

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

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

VOLUME V.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1840.

NUMBER 17.

"HEAR THE CHURCH."*

For the Church when she calls—'tis a voice that we love:
No mortal that calls—'tis a voice from above,
That bids us lay apathy by:
Surely when dangers her bulwarks surround,
On the trumpet and war-cry of enmity sound,
Our hearts will respond to her cry.
It was when her altars were deluged with blood,
And the red river ran through her aisles like a flood,
Of bigotry's ill-deeds a story:
It has been when the flame of the fagot has flashed,
When did her sons at their fate stand aghast?
No! they died—and they die—full of glory.
We, then, stand back, our exertions relent,
On the infidel's knee at the church has been bent?
No! perish the thought in its birth:
We love England too well—our fathers have told,
How dear to their hearts her Church was of old,
And we will not lessen its worth.
Come ye, then, christians! arise at her call,
Willingly now, lest her banners should fall,—
Our heartfelt assistance afford:
Need not despair—'tis the church of our God,
When 'till our heads are laid low in its sod,
We'll faithfully trust in the Lord.

A CANADIAN WINTER SKETCH.

Change, most strange, to English eyes, is the scene
Presented to the view by the Canadian winter—
Nothing seems to assume a foreign aspect; the
Surface of the earth has totally disappeared, and will
Look smilingly at us for perhaps three months—
The merry dancing of the blue waves of old Ontario,
As almost as eye can reach, is changed to the
And unbroken expanse of the ice-field, spread
To fall over the late playful waters; the naked
Trunks of the forest trees like shivering phantoms
In the summer woods, waving in the cold air—the
Melody rude of the merry sleigh bells,
The grotesque vehicles that bear them skim rapid-
ly and smoothly by, and the uncouth appearance of
The sleds and wrappers of fur, all tend to convince
The eye that he is, indeed, in a strange land
Whose nature and her productions alike assume a
Unrecognised by his native impressions.
The wintry sun is climbing higher and higher
In the unclouded heaven; the mercury is starting
From its lethargy, and is ascending its tube with
The promise of reaching, if not passing, 34; drops
Of actual water, are positively glistening at
The end of those huge icicles pendent from the roof,
In the sunshine of the advancing morning gradually
To melt the clear atmosphere. Let us venture out
Into the open air, and well fenced with protecting coats,
To take a speculative ramble over the frozen
Landscape with the exhilarating clearness and freshness
Of the bracing wind to stimulate us to healthful exer-
cise, and shake off the drowsy vapours of the long,
Wintry night.
Look up to the sun, it is pouring down a flood of
More dazzlingly, wondrously brilliant than his
In July splendour, from the refraction of his rays
Through the snowy mantle of the frost-bound world—not
A phantom of a fleecy vapour is to be seen
In the bright expanse of heaven, floating over

its intense blue. There is little or no breeze to
Break the calm of the sunlit air. No bird is winging
Its way through the ungenial atmosphere. And the
Floods of glorious light seem to fall unheeded on the
Silent earth, spell-bound and voiceless in her yearly
Trance.

We may, now that our eyes have recovered from
The first dazzle of the light morning, glance at the
Scene around, and, to obtain the best prospect, will
Advance a short distance on the vast field of ice
Spread before us. We are now on the frozen bosom
Of the Bay of Toronto. A few weeks, nay days,
Since, the waves were curling playfully beneath our
Feet—a firm, compact mass of ten or twelve square
Miles in extent now usurps the place of the glad wa-
ters; and horses, sleighs, ice-boats, and pedestrians,
Are now travelling cheerily over the congealed sur-
face. Landward lies the metropolis of Upper Ca-
nada, presenting the ordinary features of an Ameri-
can town of 12 or 13,000 inhabitants. There is but
A little architectural display to greet the eye, and hard-
ly an object to rise above the level of the roofs or
To break the monotony of the whole, save the lofty stee-
ple of the cathedral of St. James, with its tin spire
Literally blazing in the sunlight, and the golden cross
Over all in strong relief against the deep blue heaven.
The gray smoke is curling from the numerous
Hearths, and losing itself gradually in the clear cold
Air. The constant ringing of a thousand sleigh bells
Come soft and pleasant on the ear, and the hum of
Busy life sounds cheerful from the distant streets.—
Beyond the town, and as far as the eye can reach,
The pine forest spreads its long array of dark ever-
green foliage, and closes in the landscape in its gloo-
my circle.

Southward, beyond the frozen bay, and the trees
Of the long narrow strip of land that form the har-
bour, we see the vast expanse of Ontario, and his
Blue waves sparkling in the sunshine in utter con-
tempt of winter and his ice-chains; and further on
Still, a long white outline on the verge of the hori-
zon—that is the Niagara coast, some 40 miles from
Our present position, and only visible in very clear
Weather. Do you catch far away, due south, a thin
Gray vapour curled upward to the sky, half cloud,
Half imagination? Well, that is the spray column,
Hanging over the thunders of the great cataract, the
"Everlasting incense of the waters." The varied
Glories of the iris-arch are glittering through its mys-
tery folds—but to us, worshipping at a distance, there
Is nought, save that lonely wreath of vapour to tell
That Niagara is beneath.

Beautiful, most beautiful certainly is the genuine
Canadian winter day. Bright sun, blue heaven, dry,
Bracing air, and hard frozen ground are all required,
As necessary ingredients of this most pleasant speci-
men of transatlantic "winter and rough weather."

The natives complain that of late years their
Much-prized climate has assimilated to that of Eng-
land—that there is less snow and more rain in win-
ter, and the continued hot weather of summer has
Been partly superseded by the variable and humid
Changes of our island skies.

They are passionately fond of sleighing, which is
Certainly the only smooth method of land travelling
Here, and persons, in the interior especially, look for-
ward to a good fall of snow to enable them to come
Down to the front, as they term the towns and settle-
ments on the great lakes and main roads. Any thing
Approaching the mud and moisture of an English win-
ter is, consequently, equally inconvenient and unpo-
pular. This year, however, they acknowledge is
Quite orthodox. The roads and thermometer look
As in the "bon vieux temps."

The temperature is generally quite high enough to
Admit of pleasant and healthful exercise, well pro-
tected of course from the rough chances of the at-

mosphere. Frost generally rules at night with more
Or less severity, but slight thawing commences when
The sun is high in the heavens. Occasionally will
Come one or two days and nights of unimaginable
Cold, bursting everything, freezing everything—toes,
Nose, ears, finger-tips—everything, in short, ex-
posed for a few minutes to its operations—10, 15, 20
Degrees below zero, and in short, no knowing how
Cold it might be, as the Yankee remarked *were the
thermometers long enough.* These remorseless visit-
ants, however, are fortunately of rare and uncertain
Occurrence; and this winter, with snow enough to
Satisfy the veriest Canadian grumbler, has presented
But few instances of such severe frost.

The morning of the arrival of Governor-General
Thomson we certainly conceive to have been the
Chillest of the season—in fact, next to the welcome
Bestowed on that functionary by the enthusiastic ci-
tizens of Toronto, nothing can be imagined colder.
The steam-boat that conveyed him presented a sin-
gular appearance, being almost coated and fringed
With ice, as the spray of the waves congealed as it
Struck her in her progress through the wintry bosom
Of Ontario—and many thought, as they gazed on the
Vessel and her cargo, that the whole was no unfitting
Emblem of the chilling gifts bestowed by our whig
Rulers on the faintly-requited loyalty of Upper Cana-
da.

But we must not wax political. His Excellency
Has managed matters most dexterously, has carried
The union, will carry the clergy reserve question, or
Any other thing he pleases—has assured us, with his
Sweetest smile and most winning grace, that we may
Make our minds perfectly easy and leave every thing
To the judicious care of himself and his worthy coad-
jutors. We need not trouble ourselves with politics.
Mr. Pilot Thomson is at the helm, and we may turn
In below and snore comfortably, till awakened by
Finding our vessel safely steered into harbour, or—
Foundering among the breakers of perdition.

No mere English tourist can form any idea of the
Appearance of our forests in the deep winter—ani-
mal and vegetable life alike seem to have vanished in
Those wild recesses. The birds have all winged their
Way southward to a more genial home. The squir-
rels have laid up their winter store, and are quietly
Reposing in their comfortable quarters. Bruin is
Sucking his paws in his fortress, in the hollow of
Some ancestral oak; the wolf is lurking in the damp
Retreats of the inaccessible cedar swamp—and those
Harmless reptiles, "the spotted snakes, of varied
Hue," are curled up like twisted icicles in some cho-
sen hiding place. There is silence, deep silence in
The heart of the old forest. If the frost be intense,
At intervals you have a report like a pistol-shot, as
The branches of the trees split and shiver like living
Things. Sometimes a lonely deer will flit past, rous-
ed from his lair by the intrusion of the hunter. If
The day happen to be unusually mild, you may see
The black squirrel cautiously descending his tree to
Take a survey of the world, and look inquiring round
To see what symptoms are visible of approaching
Spring. Perhaps, the worthy gentleman's stock of
Indian Corn, plundered from the field of the neigh-
bouring farmer last summer, is waxing low, and the
Wants of a young family have driven him forth to
Seek some fresh supply.

The pine, hemlock, and cedar, those sturdy des-
pisers of the frost, alone greet the eye with any
Thing resembling a green leaf, but gloomy and fune-
real is the faded hue of their dull verdure—save when
The morning or evening sun is gliding their huge crests
And wrapping them in a splendour equally beautiful
And evanescent.

Our long, long winter night—can we say anything
In favour of this dreaded period, this terror-fraught
Visitant of the shivering vagrant?

from the Church Magazine.

from the London Morning Herald.

"Ah! bitter chill it is!

The owl, for all his feathers, is a cold."

In a woollen country, as this province has been emphatically called—the thirty and industrious have but little to dread from the approach of frost and darkness. A log-built pyramid of flame, in the recess of a huge chimney, roaring and crackling like a furnace, is admirably calculated to restore confidence to the very chilliest trembler at the blast of winter, and banish all dread of curling up into an icicle, or congealing into a frost-preserved mummy, to be thawed out slowly on the approach of the tardy summer.—We can face the enemy boldly, and look out upon the night. Starlight is glittering over the silent world, with an intensity and brilliancy unknown to the blue summer nights of our fatherland. No damp or exhalation is dimming the ethereal clearness of the frosty air, and thousands apparently of stars, invisible through the fog and vapour of duller atmospheres, are looking down upon us. A white light is trembling on the verge of the northern heaven, just where the dim crests of the far pine ridge mingle with the deep blue sky. Now pale shadowing columns are advancing with swift strides toward the zenith, shifting and changing in the kindling ether. Well do we know—gladly do we hail, those quaint masquers of our midnight skies—

"We may tell by the streamers, that shoot so bright,
That spirits are riding the northern light;"

and beautiful, startlingly beautiful, are the wild evolutions of those wandering phantoms. For hours together, we have seen the heaven, one instant overspread with the tangled labyrinth of streamers, the next, the pale stars alone gleaming white and wan through the darkening air. Again the columns dash swiftly from the northern horizon, no longer in thin pale lines, but thrown together in a mighty flood of radiance,—deepening and colouring as it advanced, till the zenith was lit up with a glowing ocean of crimson light—and the snowy world kindled beneath the fleeting splendour, as we have seen a glitter at the parting flush of the sunset heaven—

"Like the rose tints that summer twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow."

But it is time that we retrace our steps, and thought of returning from empty speculation by frozen lake and forest-river, "or idle star-light reveries," to the busy haunts of active life.

Hark to the eternal tinkling and chiming of the sleigh-bells; every variety of tone and jingle combined in their endless repetitions. How some of our English whips would delight to exhibit their taste and dexterity over the smooth surface of our now unrivalled roads! That matchless artist, Frost, puts pot-Macadam completely to the blush in the formation of those conveniences for travel; and the smoothest turnpike track in the mother country could not for an instant be compared to the noiseless and exquisitely even road afforded to the transit of the sleigh runners, as the winter substitute for wheels is designated. In summer we make no remark on our Canadian thoroughfares, but now we challenge competition or comparison from any country, and assert our measureless superiority.

We have tandem clubs, skating clubs, curling clubs, &c., all in active operation. The number of occasional idlers from the numerous regiments quartered in the country, devote much of their valuable time to these fashionable amusements, rivalling each other in the elegance, grotesqueness, or oddity of their respective appointments. Civilians, too, of the same "dolce for niente" school, turn their attention to excelling in the same accomplishments. Everything, in short, not forgetting the fact of our possessing "two kings of Brentford on one throne," in the shape of our worthy lieutenant-governor, Sir George Arthur, and the silken Mr. Poulett Thomson, combine to produce a gaiety and bustle in this remote corner of the empire unknown and unlooked-for in the golden age anterior to the present period of Atlantic steam navigation, reform bubbles, and lord high commissioners.

In those melancholy days of tory despotism and irresponsible corruption, when three hundred soldiers kept the peace through this vast country from Montreal to Lake superior, the honest Canadian sat under the shelter of his "own vine or fig-tree," and dream-

ed not of the coming of the glorious advent of reform and whiggery, when the tender mercies of a Durham or a Melbourne would depute thirteen thousand soldiers to guard our remote shores, to protect the working of the great experiment of democratic institutions which their wisdom considered that we prayed for and would rebel for.

But yet a little while, and the summer will be coming "on soft winds borne;" our lakes and forests will be starting from their sleep, and everything be bursting out fresh and vigorous from the dim lethargy of winter. So let us look with hope and confidence, that when the spring awakens the green valleys of merry England, the frozen chains of radicalism and infidelity may be unloosed from around her throne and government, and the helm of the freed vessel be grasped by firmer and manlier hands than those of the dastards that had steered the good ship to the verge of the wild breakers of destruction.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE,
First Bishop of Ohio in 1819; and elected Bishop of Illinois, 1835.*

However unusual it may be to publish a memoir during the lifetime of an individual, the distance which separates the subject of the present biographical sketch from those into whose hands it is likely to fall, may allow of its making an exception to the general rule,—particularly as his cause is, in the present day, most remarkably connected with that of the Protestant faith, and with the prosperity and extension of the Episcopal Church.

The object of this publication is, to strengthen the hands of this indefatigable servant of God, by drawing the attention of the public mind to the peculiarity of his situation, and obtaining for him such aid as may support him in the arduous charge of the extensive diocese of Illinois, to which he was appointed, by the primary convention of that state, on the 10th of March, 1835, without any offer of remuneration. While the Romanists are making unusual and almost unheard-of exertions in Illinois, and our own emigrants are flocking into that country by thousands,—we are forcibly called upon to give him substantial demonstrations of our love and sympathy, both as Britons and Protestants.

The following account of himself and his ancestors is chiefly selected from his own writings, casually scattered amongst his friends in England:—

My ancestors were English, and originally from Cornwall; they settled first at Newbury Port, and then at Sutton, in the state of Massachusetts; and afterwards procured from the colonial government of New Hampshire the grant of a township of land, and called it Cornish on that account. This happened previously to any settlements being made northward of Charleston, on Connecticut river, which divides two of the New England states, New Hampshire and Vermont, upon the banks of which our land was situated, and to which my grandfather and his sons migrated from a town near Boston, the chief of the New England states, about the year of our Lord 1763.

My father and his family, consisting of my mother and seven children, were the first to take possession of the soil, which was then covered by an entire forest of the largest and tallest trees.

When the family, in their painful journey through the woods, arrived at No. 4 Fort, as Charleston was then called, it was thought advisable that my mother and children should remain there for shelter, and for their greater security from the Indians. To this arrangement my mother consented, although, as she told me, it was with great reluctance. "I shuddered," she said, "at the thought of being penned up with my precious bairns within the precincts of a narrow fort, rudely built for defence against savages, for a period of time I knew not how long; for it was sixteen miles up the river whither your father and his company of workmen were going, where the land was to be cleared, and the crop for the approaching season to be planted. But necessity is an imperious dictate, and submission was my duty: it was never-

* From the Church of England Magazine.

† A subscription for Bishop Chase's object is opened at Messrs. Farquhar and Herries, St. James's Street.

theless a hard parting when your father pressed his babes to his bosom, and mine to his manly cheek, as he stepped into his canoe, and took command of his little fleet of stout and cheerful men, both able and willing to subdue the forest and plant the virgin soil.

"It was sometime in the early spring that this parting scene took place on the fertile banks of the Connecticut river. The bud was then bursting from its wintry fetters; the birds were commencing their wooing songs, and the wild herbage sprang up all around me. Among these I wandered, admired their beauty, and inhaled their sweets: but all had no charms for me while your father was gone. I tried to banish my fears for his safety when I thought of his defenceless state, and the proximity of the ruthless savage—for there was then war between France and England, and no fort between us and Canada. I also endeavoured to seek refuge from my painful feelings in employment for myself and children—but our condition in the fort precluded the observance of regularity, and without that, little can be done. So much mingling of contending interests, especially among a crowd of little children, bade defiance to all efforts for order or peace. Days seemed weeks, and weeks seemed months; and scarcely did a sun rise without witnessing my wandering on the banks of the flowing stream where I had parted from your father and his blithe company of Cornish woodmen."

"It was in one of these walks, that, with my children by my side, I saw as the day drew to close, a canoe coming round a point of the river bank above me. I thought first of the approach of savages—but before I had time to flee, I recognised the well-known canoe of your father, and in it our trusty neighbour Diab Spalding. My heart leaped with joy—and no sooner did the canoe reach the shore than the children were in it and on his knees—nor did they suffer him to stir till they had told him I was resolved that we should all return with him to their father in the woods. 'Do you know, are you apprised, dear madam,' said he, respectfully approaching me,—'are you aware, that such has been our anxiety to put in a crop and plant the ground for the coming summer, that we have found no time to erect the semblance of a house? I am come to tell you your husband is well and all his men are well, and to obtain information of your health and safety, and to carry back with me a recruit of provisions for their comfort—but we have all slept upon the uncovered ground, and as yet have no place to shelter ourselves—much less you and your little ones—from the pelting of the storm—and will you venture with them into the woods before you are sure of a refuge? I will go, and with all my children endure a storm, if you will give me but a safe and speedy conveyance to my husband. If there be no shelter or fence, or fort, his faithful arm will guard me, and his trusty men will aid him—and their God, who is above all, ruleth all, and directeth all—will provide for us.'"

"A much smaller degree of sagacity than our neighbour Spalding possessed, would have been sufficient to make him sensible that it was in vain to thwart resolution so firmly taken—and the speedy resolution once determined on, all the force of his ingenious friend's and was called into action to make the ready. Such goods as we needed least were secured in the fort—and such as the boats would carry, we needed most, with ample provisions, were put aboard—and the morning sun had scarcely risen, the indefatigable exertions of Spalding, and the anxious assiduity of my children, had made all ready for the voyage. Spalding was a good craftsman—and under the protection of the Almighty, whom our trust was placed, the exertions of his strong arm, and the industrious aid of my elders, made our speed, though slow, yet unceasing, and time of war ascending a rapid stream in a frail little canoe, we reached before night the little opening among the towering trees, from whence the spot your father's choice appeared to our longing eyes. 'There they are,' said the mingled voices of my children—'there is our dear father, and yonder are men—I hear his voice, and the sound of their arms.' For a moment all was hidden from our view, by the density of the forest trees intervening. This was the time to utter what was labouring in my bosom—a prayer of faith and benediction. 'God of our ancestors, bless your father, and me your helpless

ther, and you my loved children, now, even now, as we shall, in a few minutes, take possession of this our dwelling-place in the wild woods—and though, like Jacob, we have nought but a stone for our pillow, and the canopy of heaven for a covering, may we all find God indeed to be in this place—and may this place be to us a house of God and a gate of heaven! What a moment was this to one who had left all for her husband and the future fortunes of her children! The wealth of India would have been meanly estimated in comparison of the endeared spot before me.

"With your leave, madam," said pilot Spalding, "I think it prudent that your husband come to us, and give orders where he will have his family landed." Accordingly he made fast the canoe to the willows, and desired us to await his return. Your father could get no direct answer from Spalding as to the nature of the cargo he had brought. "Come and see," was all he could get from him. "Is all well?" said your father—"have you brought us a good supply of food?" "Come and see," replied Spalding, with animation, and in an instant they burst upon our view—and as your dear father stood on the margin of the high bank he saw beneath his feet the frail bark in which were his wife and children. The emotion was almost too much for him—I saw this, and sprang forward, the children quickly following. He received us with an exclamation of joy mingled with agony—"Are you come to die here," he exclaimed, "before your time? We have no house to shelter you, and you will perish before we get one erected." "Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!" said I to your father—"let the smiles and the ruddy faces of your children, and the health and cheerfulness of your wife, make you joyful. If you have no house, you have strength and hands to make one. The God we worship will bless us, and help us to obtain a shelter. Cheer up, cheer up, my faithful!"

"The sunshine of joy and hope began to beam from his countenance—the news was communicated throughout the company of workmen, and the woods rang with shouts at the arrival of the first white woman and the first family on the banks of the Connecticut river above Fort Number Four. All assembled to see the strangers, and strove to do them acts of kindness. The trees were quickly felled and peeled, and the clean bark in large sheets was spread for a floor—other sheets, being fastened by thongs of twisted twigs to stakes driven in the ground, were raised for walls, or laid on cross pieces for a roof—and the cheerful fire soon made glad our little dwelling.—The space of three hours was not consumed in effecting all this—and never were men more happy than those who contributed thus speedily and thus effectually to supply our wants. Beds were brought from the canoe to this rustic pavillion, and on them we rested sweetly, fearless of danger, though the thick foliage was wet with dew, and the wild beasts howled all around us, trusting in the protecting hand of Providence; and the watchful fidelity of our faithful neighbours.

"The next day all hands were called to build a cabin, which served us for the coming winter, and in which, cheered by the rising prospects of the family and the mutual affection of all around us, my enjoyments were more exquisite than at any subsequent period of my life."

Thus far the story from the lips of my venerable mother: it will serve to shew with what unsubdued, pure, and patriotic spirit New England was first over-spread with inhabitants.

Seven children were added to my father's family in this new settlement. Five out of eight of his sons received a collegiate education—one of whom was a senator in the congress of the United States, and afterwards chief-justice of the state of Vermont—two died after pursuing their professions with reputation—one is now a counsellor in New Hampshire—and the fifth and youngest of the whole family is the writer of this.

My history, as connected with the Church of Christ, may be learned from the following statement:—My ancestors were what is termed in England Dissenters. They continued of the Independent persuasion till the year 1796, when nearly all that branch of the family settled in Cornish New Hampshire conformed to the liturgy, and became members of the Protest-

tant Episcopal Church, as the same had been recently organised by the bishops, clergy, and laity of that communion in the United States of America.

The circumstances which led to this then unusual change in the sentiments and habits of a numerous family, are interesting, but cannot now be related any further than in general to say, that a candid examination of her primitive liturgy and of her well-authenticated claims to an apostolic constitution in her ministry, were among the principal reasons, which induced so many to conform to the Protestant Episcopal Church; and instead of repairing the meeting-house, where both my grandfather and father had officiated as congregational deacons, inclined them to pull it down, and erect in its place an episcopal church. This was effected in great harmony; not a voice, to my recollection, was raised against the measure throughout the neighbourhood.

It becomes not me, young as I was (about nineteen years of age,) when this change of sentiment began to take place, to say I had any agency in it; but even at that early period of my life, being greatly desirous of becoming, when qualified, a minister of the Gospel, the subjects daily discussed in my vacations from collegiate duties were to me of great importance: well do I remember the pleasure it afforded me to contemplate in our examinations of the Prayer-Book the strict adherence to scriptural doctrine and scriptural expressions, and, above all, the fervency of piety that glowed throughout the whole. And when we considered the subject of the ministry, many expressions in the epistles of St. Paul to Timothy and Titus, and in the Acts of the Apostles, were made plain, which before were to us unintelligible.

In the fall of the year 1796 I became a candidate for holy orders, and went to Albany, in the state of New York, in order to pursue my studies with the episcopal clergyman of that city. This learned gentleman had been educated at Oxford in England, and was of great service to me. In June 1798 I received holy orders in the city of New York, and was soon after appointed a missionary to extend the ministration of the word and sacraments to the then new settlements at the westward in that diocese.

In the arduous task of extending the Gospel and its ordinances to the new settlements in the western and northern parts of the state of New York, I continued for nearly two years. Congregations were gathered and organised in Canandagua, Utica, Auburn, in the main road to the lakes; in Hampton, and other places on the borders of Vermont; at Oswego, Stamford, and other places on the banks of the Susquehanna, Unadika, and Delaware rivers; and in many other intermediate stations.

The churches in most of these places, though first planted in the woods and among log-cabins, are now flourishing in villages; some, nay most of which, contain many thousand inhabitants, affording a conspicuous and lasting monument of the great utility and necessity of not despising the day of small things, but, in disregard of all hardships, of planting the Church of Christ wherever the human family is first planted; in other words, of rendering the means of religion as commensurate as possible with the settlement of every new country.

In the winter of 1800, I took charge of the parish of Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, and Trinity Church, at Fishkill, on the Hudson River, about eighty miles above the city of New York. As principal of the academy in Poughkeepsie, and rector of these churches, I remained till 1805; when, seeking for a warmer climate for the benefit of my wife's health, I went, with the advice of the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, my bishop, to New Orleans, in the state of Louisiana. While there, I organised a Protestant communion, and obtained of the Legislature a charter of incorporation of the parish of Christ Church, in which the rector was made subject to the Bishop of New York, until such time as there should be a diocese organised according to the canons and constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

In New Orleans, I continued about six years doing the duty of a Protestant clergyman, having been the first of that character of any denomination that had officiated in that city. At the end of this period, the object of my going having been, by the

goodness of God, obtained, and feeling anxious to attend to the education of my two sons, left with their uncle in Vermont, I returned to the northern states; and in the fall 1811 was, with uncommon felicity to myself, fixed as rector of Christ Church, Hartford, in the state of Connecticut. My residence in this city continued till 1817. During this period the number of the faithful greatly increased; the attendants at the Lord's table, from a very few, became a great number. I sincerely rejoiced to see the blessed effects of the Gospel of peace, and the many examples of the fruits of a holy life. In the bosom of an enlightened society, softened by the hand of urbanity and gentleness, my enjoyments, crowned with abundance of temporal blessings, were as numerous and refined as fall to the lot of man. Of the time I spent in this lovely city, I can never speak in ordinary terms. It is to my remembrance as a dream of more than terrestrial delight. Of its sweets I tasted for awhile, and thought myself happy; but God, who would train his servants more by the reality of suffering than by ideal and transitory bliss, saw fit to direct my thoughts to other and more perilous duties.

When young in the Christian ministry, I had, as before observed, been a humble missionary; and although I remembered the hardships and deprivations inseparable from the work of visiting my fellow-beings when struggling for the necessaries of life amidst the wild woods and the beasts of the forests; yet I also remembered the exquisite pleasure of being the herald of good tidings of great joy in bringing the Gospel-feast to those who were famishing for the bread of life. The recollection of this pleasure was still dearer to me than all the enjoyments of ease and plenty, even though heightened by the refinements of Christian courtesies and pious and polished society.

In this state of mind it was that the intelligence of the wants of our brethren in the Lord daily reaching us from the new settlements in the western states sunk deep into my heart. A lively impression, that wherever the lambs of Christ's fold went, thither it was necessary that some shepherd should go with them, was never absent from my conscious mind.

This, this was the motive which influenced me to make arrangements to go to the western country, but had I been duly sensible of the pain, I might say, the anguish, of separation from my beloved people in Hartford, perhaps my resolution would have failed. The plan, however, had been formed, the arrangements had been made, and the determination was fixed; and though the act of separation was like the tearing up of a tree in full bearing from its roots, and the time of parting consecrated my tears of a numerous and affectionate people, I nevertheless had strength given me to fulfil my purpose; and on the 2d day of March, 1817, I set off for the western country, there to seek, according to my ordination-vows, for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they might be saved by him forever. I went out, scarce knowing whither I went; but the Lord, I trust, being my guide, I commenced my labours in the state of Ohio; concluding, if they were successful, there to continue; if not, to go further among our new settlements—perhaps to Indiana or Illinois.

Time, however, soon convinced me that the field of usefulness was that into which I at first entered. Assisted by the exertions of a fellow-labourer, the state of Ohio was, during the spring and summer, for the most part traversed. Parishes were formed, and little societies of Christian worshippers were gathered in many places. Delegates from these attended a convention, previously appointed, in Columbus in the following winter, where the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States was adopted, a diocesan constitution was formed, and all things regulated according to the usages of our primitive Church.—To be continued.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Like the cloud between the hosts of Israel and Egypt, the holy Scriptures are a light by night to those who have eyes to see; while they are darkness even by day to those who are enemies to the truths which they contain.—By. Griswold.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

CRANMER,

THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

But this happy scene of prosperity was not to continue; God was pleased to deprive the nation of king Edward in 1553, designing, in his providence, to perfect the Church of England, by the blood of martyrs, as in the beginning he perfected the Church in general. Anxious for the success of the reformation, and wrought upon by the artifices of the duke of Northumberland, Edward had been persuaded to exclude his sisters, and to bequeath the crown to that duke's amiable daughter, the Lady Jane Grey.—The Archbishop did his utmost to oppose this alteration in the succession; but the king was overruled; the will was made, and subscribed by the council and the judges. The Archbishop was sent for last of all, and required to subscribe; but he answered that he could not do it without perjury, having sworn to the entail of the crown on the two princesses Mary and Elizabeth. To this the king replied, that the judges, who being best skilled in the constitution, ought to be regarded in this point, had assured him, that notwithstanding that entail, he might lawfully bequeath the crown to Lady Jane. The Archbishop desired to discourse with them himself about it; and they all agreeing, that he might lawfully subscribe the king's will, he was at last prevailed with to resign his private scruples to their authority, and set his hand to it.

Having done this, he thought himself obliged in conscience to join the Lady Jane: but her short-lived power soon expired; when Mary and persecution mounted the throne, and Cranmer could expect nothing less than what ensued; attainder, imprisonment, deprivation, and death.—He was condemned for treason, and pardoned; but to gratify Gardiner's malice, and her own implacable resentment against him for her mother's divorce, Mary gave orders to proceed against him for heresy. His friends, who foresaw the storm, had advised him to consult his safety by retiring beyond sea; but he chose rather to continue steady in the cause, which he had so nobly supported; and preferred the sealing his testimony with his blood, to dishonourable flight.

The tower was crowded with prisoners; inasmuch that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and Bradford, were all put into one chamber; which they were so far from thinking an inconvenience, that on the contrary they blessed God for the opportunity of conversing together, reading and comparing the scriptures, confirming themselves in the true faith, and mutually exhorting each other to constancy in professing it, and patience in suffering for it.

In April, 1554, the Archbishop, with Bishop Ridley and Latimer, was removed from the tower to Windsor, and from thence to Oxford, to dispute with some select persons of both Universities; but alas! what farces are disputations, where the fate of men is fixed, and every word is misconstrued! and such was the case here; for on April the 20th, Cranmer was brought to St. Mary's before the Queen's commissioners, and refusing to subscribe the popish articles, he was pronounced a heretic, and sentence of condemnation was passed upon him. Upon which he told them that he appealed from their unjust sentence, to that of the Almighty; and that he trusted to be received into his presence in Heaven, for maintaining the truth of whose spiritual presence at the altar, he was then condemned. After this his servants were dismissed from their attendance, and himself closely confined in the prison of Oxford. But this sentence being void in law, as the Pope's authority was wanting, a new commission was sent from Rome in 1555; and in St. Mary's Church, at the high altar, the court sat and tried the altar-condemned Cranmer.—He was then well nigh too strong for his judges; and if reason and truth could have prevailed, there would have been no doubt, who should have been acquitted and who condemned. The February following, a new commission was given to Bishops Bonner and Thirlby, for the degradation of the Archbishop. When they came down to Oxford, he was brought before them; and after they had read their

commission from the Pope, Bonner, in a scurrilous oration, insulted over him in the most unchristian manner, for which he was often rebuked by Thirlby, who wept and declared it the most sorrowful scene in his whole life. In the commission it was declared that the cause had been impartially heard at Rome; the witnesses on both sides examined, and the Bishop's counsel allowed to make the best defence for him they could; at the reading this, the Archbishop could not help crying out, "Good God, what lies are those; that I, being continually in prison, and not suffered to have counsel or advocate at home, should produce witnesses and appoint my counsel at Rome! God must needs punish this shameless and open lying!" When Bonner had finished his invective, they proceeded to degrade him; and that they might make him as ridiculous as they could, the Episcopal habit which they put on him, was made of canvas and old cloths: Bonner, meantime, by way of triumph and mockery, calling him Mr. Canterbury, and the like.—He bore all with his wonted fortitude and patience; told them, "the degradation gave him no concern;" but when they came to take away his crosier, he held it fast, and delivered his appeal to Thirlby, saying, "I appeal to the next general council." When they had stripped him of all his habits, they put upon him, a poor yeoman-beadle gown, and a townsman's cap; and so delivered him to the secular power, to be carried back to prison, where he was kept entirely destitute of money, and totally secluded from his friends. Nay, such was the iniquity of the time; that a gentleman was taken into custody by Bonner, and narrowly escaped a trial, for giving the poor Archbishop some money to buy him a dinner!

He had been imprisoned now almost three years; and death should have immediately followed his sentence and degradation; but his cruel enemies reserved him for greater misery and insult. Every engine that could be thought of, was employed to shake his constancy. But in vain: he held fast the profession of his faith, without wavering. Nay, even when he saw the martyrdom of his dear companions, Ridley and Latimer, he was so far from shrinking, that he not only prayed to God to strengthen them; but also by their example, to animate him to a patient expectation and endurance of the same fiery trial.

But at length the Papists determined to try what gentle treatment would effect; they removed him from prison to the lodgings of the Dean of Christ Church; urged every persuasive motive; and too much melted his gentle nature by the false sunshine of pretended civility. Yet this availed not, till they again changed their conduct, and with severity enough, confined him to a loathsome prison. This was more than the infirmities of so old a man could support; the frailty of human nature prevailed; he began to waver; he fell, but to rise with superior lustre—and was induced to sign six different recantations, drawn from him by the malice of his enemies: who, notwithstanding, determined not to spare his life; for nothing less than his death could satiate the gloomy Queen, who said, that "as he had been the great promoter of heresy, which had corrupted the whole nation, the abjuration which was sufficient in other cases, should not serve his turn; for she was resolved he should be burnt."

The Archbishop had no suspicion of such a fate, after what he had done: the Papists designed that he should soon read his recantation publicly, at St. Mary's, upon which they proposed to have triumphed in his death. Accordingly, on the day appointed, Cole mounted the pulpit, and the Archbishop was placed opposite to it, on a low scaffold, a spectacle of contempt and scorn to the people! Cole magnified his conversion as the work of God's inspiration; exhorted him to bear with resolution the terrors of death; and by the example of the thief on the cross, encouraged him not to despair, since he was returned, though late, into the bosom of the Church, and assured him that dirges and masses should be said for his soul in all the Churches of Oxford. As soon as the Archbishop perceived from Cole's sermon, what was the bloody decree, struck with horror at the inhumanity of these proceedings, he gave by all his gestures, a full proof of the deep anguish of his soul. And at length being called upon by Cole, to

declare his faith and reconciliation with the Catholic Church; he rose with all possible dignity—and while the audience was wrapt in the most profound expectation—he kneeled down and repeated the following prayer: "O Father of heaven, O Son of God, Redeemer of the world, O Holy Ghost, proceeding from them both; three persons and one God, have mercy upon me, most wretched and miserable sinner! I who have offended both heaven and earth, and more grievously than any tongue can express, whither then may I go, or where shall I fly for succour? To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and in earth I find no refuge: what shall I then do? shall I despair? God forbid! O good God, thou art merciful, and refusest none that come to thee for succour: to thee therefore, do I run: I beseech thee! humble myself, saying, O Lord God, my sins be great, but yet have mercy upon me, for thy great mercy! O God the Son, thou wast not made man, this great mystery was not wrought, for few or small offences; nor thou didst give thy Son unto death, O God the Father, for our little and small sins only, but for all the greatest sins of the world; so that the sinner return unto thee with a penitent heart, as I do here at this present; wherefore have mercy upon me O Lord, whose property is always to have mercy; for although my sins be great, yet thy mercy is greater! I crave nothing, O Lord, for my own merit, but for thy name's sake, that it may be glorified thereby, and for thy dear Son Jesus Christ sake. And now therefore, Our Father," &c.

He then rose up; exhorted the people to a contempt of this world; to obedience to their sovereigns, to mutual love and charity; he told them that being now on the brink of eternity, he could declare to them his faith without reserve or dissimulation.—Then he repeated the Apostles' Creed, and professed his belief thereof, and of all things contained in the Old and New Testament. By speaking thus in general terms, the attention was kept up; but amazement continued that attention, when they heard him, instead of reading his recantation, declare his unfeigned repentance for having been induced to subscribe the Popish errors; he lamented with many tears, his grievous fall, and declared that the hand which had so offended, should be burnt before the rest of his body. He then renounced the Pope in most express terms, and professed his belief concerning the Eucharist to be the same, with what he had asserted in his book against Gardiner.

This was a great disappointment to the Papists; they made loud clamours, and charged him with hypocrisy: to which he meekly replied, that he was a plain man, and never had acted the hypocrite, but when he was seduced by them to a recantation. He would have gone on further, but Cole cried,—"Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away." Upon which the monks and friars rudely pulled him from the scaffold, and hurried him away to the stake, (where Ridley and Latimer had before been offered up,) which was at the north side of the city, in the ditch opposite Baliol College. But if his enemies were disappointed by his behaviour in the Church, they were doubly so by that at the stake. He approached it with a cheerful countenance; prayed and undressed himself; his shirt was made long down to his feet, which was bare, as was his head, where a hair could not be seen. His beard was so long and thick, that it covered his face with a wonderful gravity; and his reverend countenance moved the hearts both of friends and enemies. The friars tormented him with their admonitions; while Cranmer gave his hand to several old men, who stood by, bidding them farewell. When he was tied to the stake and the fire kindled, he seemed superior to all sensation, but of piety. He stretched out the offending hand to the flame, which was seen burning for some time before the fire came to any other part of his body; nor did he draw it back, but once to wipe his face, till it was entirely consumed; saying often,—"This unworthy hand, this hand hath offended;" and raising up his eyes to heaven, he expired with the dying prayer of St. Stephen—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" He burnt to all appearance without pain or motion; and seemed to repel the torture by mere strength of mind; shewing a repentance and a fortitude, which ought to cancel all reproach of timidity in his life.

* From the Gospel Messenger.—Concluded.

Thus died Archbishop Cranmer, in the 67th year of his age, and the 29d of his Primacy; leaving an only son of his own name behind him. He was a man naturally of a mild and gentle temper; not soon provoked, and yet so easy to forgive, that it became a kind of proverb concerning him, "Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and he will be your friend as long as you live." His candour and suavity, meekness and humility, were admired by all who conversed with him—but the Queen could not forgive his zeal for the reformation, nor his divorce of her mother, though he had been the instrument of saving her own life: and therefore she brought him to the stake; which has justly numbered him among the noblest martyrs of Jesus Christ: thus crowning his character—for he may well be esteemed the Apostle of the reformed Church of England, and as such must ever be dear to every true Protestant. He may truly be ranked with the greatest primitive Bishops, and the Fathers of the very first class, who were men as well as himself: and therefore, if in the scrutiny of theirs or of his character, some infirmities and imperfections may appear, we may learn to make a wise and moral improvement by them. His learning was great, and his endeavor to encourage it, greater. To him, under God, we are indebted for the great blessing we enjoy of reformation, of which he was the pillar and the ornament: and while we repeat the liturgy, and have the Bible in our congregations, so long shall we venerate the name of Archbishop Cranmer.

Cranmer's labours (as a writer observes) were well seconded by Ridley, Latimer and Hooper, who were his fellow-martyrs in the cause of reformation; but the characters of this illustrious quadrumvirate differed one from the other.—Cranmer was most respected; Latimer was most followed; Ridley best esteemed; and Hooper most beloved. The art and address of Cranmer proved a happy balance to the zeal of Latimer; while the relaxed notions of Hooper, were tempered by the wisdom and virtue of Ridley.

A CHILD OF LIGHT.*

It is unnecessary to enter into details as to the conversations (for they were several) which took place between the minister and the sick man: but the following sketch of the history of the latter, given on one of those occasions, may be interesting:—"I am a native of the county of Norfolk, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker by my parent, both pious people of the established Church, who set me a good example, and gave me the best advice. I came to London as a journeyman when my time (i. e. apprenticeship) was out, and got into good work. By degrees my religious principles were corrupted, and my solemn vows of dedication to God's service regarded as no longer binding—vows, the sacredness of which had been strongly set forth to me by our old rector previous to a confirmation. The greater part of the Sunday morning I worked as hard as on other days, and after dinner used in the winter to go to a convivial club, as it was called, where the greater part of the week's earnings were spent; and by the dissipation of the night, I was unable to work on the Monday—sometimes even on the Tuesday. I was once carried to an hospital, having been found nearly dead in the street from drinking. In the summer we used to go by water to Greenwich or Richmond, and our expenses were quite as great. The French Revolution broke out about this period; and many of my companions, as well as myself, were greatly delighted with that work of blood. We thought we should be the great folks. We cast off religious obligations altogether. One of our number, after spitting on the Bible and trampling on it, cast it into the fire; and in a certain alley, leading from Fleet Street, we had a regular debating society on the Sunday evening, which lasted all night; but I cannot bring my tongue to utter what was then and there said. I often look back with horror to that awful period of my life, and think what must have been my eternal portion, had not God, in his long-suffering, spared me.

"It was on my return from Richmond, on one of these Sabbath visits—sad, sad visits they were to me, and many poor souls have been lost by such—

*By the Author of 'the Smuggler,' 'the Old Hall,' &c.

that, as I passed through the streets, a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on. I had been unwell for some days, and left my companions at an early hour, to return by a passing boat—and I was sober, which was rarely the case. The violence of the storm was inconceivable, and for shelter I went into a church. I had not, with the exception of attendance at one funeral, been within the walls of a place of worship for five years. The prayers were nearly at an end—the psalm was faintly sung, for the flashings of the lightning, and the peals of the thunder, were beyond all description. A grey-headed minister entered the pulpit, and after prayer gave out his text from a Bible before him. It was obvious he preached on the occasion of the storm; and that he wished, from the scene in which we were placed, to interest the congregation. The text was psalm xi. 6: 'Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.' O, what a searching, powerful sermon was that! I see the preacher now. Had my body been struck by the elements, the shock could not have equalled that of my soul by the preaching of that aged man of God. 'I am the man!' was the humiliating confession. I cannot, I will not say more, than that, from the hour I left that church, it was my determined and fixed resolution, as far as human weakness would allow, to live unto God. I desire to bless God that, from that period, my heart's desire has been to follow on to know the Lord. I married three years afterwards a truly Christian woman—we had three children, but God took them young. Their mother died two years ago. I worked long at my trade; but an abscess breaking out in my right arm ten years since, rendered me unable to work as a shoemaker; and my subsistence has been gained by distributing bills, and carrying about placards, until I was seized with this sickness."

Now here was, in a wretched neighbourhood, in one of the most depraved spots in the environs of the metropolis, surrounded by squalid wretchedness and unblushing vice, one who had been brought to a saving knowledge of divine truth—who midst the almost heathen darkness which surrounded him, was walking as a child of light. He was happy. Could he be otherwise; for the Comforter was with him. He was content; and he experienced that contentment with godliness is great gain. His heart was the seat of light, for the day spring from on high had visited it, and the murky atmosphere with which he was surrounded could not affect the joyousness of his spirits.

There were only two funerals at the parish bury-ground (an extraordinary event) on the day on which the remains of the cobbler were consigned to the narrow house—that at a somewhat earlier hour, of a leading man in the parish, but opposed to religion in all its vitality and saving power, and who in a moment, by an apoplectic fit, had been summoned as he was dressing for a feast. The plumed hearse carried the remains; the pomp and pageantry of pretended woe was there. The chief mourner was the heir—mourner could he be called?—and the domestics, the lawyer and the medical attendant. At the usual time, the shoemaker's remains were consigned to the grave,—the old nurse, and one or two poor neighbours, the sole attendants. The curate as he registered the one burial, said nothing; but he has told me the text occurred to him, on which he preached the following Sunday—"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."—Concluded.

IMPRESSIVE FACTS.

Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to Europe for many years, confessed to M. Du Moulin, that having been forced upon many irregularities in his lifetime, by what are called "reasons of state," he could not tell how to satisfy his conscience upon several accounts, and being asked one day by a friend, why he was so sad, he answered, "The soul is a serious thing. It must be sad here for a moment, or be sad for ever."

Cardinal Mazarine, having made religion wholly subservient to worldly interest, discoursing one day with a Doctor of the Sorbonne, concerning the im-

mortality of the soul, and a future state, said, weeping, "O my poor soul, whither wilt thou go?" Afterwards, seeing the Queen-mother, he said to her, "Madam, your favours undid me; and were I to live my time again, I would be a Capuchin Friar, rather than a courtier."

Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, a few months before he died, sent for his friends, the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, entreating them to draw for him, out of the word of God, the plainest and exactest way of making his peace with Him, adding, "It is a great pity that men know not to what end they are born into this world, till they are ready to go out of it." * * * * * Only a year before his death, to a person who asked, "What is the shortest way to obtain a true knowledge of the Christian religion, in the full and just extent of it?" John Locke returned this significant answer:—"Study the Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

"When I look upon the tombs of the great," said Addison, "every emotion of envy dies in me.—When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion. When I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I see rival wits placed side by side; or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died as yesterday, and some of six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Sir John Mason, Privy-Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, upon his death-bed addressed himself to the people around him to the following effect:—"I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together; and I have learned this, after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physic; and a good conscience, the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister; my Privy-Councillor's bustles for a hermit's retirement; and the whole life I lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things forsake me but my God, my duty, and my prayer."

ANECDOTE OF THE OLD AGE OF ST. JOHN.

St. John the Evangelist, dwelling at Ephesus to extreme old age, when he could with difficulty be supported to Church on the arms of the disciples, and could not hold out to put together many words, the power of voice failing him, used only to pronounce by single ejaculations, "Little children, love one another." At length the brethren and disciples who were present, wearied with hearing constantly the same words, said, "Master, why do you always say this?" The answer was in a sentence worthy of St. John—"because it is the Lord's precept—and where this precept is fulfilled, there needs no other."—Jerome. Commentary on Galatians.

DEVOTEDNESS.

My heart I, Lord, devote to thee entire—
The victim light with thine own heavenly fire—
Preserve, employ, and form it as thine own:
O, change my frozen to a torrid zone!
Knowledge divine into my mind instil—
Be thou the constant magnet of my will—
Do thou my sense guide, control, restrain:
O, may thy love o'er all my passions reign!
All I design, endeavour, hope, desire—
All that I am, or have, or shall acquire,
Without reserve I to thy will resign—
Jesus! I am no more mine own, but thine.

Bishop Ken.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1840.

JOHN THOROGOOD, THE MARTYR.—We should not think it necessary to employ our types again with reference to this individual, were it not that the *Christian Messenger* is again echoing the cry of oppression, and giving currency to the slanders which have issued from the Radical Press in England against the Church. The case of this shoemaker of Chelmsford has been so grossly distorted, that it becomes a duty to correct the misrepresentations that have been so industriously circulated.—The man is held up as a Martyr for conscience sake—the whole Hierarchy are represented as arrayed against an unfortunate shoemaker—keeping him in duress vile because he will not pay five shillings and six pence towards the support of a church of which his conscience disapproves;—and meetings are held, and petitions got up, and lamentations are sounding, through the Dissenting ranks, on his behalf. Now what is the true state of this deplorable case? This John Thorogood by the laws of England is required to pay a certain yearly rate towards keeping in due repair the Church fabrics of that establishment, which is maintained for the general benefit of all the inhabitants of the kingdom. He resists these laws of his country, and says he will pay no such rate, knowing that the consequence will be incarceration, with which, as a matter of course, he has been visited; and so, by his own act and choice, he accordingly lies in Chelmsford jail. He is thus an offender—a daring, contumacious offender against the laws of his country, and is getting no more than might be expected by those who set those laws at defiance. This is the marrow of the case. As to his martyrdom, we believe he finds it the best trade he ever followed in his life; so good, that he would be very sorry to leave his present quarters. It is stated in the English papers, that he has actually realized a little fortune by the presents which have been sent to him, in consequence of the agitation and false statements that have been got up regarding his treatment.—It will be remembered, that with reference to those statements, an investigation was ordered, and a report given to the House of Commons, utterly disproving them, and shewing that he was well fed, clothed, lodged, and visited.

We will not argue the merits or demerits of the law which this Thorogood has set at defiance; but just observe, that we can see no hardship whatever in its requirements. The rate is a tax upon property, and not upon individuals. It was set apart by the piety of the original proprietors of the land, for the support of God's cause, and worship. Every purchaser since, has paid so much less for his property in consequence of this tribute. And therefore, so far from any hardship in the case, that man is not honest who fails to pay it; because he does not fulfil the condition on which he holds his property. He is just as much deserving of the name of martyr, or of commiseration as a sufferer for conscience sake, as the man who would purchase an estate subject to an annual payment to another, and fraudulently withhold that payment to suit his own purposes.

But after all it may be asked, what has the Church to do with this business? If there be fault anywhere, it is not in the Church, but in the Law. And

yet these conscientious gentry do not scruple to heap all possible odium upon the Bishops and Clergy of the Church, as if church-rates were a piece of ecclesiastical tyranny, contrived and executed to oppress Dissenters.

We have said enough to show, (and those who are retailing the slanders ought to have known it) that the case is far otherwise; and if this irritating course is persevered in by our contemporary; if he thus seeks from week to week to stir up odium against the Church in the minds of his readers, we shall further enlighten them on the subject, from materials in our possession; although we would gladly be spared a discussion which is quite uncalled for in Nova Scotia, where such is our liberty, that every man may do what seemeth right in his own eyes, and pay, or not pay, to the support of Religion, as he pleases.

ANOTHER NEW CHURCH.—We hear that the frame of a Church was raised at Broad Cove in this county, on the same day with that at Chester. We wish our worthy friends in that quarter, to whom we have often gladly ministered, every success in their good work.

DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.—We have just received the second annual Report of this institution, presented at the Meeting in February. Extracts follow. The second contribution from Lunenburg was by some mistake not paid in, in time to appear in this Report; but it was in the hands of the Treasurer very soon after the Meeting. As no intimation was given that the names of members would be printed, the list from this Parish for 1839 was not forwarded, and very probably the case is the same with other Parishes. Here the number of subscribers has been more than trebled during the year.

From this view of the subscriptions in the town of Halifax, and of the contributions of the various Local Committees, it appears that there have been paid into the Treasurer's hands, between the dates of the last and present Reports, sums amounting to £291 16s. 3¼d.; which with the balance then in his hands make up £420 15s. 7¼d.; from which the deduction of the several sums voted during the year, and of those remaining uncalled for of the preceding year's appropriation, leaves the balance in his hands for present use of £94 7s. 9¼d.

The Committee regret that a great object, which they believe was near the hearts of many of the Subscribers to this Society,—that of providing a Missionary for the destitute settlements of the Province,—has not, for several reasons, been carried out: but they feel that there is a greater cause for regret that the efforts of their Diocese in England to obtain Missionaries for the supply of the spiritual wants of his Diocese generally, appear to have been unavailing. Meanwhile they trust that something has been contributed by them to the glory of God, and the benefit of their fellow-creatures' souls, by the aid that has been extended to the erection of Churches and Schools; by the partial provision of salaries for Schoolmasters and lay-readers; and by the increased facilities which they have afforded for the circulation of Bibles and religious books.—They feel encouraged to hope for continued and increased usefulness from the operations of this Society, and particularly after the expected return of the Rt. Revd. President to the guidance and direction of their measures; and earnestly call upon all who love the Church of their forefathers to aid the efforts, however humble, which this Society is enabled to put forth for the promotion of true religion, the benefit of immortal souls, and the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom. They would remember, that, without His blessing and the influence of His Spirit, the most strenuous efforts of man will be in vain; but they trust, keeping in view their dependence upon Him, and preserving a single eye to His glory, "their labour will not be in vain in the Lord."

At a Meeting of the General Committee, holden at the residence of the Secretary, on Thursday, 27th day of February, 1840,—

PRESENT:

The Ven. Archdeacon WILLIS, D.D. &c. &c. &c. The following Resolutions, proposed by the Hon. the Chief Justice, seconded by Revd. A. D. PARKER, were unanimously agreed to.

Resolved.—That, in order to cement more firmly the connexion of all the Members of the Church with this Society, this Committee recommend, that the heads of families do impress upon the members of their respective families of both sexes and of all ages, the importance of contributing their aid, however small, to this Society, out of such funds as may be under their controul. Such a measure, they trust, will not only increase the number of the Members of this Society, but also impress upon the wives and children of Churchmen, the propriety of connecting themselves, in connexion with their husbands and fathers, to diffuse the Word of God among their fellow-creatures.

Resolved.—That in order to give publicity to the foregoing Resolution, the Secretary be directed to publish it as an appendix to the Report, which was made last evening to the General Meeting of the Society.

ROBERT WILLIS, D. D.
Chairman.

CHESTER.—We have been favoured with the following notice of the laying of the corner stone of the new church at that place—a ceremony which we witnessed with much pleasure; and we sincerely hope that the work thus happily begun, may, by the Divine blessing, be brought to a prosperous conclusion. We understand that the Baptist Meeting House has been kindly offered for Divine service, until the Church shall be ready.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, CHESTER.

The corner stone of the new Church which has for some time been in the course of erection in the town of Chester, was laid on Thursday afternoon last the 25th of June, with solemn and impressive religious exercises. The congregation met in and around the neat and spacious school-house, which though crowded to excess, would afford accommodation only to about half the number assembled. Evening Prayer was read by the Rev. Mr. Disbrow—the lessons by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, Rector of Lunenburg. Proper Psalms 84, 122, 132—first lesson, Haggai, 1st and 2d chap.—second lesson, 1 Cor. 3d chap. The Psalm, *Cantate Domino*, was chanted by the choir, after the 1st lesson, in a correct and solemn manner, which would have reflected credit upon more experienced singers. A procession was then formed, and moved to the foundation of the new Building (which is the site of the old) in the following order—Sunday scholars with their teachers—choir of singers—wardens and vestrymen—clergy—parishioners. A large concourse of persons of all denominations being collected about the place, a part of the 100th psalm was sung: after which an appropriate selection of psalms (selected for the occasion, from the 48th, 90th, 118th, 127th, and others) was read by the Rector, with alternate responses by the congregation. A few verses of the 48th psalm having been sung, a copper box lined with lead and carefully soldered, was then deposited in a cavity of the solid rock prepared for the purpose, containing No. 11, vol. 4, of the *Colonial Churchman*, with an engraving of the old church—seventeen silver coins of different nations and reigns; of England, those of George 2d, 3d and 4th, William 4th, and Victoria; several of France and of Spain; some American, Dutch and other coins;—and a paper with the following inscription:—

In the name of the FATHER and of the SON and of the HOLY GHOST—Amen.

This corner stone of

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH
was laid on the 25th of June, A. D. 1840, and in the 4th year of the reign

of Her Most Excellent Majesty
VICTORIA,

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland:

By the Rev. JAMES SHREVE, D. D. Rector.

The Right Rev. and Hon. JOHN WELLS, D. D. being the Lord Bishop of the Diocese.

James S. Wells, Esq. and William Marvin, being Wardens when the resolution passed to erect the Church, January 6th, 1836:

and Joseph Lordly and Thomas Whitford, Wardens at the present time.

Francis C. Millitt, Franklin Feader, Edward Zwicker, James Thomson, jun. John Anderson, George Morash, Peter McQuin, John Hawbolt, George Drncan, Leonard Hawbolt Henry Jones, Vestrymen.

The plan was suggested and drawn by Wm. Greaves, Esq., James Zwicker, master carpenter.

The Venerable Societies for the propagation of the Gospel, and Promoting Christian Knowledge, granted each £100 sterling, to assist in erecting the Building.

"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it."—Ps. 127. v. 1.

The following was engraved upon the cover of the box, as the Rev. gentlemen arrived but a few minutes before the service commenced—

"Assisted by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, Rector of Lunenburg, and the Rev. Mr. Disbrow."

The Rector then proceeded to lay the corner stone in the following form—

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." "I lay the corner stone of the house of God, which is to be erected on this foundation, and to be devoted to the worship and service of Almighty God—in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,"—striking the stone as he repeated the name of each person of the Trinity.

A suitable prayer in the language of the Liturgy, with some of the collects, was then offered up to Almighty God, to which a loud Amen was fervently responded by the deeply interested congregation.

The following appropriate anthem was then sung—
"Have respect therefore to the prayer which thy servants pray before Thee, that thine eyes may be open upon this house day and night. Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in, Who is the King of Glory! The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." After which, the Rev. J. Shreve, standing on the corner stone, delivered an address; in which he alluded to the occasion which had called them together, as being one of no common, no ordinary moment,—since the laying of the corner stone of a building designed and intended for the worship and service of Almighty God, is, and must be, to a christian people, always an interesting ceremony. He added, that if the stone, upon which he stood, had been laid in the faith of Jesus Christ, who is both the foundation and the corner stone—then it was an event on which they had reason to congratulate each other—*an event for which their children, (many of whom had witnessed the ceremony) would praise the Lord.*—While it forms, he remarked, a new and very interesting era in the history of our Parish, it furnishes an evidence how, from small beginnings, when your forefathers, few in number and many of them now no more, worshipped God in a private room instead of a public temple—this congregation has grown up to a fullness of stature, sufficient not only to authorize but to demand the present undertaking, since we were compelled to cry out "Give us room, for the place in which we worship God is too strait for us." He alluded to the assistance received and promised from individuals not connected with the congregation; from the newly formed Diocesan Church Society; but above all, from the noble generosity—the Heaven-born liberality of those Venerable Societies in the mother-country, who have so long been "doing good and communicating to others":—and that therefore as they were beginning to see their long cherished hopes realized—hopes so long deferred as almost to make the hearts of some faint—in the commencement of a more spacious house of worship, the occasion called for an expression of devout thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church, under whose Spirit they had been thus far guided, and he rejoiced to say, thus far prospered.

About 45 years, he added, had elapsed since the frame of the building in which they lately worshipped God, was erected, and which as more decayed than many anticipated, and would not long have stood the violent winds and blasts of wintry storms. When it had been built 20 years, it was found necessary to erect galleries, to afford accommodation to the increasing numbers; and now that 25 years had passed away since that was done, it was but just to suppose that a largely increased number must have been in want of some fixed and satisfactory accommodation;—this fact would more strikingly appear when he mentioned, that during his residence among them, he had baptized upwards of 1300 souls, who alone would more than three times have filled the former building, and had married more than 200 couples. Accommodation therefore had to be provided, unless the selfish hearts of any were inclined to let the rising generation wander upon the mountains like sheep without a shepherd, or join themselves with others whose creed they themselves could not conscientiously subscribe to. It is true, he said, the re-

collection of the many pleasant, and we would hope profitable hours, as the sacred day of rest and the Holy seasons called us to the House of Prayer,—which were spent within its walls, and the hallowed associations connected with it, tend to mingle some sorrowful emotions with the joy which the ceremonies of this day are calculated to inspire. We cannot prevent our thoughts from going back to the time when in the building now removed we took sweet counsel with those we loved, and offered up our prayers to the Father of all mercies, the God of all comfort,—while some few perhaps can yet call to mind the holy instructions received from him* who marked out the spot where the old church stood, but who lived not to see it erected. Near this hallowed spot his silent dust now sleeps in peace!—For that, among other reasons, we would have the spot still hallowed, by raising the new church upon an enlarged foundation of the old. And while we reflect upon the early death of your first minister, we might with profit ask, where are many who once worshipped God within those walls!—There are marks in this consecrated field where many of them have gone! They have ceased to mingle among the living—their eyes are closed—their tongues are silent—they are numbered among the dead! O could the faithful servant, who first entered this place, far from his native land, as a herald of the Gospel, with others who followed him, have looked forward to this day,—could they have anticipated such an abundant growth from the seed which they planted in faith, and watered in hope; how light would have been their labour of love,—how sweet would have been their toil! He then alluded to the Scriptural form of worship, and the distinctive principles of the church, which, with the Divine blessing, had hitherto kept those who adhered to them free from error, and firm in the faith "once delivered to the Saints;" and humbly trusted that such would ever there be attended to, and the Gospel as it is in Jesus proclaimed. We build, (was added,) this house in faith, in hope, in charity—without distrust or fear—in hope and confidence, when we look at the hundreds of children in our different Sunday schools in the parish, that when our voices no more are heard, a generation will not be wanting to sound forth this hymn of praise—"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!" In charity—for while we conscientiously differ from some of our christian Brethren on points not unimportant, we still desire to be united with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, in the bonds of christian love. Most devoutly do we also hope and pray, that the harmony which for many years has pervaded this parish, with but few, and those small exceptions, which ought now for ever to be laid aside by brethren of the same faith—most earnestly do we hope, that this harmony may continue and increase. It will be the surest pledge of our prosperity that our Jerusalem is built as a city at unity in itself. O pray then for his peace, that it may be found within her walls, and knit all hearts together in the bonds of a close and holy fellowship, of unity and love! Allusion was then made to the numbers all hoped would there enjoy the blessings of the Gospel—he renewed, strengthened, comforted—to the small number of the fathers of the parish still alive—to the changeableness which is stamped on every thing here below. He concluded by saying, that when the time shall come, as come it will, when the tyrant, Death, shall lay his icy hand on you, as he already has on others, and your ears are no longer blessed with the sound of the gospel; and when the lips which now address you shall be cold and silent in the grave—our holy religion bids us look forward in humble hope! that instead of worshipping in the church militant here on earth, we shall have a building of God, a house not made with hands, but one eternal in the heavens, for Jesus Christ's sake.

The Missionary Hymn was then sung; after which the children of the Sunday school present, nearly 80 in number, with their teachers retired to a corner of the square which had been reserved for a parsonage house and garden, where seats and a table had been prepared; the latter well filled with refreshments which after they had sung a portion of the 119th Ps. "How shall the young," &c. were distributed to them by their teachers. Their happy faces seemed to keep the spectators on the spot; as few, if any, left until the children had finished and sung the hymn "the Happy Meeting," when they were allowed to amuse themselves in play, and the congregation dispersed, all pleased and deeply impressed with the services of the afternoon.

The notice was necessarily very short, as it was impossible, owing to the uncertain state of the weather, to fix upon a particular day when the workmen would be ready. Very few, however, of those who heard of it, were absent; and very many have since expressed their regret that they heard not of it in time. To the children it will be a day long remembered; and when in future years with their families around them, they will be worshipping in the church, their thoughts will doubtless often turn to the day of happy childhood when they saw the corner stone of the building laid. The church, which is to be in the Go-

*Rev. Mr. Lloyd, frozen to death between Chester and Windsor.

thic style, 60 feet in length and 40 in breadth, 21 feet post, with a tower 13 feet square and 52 feet high, to be finished with turrets and pinnacles, was raised on Saturday in the presence of some hundreds of persons of all denominations; all seemed ready and willing to lend a helping hand if required: the day was remarkably pleasant, and we may add, Providentially calm. Great cause also is there for thankfulness that not the slightest accident or injury occurred to any one; and when the small means which a little town affords to supply the necessary rigging, &c. required to raise such a building, is considered, great praise is due to those concerned in the erection of it; and to many of the young men of the place, for their activity and zeal, some of whom, in the eyes of those who were not sailors, exposed themselves to no little danger. "Except the Lord build the House, their labour is but lost that build it. Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy work."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

In a Convocation holden on Thursday March 19th the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law by diploma (the highest honour the University can bestow) was conferred upon his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

"The Rev. the Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

"My Dear Sir,—I inclose a copy of a letter which I have just now received from Prince Albert,

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely.

"WELLINGTON.

"London, March 28th, 1840."

"My Lord Duke,—Although I attempted to express my thanks when I had the pleasure of seeing your Grace, and of receiving at your Grace's hands the diploma granted to me by the University of Oxford, I feel that I did not sufficiently express to your Grace my sense of the obligation I was under, and I have now to request that your Grace will have the kindness to convey to the Masters and Scholars of the University of Oxford the very lively satisfaction which I have derived from the distinguished honour conferred upon me, and I feel this honour to be greatly enhanced by the medium through which they have made their communication. I remain, my Lord Duke, yours faithfully,

"ALBERT.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—Those Agents whom the Publisher could not see while in the country, are particularly requested to proceed in collecting the arrears and dues for the present Volume, and to make such remittance as may be in their power as soon as possible. It is desirable that correct statements of their respective accounts should also be furnished.—The alterations and improvements in the *Colonial Churchman*, alluded to on a former occasion, and which should commence with the next volume, depend, in a great measure, upon the assistance now afforded by its subscribers and patrons generally; and if they intend that it shall be maintained with credit to the Church and a proportionate share of mechanical respectability and interest,—they will support the undertaking and shew earnestness of their intentions, by paying up without delay, either to the agent or nearest clergyman in the parish, and by forwarding the names of as many new subscribers as can be obtained.

SUMMARY.

The news from England by the Great Western is our latest; but we hope a few days will bring the *Britannia*, the first of the Cunard line of Steamers, with intelligence to the first instant, and (what will be more interesting still to churchmen,) with our respected Bishop, who was to embark in that vessel.

A new Clergy Reserve Bill had been introduced by Lord John Russell, worse than the old. It is hoped that even if forced through the Commons, it will be quashed in the Lords.

The *Unicorn* is hourly expected from Quebec with the Governor General, and we see that it is supposed a Congress of Governors will meet his Excellency at Halifax.

We regret to hear of several extensive failures in St. John, N.B. especially that of the enterprising Mr. Whitney. We hope these difficulties will soon pass away, and that increasing prosperity may attend that flourishing city.—The Chief Justice of that Province has gone to England for his health.

The Bishop of Newfoundland is engaged in a visitation of that Island, and has been warmly welcomed by the Clergy and laity of the churches in St. John.

POETRY.

"WATCH YE."*

When Summer decks thy path with flowers,
And pleasure's smile is sweetest;
When not a cloud above thee lowers,
And sunshine gilds thy happy hours,
Thy happiest and thy fleetest:
Oh! Watch thou then lest pleasure's smile,
Thy spirit of its hope beguile.

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,
And grief thy days has shaded;
When earthly joys bloom but to die,
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,
And hope's bright bow hath faded:
Oh! Watch thou then lest anxious care,
Inva'de thy heart and rankle there.

'Mid all life's scenes, 'mid weal and woe,
'Mid days of mirth and sadness;
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go,
Oh! think how transient here below,
Thy sorrow or thy gladness:
And watch thou, always lest thou stray,
From Him who points the heavenward way.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.†

The western sunbeams faintly fell
On Jordan's ancient stream,
Whose stately trees and reedy bank
Have furnish'd oft a theme
To the outcast sons of Israel
Of many a mournful dream.

The wild ass from the mountain-side
His thirst was quenching there;
A calm unknown in northern climes
Was brooding o'er the air;
No thoughts, save holy ones, might bide
Amidst a scene so fair.

Then through the desert's solitude
There went a sudden cry,
"Repent, ye viper-sons of sin,
The looked-for hour is nigh:
The long-foretold Messiah comes;
His herald voice am I."

And who is this amidst the wild
With leathern girdle bound,
With sackcloth robe of camel's hair
His shoulders wrapt around;
Who makes each cliff and rugged dell
With one wild cry resound?

'Tis he who prophet-bards foretell,
Elias came again;
The greatest and the holiest
Amongst the sons of men;
Whose home is in the wilderness
Beside the wild wolf's den.

And while to Jordan's sacred tide
Astonished thousands throng,
Still hear hear him bold and fearless chant
The same unwelcome song,
That strikes them like a thunderbolt,
So stunning and so strong:

"Ye valleys rise! ye mountains, bow!
Prepare a pathway clear—
The Lamb of God, the Saviour comes,
His footsteps now are near;
The sandals from whose holy feet
I am not meet to bear.

He comes to sift the tribes of earth
With wrath upon his brow—
To triumph over death and hell—
To bring the proud ones low;
Yet mildly shall the chains be loosed
From off the captive now.

He comes to heal the broken heart—
To light the darken'd eye—
The lame shall leap like Judah's roe,
Free and exultingly;
The deaf shall hear his blessed name
In the dumb man's joyous cry!"

* From the Church Magazine.

† From the Church of England Magazine.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

No man is alone who has Christ for his companion;
no man is without God, who, in his own soul, pre-
serves the temple of God undefiled. The Christian
may indeed be assailed by robbers, or by wild
beast, among the mountains and deserts; he may be
afflicted by famine, by cold, and by thirst; he may
lose his life in a tempest at sea,—but the Saviour
himself watches his faithful soldier fighting in all
these various ways, and is ready to bestow the re-
ward which he has promised to give in the resurrection.
—*St. Cyprian.*

LITTLE SINS.

Little sins are pioneers to hell. The backslider
begins with what he foolishly considers trifling with
little sins. There was a time when all the evil that
has existed in the world was comprehended in one
sinful thought of our first parent; and all the evil
now is the numerous progeny of one little sin.—*Rev.*
W. Howels.

AN AGED CLERGYMAN.

Dr. Riply, senior pastor of the first Congrega-
tional Church in Concord, Massachusetts, entered on
his ninetieth year on Friday last, and on Sunday gave
an extemporaneous sermon to his people. He has
been engaged in preaching at Concord sixty-three
years.—*Chr. Wit.*

A statue, in a mutilated condition, supposed to
be the statue of Pharaoh, or one of the Pharaohs
of Egypt, has been discovered at Hieropolis, and is
about to be transported to this country and deposi-
ted in the Museum of the Board of Commissioners
for foreign Missions in Boston.—*Ibid.*

A Jewish family of nine persons conformed, on the
13th, to Christianity in Gainsborough Church. The
cause of this sudden conversion of this Israelitish
family is not known; it is not many years since the
father publicly disputed the utility of the Society
for converting Jews to Christianity, and attempted
to prove the impossibility of such an object ever
being attained.

The man who is seeking a heavenly country, will
shew the spirit of one whose conversation is there.—
Cecil.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Let all remember the closing scene of death must
sooner or later be realised. Your friends shall stand
round your dying bed, in the heart sinking stillness
of anxious suspense, gazing through tears of affection-
ate anguish on your changing countenance, and watch-
ing for that breath that shall part you from them
for ever. O! that, whether that breath shall be
drawn by you with the softness that leaves attending
relations uncertain whether it has passed your lips,
or shall be heaved aloft with the strongest convulsive
gasps of violent dissolution, you may possess in
your departure the blessed hope of the Gospel—that
when you lie shrouded for the grave, and when you
are laid in the mansions of silence, it may be said
over you with truth by surviving friends, "sorrowful
yet rejoicing," "blessed are they that die in the
Lord; that they may rest from their labours, and
their works do follow them."—*Dr. Warlow.*

NOTICE.

Bible, Religious Book, and Tract Depository.

Corner of Barrington and Sackville streets, Halifax.
THIS Establishment is now opened with a good Selec-
tion of BOOKS, at the lowest possible prices, com-
prising—Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, the publica-
tions of "The Religious Tract," "The Sunday School
Union," and "The Infant School," Societies, and other
BOOKS, together with a large assortment of Tracts and
Handbills.

The attention of the Religious Public is solicited to an
undertaking, having for its sole object the glory of Al-
mighty God, the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom,
and the good of immortal souls.

N. B.—Several "Sunday School Libraries" are offered
for sale.—Also, the Books of the Naval and Military Bi-
ble Society, at reduced prices to *Soldiers, Sailors and Fish-*
ermen.
Halifax, June 10, 1840.

BOOKS,

For Sale by the Subscriber.

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

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 6th, 1840.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF NOVA SCOTIA SCENERY.

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

For sale by

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, May 5, 1840.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY

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

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

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d.
Half, at least, to be paid in ADVANCE in every instance.
No subscriptions received for less than six months.

No paper will be discontinued until all dues are paid up.
All Communications addressed to the Editors, or the
publisher, must be POST PAID.

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

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

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

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

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