

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées. | Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | <input type="checkbox"/> Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

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, OCTOBER 15, 1840.

NUMBER 24.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.*

Luke VIII.

Friends mourned around, when thou didst breathe
Thy last sad sigh;
And tearfully upon thee bent
Thy mother's eye.

The minstrels lent their heartless strains
When thou wert cold;
But whom, with life restored, didst thou
Amazed behold?

The Christ, the resurrection, stood
Beside thy couch;
And his the glance that met thy gaze,
And his the touch.

And his the voice that broke thy sleep,
And bade thee rise;
That brought thee home again to bless
Thy parents' eyes.

O did the breath of endless life
Then enter thee?
And did the illuminated soul
A Saviour see?

I know not—but I fain would trust,
The pitying love,
Which gave thee back, prepared thee for
Thy Sire above!

May I, too, when from death I wake,
Thus meet the glance
Of him who stood beside thy bed,
And broke thy trance!

ORIGINAL.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND OPINIONS OF JOHN NEWCOMB.†

I have, from my youth, conversed with people of various denominations and opinions, and heard teachers of various descriptions:—and, during years of sorrow, I went to hear every preacher that came in the way; but all their prayers, sermons, and exhortations, did not give me comfort. I read constantly in the Bible, besides which I had but few religious books, and those maintaining Calvinistic doctrine, which, as before observed, I had now abandoned, and had become warmly in favour of free grace, and universal atonement. It seldom happens that a person taught from his earliest recollections to revere the doctrines of predestination, election, and reprobation; taught from infancy (almost) to repeat the Westminster Assembly's Catechism, and to believe it—afterwards adopts doctrines directly opposite: but it still seldom happens, that a person bred a firm Presbyterian, afterwards becomes a sound Churchman: yet, it was the case with me; and that from no other cause, but voluntary examination; and afterwards, I feel, that the English Church bore the marks of the true church of Christ.

When about the age of 16, I got the loan, accident-

* From the Church of England Magazine.
† Continued from our last number.

ly, of a Prayer Book, the first I had ever seen. I was soon sensibly impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the service, and thought that the pious Churchman could pray with the 'spirit,' and the 'understanding' also; and that he could worship God in the 'beauty of holiness.' and that even the unlearned could soon understand it, so as to say AMEN at the giving of thanks. But all this time I never disclosed my mind to any one. My friends were all opposed to Church principles, and it was with some difficulty that I could obtain my mother's consent to hear the Church Missionary, Rev. Mr. Burnyeat of Truro, who officiated at Wallace once a-year; and, besides, the thoughts of 'DREGS OF POPERY' almost frightened me; for I heard my mother, and others, constantly affirm, that there was but one step between the CHURCH AND POPERY.

After this, when about 18, I was very near joining with the Methodists, having formed an excellent opinion of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, Wesleyan Missionary. Mr. Harrison has since taken orders in the Church.

Soon after this, there began to spring up that denomination of Ana-baptists called Scotch Baptists; and I was nearly led astray by some of their leaders. They would unfold their views of Scripture, and condemn mine. They maintained that there was no way to baptize but to dip under the water. That infants could receive baptism with no greater propriety than they could sign a Deed, or Bond of writing: and, consequently, that I never was baptized. I was for some time thinking seriously on the subject, being nearly turned to their opinions with regard to the subjects and mode of Baptism. I never made up my mind hastily in matters of importance: and I wished to be well satisfied before I excluded infants from their inheritance in the Church of Christ, before I consented to deprive them of the appointed blessing of the gracious shepherd. I have no doubt but it pleased God to bring me into the way of truth, though I had erred, and was nearly deceived. Moreover they like the Presbyterians and Association Baptists, require our belief in Calvinism, as a necessary article of admittance into their Church. And in this particular must be acknowledged the super-excellence of the Church of England; which admits to equal privileges, Calvinists and Arminians.

The chief leader of the Baptists in Wallace then, was the Rev. Andrew McKim, formerly a local preacher among the Wesleyans. He was immersed, and ordained, by the laying on of hands of the Elders, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Scotch Baptist Church, in 1824. After about 10 years his Church fell to pieces.

I was now hesitating; I continued to inquire, to read, and to examine, so far as my very limited means would admit. And sometimes I prayed to God to lead me to the true church: for I wished to find it, although I had but the most distant hope, so great was my despair, of ever uniting in communion with any.

When about 20 I went to Halifax, and began to attend constantly at Church. About this time a ray of hope came to my mind, but it was very slender, and when I thought of my past life, my heart sank within me.

And now another difficulty presented itself. Being a stranger to the ceremonies of the church, I thought them burdensome; and being a stranger, in a great measure to the Liturgy, I thought it rather dull and uninviting. So I set myself about examining more closely the foundation of the Church: and also of forming a more perfect acquaintance with her services.

After some time I began to join with greater ardour in the services. I found many parts thereof very suitable to my case—to the case of one who felt himself to be a miserable sinner.

In about 3 or 4 months I was able to join with spirit and understanding, in offering up those imitations of our Church: and I also became encouraged to address the Throne of Grace in private more frequently and with greater hopes of mercy; and now it was that I began to take hope from various selections of Scripture. I began to see that it was for such as me, that Jesus Christ died; and that God was reconciled to the world by his death: consequently, however, great and numerous my sins were, the Blood of Christ could atone for them, yea and did atone for them: and although God will save no man in his sins, he will save the greatest sinner, if he confess and forsake his sins in sincerity. But I was yet fearful and doubting, and unbelieving. I doubted the reality of my repentance. And without true repentance, I knew God would not accept of me. My heart was so hard I could not mourn for my sins as some do. And how was I to know whether my repentance was sincere? This momentous question, I could not satisfactorily solve.

After this I removed to Douglas, still groaning under a heavy burden. I was now advised to receive the sacrament; on which I hesitated so long, that I believe the pious minister, Rev. G. E. W. Morris thought either that I was not a Churchman, or that I cherished known sins. If so, he was mistaken, for I had now no scruples of conscience remaining, with regard to leaving the denomination in which I was educated, and uniting with the Church of England.

At length on Easter day in the year 1830, I so far presumed on the merits of Jesus Christ, that I accepted of the gracious invitation to attend upon my Lord and Saviour at his Sacramental Table.—My burden was not yet entirely removed, but since then it has been

Since I became a Communicant, I have tasted of the comforts and sweetness of religion. I have often thought it strange that I neglected this great ordinance so long. O my soul, how weak and foolish wert thou, to think that God would not pardon thee. To think that the Almighty Saviour of the world did not atone for thy sins: that he does not intercede with the Father for thee: that his intercession is not prevailing; that the Father who did not withhold his Son from death, will withhold any good thing from thee: that God will act with justice without intermixing mercy: that his power to save is finite, or his will backward: that he will refuse a returning prodigal, or that any one ever sought his face in vain. And, to conclude, the greater sinner, I am the greater need I have of a Saviour: so if I must be lost, it will be at the footstool of mercy; for I will never despair while I know that Christ died for sinners, of whom I am chief: while I know that he died for every sinner: for Judas, and for Voltaire; as well as for St. Paul, and for Col. Gardiner.

And now I must confess that I have not been strictly watchful to keep up that spiritual frame of mind, to cherish those holy ardours after Heaven and holiness, which I have sometimes experienced. O what small temptations sometimes overcome me. How remiss am I with regard to my spiritual communion with God. How my thoughts and affections are chained to this world. How often have I sinned since I professed to have put on Christ. Truly I have done those things which I ought not to have done; and I have left undone those things which I ought to have done: yet, O God, remember that thy servant is vile earth, and a miserable sinner, and enter not into judgment with him; but have mercy upon him and spare him good Lord!

O how degenerate, how corrupt, how wretched, how vile, how miserable, how helpless I am. But amidst all this, how consoling, how encouraging is

... that I can look up with hope unto Him who bore my sins and infirmities on the cross; who is now highly exalted in Glory and Honor and power and Majesty, at the right hand of God, making intercession for me.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner.

By the mystery of thy holy incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation; O Lord have mercy upon me.

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

O Lord have mercy upon me.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Grant me thy peace.

Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear me, O Christ

Graciously hear me, O Christ, graciously hear me, O Lord Christ. Amen.

My help is in the name of the Lord.

Who hath made Heaven and Earth.

Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible; who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see.

To him therefore be glory, for ever and ever.—Amen, and Amen.

To be continued.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Immediately on the right of the Lord Chancellor, and on the extreme left of the House, as viewed from the gallery, is the Bench of Bishops. In the front is a meek, sickly-looking prelate, in a close-fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even his enemies have a word to say. He can champion the Church without provoking the ire of her foes. Near him is the less abstracted, but scarcely less respected, Bishop of London. His full, ruddy face offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous among these divines is the celebrated Bishop of Exeter.—The seats next to the Bench of Bishops, farther down the House on the right of the Chancellor, are occupied by Ministers. In the midst of them sits, or rather loafs, the all-potent, because all-impotent, Melbourne. Observe the careless air with which his white hat is tilted off his forehead, and the dolce far niente which his whole bearing expresses. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill—it is the first time he has looked at it, though the order of the day for its second reading is now being moved! The tall dandy, with a face like the Saracen's Head in acute grief, is the Marquis of Normandy. An elderly gentleman next him, fresh-coloured, and with a staid, respectable air, is his brother-Marquis of Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in face a marked resemblance to the great Charles James Fox, is his Nephew, Lord Holland. He is chiefly remarkable for vociferous cheering at inconvenient times, and for making good speeches greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues. To the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne you will observe a peer with a peculiarly sheepish expression and enormous shirt-collar—that is Lord Duncannon. In spite of his very silly appearance, his lordship is one of the few men of business in the Ministry; but the desk, not the House, is his sphere. Immediately adjoining Ministers, on their right, and at the head of a bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sits Lord Brougham. He displayed his

usual sagacity in the choice of that seat. He is as it were among the Ministers, but not of them; yet the neutrality of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility of re-union. Behind the noble and learned lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Radnor. To his right sits the Marquis of Clanricarde, concerning whom even his friends are expressively silent; near him, also, sits Lord Denman, with that fine severe face of his—the index of so much more than his mind contains.

Let us now turn to the Conservative benches—on the left of the Chancellor. First, in all points of view, let us single out the Duke of Wellington. He sits at the end of the first bench, in front. His dress is the simplest, consisting of a blue frock coat, and plain white trousers. His attitude is singular. With his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his hat slouched over his eyes, and his legs stretched out to their full length on the floor, he would appear to be asleep and regardless of all that is going on. But if you watch his mouth, you will perceive that he is engaged in deep thought, and frequently he rises and proves that he has been so, either by delivering a plain, manly John-hull-like exposition of his views, or by answering in detail the arguments of those who have gone before. Next to the illustrious knight, is his parliamentary squire, Lord Ellenborough—the peer with a full, fresh colour and curling head of dark hair. One of the most clear-headed and sensible of his party, he has until lately neglected business for pleasure, but he is now an altered man, and seems wisely to have become a sort of parliamentary pupil of the duke. Immediately on his right is a dark-haired, pale man, dressed in black, and with the air of a very serious clergyman of the Establishment—it is the Earl of Aberdeen, also a strong, clear-headed man. Lower down, an infirm old man, with white hair and supported by crutches, is Lord Wynford; near him is Lord Kenyon, the peer whose cheek is ruddy with health, but whose hair and whiskers are white as snow. Behind the duke, on the back bench is the Earl of Wicklow, a stout, ruddy-faced man, with sandy hair. When he does not get into a passion, there are few more sensible men in his party. On the same row at the extreme end of the House, farthest from the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst has chosen to post himself, for what reason it is difficult to say. Quite cut off from the other leaders of his party, it would seem that the inconvenience of the position is its charm. Any other man would feel embarrassed at having to address the House from such a distance; but Lord Lyndhurst's fine, clear, manly, trumpet-like voice, overcomes all obstacles of space, as his self-possession overcomes all those of situation; and he makes himself heard, *aye, and felt too*, in any part of the House.—From the Britannia.

BISHOP CHASE.

The Editor of the Christian Witness, speaking of Bishop Chase's recent visit to Lowell, says "We seldom look upon a man who has done so much for the interests of humanity as he, and who, when he dies, will leave behind him more unequivocal, magnificent, lasting monuments of extraordinary talent, and extraordinary effort, successfully directed to the best interests of men. We reverence the man, who, under such circumstances, has founded two diocesan colleges for religious, secular, and theological education, and placed them upon foundations so ample and enduring."

For the Colonial Churchman.

The following excellent remarks on Recollection Holy Meditation, are so well worthy of serious perusal that I beg your readers attentively to peruse them. David found it well to "meditate on the law of the Lord day and night," how much more should we apply to renewed and earnest meditations!

ON RECOLLECTION.

Extract of a letter from the late Rev. J. Fletcher Madeley.

You ask me some directions to get a mortified *rit*. In order to get it, get recollection. Recollection is a dwelling within ourselves; a being abstracted from the creature, and turned towards God. Recollection is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words,—and in solitude, or a wise disentangling from the world, keeping to our own business, obeying and following the order of God for ourselves, shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses, in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in a continual care of entertaining holy thoughts, for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit, let this recollection be steady ever in the midst of hurrying business; it be lasting. Watch and pray, lest ye enter temptation."

To maintain this recollection, beware of engaging too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, in outward things: beware of suffering your affections to be tangled by worldly desire, your imagination to amaze itself with unprofitable objects, and indulging yourself in the commission of what are called small faults. For want of continuing in a recollected frame all the day, our times of prayer are frequently dry and useless, imagination prevails, and the heart wanders. Whereas we pass easily from recollection to delightful prayer. Without the spirit, there can be no useful self-denial, nor can we know ourselves: but where it dwells, it makes the soul all eye, all ear; traces and discovers sin, repels its first assaults, or crushes at its earliest risings. In recollection, let your mind act according to the drawings of grace, and it will probably lead you either to contemplate Jesus as crucified, and interceding for you, &c. or to watch your senses, and suppress your passions, to keep before God in respectful silence of heart, and to watch to follow the motions of grace, and feed on the promises. But take care here, to be more taken with the thoughts of God than of yourself; and consider how hardly recollection is sometimes obtained and how easily it is lost. Use no forced labour, raise a particular frame, nor tire, fret, and grow impatient, if you have no comfort; but meekly acquiesce and confess yourself unworthy of it; lie prostrate in humble submission before God, and patiently wait for the smiles of Jesus. May the following motives stir you up to the pursuit of recollection:—1. We must forsake all, and die to all, first by recollection. 2. Without it God's voice cannot be heard in the soul. 3. It is the altar on which we must offer our Isaacs. 4. It is, instrumentally, a ladder (which may be allowed the expression) to ascend into glory. 5. By it the soul gets to its centre, out of which it cannot rest. 6. Man's soul is the temple of God; recollection the holy of holies. 7. As the wicked find hell in their hearts, so faithful souls find heaven. 8. Without recollection, all means of grace are useless, or make but a light and transient impression. Recollection is a castle, an inviolable fortress against the world and the devil: it renders times and places alike, and is the habitation where Christ and his bride dwell.

WORLDLY ALLUREMENTS.

The vine, olive, and fig-tree, in Jotham's parable will not leave their vine, fatness and sweetness, to gain a kingdom;—Herod, his Herodias, to save his soul; nor men of corrupt manners, the corruption of their manners, for a blessed reformation.—Lighth

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ROMISH VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Extract from a Speech, by the Rev. HUGH McNEILE.

I believe there exists a vast amount of ignorance on the matter of the Romish version of the scriptures. It is not, I think, fully and entirely understood by the English people, that the Romanists have no version without notes. It is not understood that this Douay version of the Old, and the Rhemish translation of the New Testament, were mainly concocted by a certain Doctor William Allon, the founder of the colleges at Douay and Rheims. I quote from Stripes's Annals:—"Hear now the history of the Douay Bible. The founder of the colleges at Douay and Rheims, and the chief translator of the Rhemish Testament was Dr. William Allon. He was an Englishman; but for multiplied acts of treachery was compelled to fly from his country. He went to Flanders, where he exercised all the powers of his mind—and they were great—to check, and if possible to overthrow, the progress of the Protestant reformation in England. He became a pensioner of the king of Spain, and was created a cardinal by the Pope. He laboured to corrupt the soldiery of England, and succeeded in tempting Sir William Stanley to betray Daventer, in Holland, to the Spaniards, in concert with the Jesuit Parsons, he devised the scheme of the Spanish invasion of England, in the celebrated 'Invincible Armada.' He was patronised by the infamous Duke de Guise, who, with Catherine de Medicis, planned the massacre of tens of thousands of Protestants, on St. Bartholomew's day; and he was the willing instrument of Gregory XIII., who appointed a public thanksgiving at Rome for the success of the above-mentioned slaughter. Cardinal Allen sent jesuits into England, to taint the principles of the people. The pupils in the colleges he founded, were taught all manner of ways to divide the Protestants in the principles of their religion; and were themselves bound by an oath, of which the following is a copy:—"I, A. B., do acknowledge the ecclesiastical and political power of his Holiness and the Mother Church of Rome as the chief head and foundation above all pretended Churches throughout the whole earth: and that my zeal shall be for St. Peter and his successors, as the founder, of the true and ancient Catholic faith, against all heretical kings, princes, states, or powers, repugnant unto the same. And although I, A. B. may pretend, in case of persecution or otherwise, to be heretically disposed, yet my soul and conscience I shall help, aid, and succour the mother church."—*Stripes' Annals*, II., pt. 2, page 237. Such was the producer of the translation of the Douay and Rhemish versions, which our ex-ministers would have put into the schools of this country.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

If we are "in the spirit upon the Lord's day" then shall our hearts glow with fervour, when we rise to proclaim "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," and our knees bend with total humility and supplication, as we cry,—"Favourably with mercy hear our prayers,"—then as our sabbaths roll on, we shall be better preparing for the worship of that inconceivably glorious temple above, where the "Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of it."

INTERCOURSE WITH THE WORLD.

Are the followers of Christ in doubt where they should go? Are his people at a loss to know in what circle they may visit. Whenever they can do as Jesus did. Whenever sin will be discountenanced by the manifestation of their holiness, or thoughtlessness be reproved by the expression of their piety. Whenever they can say, "I have something to say to thee," from God. In short, whenever they can keep their light so burning, that it will give light to all that are in the house, it must no where be hidden, no where be extinguished. When it begins to burn dim; when we feel less conscious of the Divine life in our souls, less value for it, and less willingness to betray it; when our thoughts are diverted from God, and indisposed for prayer, it is time to recede from the unhallowed atmosphere; as the recovering invalid shrinks from the chill which recalls the symptoms of disease. When men of the world take no offence at our religion, delight in our company, and cease to perceive any difference between themselves and us, it is time to remove our candle, it gives no light, it will go out, and we shall be left in darkness. There is a difference in this respect between ourselves and our divine example: He could not be corrupted by association with sinners. Himself all purity, all strength. He incurred no risk by any thing. But I think we need take no account of this difference. Christ is a perfect example: He never presumed on his own safety to do what would be unsafe to us—He never braved evil, because he had the power to resist it—He had no taste for the company of the ungodly—He could not make pastime of the world's vanities, and countenance its delusions, because secure from their contagion; and as Christ never acted on His strength to go where His Father's business did not call Him, so we need never act upon our weakness to draw back, when the same business demands our presence. His strength are ours, to use it as he used it; His Spirit is within us, to go where He would have gone. If our purpose in mixing with the world is as single as His was, and our bearing and conversation are conformable to our purpose, all will be safe to us, as it was safe to Him. But then, to us, as to Him, all will be uncongential, all suitable—intercourse with ungodliness will be an effort of self-denying love, made for the accomplishment of our Father's will, for the fulfilment of our duties, the promotion of religion, and the salvation of mankind.—*Caroline Fry.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.

It is not intended for us to shun what our Maker hath appointed us to engage in: but then we ought to engage in it only in such a manner as he has appointed, and to recollect continually that 'we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. Not only the heathen world had its idolatrous pomps, or public spectacles, and its immoral vanities, which Christians were at first peculiarly called upon to renounce: but that, which calls itself christian, is full of things from which a true christian must abstain. All methods of being powerful or popular, inconsistent with our integrity; all acts of being agreeable at the expense or hazard of our innocence, all ways of encroaching on the properties of others, and all immoderate desires of adding to our own; all diversions, entertainments, and acquaintances, that have a tendency to hurt our morals or our piety; making common practice the rule of our conduct, without considering whether it be right or wrong; filling our time in such a manner either with business or amusements, be they ever so innocent in themselves, as not to leave room for the main business of life, the improvement of our hearts in virtue, the serious exercise of religion, and a principal attention to the great concerns of eternity: these are the things in which consist that 'friendship of the world,' which is enmity with God; and 'if any man love' it thus, 'the love of the Father is not in him.'—*Archbishop Secker.*

THE HANNAH MORE SCHOOLS.

To the friend, who recently made inquiry respecting schools established by Miss More, we are happy

to give the following information, copied from an English paper. What a beautiful example of Christian benevolence is presented in the character of that excellent woman; adorning during life the holy religion which she professed, and bequeathing to posterity works of mind and deeds of charity which will extend its blessed influence through many generations.

The first public examination of the boys and girls in the daily schools of this institution took place on Whit-Monday, in the presence of Ministers of Trinity Church and a numerous assembly, who were much gratified by the manner in which the children went through their allotted exercises, and answered the questions put to them. Rewards were afterwards distributed to those children who were most advanced, and plum cakes to all. The proceedings of the day were such as to encourage the hope that, under the Divine blessing, these schools will prove of incalculable benefit to the dense population in which they are located. When the infant school attached to the institution is completed, and the cottage tenanted, the *Hannah More Schools* will supply accommodation and facilities for carrying on the system of parochial schooling in every department—daily schools for boys and girls, Sunday schools, infant and adult schools; all within a ring fence.—*B. of Cross.*

From the Church of England Magazine.

KILMORE AND ARDAGH.

The return of the inspectors of the Church Education Schools, in the diocese of Ardagh, for the last half-year, are very encouraging. Never has there been so great a desire manifested by the Roman catholic peasantry to have their children educated in these schools. Upwards of sixteen hundred Roman catholic children are in attendance. The protestant children amount to two thousand. The depressed state of the funds did not admit of giving the teachers for the last year more than three-fourths of their usual gratuities. The clergy have contributed liberally in their respective parishes out of their present much reduced and spoiled incomes.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal (abridged)*

LONDON.

Liberty of the Rolls—It is in contemplation to erect a church within the Liberty of the Rolls, Chancery-lane; and ample funds for that purpose have been already subscribed. The necessity for having a place for divine worship has long been felt. Within this liberty there is a population of 3,500 persons. Some time since a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions, for the purpose of erecting a sacred edifice, and their exertions were ultimately crowned with success; 4,000*l.* was given by the trustees of Miss Hyndman, who left that sum applicable to such an object, and the parishioners readily subscribed upwards of 1,000*l.* The site selected for the building is in Bream's Buildings, Chancery-lane.

DEATH.

Allmonica and Ballymoran.—The crown has laid claim to the patronage of these parishes, alias Purcelltown, county Westmeath, and government have entered a caveat to prevent the Bishop from collating. The bishops of Meath have collated to these rectories for at least a hundred and fifty years. The bishop has no other option than to engage in a lawsuit, which may cost him some thousands of pounds out of his own private resources, with the government, who have the public purse at their command; or to let the patronage of the diocesan pass into the hands of the crown. As the bishops have no private interest in living, belonging to their disposal, more than the government have in those under their patronage, it would be but just, that, unless the suit be a vexatious one on their part, the bishops should be borne harmless in defending the rights of the see. A bill to this effect ought at a favourable time to be introduced by some friend of the church.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.*

He, who would walk safely and honourably, must walk closely with God in secret.—*Cecil.*

VILLAGE SKETCHES.*

THE HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.

Amongst our many humble neighbours, resident in the straggling parish of W—, there was no one for whom I had a higher respect, and greater esteem, than for old Hannah B—. She was an aged widow, and had experienced many changes and crosses through a long life—a life of comparative poverty as to worldly endowment; but she was richly gifted with that greatest of blessings, a contented spirit.—Satisfied with the station in which it had pleased the Lord to place her, she was thankful for each and every mercy vouchsafed unto her; and how many a fellow creature, reared in the lap of worldly prosperity, might have envied the pious feelings of this humble Christian, and blushed for their own unworthiness. She was a daily lesson to me of the emptiness of this world's gifts, for the Spirit of the Lord was with her, and she lacked nothing.

Hannah B—, at the time I first became acquainted with her, inhabited a single room in the upper story of an old dilapidated tenement, whose ancient walls bordered on the village church-yard. It had once been a farm-house, but those days had long passed away, and it was fast falling to decay; very desolate it was to the eye, in every respect, both inside and out; the door creaked upon its rusty hinges, admitting a current of air into the little dark brick entrance, whilst the crazy staircase, which was very steep, seemed to totter under the weight of each falling footstep. The room was most forlorn in its appearance, for the old building was infested with rats, and it required no small effort of ingenuity to protect the trifling weekly store of provisions from these nocturnal intruders. The constant daily as well as nightly precautions necessary to be observed, in securing each article against such an armament, contributed greatly to the discomfort of the apartment; every thing seemed out of place, and there was a strange medley of pots and pans, chairs, tables, and tubs, placed in the very centre of the room, altogether looking the picture of desolation. In one corner was heaped a pile of sticks and fuel, the daily gathering of the poor old soul, and the whole collection was backed by one magnificent looking old log, which at last attracted my curiosity, as year by year my visits were paid, and still the old log retained its place in the usual corner.—“Ah! ma'am,” said old Hannah, in reply to my enquiry, “I do prize that old block of wood; it is many years now, but it was when my good man was in life, and we had more to spare then—more things like—but it pleased God it should not last, for we were burnt out one dreary winter's night, and few things were saved from the flames, but that one bit of wood came from the old place, and I have always kept it, for it is like an emblem of myself—a dry stick saved from the burning.”

The only companion of the poor widow's many lonely hours, was a singed, smutty-looking cat, who purred away her life amidst the embers of the tiny fire which lay smouldering on the hearth; and the only relief to the dead silence which reigned around, if relief it could be called, was the monotonous tick-tick of a large old-fashioned eight-day clock, in a huge wooden case, a remnant of somewhat better times, and as such, most scrupulously preserved, though I seldom found I could trust the treacherous dial as to its time telling veracity. Hannah had lost her only daughter, who died in the prime of life, of a lingering, painful disease, leaving a large family, some of whom, I fear, gave the poor old grandmother many a heart-ache. Her daughter's grave was close beneath the window of her solitary apartment, and poor Hannah often said, the thought cheered her through many a long dreary night, that all that remained of her dear departed child lay so near to her.

Poor Hannah's means were small; as long as she could do a day's work, she got employment from a kind-hearted farmer, on whose lands her husband had worked for many a year; but when, from age and increasing infirmities, she could no longer do anything towards her own maintenance, her parish (for though so long resident, she did not belong to our pa-

rish), allowed her the trifling sum of eighteen-pence a week, a shilling of which went weekly to pay for her lodging. She had friends who gave occasional assistance, and with the hard-earned savings of a long life of economy, she not only contrived to live frugally—paying her way honestly, always appearing neat and clean in her apparel—but she absolutely contrived to save a little hoard of coin, which, by her request, after her death, we deposited in the savings' bank, for the benefit of a favourite grandchild. My poor old friend seemed the last link of the olden times, for she remembered our family through four, if not five generations, and her reminiscences were as original as herself. And I never paid a visit to her poor dwelling-place, without feeling humbled by her superior faith. In poverty and sickness, in pain and in sorrow, her voice was always to be heard uttering praises and thanksgivings for her numberless blessings. “God had been very good to her,” she constantly said, and though, the last years of her life, she was in a state of severe bodily suffering, from a painful malignant disease, which finally proved fatal, yet she never murmured or repined at this heavy affliction; which so bitterly tried the latter part of her lonely existence. “The Lord knows what is best for us; I am a poor, miserable sinner, but the blessed Jesus has redeemed us all, by his precious blood-shedding, and through his merits alone do I look for my salvation.”

She could not read, but her memory was so tenacious, that she could repeat a great portion of the scriptures by heart, and could always give a very correct sketch of the Sunday sermons. It was a bitter trial when her failing health, and increased sufferings, obliged her to give up attending divine worship, and she was most thankful to any kind friend who would read or converse with her on the holy truths of religion; she always said, if God took away one blessing, he sent another to supply its place. How few of the more favoured inhabitants of this earth would say the same! how did the pious, humble faith of this apparently deserted creature, shame the worldly trifler, whose constant repinings at some petty deprivation, we so often are called upon to deplore; for the sincere believer grieves for the weak in faith, always calling to mind that blessed saying, “And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption.”

Crazy and dilapidated as the old house was, yet the aged widow was sincerely attached to it, and when there was a fear at one time, that, owing to the modern march of improvement, the ancient walls would not be spared, she was in much trouble at the thoughts of having to seek another resting-place. I asked her one day, what she purposed doing, in the event of the proprietor choosing to re-build and decorate his cottages? “The blessed Powers above only know where I can go, but it will be right, all right.”

It lasted her time however, and Hannah B— breathed her last, after much sufferings, in that desolate-looking room, blessing and praising God with her latest breath: “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

The purring, whiskerless cat was taken away by a kind neighbour, who had attended the death-bed of the poor widow; the old clock ceased its melancholy tick-tick; and the much prized log was broken up by my husband, at the particular request of old Hannah, a very few days before she finally took to her bed—that bed from whence she never rose again—and a famous crackling fire we made of the long treasured relic; I much doubt if the old room had been the scene of such a blaze for many a by-gone year. I knew she felt she was going, when she quietly watched the destruction of that memorial of the past; though, as she quaintly observed, it was only of a piece with her other comforts, that even the withered emblem should be honoured in its end, for our old neighbour was much attached to my husband, and his name was the last earthly name she uttered ere her dissolution. “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,” and our humble Christian friend was sincere indeed in her earnest supplications for mercy at the throne of grace. “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ arisen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep.”

Dear old Hannah how much we regretted her death; it was a selfish feeling, for she is happier now, from the infirmities of the flesh, than in those when we know her in pain, and in sorrow, though never heard her express a wish to be released. “God's own time,” were the words always upon her lips. She had shown some anxiety, with respect to her burial; she was most anxious to have a decent funeral, and the wish was not forgotten; every thing was ordered and arranged in the most respectable manner, and flowers were laid in the coffin, as sweet as her own calm, placid features, and fresh and bright as her heavenly views were unto the last. “Behold, we count them but as vanity, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.”

I have often and often thought over that venerable holy writ, after paying a visit to that poor lone widow, desolate and deserted in this life, as she appeared to yet who could for an instant doubt that her humble trust and steadfast faith were in vain? She thought of her own sinful nature, and utter unworthiness, and magnified the few bright specks which shone in the horizon of her existence; praises for blessings given, but murmurs for blessings withheld, were always to be heard from her lips, until her humble and contented spirit made me shrink from the recollection of the many undeserved blessings I enjoyed through the mercy of a munificent Creator, while this sincere worshipper of the holy truths of religion, lived on, neglected and overlooked in the busy haunts of life. What an awful responsibility devolves upon those who have both the means and the power to relieve the poorer brethren! If this responsibility were often considered, it would be well for us; how many sumptuous palaces, and glittering fortunes, are frittered away in the glittling tinsel of this world's transitory pleasures—pleasures that leave no lasting satisfaction, that bring consolation with this life's shadow, is fading away.

When Hannah B— was gone, we had lost the last link, as I have said, of the olden time; we had no successor equal to her in piety and godly love in our village—so faithful, so true to the end.

The nervous excitement prevalent in the present age, seems to affect all classes, and the tones of discontent are, I fear, too often sounded. The young expect more than they find, their tastes get more refined, even amongst the lower walks of life; this in itself breeds dissatisfaction, where the means are not equal to the demand, and leads too often, in the sequel, to sin and sorrow. Parental authority does not carry so much weight as it ought, every one thinks for himself, before the reasoning faculties are properly matured: Nothing is taken on trust; all require to know the “why” and “because,” before obedience will condescend to bow its head, and doubts are often raised, and difficulties started, that a whole life is scarcely long enough to dissipate. The aspect of the political world is fraught with scenes of coming woe, and notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the church to protect her own, how strong is the arm which would shake its very foundation!

These are amongst the many awful signs of the times in which we live—every thing progressing rapidly towards the fullness of time: “And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold, but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.”

MY SCOTTISH TOUR.*

THE PREACHING WEEK.

It was during a most pleasant tour, made some time ago in Scotland, and to which I always revert with pleasure, both from the exquisite scenery. I witnessed, and the cordial hospitality and hearty welcome I received at many places on my route, that I arrived on a Thursday at a small town at the confines of the highlands, and situated on one of those lochs or arms of the sea which add so much to the Scottish scenery, and many of which afford ample means of conveying to the heart of the northern counties the comforts and habits of the south. I confess there is something not quite in keeping with the romantic

* From the Church of England Magazine.

* From the Church of England Magazine.

stillness of a highland loch, to behold its smooth blue waters ruffled by the paddles of a steamboat, so crowded that there is scarcely room to sit or stand, and in which the passengers, instead of enjoying the fragrance of the breeze, are nearly suffocated with an unremitting smell of steam, or the oil of the engine, what is even worse, with that of frying fish, and whiskey, the libations of which last are not unfrequently too copious. I speak feelingly on this subject; for I never suffered more from intense heat than in a steam-boat at Loch Lomond, crammed with tourists of every grade and kind, together with a vast exportation from Glasgow, all glad to have a summer's holiday; and most rejoiced was I to laud at dusk, and procure a small boat, to view more slowly, but far more comfortably, the beauties of that splendid lake. For my own part, I always, when practicable, hired a small boat, when I wished to view the scenery, or some vehicle calculated to stand the roughness of a highland road. In my estimation, Staffa and Iona would lose half their interest, viewed from the deck of a steamer; and when I visited them, it was by a boat obtained in the island of Mull. The somewhat tediousness of this rowing, for it was a day on which there was not a breath of air, was beguiled by the boatmen's song with which their oars struck to unison. The effect, however, of steam navigation has made a vast change in the highlands and islands of Scotland; a change calculated to be beneficial in every way. Some eighty years ago, the general assembly of the church sent a deputation to inquire into the spiritual state and wants of the inhabitants of those districts, and the return made was appalling.—Whole districts on the mainland without the means of religious instruction! Could it fail to be so with parishes large enough* for a country or a diocese, with one parochial minister; and remote glens, in which were to be found here and there a scattered cottage, which stranger had never entered, and which it would have taken the minister's days to reach, while the islands were many of them sunk in all the darkness of the darkest popish idolatry? A friend told me he once saw, sitting on the quay of one of the largest Scottish sea-ports, some four or five hundred persons, who had left one of the western isles for emigration, and who were waiting for the sailing of the ship, which was forever to convey them from the isle of their birth. Among this band, the grossest darkness of popish superstition prevailed. The priest of the town came to visit them, and they excited much commiseration from the inhabitants. Surely the prospects of the improvement, in every way, of such persons, must far more than compensate for feelings as to the picturesque, and be a ground of rejoicing. But I fear I have sadly wandered from my subject, and must get back to the legitimate contents of the present paper.

To my astonishment, on my arrival at the town referred to, I found the solemn stillness of a Sunday. I had observed on the road labour going on as usual, and all the marks of activity and industry testified to the commencement of the merry hay harvest; on a sudden, however, the scene was totally changed; all business seemed at an end; every shop was shut, and, on arriving at the small inn, and asking the cause, I was informed that this was the "Fast Day," for it was "The Preaching Week." To my southern readers, many of whom are doubtless unacquainted with the customs of the church as by law established in Scotland, this appellation will appear unintelligible. Let it be stated, therefore, that previous to the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's supper, it is customary to set apart one day in the preceding week as a "Fast Day," or, as it should more properly be termed, a "Preaching Day," for it does not come up to our notion of a fast. Such a

* The parish of Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, is thirty-six miles long, and some places twenty broad; but I believe there are some still larger; that of Kilmorack, in Inverness-shire, is sixty miles long, and ten broad; of Kilmalib, sixty miles long, and thirty broad.
 † According to the report of the deputation referred to, there were in the island of Egg four hundred and thirty-four persons, of which only forty-four were protestants; in Canaan, two hundred and ninety-two, of which only fifteen were protestants; in Barra, eleven hundred, only eighty of whom were protestants. In the reign of King Charles I. they were all protestants.

practice is calculated to be productive of good, and in many of our parishes, a service, or services, preparatory to a communion Sunday, has been attended with the best results. I heard with regret, however, that the "Fast Day," instead of being devoted to religious exercises, had, in too many instances, become a season of revelry. A newspaper, published in a large town, was put into my hands, in which the following paragraph, in substance, appeared (for I did not copy the passage):—"Yesterday being our fast day, the river presented a very gay appearance: the steam-boats were filled with passengers, anxious to enjoy the pleasure of a trip, and a late hour had set in before many of them returned. Not a few had somewhat exceeded in mountain dew (i. e., whiskey), but, thanks to our excellent police, no serious disturbance took place." I was told, that many most conscientious laymen, as well as ministers, were anxious for some new arrangements. "Swarms of pedestrians," says Miss Sinclair, in her recent work ("Scotland and the Scotch," "The Western Circuit," p. 308,) "were hastening along the high road, to attend a Thursday sermon before the sacrament, in some distant parish; all so gaily dressed, that we conjectured they must be going to a wedding: and the crowds which usually congregate on such occasions have become so serious an inconvenience to the clergy, that they have decided, in many districts, that this ordinance shall be held everywhere on the same day, to prevent strangers from transforming the most sacred of all earthly duties into a scene of mere lounging and gossip. In the highlands, many servants make a stipulation, when engaged, that they shall be allowed, in every neighbouring parish, regularly to attend 'the preachings;' and the country milliners all hasten down with patterns of their newest bonnets and caps for that occasion."

I was struck, during my tour, with the great prominence given to preaching in Scotland over the other solemnities of divine worship, and which, I think, is the case with dissenters among ourselves. This, I conceive, has been instrumental in no small degree, in creating those endless schisms, and even jealousies which rend the dissenting bodies, and to which, I think, may legitimately be referred those unhappy disputes which now exist among the members of the church of Scotland.*

The interval between services is generally spoken of, as the time between sermons, and, on some occasions, even at one service, two sermons; and sometimes by different ministers, are preached. Much as preaching is to be valued as a most important means of grace, and no one can value it more highly than I do, it should never be exalted above the sacraments, praise, and prayer: and I confess few things pain me more, than to see the scanty attendance at the week-day, or even Sunday prayers, in our own church when unaccompanied with a sermon or lecture. To how many, especially those not occupied in business, or trade, or manual labour, and who are therefore not necessarily prevented, might such an attendance be abundantly blessed! I have known not a few instances, in which this has been the case. Might not many an hour of useless gossip be better spent in the house of God? and might not many of the aged, who are able to reach it, there find much to strengthen and refresh them, to the close of life's journey? I believe the trial needs only to be made.

The preaching week is the grand festival in the parishes of Scotland, for no attention is paid by the established church to the usual feasts or fasts, or by any of the presbyterian seceders—nay, such is actually prohibited†—and in many parishes it is only an annual

* Every true Christian must deplore these divisions; and they may lead to far more serious consequences than many are inclined to apprehend, or are willing to allow. It is to be sincerely hoped, that a spirit of conciliation may soon be more prominently displayed than is now the case, and that the unfortunate collision between the spiritual and temporal courts may not prove detrimental to the interests of religion.
 † The 5th of the articles of Perth, ratified by parliament in the year 1621, was to the following effect.—"As we abhor the superstitious observance of festival days by the papists, and detest all licentious and profane abuses thereof, by the common sort of professors, so we think that the inestimable benefits received from God by our Lord Jesus Christ; his birth, passion, resurrection, ascen-

festival, for there are some in which the Lord's supper is administered but once a-year. This I conceive to be a great evil, more especially as private communion is altogether forbidden; and if I mistake not, a clergyman in the western islands was some years ago severely reprimanded, if not threatened with suspension, or even removal, from his clerical office, for presuming, in compliance with a dying man's most urgent request, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper in his chamber! My informant was not likely to mislead: the occurrence took place with reference to one in high life. It appears to me, also, diametrically opposed to the requirements of the "Presbyterian Directory for Public Worship," wherein it is expressly laid down, that "The communion, or supper of the Lord, is frequently to be celebrated."

Mentioning to my host, that I should probably return on the Saturday to remain until Monday he requested me at once to secure rooms, for the house, he said, would be filled that night: "Our minister expects more assistance than he usually has, and he has hespoke three bed-rooms already." I took the hint, and was glad I did so, otherwise, on my arrival on the Saturday, I should not have procured a corner to sit in; and, after all, I felt obliged, not by my host's request, but my wish to accommodate—mixed up, in some measure, with the desire to pick up information—to offer a share of my parlour to some of the other guests. The conversation among them was chiefly on the merits of the sermon they had just heard; for there had been preaching that afternoon, as is usual on the Saturday, although that is not kept so strictly as the fast day, business being followed as usual, except during the hours of divine service. Some applauded the discourse, and prognosticated that the preacher, a young man, would rise to eminence; others doubted the point, and conceived he was not altogether sound in his views. All seemed critics in their way, and good judges in their own estimation. The ministers who were to assist the following day came in for their share of criticism; but the grand theme of rejoicing, was the unexpected arrival of an eminent minister from one of the large cities. That such a spirit is to be deprecated, is unquestionable. It leads not to a spirit of deep humiliation, solemn self-examination, and serious endeavours after growth in grace: it is a spirit, however, not confined to the members of the church of Scotland; for I fear we have many captious hearers among ourselves, persons who are glad when the prayers are over, that the preacher may begin. I do not say, that we are blindly to follow our appointed, or any other, minister, or not to compare his statements with those of the word of God—but this I say, a captious hearer cannot be a profitable hearer—and that to possess the teachableness of little children, is requisite for our admission into the kingdom of heaven.—To be continued.

THE DICTIONARY OF THE CHURCH.

We are glad to observe that this excellent work has so soon reached a second edition. It has been published by Mr. Hooker, in a neat duodecimo volume, and imparts more information on matters connected with the external order, sacraments, worship, and usages of the Church, than can elsewhere be found in the same compass. Though termed a dictionary, it contains much to interest as well as instruct, and notwithstanding the variety of topics treated, may safely be commended for its general soundness, accuracy, and ability. A work of this kind was greatly needed, and Mr. Staunton has supplied the want in such a manner as to entitle him to the thanks of the Episcopal community. It should be in the hands of every Churchman.—Ban of Cross.

[We heartily join in the foregoing commendations.—Ed. C. C.]
 and sending down of the Holy Ghost, were commendably and godly remembered, at certain particular days and times, by the whole church of the world, and may do so now; therefore the assembly admitteth, that every minister shall, upon these days, have the commemoration of the foresaid inestimable benefits, and make choice of several and pertinent texts of scripture, and frame their doctrine and exhortation thereto; and rebuke all superstitious observance and licentious profanation thereof. It is needless to remind the reader, that these articles were subsequently condemned.

THE STORY OF A STRANGER IN LONDON.*

I fear that in narrating the following story I shall be accused of pirating its leading ideas from a late very beautiful and popular tale. Such an accusation, however, would be groundless, as I have not stolen from any other writer.

That the main points of my story are pirated I do not deny; but they are taken from that only place whence stealing is no robbery—the inexhaustible storehouse of real fact.

To be brief, then, my hero is a real person, his adventures are real events, and the only alterations made in the details are such as are requisite, in delicacy to the feelings of the parties concerned.

The scene was a small room in a lowly cottage, situated in the suburbs of a large Irish city, the time was evening, and the persons present were a widow and her only son. There was an elegance in the hearing of these individuals which well accorded with the aspect of their apartment; however humble were its dimensions, it was furnished with a grace that shewed a superior mind had been at work in its arrangements.

The lady was of a commanding and matronly appearance, yet with a countenance mild and subdued in its expression. Her widow's cap shaded a pensive brow and a pallid cheek, and her eyes were filled with tears as she looked upon her son.

He was a tall slender youth, of noble mien and manners; not handsome, in the usual sense of that term, but possessing fine, well-marked features, and that peculiar cast of countenance familiarly called aristocratic. Unsubdued pride, and a fiery quickness of feeling, were the predominant expressions of his pale and lofty brow, and flashed in rapid alternation from his keen dark eye.

'And so he has refused to perform his promise, Horace?' said the lady.

'He has,' was the reply, 'and he leaves me to the cold world and its kindness, without one single breath of assistance, except the good character he dare not refuse me.'

'Then all our hopes in that quarter are dashed to the dust. Will you go to your uncle in Dublin, and try for him to make you his head-clerk or partner, or something of that kind?'

'To my uncle in Dublin?' cried the young man, starting from his chair, 'Is it to my uncle in Dublin you say, mother? May our lady never bless me if I set my foot under his roof, though he is an O'Meara, (and its lilt he deserves the name,)—under his roof that said my father was a fool to marry a Desmond, and that Desmond yourself, mother!'

The lady flushed and turned pale again during this impassioned burst; and, after a moment's silence, she replied,

'But, then, what will I do with you at all, my Horace, if you will not try any means for getting yourself on in the world?'

'I tell you what, mother darling,' said he, sitting down by her, and looking anxiously in her face as he spoke, 'I'll tell you what it is,—I'll go to London, and then I'll be sure to get on well, and the very first letter I'll write you will have in it that I'm made head clerk to one of the great crown lawyers there.'

'Oh, not to London, my love,' said the mother, 'don't go to London, where you have not a friend to smile upon you and bid you welcome; and where the people are all Protestants too, and hate your religion and your country—don't go to London, my darling, and so far from your mother, too!'

The lady wept as she spoke, and Horace was much moved by her distress; but he had formed the plan in his own mind some hours before; and whoever attempts to turn an enthusiastic young Irishman from a new and promising plan will find that he or she has

undertaken a task it were easier (though not, perhaps kinder) to relinquish than to perform.

Horace O'Meara was a young lawyer, just out of his time with an attorney, who had more than once promised to take him as his partner, when his clerkship should have expired; but now, when the time came, the capricious man denied that he had ever made any such engagement, and received into the promised post a relative of his own, far less fit for it than O'Meara.

Disgusted and indignant, the fiery youth resolved to set out for London, a place of which he entertained the highest ideas, where he supposed wealth and preferment waited on the steps of all who were so fortunate as to enter its magic boundaries.

Many were the entreaties and forebodings of Mrs. O'Meara, but all were vain; Horace was neither to be persuaded nor frightened out of his design. He felt that he was doing a wise thing, and a thing sure to succeed; he promised to keep his religion out of jeopardy and himself out of mischief, and with his mother's blessing, a high heart, and slender purse Horace O'Meara went to England.

I cannot trace out before my readers all the varied scenes of disappointment, weariness, and mortification through which O'Meara passed, in his search for a situation to his taste. In some places his inquiries were met with civility, in some with contemptuous pity, in others with rudeness, and even insult.

'If that salary does not suit you, sir,' said a fat, vulgar man, before whom the refined Horace was standing, at the boiling-point of indignation, 'if it does not suit, I can reduce it; but as to raising the offer, I should not think of such a thing—especially to an Irishman,' he added, with a sneer, 'who, as all the world knows, can live for nothing at home, and a great deal cheaper elsewhere!'

Horace never knew how he happened to quit that room without kicking the insulting rascal down stairs before him; however, so it was that he left the chambers without doing anything worthy the notice of the police.

Overflowing with rage, pride, and mortification, he sought his lonely lodging. He reached it weary and disgusted, with a sickened heart and throbbing head. He threw himself on his bed, and began to meditate on his forlorn prospects. He surveyed a solitary half-crown, the sole remains of the money he had brought with him; his watch had been pledged during the previous week, to satisfy his landlord. He had not written to his mother for a fresh remittance; alas! he well knew she had none to send him. His temples burned and throbbed more rapidly as he thought of her, and all her auguries of evil; he was friendless and alone, and a kind of bewildered insensibility crept over him as the feeling of helplessness grew stronger.

At length he awoke, as from a trance, and found himself in extreme pain; dizzy and sick, scarcely able to move, he crawled to the bell and rang it. His landlady herself answered the summons. Never abundant in amenity nor kindness, she now stood sullenly silent, and Horace felt obliged to break silence by telling her what most female eyes would have discovered untold.

'I am very ill, Mrs. Jones,' he faintly said.

'Well, what do you want, sir?' was the heartless reply.

'I do not know. I am very ill.'

'Shall I send for the doctor?' said she.

'No,' said Horace, more firmly. 'I can't pay him.'

'Then you must do without him,' was the laconic truth replied by Mrs. Jones.

Alas poor Horace! his malady increased, and he soon became unconscious of all that passed around him. Mrs. Jones declared that she could not have people ill and delirious in her house. A removal therefore took place, and Horace O'Meara at length recovered his scattered senses, in the fever ward of St. ——— Hospital.

Six weeks afterwards the passers-by saw a tall, emaciated young man sitting upon the steps in front of that stately hospital. His dress was mean, his countenance pale and haggard, and an expression of helpless despair dwelt on his squalid yet fine features. He had been discharged that morning, cured, after a malignant fever, from which his recovery had been little less than a miracle; but he was houseless, friendless, and penniless and as he sat, leaning his head against one of the pillars, the stupefaction of mingled hopelessness and exhaustion was rapidly coming over him.

Several persons in passing by had been struck with the wretched appearance of the young man; but no one knew him, and no one spoke to him. Is there any solitude so dreary as loneliness amid the crowds of London?

Suddenly an old basket-woman, who was going by, fixed her eyes on the stranger; and dropping her basket, she clasped her hands together, and broke forth with a loud—'Och hone! och hone! och cuishla ma chree!—and is it myself that lived to see a rale O'Meara, and that one the young masher himself, sitting all alone on the streets, and niver a spake to him?'

It was indeed Horace O'Meara, and the sound of the well-known voice made him raise his heavy eyes; he looked up, and saw before him old Kate Langan, once a 'follower of the family,' and for many years the nurse of his childhood. The faithful creature had recognised him in a moment, through all his ghastly misery, and before he could utter a reply, she had fallen on her knees beside him, and clasped him fervently in her arms.

'There, Masher Horace, avourneen, lay down yer poor darlint head on me showlder agin, as ye used to be doing, and meself carryin ye about, a babby at the ould house in the kingdom.'

Long before this exhortation was concluded, the languid head of Horace had fallen upon its old resting-place, and the tears which flowed rapidly down his hollow cheeks gave proof that his desolate heart vibrated to the sound of old and long-lost affection.

'And how did ye come here, avourneen, at all, at all?' asked Kate; but Horace could not reply.—'What in the wide world are ye doin' here, darlint?'

'Oh, nurse, he said, or rather gasped, 'I have been ill in the hospital.'

'And where's the mistress, yer mother?'

'At home in Ireland.'

'And were are ye goin' wid yerself, me dhuel?'

'I do not—know,' sobbed Horace, 'I—I have no home—to go—to!'

'Niver a home to go to?' cried old Kate, and she rested him back from her hold against the pillar, and started up, and stood before him. 'Niver a home to shelter yer blessed head in? and you the O'Meara itself? Och thin, by his holiness Shaint Phadrig and all the holy saints, it's meself that will carry ye to me own little weeny house, bird of me bosom; though it's a hole little fit for the likes of yerself to be coming into! Come away, thin, a cuishla!'

Horace rose up with some difficulty, but soon sank back against the pillar, and a deep flush spread over his wan countenance, as he faintly said—'I can't walk, nurse.'

'Och hone! och hone!' cried old Kate, 'to think that iver the child of me heart should come to the likes of this! but, na vourneen, if ye can't walk, sure ye can ride. Arrah now, she added, turning to the crowd who had gathered round them, attracted by the novelty of the scene, 'Is there none of ye wid the heart of a Christian in yer bosom, that will get me a coach or a consarn, for the love of heaven, to be carryin home the young masher wid?'

The appeal was answered by a little girl who had watched the whole proceeding with the deepest interest; off she ran, and soon returned with a cab from a neighbouring stand, for which kindness old Kate rewarded her with a volley of the richest blessings, some in English and some Irish. Into this vehicle

* By the Author of "Felix De Lisle."

the old woman half led, half lifted her exhausted charge, then seated herself beside him, and giving her basket to the driver to be carried on the box, she directed him to proceed to a certain lane leading from one of the seven streets, which meet at that classic point called Seven Dials.

To be continued in our next.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1840.

DIocese of QUEBEC.—We take the following notice of the proposed movements of the indefatigable Bishop of Montreal, from a late number of the *Church.* We remember that when Archdeacon, he was in the habit of performing frequent and arduous visitations in the District of Gaspé, of which some account was occasionally given in our paper. It appears that his elevation to the Episcopate, has not diminished his 'care' of these distant 'churches,' which are not accessible without considerable labour and privation. Long may this worthy Bishop be spared to stimulate every under-shepherd by his self-denying and laborious example, and to strengthen the flocks committed to his charge.—We understand that the Rev. Charles Morris, late of Nova Scotia, was in the temporary charge of the parish of Three Rivers.

"THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL is about proceeding by the *Unicorn* Steamer to visit the District of Gaspé in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, expecting to return by the same conveyance, and to reach Quebec before the 20th of September, after which it is the purpose of his Lordship, with the Divine permission, to make his circuit in the Counties of Megantic and Beauce in the District of Quebec; and, in the early part of the winter, to visit the few remaining Protestant settlements in that District north of the St. Lawrence. The Visitation of the Diocese will then have been completed, the Districts of Montreal, St. Francis and Three Rivers having been visited last winter.

His Lordship intends to hold an Ordination at Quebec in some part of the month of October, when it is expected that several gentlemen now in Deacon's orders will be admitted to the Priesthood."

CHURCH-RATES.—The law of Church-rates is more than 1100 years old. A *declaratory*—mark, only a *declaratory* law, and one which, therefore, refers to an existing law still older—a *declaratory* law of King Ina commands that the *church scot*, or rate, be paid as a house tax at Martinmas, under a penalty of 40s, and twelve times the rate. Now Ina began his reign in the year 688, when the law in question, with others, was promulgated—so that the law of church-rates is at least 1162 years old.

At the Reformation one-third of the land in England, and one-half of the land in Scotland, belonged to the Church. If the whole property now in the possession of the Church of England was equally divided, it appears from the parliamentary returns, that each parochial minister would receive under 300 per annum.—*English paper.*

St. LUKE'S CHURCH, PORTLAND.—A large and capital clock, says the St. John Observer, has been erected in the Tower of this Church, at an expense of £300,

of which sum £100 was graciously contributed by the Hon. CHARLES SIMONDS, Speaker of the Assembly.

CHURCH SOCIETY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—We received last week a printed copy of the Rules of this Institution, to which the following notice is prefixed:—

Notice having been previously given in Saint Paul's Church, Charlottetown, a Meeting of Clergy and Laity of the Established Church took place at twelve o'clock, on Tuesday the 14th of July—when after prayer for the Divine blessing and help, the Chair was taken by the Rev. L. C. Jenkins, Rector of Charlotte Parish, who stated to the Meeting the plan and object of a proposed Church Society, similar in every respect to that already organized in the Province of Nova Scotia. Its great objects were understood to be "the promotion of an intelligent acquaintance with the Evangelical Doctrines and Apostolic order of the Church of England, among her Members—the increase of a Charitable attachment to her Doctrines, her Ritual, and her Ministry, on the part of those professing to be her Children, and the knitting together of Pastors and People in closer bonds of mutual affection and regard."

(The Rules adopted were similar to those of other Committees in Nova Scotia, which have already appeared in this paper.)

The following persons were chosen Officers of the Society, and Members of the Standing Committee, for the year ending on the 14th of July, 1841:

PATRONS.

- His Excellency SIR CHARLES AGUSTUS FITZ ROY, K. H., Lieutenant Governor;
- The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts;
- The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

PRESIDENT.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

VICE PRESIDENT.

The Rev. L. C. Jenkins, Rector of Charlotte Parish;

The Honorable the Chief Justice.

SECRETARY.

The Rev. C. Lloyd, B. A.

TREASURER.

The Honorable John Myrie Holl.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

- All Clergymen of the Established Church and Captain Cumberland, 96th Regt.
- Hon. Thomas Heath Haviland,
- J. S. Dealy, Esq.
- John Barrow, Esq.
- Edward Haythorne, Esq.
- Hon. John Brecken,
- Francis Longworth, Esq.
- Hon. Robert Hodson,
- Edward Palmer, Esq.
- Hon. John Livett,
- Captain Swabey, R. A.
- William Cundall, Esq.
- Solomon Desbrisay, Esq.
- James D. Hazard, Esq.
- Mr. William Crabb,
- Mr. Joseph Ball,
- Mr. Joseph Holroyd,
- Mr. John Gater.

With power to add to the number.

By Order of the Standing Committee.

CHARLES LLOYD, Secretary.

Charlottetown, July 15th 1840.

KNEELING.—The Editor of the Banner of the Cross says:—If it be not transcending our sphere of duty, we would express the hope that in the erection of new Churches some regard might be paid, to having the pews so constructed as to admit of, and encourage kneeling in front. There can be no question, we presume, that this direction is the most proper one, the transition to other postures is more easy, and if arrangements were made for its adoption, the practice of kneeling would be more general than it now is, and our congregations would consequently present a more becoming and uniform appearance. In the older Churches, provision however rude and inconvenient was made for this, but in modern times the exaltation of preaching above the worship of God has caused it to be lost sight of.

CAPE-BRETON ADVOCATE.—A number of this paper, printed at Sydney, C. B., by Mr. R. Huntingdon, on 8 pages, demi size, has been sent to us. We wish the conductor success, so long as he is on the right side.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, 10th Sept. 1840. At a meeting of the Governor's held this day in the Library of the College, Messrs. Charles Symonds and Dunbar Douglas Stewart, were elected to the vacant Scholarships.

SEPTEMBER 11.

At a Convocation held this day, the honorary degree of Doctoria Civil Law was conferred upon the Honorable Andrew Wm. Cochran, A. B. of this University, and Judge of the Supreme Court in Lower Canada, in compliance with a resolution of the Board of Governors at their Annual Meeting.

"To pay every man his own" is a good maxim, which should be remembered and acted upon by all who subscribe for a paper. If it is forgotten by them, how can the Printer be expected to reduce it to practice?—We specially request that all who are in arrears for the COLONIAL CHURCHMAN, will abide by this salutary rule, and settle accounts with the Printer or the nearest Agent, up to the end of this Volume, (12th November next).—And it is earnestly desired, that Agents will use their kind exertions in procuring such settlement, and in remitting, without delay, whatever may be received.

MARRIED.

- In this town, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, Mr. James Dewolf, merchant, of Liverpool, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William S. Morris, Esq.
- At Bridgetown, on the 17th ult. by the Rev James Robertsq, Morrison Oakes, Esq. Doctor, to Miss Mary Agatha, daughter of Richard James, Esq. Justice of the Peace.
- In London, on the 15th Sept. by the Rev. J. R. Esker, Mr. W. K. Milward, of Halifax, to Lucy, third daughter of the late James Oridge, Esq.

DIED.

- At LaHave, on Wednesday 7th inst. in the 76th year of his age, GARRET MILLER, Esq. His remains were respectfully interred under the Parish Church of St. Peter's, on Friday.
- At Antigonish, after a short illness, Mr. Martin Summers, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

POETRY.

A FATHER'S DREAM.

There was a lovely little flower,
I fondly hoped to rear;
I saw it at the matin hour,
It was expanding here.

I looked again—my flower was gone;
I knew it must be dead;
And put a robe of sackcloth on,
Strewed ashes on my head,
And sat me down to wail and weep
That thus my flower had died;
And in my sorrow fell asleep;—

There stood One by my side,
Who told me of my lovely flower,
And shewed me where it grew,
Beyond the scorching summer's power,
Where winter never blew;
And told me he had taken it
To that more genial sphere,
Because, in truth, it was not fit,
That it should wither here;
And said, "It was too sweet a thing
To bloom on earth for me,
For waters from a purer spring,
Around its root must be;
And dews, which always fall in heaven,
But never here below,
Must wash its leaves, both morn and even,
Or it would never grow;
And it must have a tender care,
A truer love than thine,"
He pointed unto Heaven, "And there,"
He said, "a hand Divine
Shall tend, and train thy flower for thee,"
Till it is fully grown;
Then, come to Heaven! and it shall be
Eternally thine own.

And then he went away. My heart
Was calm and reconciled:
But gently yearning to depart
And join my blessed child:
And thinking of my pleasant dream,
In happy sleep I sung:
Both joy and grief were in my theme,
And both were on my tongue.
It was not quite a gloomy strain,
Nor quite a merry glee;
But a sweet mingling of the twain
In one deep melody.

I woke in tears—which soon were dry,
And knelt me down to pray;
And then I laid my ashes by;
And flung my weeds away.

British Magazine.

VARIETIES.

CHURCH PLATE RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL AND HOLY PURPOSES.

We are informed that in the late visit of the Assistant Bishop of Virginia, to the congregation in the Northern Neck, two sets of silver vessels, formerly used in churches now in ruins or passed away, were put in his hands, to be returned should those churches ever be revived. If we mistake not, such was the request made by the Convention of the Church some years since, in order to prevent their entire alienation from the sanctuary at the deaths of those in whose hands they were placed for safe keeping, an event which has already too often occurred.

One of the above mentioned sets having been given to the Bishop as already stated, he mentioned the circumstance in a family (not belonging to our communion) where he was spending the night, when the lady informed him, that those belonging to the Church in that Parish, were in her possession, and that she would be glad to dispose of them in the same way.—Accordingly she immediately took them from an

upper shelf in the room where they were sitting, and where they had been for years, and presented them to the Bishop.

It is the intention of the Bishop to place these, and any others, which may in like manner be entrusted to his care, in the hands of responsible vestries, who desire the use of them, on the condition of returning the same, should they ever be needed.—*Southern Churchman.*

AN UNPERCEIVED DANGER.

One day Mr Cecil called upon one of his hearers, whom he knew to be prospering in his worldly affairs; 'I am concerned,' said he, 'to hear that you are getting into danger.' 'What danger?' inquired the astonished hearer. 'You are growing rich.' The man took the hint and escaped the snare.—*Leischild.*

The distribution of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for 1840, was,—Bibles, 119,185; Testaments, 113,791; Prayer Books, 262,338; Psalters, 11,318; other bound books, 231,209; Tracts, 2,815,612.

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland, is said to number about 700,000. Heretofore they have been called the Synod of Ulster and the Secession Synod; but recently the two have united under the name of 'The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.—*Ban. of Cross.*

Pulpits.—Originally all pulpits faced to the west that the eyes of the congregation might see all acts of devotion, and look towards the east, whence the Sun of Righteousness arose. The first deviations from this rule were introduced by the Puritans,—and the first chapel erected south and north was the chapel of Emanuel College, Cambridge, founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, a distinguished leader of that sect.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Churton's "History of the Early English Church," forms a volume of series called "The Englishman's Library." We need not say that, as coming from him, it is a work of much learning and judgment. It contains in a small space a great deal of information which it is difficult otherwise to obtain; and by its candid and temperate tone will do good service by disposing ecclesiastical students to more catholic views of Theology.—*British Critic.*

In a small country parish, in which he is concealed from the observation of the world, the minister must especially beware of idleness and lukewarmness; of a slovenly preparation for the pulpit; and a total neglect, or a hasty and superficial discharge of the other pastoral duties, as if the flock were less precious in God's sight because of its smallness; or, perhaps, of its confined range in mental cultivation.—*Coleridge.*

What can the rich do better with their treasures, than to lend them to the Lord? What can the poor do better with their poverty, than she who, 'cast in all the living that she had.' 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is good, but it tendeth to poverty.'—*Bishop Doane.*

There can be no doubt that public assemblages and diversions have a strong tendency to withdraw the mind from things above to things below; that the common routine of Society is generally a waste of time, if not of something still more valuable; and that it is rare indeed to find a parson addicted to these compliances with the world, who does not confine his views of religion to a very low and insufficient standard.—*Bishop Sumner.*

Let me ask, every day, what reference it has to the Day of Judgment; and cultivate a disposition to be reminded of that day.—*Cecil.*

BOOKS,

For Sale by the Subscriber.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal
-----Historical Newspaper
-----Information for the People
The Saturday Magazine
The Penny Magazine
Wilson's Border Tales
The Penny Cyclopaedia
Dublin Penny Journal
Library of Useful Knowledge
-----ditto Farmer's Series
-----of Entertaining Knowledge
Edinburgh Cabinet Library
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia
The Family Library
Molesworth's Domestic Chaplain; or Sermons on Family Duties for every Sunday in the year, 2 vols.
The Church of England Magazine
The Scottish Christian Herald
The Christian Lady's Magazine
The Magazine of Domestic Economy
Fessenden's New American Gardener
-----Complete Farmer
Kenrick's New American Orchardist
THE CULTIVATOR, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6.
Nichols' View of the Architecture of the Heavens
-----Phenomena and Order of the Solar System
Dick's Celestial Scenery
Wilson's Greek Exercises
Cruden's Concordance
Cutton's Mathematics, by Ramsey, 1 vol.
American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1840
Travels in Egypt and Arabia Petraea, by Alexander Dumas
Medhurst's China, 1 vol.
William's South Sea Islands, 1 vol.
Wilson's Greece, Malta and the Ionian Islands, 1 vol.
Cinch's (Rev. J. H.) Poems, contents,
The Captivity in Babylon
American Antiquities
Memory
The Play Ground Revisited
By Gone Days
Niagara---Athens---Spring
To a Cloud---Rizpah---Lethe
The Passage of the Jordan
Kennebec.

C. H. BELCHER

Halifax, May 5th, 1840.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF NOVA-SCOTIA SCENERY.

PART 1 contains I. Vignette, Rotunda at the Prince's Lodge, near Halifax
II. Halifax, from the Red Mill, Dartmouth.
III. Entrance to Halifax Harbour from Reeve's Hill, Dartmouth
IV. View on Bedford Basin.
PART 2 contains I. View of Halifax from McNicoll Island.
II. View on the North West Arm
III. Ruins of the Duke of Kent's Lodge, Windsor Road.
PART 3 contains I. Windsor, N. S. from Retreat Farm.
II. View from Retreat Farm, Windsor, N. S.
III. View from the Horton Mountains.

For sale by

Halifax, May 5, 1840. C. H. BELCHER

PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY THE PROPRIETOR

E. A. MOODY, LUNenburg, N. S.

By whom Subscriptions, Remittances, &c. will be fully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE, in every instance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

No paper will be discontinued until all dues are paid.

All Communications addressed to the Editors, or publisher, must be POST PAID.

General Agents—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax, N. S.

-----L. H. De Veber, Esq. St. John, N. B.

-----Hon. A. W. Cochran, Quebec.

-----Charles Desbrisay, Esq. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

-----Rev. Charles Blackman, St. John's, N. S.

COMMUNICATIONS.—We do not consider ourselves any time answerable for the opinions of our Correspondents, except so far as we openly adopt them in our Journal.