds her bounty. Neither, on the one hand, are the youth lifted up above their family, which we must suppose liberal, though reduced; nor, on the other hand, are they liable to be depressed below its level by the mean habits and sentiments, which a common charity-school generates. In a word, an institution, to keep those who have held up their heads in the world from sinking; to preserve alive the spirit of a decent household, when every one is in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back to his father, with feelings and habits more congenial to him than he could ever have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and rectifying principle, an antidote for the *res angustula*, when it presses as it always does, most heavily on the most ingenuous natures.—*Charles Lamb.*

## THE REV. JOSEPH WOLFF.

This distinguished traveller and philanthropist has lately visited our city. He gave a narrative of his travels and adventures on Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week, to the largest congregations that could be assembled. To say that he interested all who heard him, is only to say what has occurred wherever he has gone. In private, all who have seen him are delighted with him, and he has left a most favourable impression, and an ardent desire for his return. He has gone to Baltimore and Washington, and will soon visit Boston. He travels entirely at his own expense, and, like the Apostles, 'covets no man's silver or gold or apparel.' All he asks is to be heard, for Jesus' sake. It is the fashion of some, who know but little of Mr. Wolff, to call him an eccentric man; we should rather call him, if the expression were allowable, intensely concentric—every thought and purpose and desire of his nature being centered in a single object, the promotion of the conversion and salvation of his brethren according to the flesh, depressed and erring Israel. He will spend two or three months in the United States, when he will go to Africa, with the determination to visit that 'great unknown' the city of Timbuctoo, and then return to England to his family. He is much pleased with his reception here, and delighted with most things in the country. He has a volume of his Journal in the press at Philadelphia, the copy right of which, with his usual disregard of self, he has given for benevolent uses.—*Missionary.*

## INTELLIGENCE.

*The German Church, New York.*—On Wednesday October 4, Bishop Onderdonk laid the corner-stone of St. Timothy's Church, in sixth-street, City of New York. Though the weather was unpropitious, a large number of persons assembled, among whom we observed many Germans, most of them regular or occasional attendants on the services of the Rev. Mr. Milk, the minister of St. Timothy's Church—about eighteen of the clergy, some of the students from the Theological Seminary, and a number of laymen were present.—The procession formed at St. Mark's Church, in the Bowery, and reached the site of the church about five P. M. After the usual services, in English, a tin box was produced, and its contents announced by Mr. Fock, an active layman, who was born in Germany, but has now been many years an American citizen. The box contained a copy of the Bible as translated by Luther, a hymn-book, the Prayer-book, as far as it is has been adapted to our service in German, an English Prayer-book, three numbers of the *Churchman*, containing notices of the Church, a German newspaper, Reports of the Young Men's Missionary and Education Society, some of whom have been very zealous in promoting the welfare of the infant church, tracts, &c., in German, and a history of the church, embracing an account of its organization, the names of its wardens and vestry, the ordination of its first minister, &c. &c. The address was delivered in the German language, by the Rev. James C. Richmond, of Bloomingdale. He adverted to the fact that this was the first time that the corner-stone of a Protestant Episcopal German church had been laid in this city; and it is believed to be the first in the western hemisphere, if not in the world. Almost all who expect to worship here have left their country and sought another home beyond the broad ocean that now rolls between them and their father land. They had come to a new world, to a nation of strangers, and they heard no longer among the busy crowds with whom they mingled the accents of their mother tongue. But while all beside was changed, there was one unchangeable, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Mr. Richmond read some extracts from an interesting letter received by him a few months since, from Dr. Thorluck, of Halle, and written with immediate reference to the establishment of German Churches in this country. As some parts of the letter are of general interest especially as containing the opinions of one of the most learned and pious of the Lutherans, in reference to our own church, as well as to the Church of England, they will probably be translated for the press. The speaker held this letter in his hand, and then alluded to the occasion when, in

1835, he administered the communion to various denominations of Germans in one of our far western states, to show that hearts widely distant in the east and the west, were beating in unison for the prosperity of this church.

He also spoke of the manner in which the church of St. Sulpicio was built in Paris, as an encouragement to this little, but most zealous band of Germans to go on and build in *faith and in hope.*

They will do so; and who will not aid them in this commencement of a truly great and glorious work?—If there are in this city thirty thousand Germans: if one-tenth of the inhabitants of our country speak in no other than the German tongue; if most of them, unused to similar mental efforts, burdened with the care of obtaining a livelihood, (for the rich seldom desert their country,) are too far advanced in life to learn the English language, is it not time for us to put some mite at last into the hand which they stretch out to us, imploring aid that they may hear, every man, the wonderful works of God in his own tongue.—*Churchman.*

*The Waste Lands of Ireland.*—The Report of the Irish Poor-law Commissioners states that there are 5,340,736 acres of uncultivated, and 14,603,000 acres of cultivated land in Ireland. The uncultivated acres amount, therefore, to more than one-third of those now under cultivation; and, to more than one-fourth of the entire island. The major portion of this immense extent of waste land—including, as it does, bog and mountain, is easily reclaimable, and convertible to the production of grain; and Ireland has a right to expect and demand that Government will appropriate a large sum from the public Exchequer, to the employment of the peasantry in this great and beneficial work of waste-land reclamation.—*Epis. Rec.*

*Turkey*—The Plague was on the decline at Constantinople. The Servian Gazette of the 31st July, contains the following article:—"The sanitary state of all Rumelia is at this moment extremely bad. The plague is every where spread and rages in a dreadful manner. At Sophia, which has a population of 46,000, there are nearly 200 deaths daily of this disorder. It has also appeared in Bawagolia, and revisits not only the towns but the villages. In Piro, it has relented; and recent accounts say that a great number of patients suffering under the plague have recovered; that the mortality is diminished by one-half, and by the last reports even more. The disorder has, however, spread in the villages about Piro, and its ravages are frightful. The plague has spread in a like manner along the right bank of the Danube, which has induced the Turkish authorities to establish a partial quarantine, by which the communication between one place and another are interrupted.—*Epis. Rec.*

*India—Human Sacrifices.*—Intelligence received on Saturday from India confirms the previous advices, that the disturbances at Mangalore have been quelled. From Goomsoor we learn that human sacrifices were carried on to a frightful extent. The Governor General had intimated his determination to put a stop to this practice, and should persuasion fail, to occupy the country with British troops. But for the authentic testimony of Mr. Commissioner Ricketts, it would scarcely be believed that in the vicinity of an English settlement there existed a tribe of savages who slaughter their fellow creatures to ensure favourable crops; who consider the hue of their tumeric used for dyeing to depend on the human blood with which the fields are watered, and who, on some occasions, cut up living victims to sow their yet quivering limbs in the soil. Mr. Ricketts, in his communications to the Governor General of India, states that he had rescued 24 human beings who had been doomed to death for these purposes. The victims were purchased at from 60 to 150 rupees each. Even children were purchased and kept in duress until they arrived at a sufficient age to be sacrificed.

*Cure for the effects of arsenic.*—We copied yesterday from the New York Post an item from a German paper, in which it was stated that the 'hydroxyl of iron had been so successfully employed as an anti-

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dote against the poison of arsenic, both in France and Germany, that several of the governments of the latter country had ordered the apothecaries to keep it constantly on hand.

The Post of the following day, referring to this item says:—'Our attention has been this morning called to a case of poisoning by arsenic, successfully treated with the hydroxyd peroxid of iron, by Dr. R. Chilton, of this city, reported in the United States Medical and Surgical Journal of Sept. last. A young lady had taken about the fourth part of a teaspoonful of arsenic by mistake, supposing it to be calcined magnesia. The symptoms were alarming when the physician was called, but on administering a quantity of the antidote they soon subsided, and the patient in a day or two was entirely recovered.' The existence of a remedy for so deadly a poison ought to be generally known.—Baltimore American.

WICLIFF'S ASHES.

Hitherto (A. D. 1428) the corpse of John Wiclif had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Luttworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, had not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aeldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reverions of a body after so many years. But now such is the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience herunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Luttworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Luttworth they come, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and their servants, (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a lone amongst so many hands,) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swif, a neighboring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.—Fuller's Church History.—'The concluding period of this most lively narrative,' says Charles Lamb, 'I will not call a conceit: it is one of the greatest conceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wiclif gliding away out of the reach of the Sumners, Commissaries, Officials, Proctors, Doctors, and all the puddering rout of executioners of the impotent rage of the baffled Council, from Swit into Avon, from Avon into Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, from the narrow seas into the main ocean, where they become the emblem of his doctrine, 'dispersed all the world over.' Hamlet's tracing the body of Cæsar to the clay that stops a beer-barrel, is a no less curious pursuit of 'ruined mortality,' but it is in an inverse ratio to this: it degrades and saddens us, for one part of our nature at least, but this expands the while of our nature, and gives to the body a sort of ubiquity, a diffusion, as far as the actions of its partner can have reach or influence. I have seen this passage smiled at, and set down as a quaint conceit of old Fuller. But what is not a conceit to those who read it in a temper different from that in which the writer composed it? The most parts of Poetry told tempers seem and are nonsense, as divinity was to the Greeks, foolishness. When Richard II, meditating on his own utter annihilation as to royalty, cries out,

'O, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
To melt before the sun of Bolingbroke.'

If we have been going on pace for pace with the passion before, this sudden conversion of a strong felt metaphor into something to be actually realized in nature, like that of Jeremih, 'O! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears,' is strictly and strikingly natural; but come unprepared upon it, and it is a conceit: and so is a 'head' turned into 'waters.'—Miss.

ENCOURAGING.—Under the difficulties and labours of the editorial office, it is cheering to receive such communications as the following from New Brunswick, from one who has been a warm friend to our undertaking from its commencement:—

'Allow me to congratulate you on the successful termination of the second volume of the Colonial Churchman. You cannot but have much satisfaction in reflecting upon labors undertaken and carried on with the sole view of promoting the prosperity of our beloved Church. And although I am sensible you must spend much time and labor, as well as anxiety and prayers, on the work, it will bring its own remuneration with it.

'You have already awakened a zeal and an interest for our much loved Zion, which I think have never before been felt in these Colonies.—Such at least is my impression, and I think I am not overrating the value of your exertions.'

From a later friend in another quarter we have had the pleasure to receive a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

'I now beg leave to state, that I have not any objection to become the Agent for that valuable periodical, "The Colonial Churchman," and I shall feel most happy in rendering every assistance in my power towards its circulation.

'There are several gentlemen, members of our Church, whose names, I trust, I shall shortly be enabled to forward you, as subscribers for volume 3; and I have every reason to believe, that by a little exertion, "the Churchman," (for I love the name) will, ere long, have a wide circulation in this Colony.

'O! that our venerable Church had more strenuous supporters. Often have I had occasion to lament the lukewarmness of her members; did they but display a zeal for her welfare, and a more anxious concern for their own souls, we should not be so violently opposed by those who possess a spirit so much at variance with the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—but while our church is built upon a Rock, we need not fear; for we may rest assured, that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

'My attachment for the church has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and while I have breath and being, I shall ever cling around her altars. Often can I exclaim with the Royal Psalmist—"How amiable are thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!"'

We could add more of the like gratifying character from other letters, but content ourselves with expressing the hope, that our friends, old and new, will continue to aid by word and deed in sustaining the Colonial Churchman.—While on this subject, we take occasion to observe, that those persons to whom the first numbers of this volume have been sent, will be considered as subscribers for at least half a year, if the papers are not instantly returned by mail: and in all instances where subscribers are desirous of discontinuing their papers, and do not give notice accordingly, the receipt of one number after entering into another year, will subject them to the charge of half a year's paper and postage.

CANADA.—It is with most painful feelings that we record in our pages the awful crisis to which the reckless agitators of Canada have brought the affairs of that disturbed colony.—Blood has been shed, and that by fellow subjects of the mildest and most equitable Government on the face of the earth. Never was there a more causeless rebellion than that which has been stirred up in Canada; never a more wanton destruction of life and property and happiness, than that into which the restless ambition of Papineau and his associates is now plunging their deluded followers. That it will be an ineffectual attempt to shake off British dominion and British laws, there can be no doubt, which if possible, aggravates the feelings with which every right thinking mind will regard the unhappy contest that has now begun. It behoves every conductor of the Press to hold up

(to reprobation those who have thrown the torch of discord in the midst of a naturally quiet and peaceable population. It is the duty of all who profess loyalty to their earthly or their heavenly Sovereign, loudly and firmly to express their disapprobation of those revolutionary principles which have led to this result,—to call upon the people in the language of Scripture not to "meddle with those who are given to change," but to remember that "the powers that be are ordained of God, and whoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God."—The rebellious spirit which has burst forth in Canada, we believe, meets with little sympathy in the lower Provinces, which have ever been distinguished by their steadfast loyalty and attachment to the constitution. But it would be well if every conductor of the Press would be cautious against unsettling the minds of the people, or sowing, as some do, the seeds of dissatisfaction with those established Institutions under which the British Empire has so long enjoyed such peace and prosperity.—In this Province we are blessed beyond all other lands with whatever renders life desirable; and we hope that all will strive to shew their thankfulness for their happy lot, by their piety towards God, their loyalty to the Queen, and their brotherly love one towards another.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Lunenburg Town and County Temperance Society's Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee beg leave to lay before the Society, a short Report of the proceedings of the past year, and also a memorial of the present state of the Society.

The Society at the commencement of the past year, numbered 442 members,—since that period 13 have joined; but owing to removals, deaths and expulsions, the Society has not, during the past year, gained any increase of members over that mentioned in the Report of the former year.

There have removed during the last two years 47 members; during the same period four have died. There have been expelled for breach of the rules during the past year, 13; leaving the present number of members as follows:—

Males.....304  
Females.....123  
Total.....427

Shewing a decrease of fifteen since the commencement of the year.

The executive Committee have always carefully examined the list of members, and have regularly reported and caused to be expelled, all those members whom they actually ascertained to have transgressed the fundamental rules of the Society, and who shewed no signs of reformation, nor evinced desire to abstain from the degrading passion of occasional, or habitual intoxication;—they therefore confidently return the above members, as the present numerical strength of the Society.

Your Committee have also to express their regret that the periodical meetings of the Society have not been so numerously attended as they should have been, owing to which cause the meetings had for several months been postponed. Your Committee would therefore urge upon the several members of the Society, the importance of a punctual attendance at the regular meetings of the Society, which in their opinion, is second only in importance to the inviolability of the pledge.

Your Committee beg leave therefore especially to recommend to members, to be scrupulously punctual in their attendance; as the success and welfare of the cause, in a great measure, depends on the regularity of its meetings, and the punctuality in attending thereof of all those, who are its friends, and who feel interested in its prosperity.

Your Committee beg leave most respectfully to suggest it as their opinion,—that the irregularity of attendance, and consequent slackness of zeal, in many, who are otherwise good members of the Society, is in a great measure the cause that the increase of new members has not been greater; and that a greater interest has not been felt in the welfare and prosperity of the Society as formerly. Yet although your Committee cannot report so favourably as the



could wish, they are still far from desponding:—and even were the benefits flowing from the Temperance Association to cease to progress from this day, they cannot refrain from saying,—that a rich reward has been the return for all the past exertions of their friends. They can with honest and heartfelt pleasure look upon the reformed habits of many who were treading the high road to infamy and destruction, and who have been snatched as it were, out of the relentless grasp of the insatiable devourer, DRUNKENNESS, through the means, under heaven, of Temperance Societies. They behold with thankfulness and gratitude to the Divine Being, the improved condition of many who were suffering with fearful intemperance, and accumulating rigour, from the fatal effects of intemperance and dissipation, in those who were, or at least ought to have been, their natural protectors; but whom habitual intoxication had rendered their continual tormentors. To temperance societies then, as means blessed by heaven, may be attributed the happy change that has taken place in many such families; and to them, as the instrument made use of by the Almighty, may we look forward to the reclaiming of many more, who are still treading in the paths of that most abominable auxiliary to all other vices and crimes, *habitual intoxication*.

But apart from the change of conduct wrought in many of those who have joined the Society, there may be perceived in the manners of many others who have not joined, a friendly leaning towards the same object of the society. It must be admitted by all, that ardent spirits are not so much in use, either as stimulants to labour, or in the social circle of friends and acquaintances, as they were prior to the formation of temperance societies. Seeing then that those good effects have been produced by what has already been done, can we be wrong in expecting, that if the same exertions are continued and extended—that if conscientious members do what lies in their power—a still greater amount of good will be the result of their endeavours; and they will at last have the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing, that they have laboured, nor are labouring in vain.

Such then being the impression on the minds of our Committee, they would earnestly yet most respectfully urge upon all who are well-wishers to the noble and philanthropic cause they have undertaken, support it in every proper way, both by precept and example: and one principal method of assisting the cause, and shewing that we are not ashamed of standing in its ranks, is, by a punctual and regular attendance at all its periodical meetings. And, above all means, in preserving a steady consistency, in strictly adhering to the pledge at all times and upon all occasions; as the smallest deviation, upon any occasion, is gladly laid hold of, and commented upon, by those who are inimical either from principle, prejudice, (or what is still worse,) practice, to the interests of temperance societies;—by which means trifling aberrations are often magnified into unardonable offences, thereby most materially injuring the cause, and affording delicious morsels to all those who, to the least, are unfriendly to temperance associations, if not also, to habits of temperance.

Seeing then that members of temperance societies are individually, as it were, set upon an hill, with so many spectators of their conduct, and not unfrequently using the microscope of misrepresentation—our Committee hope they may not be deemed imprudent, when they again most respectfully entreat every member of the Institution, whatever may be their rank or standing in society, to be ever watchful of their conduct, and by all means not to lend any countenance, in the most distant countenance, to inattention, either directly or by connivance.

Your Committee would also, before closing their report, earnestly recommend the continuance of temperance addresses, as they think, with all submission,—that that may be a means of drawing more members to the meetings; although certainly, none ought to require a farther stimulant towards attending an that of his being a member, which, in the opinion of your Committee, lays him under an obligation to make his appearance at each meeting, whether held monthly or quarterly, if he is not prevented by sickness or some business, which imperatively demands his presence:—for did every member make a matter of conscience to attend, when he conve-

niently could, (entirely putting aside the question of sacrifice,) it is the opinion of your Committee, that very few meetings in the course of the year, would be so thin as some which we have lately had. Too great a guard cannot be had against lukewarmness in the cause; for the Demon Intemperance is, your Committee are sorry to say, still holding carnival among us. That humiliating spectacle—the staggering Drunkard—may be seen almost daily in our streets, not even excepting that day, of which, the Almighty Ruler of the Universe has said “Keep Holy.” And although your Committee have not been able to ascertain the quantity of the soul-destroying fluid actually consumed here, yet they have great reason to fear, that it has not been so very materially lessened as they could wish, for the temporal and eternal benefit of this community.

Praying therefore that a blessing from on High may still continue to accompany the labours of the Society, (sensible that without that, all our exertions will have been in vain,) your Committee now withdraw from their labours, and in doing so, would beseech all in this community who have the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind at heart, to lend (if they have not already done so) the force of their example and assistance to this noble cause, by joining this Society, steadily adhering to its Rules and constantly attending its meetings, whenever they occur. And they would also beg leave encouragingly to say to all those who have already joined—“Be firm”—“Stand fast.”—earnestly pray for the assistance of Heaven, the guidance and direction of the Holy Spirit; put your whole dependence for success upon God alone, and he in his own good time and way, will give you the victory, in spite of Satan and all his emissaries, strive they ever so hard.

Signed in behalf of the Executive Committee,  
HENRY S. JOST, Chairman.  
W. M. B. LAWSON, Secretary.  
Lunenburg, November 28th, 1837.

## DIED.

At Chester, on the 6th instant, in the 27th year of her age, SOPHIA WOOD, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Shreve, formerly Rector of Lunenburg. By this bereavement many are left to lament the loss of a kind and affectionate relation, and a very amiable friend. But they are not left to sorrow as those who have no hope, for she has left behind her the fullest consolation that can be desired, in the sure and certain hope that she has exchanged the pains and sorrows of time for the joys of Eternity. Always of a mild and placid disposition, her inclinations did not lead her to those gaieties and frivolities to which so many of her sex and age devote their thoughts, and their time. And it pleased God moreover to send her, for some years past continually declining health, which has been eminently sanctified to the weaning her heart from the world and preparing it for Himself. Her sufferings were great during the last two or three months, but the grace of God proved sufficient for her, and enabled her, in patience to possess her soul. Although naturally of a reserved disposition, she gave vent on several occasions to the warmest and most animated expressions of faith in the blessed Redeemer, coupled at the same time with the humblest acknowledgments of her own unworthiness—This faith shone brighter and brighter as the end drew nigh. To her sorrowing friends she frequently spoke of the inward peace she enjoyed, bidding her widowed mother especially, to dry her tears, for that she was going only a little while before her, adding—“Though I am leaving many kind friends, I am going where I shall be happy. Oh! I feel as if I could sing forever the praises of my Redeemer!” This was after a long continuance of excruciating pain.

At length when the period fixed by her heavenly Father for her departing to Himself had arrived, after taking an affectionate leave of all around her, being in the full possession of her faculties, and quite sure that she was dying, she calmly folded her hands and said—“Come Lord Jesus! take me to my home,” and immediately exclaimed—“Oh!

I see the Lord and his Angels!” and then quietly fell asleep in Jesus!

Any thing like extravagance or display in such a matter would be as repugnant to the spirit of the subject of this notice if she were here to read it, as it is to the judgment of the writer of these lines. But it is a duty to magnify the grace of God,—to shew what He still does for the sinful and suffering children of men, in converting them by His Spirit, and making them more than conquerors over every trial, through the blood of Him that loved us. In that view, the happy end of this young member of the Church is made known to those who may read the simple record, with the hope that they may be led to consider in the days of youth and strength, the necessity of securing an interest in that Saviour who alone can give us peace in the hours of sickness, the agonies of death, and the day of Judgment. Youthful reader! Pray for grace to lay these things to heart. Seek betimes reconciliation with God through the sacrifice of his adorable Son. Implore the renewal of the heart after the Divine image, which all must have that would dwell in the mansions of holiness above. Then will you be ready for the summons of the Lord, whether it comes late or early—then if days and years of suffering are before you, you will, like her of whom we speak, be supported under it all by thine everlasting arms, and be able to resign the world, and friends, and life, and all, in the assurance that a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory awaits you beyond the skies. And all this you may find in the bosom of that church in which the subject of this notice was born, baptized, confirmed, established, strengthened, settled in the faith; in whose sacred ordinances her soul was nourished unto life eternal;—the Church which she loved in life and in death, and in whose consecrated words her departing spirit was commended to Him that gave it.—Oh that every member of that church would be what his profession requires, for then would all live as christians ought to live, and in the hour of death be found ripe for glory.

Great anxiety has been felt in this community for some weeks respecting the schooner *Victoria*, Capt. Dunn, owned by John Heckman, Esq. of this place, which sailed for the West Indies on the 12th August, and was not heard of until Saturday last, when news arrived that the crew had been all taken off and carried to Fayal. This intelligence diffused universal satisfaction among all who feel for each other's sorrows and rejoice in their joys. But in proportion to the pleasure then felt by the friends of those on board, is the gloom now cast over them by the sad reality, ascertained yesterday on the arrival of Capt. Dunn, that Mr. JASPER HECKMAN, son of the owner, was unfortunately drowned at the time the vessel upset. We sincerely condole with the parents and relatives on this sad event, which has changed thus suddenly, their house of joy to one of mourning,—and we pray that He who alone is able to comfort those that are cast down, may comfort them, and sanctify the afflictive bereavement to their eternal benefit. Mr. Heckman, who has been thus prematurely engulfed in a watery grave, was in his 19th year, and was of a most amiable, quiet, and prepossessing disposition, of correct deportment, and distinguished by affectionate duty to his parents, and love to the rest of his family,—to all of whom, and indeed to all who knew him, these qualities greatly endeared him.—Mournful as are the circumstances attending the loss of life at sea, they are yet cheered by the blessed light of the gospel, assuring us that the Lord is present in the whirlwind, and hears those that call on Him in their distress, however high the billows may roll, or however loud the tempest may roar. And moreover, that the day will surely come when the “Sea will give up its dead;” and they with their mourning friends, who may find their graves on solid ground, will all meet before God.

The following particulars are furnished by Capt. Dunn. The *Victoria* sailed from Lunenburg on the 12th August last. On the 24th, in a heavy gale of wind, the vessel was upset, and all hands were thrown into the sea. All succeeded in regaining some hold, except Mr. Jasper Heckman, whose melancholy end is related above. In about three quarters of an hour the masts went over, and the vessel righted, but remained chiefly under water, with little hope of swimming long. The survivors lashed themselves forward to the windlass and other parts, and remained in that position for four days and nights—the gale continuing and the sea breaking over them—their sufferings can better be imagined than described. They were 9 days without water, when at last some refreshing showers fell, which they caught in sails and such broken vessels as remained. On the 6th day they caught a shark, on which and on some dolphins, afterwards taken, they subsisted, though eaten raw, until the 20th day, when they were providentially taken off by the ship *Dr. Franklin*, Capt. Job Davis, of Westport, U. S. and carried to Fayal, where they arrived on the 23d Sept. They were treated with the greatest kindness while on board. The Captain and James Williams, mate, left Fayal on the 9th November, for New York, from whence they arrived here on Tuesday last,—full of thankfulness for their wonderful preservation.



## P O E T R Y.

## From the Gospel Messenger.

## SUNDAY EVENING SUNSET.

I gaze upon the glorious West,  
Made glorious by the setting sun;  
The sky in deep vermilion drest,  
Now greets the twilight hour begun.

What added beauty there? A star  
Appears in soft and silvery show!  
Its mellow rays, dispensed afresh,  
Commingle with the sunset glow!

While yet the glory meets my eye,  
I hear a "still small voice" declare,  
It is a promise from on high,  
In answer to this day of prayer.

Has there been "joy in heaven" to-day,  
O'er some repentant soul's new birth?  
I marvel not the sky looks gay,  
Reflecting glory upon earth!

Sublime the language, Lord of Light,  
In which thou speakest from on high;  
The world may read thy promise bright,  
Fresh painted on the western sky.

Is there a heart too proud to yield,  
Except beneath "the heavy rod?"  
Behold that gracious smile revealed;  
O hear the milder call of God.

## BIBLE ANECDOTE.

The following was related at the late anniversaries in London, by Rev. Dr. Cox.

"A circumstance was lately brought to my knowledge, by an individual from the East Indies, which tends to illustrate the importance and value of the Bible; and to show in what various ways its benefits may be displayed, when we are not, perhaps, conscious of the happy effects which it is secretly producing. Archdeacon Corrie, late Bishop of Madras, was, at the time of which I speak, the Chaplain of Allahabad. At that time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of scripture into the Hindostanee language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door. Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a Missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and to die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his impression of its great realities, that he put the question, 'How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a Missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way of life and salvation.' And what was his answer, my lord? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well worn and tattered bits of paper; and he said, 'From these bits of paper, which a Sahib distributed at his door, whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day till they are tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This, said he, is the source of my information; thence I have derived my knowledge.'

Locke, the day before his death, addressed Lady Masham, who was sitting by his bed side, exhorting her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. He added that he had lived long enough and expressed his gratitude to God for the happiness that had fallen to his lot,

## From the Missionary.

## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

How glorious and sacred are the associations that are clustered about this beautiful Festival! What a great cloud of witnesses have encompassed the members of the Catholic Church, who have assembled this day in the stately Cathedral, or in the humble village Church, to render hearty thanks to our blessed Redeemer, for the good examples of all His servants who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours; to beseech Him that they may have their perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, and to implore Him to grant us grace so as to follow the "blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys," prepared for those who unfeigningly love God. In this day we crowd the Saints of all ages and lands—"We mingle together," says the eloquent and excellent Newman, "in the brief remembrance of an hour all the choicest deeds, holiest lives, the noblest labours, the most precious sufferings which the sun ever saw. Even the least of those Saints were the contemplation of many days,—even the names of them, if read in our service, would outrun many settings and risings of the light,—even one passage in the life of one of them were more than sufficient for a long discourse. 'Who can count the lust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel?' Martyrs and Confessors, Rulers and Doctors of the Church, devoted Ministers and Religious brethren, kings of the earth and all people, princes and judges of the earth, young men and maidens, old men and children, the first fruits of all ranks, ages, and callings, gathered each in his own time into the paradise of God. This is the blessed company which to-day meets the Christian Pilgrim in the services of the Church. We are like Jacob, when, seeking his own country he was encouraged by a heavenly vision. 'Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him; and when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host, and he called the name of that place Mahanah.'" This is indeed one of the high days of the Church on earth, and in the paradise of rest; for who can say, that the departed in the Lord do not share with us in our joy, mingle their prayers with ours, and prolong and swell into purer, fuller, and more triumphant strains, the hymns and anthems too feebly and coldly sent up from earth.

We shall not soon forget All Saints' Day, 1837.—The day has been bland and beautiful throughout, disposing the pious mind to the soothing and holy contemplations, which the festival naturally suggests.—The way of the year has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, and the forest and woodlands are despoiled of their foliage.—But as the bright sun light gleams from the withered leaves that rustle beneath our feet, we are reminded of the glory that gilds the decay of the majestic man, the Sun of Righteousness risen over the tomb; and that bright, calm sky above us is a meet type of the resting place of the soul, while the body moulders in the ground, until the spring time of the resurrection. Those well known lines of pious Herbert will best express the outward beauty of the day—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky."

It is indeed the bridal of earth and heaven, the day on which, of all others, the saints in light and the pilgrims in this dark world commune and rejoice with each other.

Delightful as it is in any place to celebrate All Saints Day, it is especially so in one's parish Church. It is salutary to look around us, and remember who have entered into rest, and become members of the great company for whose commemoration the day was designed, during the past ecclesiastical year. Some who worshipped with us in the year gone by, have their places to-day in that quiet Church-yard; some on this very day have joined the white robed company—gone to sit down with those elder saints, long since gathered into the abodes of peace. Well—

"Tis sweet as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight in faith to muse,  
How grows in Paradise our store,"

What a blissful thought it is that since this morning dawned, many spirits have entered into a far-taste of the unspeakable joys prepared for the faithful. Every hour of the day has afforded the Church new subjects for thankful commemoration. Each return of the Festival is a more glorious than the last, since year by year swells the great multitude which no man can number before the throne of the Lamb. The golden circle of Festivals, from St. Andrew's to All Saints' will soon run out again, and some of us who worshipped to-day in our parish Church, may on this anniversary be the subjects of meditations such as these. But whether alive or dead, it will matter but little, provided we have faithfully employed our privileges in the Church of the living God;—yea to depart and be with Christ and the saints is better. May this Festival become to each and all of us an incitement to all virtuous and godly living, so that after our departure hence, we may still remain knit with "the elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of Christ" our Lord, and when the long grass waves about our sepulchres we may be thankfully remembered by the Church militant in the prayers and praises and triumphant anthems of All Saints' Day.—*Ibid.*

## SUSPICION INJURIOUS.

In no case where a child is supposed to have done wrong, should parents act upon suspicion. Rousseau is perfectly right when he advises that children should never be questioned in circumstances where it is for their interest to deceive. A practical writer upon education justly remarks, 'We should at least treat children with the same degree of wise lenity, which the English laws extend to all who have arrived to years of discretion. No criminal is bound to accuse himself. If any mischief has been committed, we should never, when we are uncertain by whom it has been done, either directly accuse or betray injurious suspicions. We should never say to the child, 'believe you have done this,' we should say nothing if the mischief is done we cannot repair it; because looking glass is broken we need not soil a child; we may put glasses out of his reach in future.' 'When young children first begin to speak, from not having sufficient number of words to express their ideas, from not having annexed precise ideas to the words they have been taught to use, they frequently make mistakes, which are attributed to the desire of deceiving. We should not precipitately suspect them falsehood. It is some time before they perfectly understand what we mean by truth. Small deviations should not be marked with too much rigor; but whenever a child relates exactly, any thing which he has seen, or heard, or felt, we should listen with attention and we should not show the least doubt of his veracity.'

In a multitude of cases, where parents or guardians have acted under the influence of principles at variance with those suggested in the foregoing remarks, they have not only subjected their children to severe trials, but they have sometimes plunged daggers in their own bosoms.—*Mother's Magazine.*

## D E A T H.

Death often comes without a warning, but never without a warrant.

Life is the time to prepare for death; and health the time to prepare for sickness.

We may familiarise death by meditation, and sweeten it by preparation.

If Christ be our friend, death will be our friend.

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