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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME IV.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1839.

NUMBER 13.

For the Colonial Churchman.

H Y M N.

"Praise ye the Lord."

Praise ye the Lord.—At his command
Creation into being came:
His heav'nly will, and sov'reign hand,
Called from the dust our living frame.

Praise ye the Lord.—His mighty power
The fabric of the world maintains;
And by his grace, from hour to hour,
The life he gave he still sustains.

Praise ye the Lord.—Year after year,
On wings of love, new-mercies speed.—
He gives, as with a father's care,
Health, food and raiment—all we need.

Praise ye the Lord.—His only Son
He gave to tears,—our tears to dry:—
To shame,—that we might have a throne—
To death,—that we might never die.

Praise ye the Lord.—The crimson stain
Of sin He purges white as snow;
The wounded spirit frees from pain,
And gives it peace,—His peace—to know,

Praise ye the Lord.—To souls renewed,
His Spirit daily grace supplies:
Bids them rejoice o'er sins subdued,
And trains them for their home—the skies.

Praise ye the Lord.—Ye angels bright
On golden harps take up the strain:
And earth, with all thy sons, unite
To echo back those notes again.

Newfoundland, Nov. 1838.

PASTORAL CONVERSATIONS.

R E V I V A L S.

Whilst on a recent visit to a distant part of my mission I chanced to meet, at the house of a respected member of my congregation, an acquaintance belonging to one of our dissenting denominations, who, as it appeared, had been attending of late several revival meetings, as they are called. After a few introductory remarks on the state of the weather and the roads, he asked me:

"Parson, why don't you have revivals in your church? They are great helps for increasing your congregation; and I think you ought to try and get up one."

"I am certainly obliged to you," I replied, for the suggestion: but I have some doubts on the subject."

"Now Parson, that is what I call unreasonable. Why should you have doubts about a thing so well known? I am a plain spoken man, and I hope you will excuse me. But I do think that the Church of England would get on much better if you were to have a few revivals now and then. You are all so formal and lifeless: you are all dark and cold,—steeping to your reading prayers and sermons and preventing the warm feelings of the heart from being poured forth. Oh! how can you expect the face of God to be upon you, or his Spirit to be with you? I feel for you—from my heart I feel for you. Would that I had the power to convert you!"

"Your candour, at least, Mr. H. deserves in my opinion, greater commendation than your sentiments. However I thank you for your sympathy, and wish your ability were equal to your will, to benefit me."

"As I said before, Sir, I am a plain spoken man, and mean no offence."

"Be assured Mr. H. that I mean to take no offence. But I should like to hear you explain to me the scriptural grounds and other arguments, which induce you to believe that I ought to have a revival in my congregation."

"Why I don't know that I remember any at present: but there is no doubt of it."

"I tell you that I have a doubt on the subject: and you cannot expect me to agree with you till you remove it. Tell me therefore if you can bring forward an instance from Scripture, where a congregational revival took place."

"Yes I can. There is the revival that took place at Jerusalem in the days of King Josiah, and which no doubt is worthy of imitation. There is also the revival that took place after the return of the Jews from captivity. And there is also—"

"Stop my good friend," I interrupted, "these instances, allow me to say, are not at all to the point."

"Why so?"
"Because, simply they are national not congregational revivals, if you like the term. They represent a whole nation turning from idolatry to serve the living God,—a whole people that had been led astray returning to their allegiance. They cannot therefore be admitted as precedents in the present instance. Properly so called they are no revivals."

"No revivals! Pray what do you call them then?"

"Their proper name is *Reformation*. The worship of the true God, after having for a time been abolished in the nation, was reformed,—formed anew: and hence the proper designation for this renewal. The instances you have adduced afford very just precedents for the reformation which took place in England in the sixteenth century; but none for your individual revivals."

"Well: there were revivals in the apostles' times at any rate."

"Can you specify any?"

"I don't remember any at present. But if our Preacher was here he could tell you."

"Perhaps he could. But to the best of my recollection the word *revival* does not occur once in the whole of the New Testament. And if any instances are adduced to support your assertion, I must still retain my doubts of their complete resemblance in every part to what you call revivals. For it appears to me that the term can scarcely be applied to a congregation that has been formed for the first time in a Jewish or heathen country. And we read of none other in the New Testament."

"Well: Parson I don't pretend to argue with you: but I know that I am right, and that you are wrong. Revivals ought to be in every church, also it cannot flourish—that's all."

"Come, come, Mr. H. you are becoming dogmatical. The whole matter is this. You make an assertion: I call upon you to support it by Scripture: and instead of employing with so reasonable a request, you adhere to your own position, and tell me that I am wrong for differing with you. At this rate we can never arrive at any satisfactory result, and I think therefore we had better let the matter rest as it is."

"I beg your pardon Sir. As I said before, I mean no offence. But would you favour me with your opinion on this subject, and tell me how religion can be kept alive without revivals?"

"Ah! Mr. H. you think you have now got a poser for the Parson. However I will do what I can to satisfy you, though I must confess that after what has fallen from you I do not think you could complain of me if I refused to say anything more on the subject."

"I am very sorry Sir, if I have offended you. I did not mean it I assure you."

"Well I take you at your word. But to return: you ask my opinion of revivals, and further how religion can prosper without them. I answer:

1. My deliberate opinion is that generally speaking revivals are rather an injury to the permanent and steady growth of true christian principle. The feelings—"

—"How's that?"

"Pray don't interrupt me Mr. H. You asked my opinion and you shall have it.—The feelings, I was going to say, which revivals call forth are too violent and attended with too much excitement to continue long. The consequence generally is that a reaction takes place, and the public mind is apt to go to the opposite extreme, and neglect religion altogether. The process I admit is gradual: but experience confirms the fact. I therefore say that revivals such as you advocate are unfavourable to true religious feeling."

2. The means of grace which may be found in the ministrations of our church I conceive to be quite sufficient to keep religion alive in the breast of every rational Christian. Her services, which you call cold and formal, are, if rightly apprehended, quite adequate to the revival of devotional feeling in the heart every time they are read. And this together with the daily private revival of the closet, will keep religion alive and vigorous in the breast of every well disposed person; and will assuredly conduce more than public revivals to a patient continuance in well-doing."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

H U M I L I T Y.

MARK IX. 35.—"If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, was eminent for humility. When the people had chosen him bishop he privately withdrew, reckoning himself unworthy of so great an office, and giving way to others, whose age and experience rendered them, as he thought, much fitter for it; but the people having found where he was, beset the house, and forced him to accept the office.

W A S H I N G S.

"The Pharisees and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, (or, as the margin reads it, diligently,) eat not, holding the tradition of the Elders." (Mark vii. 3.) This is a passage which has perplexed the commentators. The difficulty is in the Greek word *Pygme*, which is variously rendered 'oft,' 'diligently,' and with 'the fist,' which last phrase Theophylact explains to mean, 'up to the elbow.' Now, with this in your mind, read what Mr. Lane says about the Moslem ablutions, which Mahammed perhaps derived, as he did many other things, from the Talmudical Jews. The description is probably the most ample that has ever been given by a Christian. I extract a few passages. After the washing of the mouth, nose, and face, the worshipper proceeds thus: 'His right hand and arm, as high as the elbow, he next washes three times, and as many times causes some water to run along his arm, from the palm of his hand to the elbow.' 'In the same manner, he washes his left hand and arm.' (Vol. i. p. 100.) This relates to the washings before prayer; but they also wash, as has been said, before every meal. 'A servant brings each person a basin and ewer of tinned copper or of brass. The former of these has a cover pierced with holes, with a raised receptacle for the soap in the middle; and the water being poured upon the hands, passed through this cover into the space below; so that when the basin is brought to a second person, the water with which the former one has washed is not seen. A napkin is given to each person.' (Vol. i. p. 199.)

EPISCOPACY.

PROOF FROM SACRED HISTORY THAT THE DIVINELY INSTITUTED APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION CONTINUED AND INCREASED IN EFFICIENCY DURING THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.*

Soon after our blessed Lord's ascension, Matthias was chosen in the room of Judas at the instance of the apostle Peter. (Acts 1.) Within two years after that event, Saul of Tarsus was converted and commissioned by the Saviour to bear his name "before Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel." St. Paul asserts that he was not behind the very chief-est of the apostles. Like them he was an ambassador for God. (2 Cor. v. 20.) Like them he proclaimed the terms of reconciliation and pardon to guilty men. He baptized (1 Cor. 16:). He excommunicated (Tim. i. 20:). He shewed forth the Lord's death in the Eucharist (1 Cor. xi. 23:). He ruled the people whom he had converted (see his epistles;) and lastly he appointed persons to assist him in the performance of his momentous duties. (Acts xiv. 23; 1 Tim i. 3; Tit 1. 5.

Soon afterwards we find Barnabas associated with St Paul, and travelling with him throughout Asia Minor—Barnabas is represented as performing the same offices with his coadjutor, such as preaching (Acts xii 5:). confirming the churches (xiv. 22:). ordaining elders in the churches which had been founded. Like St. Paul, Barnabas is also invested with the title of an apostle. (Acts xiv 4, 14.)

Silas is mentioned in Acts xv. 22, as "chief man among the brethren." We find him travelling through Asia Minor with St. Paul, and exercising the same authority with that apostle and Barnabas.—Like Barnabas also he is described in Scripture as an apostle. St. Paul writes (1 Thess. ii. 6. comp. with i. 1) "We [i. e. Paul, Silvanus and Timotheus] might have been burdensome as the Apostles of Christ."

A similar charge was committed to Titus. Let his powers in the island of Crete be considered.—To him are specified the qualifications of the inferior clergy [Tit. i. 6.] His credential from St. Paul is "for this cause left I thee in Crete that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting and ordain Elders in every city as I had appointed thee." [Tit. i. 5:] and again "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition reject" [iii. 10]—The government of the church, including the powers of ordination and excommunication, is committed to Titus personally. Titus was also an apostle in name as well as fact. St. Paul speaking of him says, [2 Cor. viii. 23] "Whether any do inquire of Titus he is my partner and fellow-helper concerning you, or our brethren be inquired of, they are the messengers [literally the *apostles*] of the Churches, and the glory of Christ."

Epaphroditus is also to be included in the same high rank. Although little is known of his history, yet the strong expressions used by St. Paul in regard to him, shew that he is to be classed with Barnabas, Silas, and Titus. "Yet I supposed it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus my brother and companion in labour and fellow-soldier, but your messenger [literally *apostle*] and he that ministered to my wants." [Phil ii. 25.]

Andronicus and Junia [or Junias] Rom xvi. 7 are to be added to the number. The apostle thus respectfully alludes to them: "Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen and my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the *Apostles*; who also were in Christ before me."

Another striking instance is that of Timothy. One of the churches established by St. Paul was that of Ephesus. Having remained in charge of it more than three years, he discovered the utmost anxiety for its prosperity on his departure. [Acts xx. 25.] In this state of feeling he appointed his companion Timothy to the flock and to superintend its spiritual interests. [1 Tim i. 3.] In his first Epistle to this admirable man, it is plainly implied that Timothy was an apostle in fact. He was a steward in the house of God [iii. 15:] He authoritatively declared the terms of pardon and salvation [2 iv. 5:] He ruled all ranks of Christians, servants and masters,

[chap. vi.] young women and elder women, chap. v.] young men and elders, [ib.] deacons and the wives of deacons, bishops [that is elders, presbyters, or priests] and their families [ch. iii.] and finally he had power to commit the teaching of the truth "to faithful men who should be able to teach others also." [2 Tim. ii. 2.] Timothy also bore the name of an apostle. This is applied to him by St. Paul in the text quoted above, in common with himself and Silas or Silvanus: "We [i. e. Paul, Silvanus and Timotheus] might have been burdensome as the *apostles* of Christ." [1 Thess. ii. 6.—i. 1.]

Thus we have a distinct mention in Scripture of at least nine apostles in addition to the eleven immediately commissioned by our Saviour. That there were many more is obvious from two passages [2 Cor xi. 12 and Rev. ii. 2] in which *false apostles* are mentioned. These could not have been, nor could they have pretended to be, any of the original eleven, or of the nine whose names are given above. Their assuming the title of Apostles proves therefore that there were enough of others who had this title to make their pretended claim to it plausible. And those others must have been, ordained not by Christ; but by men who had his commission.

The last evidence on the subject which we shall adduce from Scripture is derived from the epistles dictated by our Saviour to the seven Churches of Asia, and found in the second and third chapters of Revelation. We learn from these remarkable passages that although at least one of these Churches contained at the time in question many members and ministers, one person alone was regarded as the head of each, and was held responsible for the conduct of those committed to his charge. Each of these responsible heads is denominated an "Angel" a term signifying messenger, and almost synonymous with the word "Apostle." In one of these churches, viz that of Ephesus, there were many Christians and elders at the time when Paul bade them farewell; that is soon after the year 60. Timothy as we have seen was placed in charge of elders, deacons, and people, with authority to rule the whole Church.—In the year 96, when the book of Revelation was written, and when the Church of Ephesus had doubtless greatly increased, we still find that the "angel" possessed the same supreme and apostolical power which Timothy had exercised in the year 65. "Unto the angel of the Church of Ephesus write: I know thy works and thy labour and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil, and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars." In each of the remaining six epistles, the "angels" are held accountable for the spiritual condition of their several churches, and are blamed or commended individually for their respective merits.—This agrees precisely with the tenor of the charge committed to the eleven by Christ, and discharged by them in common with Matthias, Barnabas, and Paul, Silas and Timothy, Titus and Epaphroditus, Junias and Andronicus.

As long then as the Scriptural history of the Church continues, that is during the first century, we find the succession of apostles continuing, and their number increasing. We find also that, including the seven angels and the traitor Judas, no less than *twenty-eight apostles* are mentioned in Holy Writ. These Apostles are not distinguished from other ministers by their miraculous powers, for even the Deacons Philip and Stephen [Acts vi. 8—vii. 6] are represented as working many miracles. Nor are they peculiarly distinguished as the writers of the Christian Scriptures, for Luke and Mark, the authors of a large and interesting portion of the New Testament are not mentioned as apostles. But all of the apostles who are particularly noticed are described as alone governing all classes of the people of God, and judging the tribes of the spiritual Israel. None but Apostles are recorded as ordaining to any permanent office in the ministry: and from them alone the elders [or priests] and deacons are represented as deriving their appointments to feed the flock of God, to baptize, to celebrate the eucharist, or to excommunicate. They alone admit to apostolical authority coadjutors like Timothy and Titus with power to perpetuate the sacred succession. In short, apostles alone are the sources of all go-

vernment, under Christ, and of every ministerial office among Christian people. If it could be shewn that the Apostolical succession has been lost or interrupted, it would also follow that the ministry has become extinct, and that no authority remains on earth to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God.—To be concluded in our next number.

THE FOUNDERS OF DISSENT.*

Upon the cruel persecution raised against the Protestants, under Queen Mary, among great numbers who fled the kingdom to seek for shelter, several went and resided at Geneva, which is a commonwealth governed without a king, and where the religion, contrived by Calvin, is without the order of Bishops. When the Protestant faith was restored by Queen Elizabeth, those who fled to Geneva returned among the rest home to England, and were grown so fond of the government and religion of the place they had left, that they used all possible endeavours to introduce both into their own country; at the same time continually preaching and railing against ceremonies and distinct habits of the clergy, taxing whatever they disliked as a remnant of popery, and continued extremely troublesome to the Church and State under that great queen, as well as her successor King James I. These people called themselves Puritans, as pretending to a purer faith than those of the Church established. And these were the founders of our dissenters. They did not think it sufficient to leave all the errors of Popery, but threw off many laudable and edifying institutions of the Primitive Church, and, at last, even the government of Bishops; which, having been ordained by the Apostles themselves, had continued without interruption, in all Christian Churches, for above 1600 years. And all this they did, not because those things were evil, but because they were kept by the Papists. From thence they proceeded, by degrees, to quarrel with the kingly government; because, as I have already said, the city of Geneva, to which their fathers had flown for refuge, was a commonwealth, or government of the people.

Those wicked Puritans began, in Queen Elizabeth's time, to quarrel only with surplices and other habits with the ring in matrimony, the cross in baptism, and the like; thence they went on to further matters of higher importance; and, at last, they must needs have the whole government of the Church dissolved. This great work they compassed, first by depriving the bishops of their seats in parliament; then they abolished the whole order; and, at last, which was their original design, they seized on all the church lands, and divided the spoil among themselves; and, like Jeroboam, made priests of the very dregs of the people. This was their way of reforming the Church. As to the civil government, you have already heard how they modelled it upon the murder of their King, and discarding the nobility. Yet, clearly to shew what a Babel they had built, after twelve years trial and twenty several sorts of government, the nation grown weary of their tyranny, was forced to call in the son of him whose life those reformers had sacrificed.—And thus were Simeon and Levi divided to Jacob, and scattered in Israel.

S O N N E T.

The young Communicant.

Hail young disciple,—thou whose early feet From the broad pathway of the world have fled, Who, listening to the Lord, with reverence meet Hast to his ritual bow'd thy lowly head,— How beautiful!—to heed the heavenly call Ere the full freshness of thy morning prime, Before the dark clouds threat, the mildews fall, Or o'er thy temples creep the frost of time: So, from each vile that lureth from the fold Still may thy chosen Shepherd hold thee free, And from all ill, till life's brief hour be told O sweet disciple, may He succour thee,— Till to that radiant clime, thy spirit soar Where storms shall shred the rose and toss the bark more.

*From Dean Swift's Sermon on the Martyrdom of King Charles I.

*From the Church.

ASCENSION DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory !

How empty are the courts of Death,
And crush'd thy sting Despair ;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there !

And He hath turned the strength of Hell,
And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive behind his chariot wheel,
He hath bound captivity !

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high ;
With his own right hand and his holy arm
He hath won the victory !

Bishop Heber.

INTELLIGENCE.

FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

March 7th, 1839.

The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia in the Chair.

The attention of the Meeting having been called to the subject of the spiritual wants of the Church in the Colonies and dependencies of the British Empire; and the Right Reverend Chairman having expressed his sense of the state of destitution in which the Colonial Church is at present placed, and of the absolute necessity of making additional efforts in its behalf; it was agreed unanimously, on the motion of the Rev. W. Dudsworth, seconded by the Rev. J. Shergold Boone,

"That his Grace the President be requested to summon a Special General Meeting, on the earliest day convenient to his Grace, and that the Standing Committee be requested to prepare, in the mean time, a Petition to both houses of Parliament, on behalf of the Colonial Church, to be submitted to the Special Meeting."

The Rev. Sanderson Robins gave the following notice of motion for the next General Meeting:—

"That a humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that no system of National Education may be adopted, which does not include the free use of the Bible, or which would take the education of the people out of the hands of the Parochial Clergy."

The board agreed to present to the Right Rev. Dr. Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont, who is now in London, a set of the Society's Books and Tracts, towards adding to a Library which he is forming at the Seminary, attached to the Episcopal Institute, at Burlington, in his diocese.

We are glad that a special meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is to be held at the Society's House, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, on Tuesday next, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Parliament in behalf of the Church in our colonies. We hope the attendance will be great, and that the example will be followed by the Churchmen throughout the country. Mr. Pakington, one of the most excellent men in the House of Commons, Mr. Goulburn, Sir R. H. Inglis, and others, have already presented some petitions on the subject, and we shall rejoice to see them pouring in from all quarters.—*Cons. Jour.*

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Extracts from a letter from the Lord Bishop of Australia.

My able and most worthy coadjutor, Archdeacon Hutchins, is incessantly occupied in endeavouring to lighten, by his own exertions, the evil arising from the insufficient supply of pastors to so scattered a flock. With indefatigable activity he endeavours, and with great success, to extend his own powers of

usefulness, by preaching, as opportunity is afforded him, at many distant points the glad tidings of redemption; which, but for his activity and earnestness, could never penetrate thither. But this wide extension of labour casts upon him, I could not fail to observe, a very disproportionate burden of fatigue, anxiety, and expence, which he supports with the quiet determination of one whose views are fixed upon one high object, and who finds in its attainment the only reward he seeks. I have, therefore, learned with increased satisfaction, since my return to this colony, that so many additional clergymen would be provided for the archdeaconry, as it will relieve Mr. Hutchins from some of those labours which, being added to the proper duties of his office, have accumulated too much upon him. The inhabitants of that colony are (sixteen out of every twenty-three) members of the Church of England, and are, with some exceptions to which I have alluded, warmly attached to it. They are proceeding very generally in the erection of churches in the various parts; and more are in contemplation; to all of which I shall most readily extend such aid as may be in my power from the amount of the Society's grants still remaining at my disposal; though that aid will not be so extensive in amount as I should gladly have made it if my resources had been more ample.

I have omitted previously to mention that during my residence within the archdeaconry, I was gratified by witnessing the establishment, in Hobart Town, of a district committee of the Societies for Propagating the Gospel and Promoting Christian Knowledge. The meeting was well attended; his excellency, Sir John Franklin, the Lieutenant Governor, having honoured it by taking the chair, and, together with Lady Franklin, becoming a subscriber to the funds of the committee.

Calcutta.—The Singapore papers of the 6th of September state, that the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, with Archdeacon Deatry, and the Rev. Mr. Hughes (chaplain of Malacca), had arrived at that station, and after inspecting the handsome church lately erected, convoked a meeting of the principal persons of the Protestant community, to determine whether the church should be immediately consecrated or not. The objection which some of the residents had to the consecration arose from the apprehension that a Protestant clergyman would not at all times be resident in the settlement to perform divine service; but the lord bishop explained that no difficulty was likely to arise on that ground; and therefore it was determined that the consecration should forthwith take place.

Mr. Alston has just completed at the Glasgow Institution press, the printing of a beautiful edition of the English Liturgy for the use of the blind. It is printed from a new sort of types, and is the most perfect specimen of Mr. Alston's unique typography that has yet appeared. It forms a cheap and handsome quarto volume, which will, no doubt, be received as a great boon in England, where, we are glad to learn, Mr. Alston's system is making rapid progress.—*Scottish Guardian.*

The Church.—The Lord Bishop of Barbadoes left this county last week to return to his Diocese. His lordship's departure is much regretted. Mrs. Cole-ridge and the family remain at Ottery St. Mary.—*Cornwall Royal Gazette.*

Christ's Hospital.—(From a Correspondent.)—In consequence of the unexampled prosperity of Christ's Hospital, and the great increase of its governors by benefactions, 200 presentations for the admission of children were yesterday issued for the current year, being the largest number ever known.—*Cons. Jour.*

Magnificent Bequests.—The late Mrs. Ann Kyrwood, of Droitwich, whose death we announced last week, has left £1000 to our infirmary; and the like sums to the Hereford Infirmary, and to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—*Worcester Guardian.*

Cavan, March 7.—The important trial of three of the ruffians, John Brady, James Brady, and Terence Rudden, charged with attempting the life of the Rev. Mr. Beresford, by shooting at him, while

on his way to Church on Sunday, the 22d of July, commenced here yesterday, and did not conclude until two o'clock to-day. The usual attempt at an *abli* was made but failed, and the trial was adjourned until this day. Baron Foster charged the jury in a most able manner. The jury retired for a short time, and brought in a verdict of *guilty* against John Brady; Terence Rudden and James Brady *not guilty*.

The Countess of Norbury and her sorrowing family took their departure from Ireland on Friday—driven by murderers from their native home—and never to return. This is one of the practical effects of a hellish conspiracy, deadly in its conception as it is universal in its ramifications.—*Dub. Evening Mail.*

FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

INDIAN CITIES.

Dacca.—This once magnificent city, the metropolis of the country, is now crumbling into dust; its population, once numerous, is now dwindling away; its manufactures, once the glory of Bengal, have ceased to exist, except on the page of history.

Gaur.—The origin of this most ancient capital of Bengal, stretches back 2500 years; and when the Portuguese arrived, three or four hundred years since, it was in the midst of its glory. Nothing remains to indicate to the traveller the site of this vast city, which extended fifteen miles in length and three in breadth, but a few ruined buildings of stone or marble.

Rajmahal.—the city of a hundred kings—Buddhist, Hindoo and Mahometan, is now a miserable village, with one sole vestige of its ancient grandeur, a chamber of black marble overhanging the river, which has been transformed into a coal depot.

Salgong, the royal emporium of Bengal, from the time of Pliny downwards, and which existed in undiminished grandeur after the Europeans had begun to crowd the Hoogly with their factories, has not one stone remaining on another. It is a wretched hamlet, occupied by a few paper makers. *See transit gloria mundi.*

Protestant Episcopal Church in Paris.—The establishment of a church in Paris, in which the authorized services of the United Church of England and Ireland should be celebrated in the *French language*, has long been considered necessary, not only by natives of France on their own account, but also by many benevolent and enlightened persons on behalf of several hundred families of Anglo-Gallicans, the result of intermarriages, where one of the parties being English, the children either in right or by admission are Protestants, but there being no church in which the services of the Church of England are conducted in the *French language*, most of them, it is found, attend no place of divine worship, and not unfrequently are unbaptized. The important design now in progress to supply the above deficiency, has met with great encouragement in England, and liberal contributions have been made to carry it into effect.—*English paper.*

The Duke and Duches of Gordon did much for education in Fochabers, but we are all delighted and astounded by intelligence that a sum of £22,500, has been left by a Mr. Milne, late a merchant in New Orleans, to found a free school in our village. What are we to make of so large a sum? Send all the boys to college, of course. Mr. Milne was a native of Fochabers, where he had long been forgotten, but his heart must have been warm towards the banks of the Spey.—*Inverness Paper.*

In the Glasgow gaol every inmate weaves enough coarse cotton cloth per week to defray the expenses of his keep; every prisoner is kept separate, having a cell large enough for his loom and bed. Four religious books are placed in each apartment, and if the prisoner cannot read he is sent to school for one hour a day.

The present Bishop of Calcutta, Wilson, is the first Indian Protestant Bishop who has been permitted by divine Providence to make a *second visitation* through his diocese.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE WESTERN HOME.*

'Every thing goes wrong,' exclaimed Walter Fleming, as he entered at twilight his richly furnished dining room. Impatiently laying aside his hat and cloak, he threw himself into a rocking chair and repented—'Every thing goes wrong wife, every thing—we have been going behind hand for months, and the failure of Smith and Co., of which we have heard to-day, has given the finishing stroke to our embarrassments.'

'I feared that you were finding trouble in your worldly affairs, as you were not with us at dinner, but we are glad to see you now. Come, draw your chair to the tea-table and forget for a while your perplexing cares.'

'Forget them, wife! I cannot! Night and day I am distressed and anxious—every thing goes wrong, I say!'

'It is only to those who "love God," that the promise is made that all things shall go right, my dearest husband. For such, although the clouds may for a while be dark and the prospect misty, there is always light in the distance.'

'I can bear implied reproof from you, wife,' replied Mr. Fleming, as he affectionately took the hand of the gentle speaker; 'you are not one of those who say and do not; you are a living, speaking commentary on the religion you profess; I wish there were more like you.'

Alice Fleming was indeed a pattern of good works. She was one of those excellent beings

'That seem to dwell

Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.'

She was heartily devoted to the religion she professed; her faith in Jesus Christ was a living principle, and her life was a mirror of the doctrines of the gospel, reflecting all those virtues and graces that should belong to a woman professing godliness.

Her husband was an upright, intelligent, generous man—the best of husbands and the best of fathers—ready to lavish upon his wife and children all that he could earn by the most diligent application to a lucrative business; he was an excellent citizen and a faithful friend—but here his goodness ended—this world bounded his hopes, and his faith extended not beyond the narrow limits of the grave. It was the daily prayer of his wife that he might be brought into the fold of the redeemer; in silence and secrecy, she besought the Lord to turn him, and so should he be turned. The knowledge that he was out of the ark of safety, the only drawback to her happiness—to see him in it, was the only thing needful to her earthly peace.

She was herself consistent and steadfast in the performance of all her religious duties, but near as were the spiritual interests of her husband to her heart, she never intruded the subject of religion upon him, or introduced it at unseasonable times. If at any moments he perceived that his feelings were made tender by some afflictive or prosperous occurrence, she endeavoured to speak that "word in season" which the wise man has pronounced so good, and sometimes as she sat with her open Bible at the hushed evening hour, she would read some cheering promise, or sweet, consoling paragraph of that blessed volume and speak of the strength and comfort it afforded to the weak in purpose or wounded in spirit.

The 'unbelieving husband' could not fail to respect a faith that produced such fruits. He saw it exhibited in the sweet composure of his wife's feelings, the evenness of her temper, the charitableness of her heart, and more than all in the cheerful and unrepining spirit with which she met disappointment and loss. He could not but feel that there was a reality in such a religion, and sometimes, as upon the evening to which we have alluded, he would seem forced to acknowledge it.

Mr. Fleming left this house on the morning of the day after which our little narrative commenced, with a shaded brow and heavy heart. Alice watched him from the window with a feeling of piety which was followed by a fervent aspiration that the 'integ-

ity of the upright' might guide him in all his intercourse with a tempting and regardless world. Weeks passed on—the look of anxiety deepened on the countenance of Mr. Fleming, while that of Alice retained its placid calmness, or, perhaps, was more ready than usual to break into a smile. One evening, after a painful silence, he said with much feeling—

'It is no use to struggle any longer—I have looked at our affairs in every point of view, and I see no way in which I can resume business—I think we must decide upon going West; do you think, my precious little ones,' she exclaimed, 'how shall I teach you to yield your young affections to your God, in a region where no temple rises to his name, and his worship is unknown?' Then arose the soothing reflection that the promise was to 'them and their children,' and she resolved to do her part in faithfulness, and to leave the result to Him, who alone could sanctify and bless her efforts.

'Do you doubt it, Walter? I have told you repeatedly, that I stood ready to go wherever you believed duty or even interest pointed.'

'I know you have said it, Alice, and you have fairly "counted the cost" of an exile from home and all its sweet associations, but you know not yet what it is to pay it, and I fear when the time really approaches, even your resolute spirit will fail, and you will look back with regret to the good land you are leaving.'

'I shall doubtless look back, Walter, but I trust not with murmuring spirit—I shall leave much that I love, but there is but one object that deserves the name of sacrifice. I leave a land of religious light and privileges for one where they are unknown, or what is worse, disregarded. But I trust in time to be fully reconciled to even this deprivation, for God is everywhere, and can grant us the light of his countenance and the joy of his presence in the wilderness and solitary places as well as in the proud cathedral with its crowds of worshippers. Yes, I am ready, Walter; are you equally so?'

'Yes, I have brought my mind to it by a strong effort, for I see that it must be done, and the sooner the better.'

Not many days after, Alice Fleming was seen with a cheerful countenance and willing step, arranging her splendid and tasteful furniture, and putting things in order for a public sale. All was soon disposed of, and a house so recently a scene of elegance and comfort was dreary and desolate. All but the chamber of its mistress—there, with the few articles she had reserved for herself, her children by her side, and her Bible on her stand, sunshine and peace prevailed. Alice was happy, although she was about leaving her home, family, and long tried-friends, for an unknown region and the uncertain good will of strangers. She was happy because she was doing her duty.

'Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn with steadfast mein,
Counting the cost in all to espy
Their God—in all themselves deny.

'O, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise;
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk.'

In a few weeks the family were on their way westward, not knowing whither. O, had Walter Fleming possessed the patriarch's faith, and chosen the patriarch's God as his guide, how confidently and firmly would he have walked in the 'footsteps of the flock.' As it was, he was doubting and anxious, and it required constant exertion on the part of Alice, to raise his drooping spirits, and cheer him on his way.

Ten days found the pilgrims nearly ten hundred miles from the home of their childhood and the scenes of comfort that had encircled their wedded life. Mr. Fleming had saved from the wreck of his fortune enough to procure for his family a small lodge in the wilderness, and here they soon collected their little all.

Alice had been a communicant in the Episcopal Church since the age of fifteen, and within its hallowed precincts she had dedicated her children to her Saviour in holy baptism. Walter and Ellen had learned to love the Church of their mother's love, and to lisp its hymns and prayers, although the one was but seven, and the other four years of age.

It was Sunday morning—the first Sabbath of the strangers in a strange land. The sun arose in unusual brilliancy, and its rich light fell gorgeously on the dark woods of Indiana, that bounded the oppo-

site shore of the Ohio, on whose banks our pilgrims were located. The scene was solemn and grand—the waves of the noble river rolled by in gentle dignity, and as they washed the shore, alone broke the profound stillness that reigned around.

Alice had arisen with the dawn of day, and stood at their cottage door looking abroad on the beauty of the scene—its natural eloquence spoke to her heart, and she felt that, perhaps, in this land of silence and solitude she might be brought nearer her God than she had ever yet been. 'But my children, my precious little ones,' she exclaimed, 'how shall I teach you to yield your young affections to your God, in a region where no temple rises to his name, and his worship is unknown?' Then arose the soothing reflection that the promise was to 'them and their children,' and she resolved to do her part in faithfulness, and to leave the result to Him, who alone could sanctify and bless her efforts.

When Alice returned to the house she found her little son, Walter, up and dressed with great care and neatness, having taken, himself, from his trunk, his bright Sunday suit, which had not been removed since his mother's hand packed it before leaving home. When seated at their simple breakfast, he said, 'Mother, where are we going to Church to-day? I looked from the top of the highest hill yesterday, as far as my eye could reach, and I could not see a single steeple, and scarcely a house of any kind—I am afraid we shall have a great way to go to Church.'

'There is no Church, my dear Walter, near enough for us to attend, and we must worship God to-day in our own house; he will listen to our prayers and accept our services, if offered in sincerity and truth.'

'Not go to Church!' exclaimed little Ellen; 'why, mother, we never staid at home; what shall we do all day?'

As soon as the duties of the morning were over, Alice took her children aside, and with their Bibles and Prayer-books went with them through the beautiful service of our Church. Their sweet childish voices, made each response in its proper place, and arose in simple melody as they joined their mother in singing the sweet hymns.

Many Sabbaths were thus improved by this pious parent, until the Liturgy became familiar as household words to Walter and Ellen. Other studies were not neglected, but the children received from their mother systematic instruction in the various branches to which they had attended in the excellent schools at home. Walter was now growing a fine, manly boy; distinguished for his generosity and the warmth of his affections; it was interesting to mark his devotion to his mother. With a consideration seldom found in older hearts, he watched her wishes, and often anticipated them, and was ever ready most promptly to deny himself any gratification for her sake. In the midst of her seclusion and apparent loneliness, Alice enjoyed much real peace. When the duties of the day were over, she walked with her children on the green hills that surrounded their home, and endeavored to lead their young hearts to the God of the everlasting-hills, and to spiritualize every flower that bloomed beneath their feet.

'Mother,' said Walter, one bright evening, 'we have not had our walk for several days; my head aches sadly this afternoon, and I think I should feel better if I could breathe some of the fresh air; are you not sufficiently at leisure to go a short distance with me, mother?'

Alice looked up as her son spoke, and observed that his face was pale and his eye heavy, quickly laid aside her work and prepared herself for a walk. Walter, whose bound step would often leave his mother and sister far in the distance, now walked peacefully by their side, and they had proceeded but a short distance when he expressed a wish to return, complaining of fatigue and an increase of pain in his head. As soon as they reached the house he lay down, and a flushed cheek and excited pulse followed the paleness and languor that his mother had remarked an hour before. She perceived the necessity of immediate and active treatment, and without waiting for the coming of her husband, whose return she was expecting each moment, she administered such remedies as her judgment directed. Walter took his medicine without speaking, and then gently

laid his head on his pillow and tried to sleep. His mother sat by his side till the shades of night gathered round them, and then left but for a few moments to attend to the wants of little Ellen.

'Has not father come yet?' asked Walter. No, my son, but I am expecting him every moment; he promised to return to us to-night, and I have been looking for him the past hour.'

'I wish he would come,' said the child. 'Hark! do I not hear the sound of his horse's feet? Do open the door, mother, and listen.'

In a few moments Mr. Fleming was at the bedside of his little boy; he bent anxiously over him and inquired about his feelings.

'I have felt sick for two or three days, rather, but thought I should get over it, and that I had better not trouble mother while you were away; but my head ached so much this evening that I could not help telling her. I am glad you have come home, dear father; please sit down and stay with me.'

The anxiety of Mr. Fleming would not permit him to do this. Walter was his first born child—his darling, only son. The little boy not only gratified his father's pride by his intelligence and generosity, but was bound to his heart by his affectionate and dutiful conduct.

Mr. Fleming perceived that the attack of his child was violent, and determined not to rest until he had procured medical advice. Although much fatigued by a wearisome ride of two days, he remounted his jaded horse and proceeded to the nearest town, that was ten or twelve miles distant. It was near midnight when he reached the house of Dr. D—, who readily yielded to his urgent request, that he would return with him immediately.

As the day dawned they reached the cottage, and found little Walter under the influence of a burning fever. Dr. D— pronounced his case an alarming one, and proceeded at once to administer the most active remedies.

'Can you take this bitter draught, my little fellow?' he asked as he held up the glass that contained the medicine.

'I can take any thing, sir, that you and my parents think best;' and, as he spoke he raised himself in the bed, and extended his hand for the medicine, which he drank without hesitation.

'I do not find many such patients among children of a larger growth,' said Dr. D— to Mrs. Fleming. 'Your little son has been well disciplined, madam.'

'He has required but little discipline, sir—we have been greatly blessed in possessing in Walter a filial and obedient child.'

As the symptoms of Walter became more alarming, Dr. D— resolved to spend the remainder of the day with him, that he might minutely watch the progress of his disease. The little sufferer rolled restlessly from side to side of the bed, and towards night became unconscious of the presence of the kind friends who ministered to his wants. Alice calmly bent over him, bathing his burning brow, and wetting his parched lips, but the anguish of the father knew no bounds, when he perceived by the wild brilliancy of his child's eye, that the inflammation had proceeded to his brain.

Dr. D— was obliged to leave the distressed family at sun-set, but returned at noon the next day—he stood by the little cot for a few moments, and then turned mournfully aside to prepare some medicine.

Mr. Fleming could not trust himself to ask his opinion.

'You can say nothing to encourage us, sir,' said Alice.

'I will not deceive you, my dear madam—the symptoms are at present obstinate—but they may yet yield. May God assist our feeble efforts.'

From that moment Alice surrendered her child to her Maker. Something told her that he must go, and with an almost bursting heart, she submitted to the Lord's will. It was not so with Mr. Fleming. Unsupported by the faith that sustained his wife, he was prostrated at the bare possibility of his child's death. He could not—he would not see his son torn thus suddenly from his embrace—he felt that a stroke so heavy must not fall upon him. He paced the room in agony, entreating the physician to save him; but in vain.

On the sixth day of his illness, after a short but quiet sleep, he opened his eyes, and exclaimed 'Mother.' The heart of Alice bounded with gratitude at the sound; it was the first time his lips had breathed her name for several days.

'Mother,' said he, extending his trembling hand, 'Mother, does the doctor think I shall get well?'

Alice hesitated a moment, but the next she said, 'I fear not, my son—do you feel willing that it should be so?'

'Yes, mother—I am sorry to leave you and father, and dear little sister, but I have felt that I was going to die ever since the evening I asked you to go and walk with me. I feel very weak. How long have I been sick?'

'Only a week, my child—does it seem to you longer?'

'O, yes; I thought it had been many weeks—so many things have passed through my mind.'

Mr. Fleming came in at this moment, and with his wife, rejoiced over the restored reason of their child. Alas! they knew not that it was but the flickering of the lamp on the eve of expiring in the socket.

After an interval of rest, Walter again spoke.

'Father, dear father,' said he, 'the doctor thinks that I shall not get well. I am sorry to go away from you, but I hope I am going to my heavenly father—in my trunk you will find my little Bible and Prayer Book that mother gave me last Christmas—they are for you, father, because you have not got any like mother's—and, dear mother, I have been thinking what I could give you, and I have nothing but that box of beautiful shells that I gathered with Ellen on the beach at home—that is in the corner of my little drawer. You must give Ellen all my books, and my little garden with sweet peas and golden coreopsis that I have been hoping to see blossom.'

He sank back exhausted—Alice offered him a cordial, but he shook his head. After a few moments he said, 'I hope the Lord Jesus Christ loves me, and will put me on his right hand among his sheep. Mother—'

'Walter, Walter,' exclaimed Mr. Fleming, as his head fell languidly on his mother's shoulder. The sweet child answered not. He was 'absent from the body, and present with the Lord.'

Dark and desolate was the heart of Mr. Fleming, as he contemplated the remains of his child. No blessed word of promise found access, there whispering, 'I may go to him, but he cannot come to me.' All was dark uncertainty, and he saw his first born placed in the ground, without faith in the promise that he should rise again.

But the blow brought him to himself, and to that inspired Word, that assured him that his child was not dead, but sleeping. There he sought consolation, and there he found it. He studied, believed, and was a happy man.

'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' and the chastisement that had seemed to Alice the most severe that could have befallen her, was made to her the cause of thanksgiving and praise.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command!
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.

Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

If some dreadful political convulsion should shake England to its centre, or some imminent danger from abroad should absorb all party questions, and call off the combatants in civil strife to unite their forces against a common foe,—there is one man on whom every eye would be fixed simultaneously with the instinctiveness of self-preservation,—and that man, it is almost needless to say, is the Duke of Wellington. Such a crisis, indeed, appears to be nigh at hand; the balance of continental power is threat-

ened with disturbance; and the Empire, from its heart to the remotest colonial dependency, is stirred with a feverish restlessness, the precursor of general disorder. It is therefore a ground for universal congratulation and confidence that the Hero of Waterloo still lives to guard the trophies he has gained for his country, and to direct the State with that consummate political wisdom, which unimpaired by the lapse of seventy winters, is only equalled by his military renown.

The fame that is destined to descend as an heirloom from age to age, rarely attains its fulness while the subject of it remains above earth. The cotemporaries of a great man stand too close to him to scan his colossal proportions; and it is reserved for posterity to gaze on his glories, unclouded by the envy of faction, and revealed in all the accuracy of truth. Time is required to mellow and blend into one harmonious consistency the glowing colours of the painter's art; and what is lost by him in present reputation, is more than recompensed by an imperishable celebrity. And thus it is that the Duke of Wellington has not yet attained,—(and long may it be before he can attain!)—that almost inaccessible height which he must occupy on the Hill of Fame.

His grace is one

Who, not content that former worth stands fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass.—

Age, that dimmed the eyes of Marlborough with the tears of dotage, seems to reverence him, as if loth that such a noble structure of humanity should perish by the ordinary process of decay.

The military achievements of the Duke of Wellington have been so stupendously dazzling, that the world thought it impossible for them to be combined with the highest excellencies of a statesman, or that nature could endow a single man with a double portion of intellectual gifts,—the wisdom available alike in times of war or peace. Having so long viewed him in the "attire of warfare," it was difficult for us to fancy him in the civic garb, swaying Senates with the clear and unadorned enunciation of his marvellous sagacity. But the truth has gradually and slowly dawned upon us, and we now hail the Hero of Waterloo as the profoundest statesman of the reign of Victoria.

There is not any one, in the whole range of history, who has lived to witness so many trophies erected to his fame, as the conqueror of Napoleon. Marble, and canvass, and brass have done their work: but, in these respects, others have been equally honoured in their generation, and have lived to gaze, in common with a grateful nation, upon their own lineaments and forms. His is a nobler and more enduring monument;—every stone of it has been quarried, raised, and cemented by his own "inimitable hand;"—and it consists in the collection of his *Despatches* compiled from official and authentic documents, by Colonel Gurwood. In these we are admitted into the privacy of the Duke's tent and cabinet, and are furnished with a remarkable exception to the aphorism that, No man is a hero to his valet. Of this "the noblest testimony that could be offered to his moral and intellectual character," it is impossible to speak in language of extravagant commendation. We are prepared to view him meditating gigantic schemes, and laying down the plans by which they are to be accomplished: we find no more than we expected, when he compresses a life of truth and experience into a single hour, and, with an intuitive glance, foretells the catastrophes of the various dramas enacting on the world's wide stage before him: we perceive no cause for special wonderment in his untiring sagacity, in his combination of the aggressive vigour of Marcellus with the defensive caution of Fabius, in his unrivalled practical sense, his unshaken magnanimity, and his lofty disinterestedness. These, it must be confessed, are signal noble qualities, but they fill us with esteem, rather than with affection; they dazzle, rather than fascinate our eyes; and their combination is not a novel feature in the character of the world's foremost men. The traits, which these *Despatches* exhibit to us for the first time, and which previously were not, in general, accorded to the Duke of Wellington, are those, which add love to admiration, and heighten national gratitude into personal attachment. It is ennobling to our

species, and delightful to our feelings, to find that the highest excellencies of private station are not irreconcilable with the stern career of the victorious warrior, and that the household virtues, and the peace-loving humanities of life may be found among the demoralization of camps, and the carnage-covered fields of battle.

A property peculiar to the Duke has, perhaps, more than any thing else, prevented the world from recognizing the full worth of his character, and appreciating the beauty of its tenderness and simplicity. A constant command over his passions has enabled him to pursue his career, as if he were raised above the ordinary emotions of his kind; and thus, while mastering his impulses, and compelling them into subordination to his duty, he has appeared devoid of gentleness and compassion. This however, though it may have obscured the full effulgence of his character for a time, has now invested it with a brighter and a milder lustre. We see from the Despatches that he always felt as a man,—that in the most important and trivial affairs he was careful never to wound the feelings or even the weakness of others,—that as a general and a negotiator he was swayed by the most inflexible equity,—and that, in the very flash of triumph, moderation and magnanimity shone the brightest jewels in his ducal coronet.

We are too apt to represent the Duke, after the battle of Waterloo, as clad with a natural and patriotic exultation, and thinking little of the blood that so plentifully watered his laurels. But in the earliest moments of victory, when a partial relaxation of his heavy responsibilities allowed him a brief indulgence in his feelings as a man, how touching and how simple are the expressions of his sorrow for the wounded and the slain of his companions in arms! In communicating to the Duke of Beaufort the loss of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he remarks, "You are aware how useful he has always been to me; and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I rased feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. "Indeed, the losses I have sustained, have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." "I cannot express to you," he writes to the Earl of Aberdeen, "the regret and sorrow with which I look round me and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me," and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss." In a postscript to the same letter he adds; "Your brother had a black horse given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it." This kindly and thoughtful, minute attention from such a man and at such a time, is an unobtrusive testimony to the goodness of his moral nature, and proves how intimate he is with all the minor springs of human feeling,—the sympathies, the joys, and the fears of, that by which the Poet says we live, "the human heart."

His conduct towards an enemy was no less stamped with consideration and nobility of soul. When it was proposed by some eminent foreigner, as it would appear, to rid the world of Napoleon by summary and violent means, he reprobated with the projector of this scheme, against "so foul a transaction," and declared that they had both "acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners," and added, "I was determined if the sovereign wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner which should not be me." When Blecher, thirsting to revenge the wrongs of Prussia, was desirous of destroying the bridge of Jena at Paris, and of levying exactions on that city, the Duke interposed, and would not permit the victory of Waterloo to be sullied by a traitless and barbaric revenge!

A striking parallel may be instituted between Marlborough and Wellington;—the former, in some points

of character is entitled to a superiority over the Hero of Waterloo, yet the balance of merit is greatly in favour of the latter. The same versatility of military skill, the same statesman-like sagacity, the same extraordinary equanimity of temper, the same humanity, are conspicuous in both; but in political integrity, in spotless disinterestedness, and in all freedom from the taint of preclusion, Wellington surpasses his illustrious predecessor in arms.

It is not without an object that I have endeavoured, for a moment, to direct public attention to the character of the Duke of Wellington. We are surrounded on every side with preparations of war, and amidst much to depress us, we require to be warned against the hour of trial by topics of encouragement, and reminiscences of national glory: and there cannot be a greater reason for confidence than the knowledge that the rumours so lately prevalent of the Duke's ill health were fabrications circulated, in all probability, by those whose "wishes were father" to the reports. While we are frequently hearing about us hearse and obscene birds croaking their ill omened forebodings, and mourning over the death of great men, great warriors and great statesmen, capable of sustaining the honour of the British Empire,—it is well to bear in mind that the times will make the men; and that, judging by the fact, what ever may be the emergency of our country, there will ever be a Chatham, or a Pitt, a Nelson or a Wellington, who

if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

The Hero of Waterloo is still heard in the Senate with silent attention, and faction passes him by as an object that public veneration has placed beyond its reach. In the course of events, he cannot be much longer spared to a grateful and admiring country; but the lessons of wisdom which he has dropped from his lips, especially with reference to this happy portion of the Empire, will be an invaluable inheritance, and, if duly prized by those who hold the reins of State, will be found to contain those vital principles by which alone being carried out to a consummation, England can hope to remain the Queen of the Ocean, and the arbitress of the World. Moreover a great man, like the Duke of Wellington, never dies. His existence is perpetuated in the warriors trained under his eye; in the statesmen educated in his school. His deeds descend as a possession common to his countrymen, and the recital of them moulds many a youthful mind into the forms of heroism and public virtue. His name belongs to our fire-side converse, and becomes "familiar in our mouths as a household word;" it is a talisman against national disaster; and it is impossible that Britons should think of it, and disgrace their country.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 21st March, 1839.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1839.

CLERICAL MEETING.—Four years have elapsed since the Clergy scattered along this western coast from Margaret's Bay to Shelburne inclusive, met together in this Parish and formed a Clerical Society, to meet once every year in each parish for mutual comfort and edification, and for the advancement of the interests of the Church in general. The experience of those years has fully realized the expectations of comfort and usefulness which were formed at the outset.

Isolated as the Clergy in this Province generally are from each other, they know how to appreciate the few opportunities of personal intercourse that are afforded them, and the members of this little Society especially ever look forward with pleasing anticipations to the periods at which they assemble and meet together, to hold sweet counsel with each other, and join in prayer and reading of the word, and in the Holy Supper of their Master, which is always administered on these occasions. And in particular is our first meeting after the severity and dangers of the

winter have passed, hailed with these pleasurable feelings. Remembering the many exposures to which we have been subject,—the perils by land and by sea, the perils in the wilderness, the cold and weariness we have encountered—we know how to be grateful to that Lord whose hand has been over us and preserved us to meet once more in health and comfort.—"Praise the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness"! Our little band was gathered at the Parsonage in Lunenburg on Wednesday the 8th instant, with the exception of the Rev. J. Stannage, of St. Margaret's Bay, who it is feared was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his expressed intention of being with us.

Divine service was performed at St. James' Chapel, Mahone Bay, at 2 P. M. on Wednesday. The prayers were read by Rev. J. W. Weeks; lessons by Rev. Dr. Shreve, and the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. White of Shelburne, from Job, 42 ch. 5 & 6 vs.—"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." At 7 P. M. there was Divine service in the church in town, when the Rev. Mr. Moody read prayers, Mr. Weeks the lessons, and Mr. White again preached from 3 Phil. 13 & 14 vs.—"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

On Thursday, (Ascension Day) at 10 A. M. we were again "waiting for the loving kindness of the Lord in the midst of his temple." Mr. White and Mr. Moody divided between them the services of the desk and of the ante-communion; and Dr. Shreve delivered a discourse from 6 ch. Rom. 4 v.—"Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The Holy Communion was then administered,—each of the brethren bearing a part in the delightful service, and nearly forty of the laity availing themselves of the opportunity of partaking with them of that most comfortable Sacrament of the body and blood of their common Lord.—In the evening at 7 P. M. the concluding services were held, when Dr. Shreve and Mr. Moody filled the desk, and the latter preached from 1 Peter 3 ch. 15 v.—"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." At the close, Bishop Heber's beautiful missionary hymn was pleasingly sung.—The congregations in the parish church were larger than on any former like occasion, thus evincing an undiminished, or rather an increasing interest on the part of the people in these meetings of the neighbouring clergy. It is hoped and believed that their attendance has not been in vain, but rather blessed to the edifying of their souls, and the increase of their attachment to the Church, which is "the pillar and ground of the truth."—The time not spent in public services was devoted by the brethren to their usual social exercises of prayer, reading of the Word in the original tongue, and mutual communications on those subjects which are ever full of interest to the minister of Christ. We were much favoured by a week of dry weather, so that the most distant of the members was able to reach his home in comfort before the Sabbath.

CHURCH SOCIETY.—The general meeting of this Society will take place (D. V.) at Halifax as notified, on Wednesday next the 22d instant. We are authorised to state, that Divine service will be performed, and that an Address may be expected from the venerable the Archdeacon.—We repeat our hopes that there will be a full attendance of clerical and lay members.

THE BISHOP.—Letters have been received at Halifax from his Lordship to the beginning of April, at which time he was about going into the Diocese of Gloucester, to

preach and hold meetings in behalf of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel. We are not informed when his Lordship may be expected in Nova Scotia. We extract from the Halifax Times the following just tribute to the character of the Bishop, as a set off to the splenetic ebullitions of a contrary and despicable nature, with which another portion of the provincial Press has been occasionally polluted. The writer is addressing Joseph Howe, Esq. on the subject of certain Resolutions introduced by him into the Assembly, on the imaginary grievances of Nova Scotia. One of these, under which the Province is said to be "groaning," is, that the Bishop has a seat at the Council board.

"I will not, Sir, insult his lordship our Reverend Bishop, by supposing for a single moment that any part of his political conduct needs defence or excuse. His public actions speak for themselves, and will live in the memory and affections of a grateful people, when your actions and your resolutions shall have passed into oblivion. His brilliant and transcendent talents will shed a lustre upon his native land, that will not diminish through the touch of time, and are confessedly such as that land ought to be proud of. Has not his lordship's whole public career been distinguished, by an ardent love for his country,—by an anxiety truly laudable for the improvement of its resources, both physical and intellectual? And has he not a personal stake in its prosperity,—his early associations, his connections, his prosperity, everything dear to the heart of man, being within its borders? Nay, should he not naturally feel a greater interest in the prosperity of this country than others, whose ties to Nova-Scotia, are not, perhaps, so strong, and may not prove so lasting? The prosperity which his Lordship was the means of introducing into this Province is immense,—equalling in some years one tenth of the whole of our Provincial Revenue. His zealous exertions conducted to place the collegiate institutions at Windsor, the two eyes of the country, on a secure and lasting foundation, from which let us hope they will never be moved by either you or any other of their enemies. And not the least part of the praise due to him for his sagacity and firmness in watching over the interests of the trust committed to his charge, consists in his decided refusal to second the plans of an ignorant secretary of state, who had the boldness to call upon a college corporation to give up their charter. He resolutely protested against such an unconstitutional violation of public faith, and by his firmness and intrepidity saved the most valuable institutions for education in the country, from being mixed up with the exclusiveness of Dalhousie or the meddling at Horton. Churchmen of the present and future generations will feel grateful for the course he has seen fit to adopt in this transaction."

THE WEATHER underwent one of those sudden and unpleasant changes which are so peculiar to this climate, almost before the ink of our last paragraph on the subject was dry. Almost every day since has been cold, with frost at night, and sometimes ice half an inch thick. It has been dry however, and so far favourable for agricultural operations. Some wheat is about three inches high in this neighbourhood.

CLERGY RESERVES IN CANADA.—The following opinion of Judge Patteson on this subject, which it will be observed is decidedly in favour of the exclusive right of the Church of England to those Reserves, is referred to in the late letters of a "Colonist" (another talented Judge it is believed) to the Earl of Durham—letters which entitle their author to the gratitude of every friend of good order and British supremacy in these Colonies. Let it be remembered that he is a churchman and an alumnus of King's College Windsor.

At the present moment when so many minds are turned to the contested question of the Clergy Reserves, we readily avail ourselves of the suggestion of a friend to publish two documents which bear with an important interest upon this subject. The first is the opinion of Judge Patteson, delivered in 1824, before he was raised to the dignified station which he still so worthily fills;—the other document refers to the main argument advanced by the claimants of the Church of Scotland.—

I am of opinion that the provisions of 31 Geo. III. are applicable only to the Clergy of the Church of England.—Whatever might have been the original meaning of the expression, 'a Protestant Clergy' in the 14 Geo. III., it appears to me that the subsequent instructions and message of His Majesty, inserted in the 31 Geo. III., together with the provi-

sions of that Act, (and especially that which speaks of institution, and of the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop,) plainly point out that the expression is to be understood as referring to the Clergy of the Church of England only. 'A Protestant Clergy' evidently means one single and entire body of persons; now the Clergy of the Church of England and those of the Kirk of Scotland, can never form one body. If, therefore, the Clergy of the Church of Scotland be let in, there is no reason why other denominations of Dissenters should not be admitted, and the words 'a Protestant Clergy' must then be taken to mean Protestant Ministers, or Teachers, which appears to me to be absurd. The expression was used in contradistinction to the Romish Clergy, and although I am not prepared to say that an establishment, similar to the Kirk of Scotland, might not have satisfied the words of 14 Geo. III., yet I am quite convinced, that it would not have satisfied those of the 31 Geo. III. Being of opinion therefore, that the Acts contemplate one single body of Protestant Clergy, I have no doubt that the Clergy of the Church of England are that body; and the erecting the Provinces into a Bishopric; and every thing since plainly shews that such is the right interpretation. I am also of opinion, that the governors of the Provinces acting under His Majesty's directions, cannot legally make any appropriation to the Ministers of other Churches. I think that nothing short of an Act of the Legislature confirmed in England, can authorise them to do so. The charter* of April 1819, would create a difficulty in the passing of any such Act, and without a new Act, that charter alone would almost decide the question.

(Signed) JOHN PATTESON.
Temple, May 20th, 1824.

The following letter addressed to the Editor of the Hamilton Gazette, relates to the same subject:—

SIR,—Having recently arrived from Scotland, my attention has naturally been drawn to the question of "the Rectories," which at present is so unprofitably agitating the Colony, and I must confess that the construction which I find attempted to be put upon the Articles of the Union by the Ministers of the Kirk in this Province, as favouring their claim to what they are pleased to term "a co-ordinate establishment with the Church of England," has not a little astonished me? I had thought that every person at all acquainted with Scottish history, or who had even read the Articles of the Union, must have been aware, that the subject of religion was expressly prohibited by an Act of Parliament, from being taken into consideration by the Commissioners nominated by Queen Anne, to carry through that important treaty. That this is no mere assertion of my own, I take the liberty of quoting the statement of the celebrated contemporary historian Burnet, on the subject. In his "History of his own Times," page 459, he says, "there was no provision made in this treaty with relation to Religion. For in the Act of Parliament in both kingdoms, that empowered the Queen to name Commissioners, there was an express limitation that they should not treat of those matters." This statement of Burnet is not only historically correct, but is completely borne out by the articles themselves, in which there is not the slightest allusion throughout to the subject of Religion; and it is upon the very ground of this omission that the Act for securing in Scotland the doctrines and government of the Kirk is founded. The preamble of that Act is as follows.

'Our Sovereign Lady, and the Estates of Parliament, considering that by the late Act of Parliament for a treaty with England, for an union of both Kingdoms, it is provided that the Commissioners for that treaty should not treat of, or concerning any alteration of the worship, discipline, and government of the Church of this kingdom, as now by law established. Therefore, &c.' The Act then goes on strictly to confine the establishment of the Presbyterian Church to the limits of the Kingdom of Scotland. Unless, therefore, the Presbyterian Ministers can, by a peculiar species of logic, prove that Canada is a part of the kingdom of Scotland, their legal claim

*Mr. Patteson here alludes to the Charter instituting the Corporation for the management of the Clergy Reserves.

to a co-ordinate establishment with the Church of England must fall to the ground. The truth is, that the words of the Articles of the Union to which they refer, have a reference and a reference only, to commercial privileges arising out of mercantile transactions. If any other proof were wanting that the Church of Scotland has neither legal right nor title, by the Articles of the Union to any Establishment in her Majesty's dominions, beyond the limits of the said kingdom of Scotland, I will mention a circumstance not generally known, and carefully concealed by the Preachers of the Kirk, in their discussions on the subject, and which is decisive against their claims. After the Articles of the Union had been agreed upon by the English and Scotch Commissioners, the General Assembly, not content that their rights should be secured within the bounds of the kingdom of Scotland, drew up a Memorial to the Scottish Parliament, complaining, amongst other matters, 'that the Sacramental Test being the condition of access to places of trust, and to benefits from the Crown, all of our communion must be debarred from the same, if not in Scotland, yet through the rest of the dominion of Britain, which may prove of the most dangerous consequence to this Church.' Well, what was the reception which the Scottish parliament gave to this memorial? They enacted, I quote the words of Marshall, a Presbyterian Minister, and the author of a History of the Union,—they enacted,—'that no test inconsistent with the principles of their ecclesiastical establishment should be imposed upon Scotchmen, within the bounds of the Scottish kingdom; but a motion for rendering them capable of any office, civil or military, and of holding any command or place of trust under the Sovereign, within any part of Great Britain, was rejected!'

After this rejection of the claims of the Kirk by the Scottish parliament then sitting in Edinburgh, and keenly alive to all matters affecting the honour and independence of their country, I will simply ask, with what face can the Presbyterian ministers come forward and tell their flocks that by the Articles of the Union they have a right to an Establishment in any part of her Majesty's dominions beyond the limits of the Kingdom of Scotland? In conclusion, I have only to express a hope, that my respectable countrymen will not permit themselves to be led away by agitation, or deluded into an idea that they possess rights which were for ever renounced by the Scottish nation at the time of the Union, through their legitimate organ, the ancient Parliament of Scotland." SCOTUS.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.
Gentlemen,

If you deem the following information worthy of publication, you will please to insert it in your valuable paper.

On the fifth of March last, at a Public Meeting held in this place, a Society was formed, called the "Sackville Committee of the Diocesan Church Society." The same Rules were adopted as in other similar Church Committees. The following officers were elected:—

The Rev. Archibald Gray, President.
Mr. Wm. Fultz, } Vice Presidents.
Mr. Jas. Fenerty, }

COMMITTEE.

Mr. Thos. Johnson, Mr. Thos. Fultz,
Mr. Jos. Mitchell, Mr. Edmund Banbrick,
Mr. Dan McCabe, Mr. Bennet Fultz,
Mr. Wellington Fenerty, Mr. John Peveral,
Mr. Godfrey Schultz,

Mr. Charles Hamilton, Secretary.
Mr. John Hamilton, Treasurer.

The sum of £7 has been paid in furtherance of the objects of the Society; and from the liberality and promptness already exhibited in this small community, we may indulge the hope, that under the Divine Blessing, it will prosper.

CHARLES HAMILTON, Sec'y.
Sackville, N.S. April 23d, 1839.

LAUNCH.—Another fine vessel of a handsome model, and substantially built, was launched yesterday morning in good style from the shipyard of Mr. George Walker of this place. She is called the MAGNET, burthen 90 tons, (old measurement) and is owned by the firm of Messrs. Charles & Joseph Rudolf. We wish them success.

POETRY.

PSALM XLIII.

"Judica me, Deus"

Give sentence with me, Lord; avenge the cause
Of thine own righteous laws
God of my strength, forget me not, nor leave
My helpless soul to grieve,
In this sad conflict with th' ungodly's power,
While lasts their darkness-hour.

Ah, dearest Lord! when wilt thou think on me
In this my misery?
When wilt thou send thy light and truth, that they
May lead me on my way,
Even to thy holy hill, that I with thee
For evermore may be!

Till then, unto thy altar will I go,
Thy dwelling here below,
God of my joy and gladness, and my heart
Shall bear its cheerful part
In the thank-giving song thy church doth raise
Of never-ceasing praise.

Why art thou, then, so heavy, O my soul?
Why dost thou toss and roll
As a troubled sea? Trust thou thy Lord,
Rest on his promised word,
And thou shalt yet thank him—on thee shall shine
Again that face divine.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A WICKED BOY.

There was a wicked boy once, who would leave his father's home and go to sea. His kind father tried to persuade him not to go; but he was not to be kept away from the sea. The reason was, he thought that he might be wicked when he got away from his father, and there would be nobody to reprove him. His weeping father gave him a Bible as he went away, and begged him to read it. The boy went away, and became very wicked, and very profane. But God saw him. There was a great storm upon the ocean. The ship could not stand against it. She struck upon the rocks in the dark night. It was a time of great distress; and, for a few moments, there was the noise of the captain giving his orders, the howling of the storm, the cries of the poor sailors and passengers, who expected every moment to be drowned. Then this wicked boy wished himself at home. But he had but a few moments; for a great wave came and lifted the ship up high, and then came down upon another rock, and she was shivered in a thousand pieces. Every soul on board was drowned, except this same wicked boy. By the mercy of God, he was washed and carried by the waves upon a great rock, so that he could creep up, much bruised and almost dead. In the morning, he was seen sitting on the rock with a book in his hand. It was his Bible; the only thing, except his own life, which had been saved from the wreck. He opened it, and there, on the first leaf, was the hand-writing of his father. He thought of the goodness of that father, and of his now ingratitude, and he wept. Again he opened the book, and on every page was the hand-writing of his heavenly Father, and again he wept at the remembrance of his sins against God. His heart was broken. He was truly penitent; and from that hour to this he has lived as a Christian. He is now the commander of a large ship, and seems to make it his great business to honor Jesus Christ. This was true repentance.—*Lectures of Children.*

THE WAY THE LITTLE KAREN BOY STUDIED THE BIBLE.

About a year since, I had in my school a class of young men who wished to become acquainted with the sacred Scriptures. They did not possess the Bible entire—no, nor so much as the New Testament. All they possessed of the heavenly treasure was the Gospel of St. Matthew, in manuscript, which had just been translated, and one copy of it sent to their teacher. From this copy, then, they were obliged to transcribe in the morning, what they were to

study in the afternoon, and recite in the evening. In this class of young men was a little lad about thirteen or fourteen years of age. So great was his desire to obtain the portion of God's word to which he had access, that he waited no bell or call from his teacher—but might be seen between six and seven o'clock in the morning, getting his books, pens, and ink ready, and going to his ricebox, (for we were in the jungle, where tables, benches, &c., are not used) and kneeling down to commence his lesson. When he had copied it from the manuscript, in order that he might be alone and undisturbed, he carefully removed the lid of his empty ricebox, got in, laid himself down, and commenced reading. But his object was not merely to recite his lessons correctly—he desired to understand the meaning. When he read something which he did not fully understand, he might be seen pausing, as if in deep thought, and then after the eastern style of kneeling, turning over on his face, he heard, in a low reverent voice, thanking God for his goodness in sending them teachers, and so much of his word, as they had received. Then he was heard asking God to enlighten his mind, so that he might understand his holy word, and to give him a new heart, so that when he did understand, he might keep all God's requirements. This was not a mere ceremony. He prayed as though he expected God would hear and answer his prayer.—Then, as if encouraged, he would turn over, take up his book, and recommence reading. When he came to another difficult sentence, the same process was repeated; and during the hours of study he might be heard five, six, or seven times praying to God.

And what was the consequence? He not only understood the word of God, but reduced its precepts to practice, laid aside his boyish sports, and became serious in his deportment, amiable in his disposition, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. His great and all-absorbing desire seemed to be, to do good—to become a preacher of the Gospel. Nor was he willing to wait till he should grow up to be a man. He improved every opportunity to go into the neighbouring villages to try to persuade the inhabitants to love and serve God. On one occasion he got a severe beating from his uncle, for no other reason than defending the Christian religion so well. His uncle told him that it was improper for him, a mere lad, to use so many arguments as entirely to confound his seniors.

At the close of the boarding school, he obtained permission to go out with one of the assistants to preach and teach a school. It is about two months since we heard from him, but we presume that wherever he is, he will be doing good. Thus he not only found a blessing himself, in studying the Scriptures with such prayerful attention; but he gives reason to believe he will, by the grace of God, be a rich and lasting blessing to others. Who of all the boys who read this, will resolve to "go and do likewise"? What little lad desires to have the word of God written in his heart so as to influence all his conduct and conversation? What little lad will give himself to the cause of Christ, and make it his only business through life to lead sinners to love and serve God? If there is such a lad in America, God will bless him, and he may be the means of causing thousands of perishing souls to rejoice through all eternity.

Karen Jungle, Feb. 13, 1838.

METHOD OF CARRYING INFANTS.

Our Indians carry their papposes on their backs, as do many savages. In the East they place them on the hips or the shoulders. In predicting the glory of Israel, when the Gentiles shall be added, Isaiah sings thus; 'Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side;' (Is. lx. 5.) and again: 'They shall bring their sons in their arms, (or bosom,) and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders.' (Is. xlix. 22.) Mr. Lane gives a picture of this, and says; 'The young children of both sexes are usually carried by their mothers and nurses, not in the arms, but on the shoulder seated astride, and sometimes, for a short distance, on the hip.' (Vol. i. p. 69, 79.)

APPALLING FACTS.

By the Inspector-General's Report, the following quantity of domestic spirit was distilled in New York for the year 1838, viz.: 1,347,809 gallons sold at the average price of thirty-eight cents per gallon, amounting to \$702,166.42. This sum laid out in Bibles, at fifty cents each would have purchased 1,404,335 or 3,617,340 Testaments, at twelve and a half cents. How many poor families might have been fed and clothed, with this rich waste of property; what means of education might this sum have procured. How many might have been fed with the bread of life, had even one tenth part of this sum been given to missionary operations. There would have been no necessity of retrenching the expenses of the Society, or of recalling our missionaries home from their fields of labor. Can nothing be done to stay the course of intemperance, sweeping over our land in its length and breadth? Let the philanthropist, the minister of the Gospel, the physician, the statesman the Christian, the patriot and Sabbath school teachers of our beloved land, awake to this subject and endeavor to arrest this evil in its degrading career, and this is only a part of the evil. The quantity of gin, rum and brandy imported into the city of New York for the month of January, 1839, exceeded that of January, 1838, by 69,522 gallons; and of wine by 164,978 gallons; at a value of \$219,851.10. These are facts, appalling facts calculated to arouse every well-wisher of society.—*Christian Mirror.*

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All orders transmitted through him will receive prompt attention. We would give notice that no other person at Halifax is authorised to receive money and collect due our establishment for the New England Farmer, Seeds or Tools; and all indebted to us will please to notice and pay over to the above gentleman who is here empowered to settle all demands we have in the Province.

Catalogues may be had by applying to C. H. Belcher, who will also take subscriptions for the N. E. Farmer.—**JOSEPH BRECK & CO.**
C. H. B. has received on consignment from the above Establishment, Boxes (large and small) of GARDEN SEEDS.

April 16th, 1839.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MISSES WISWALL, will reopen their School on the first of May, 1839. They teach as formerly Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Composition; Geography with the use of the Globes, History, Chronology, and other branches of useful knowledge with plain and ornamental Needlework.

They will receive Boarders not exceeding twelve number, either for the year or single quarter, commencing at the beginning of either of the summer months, on their former terms, which are—

Board, - - - - £7 per quarter.

Tuition, - - - - 15s. "

A quarter's notice before the removal of a pupil, or quarter paid. For further particulars inquire by letter addressed (post paid) to Miss Wiswall.

Wilmot, N. S. March, 1839. A no's.

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