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COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME IV.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1839.

NUMBER 26.

HEAVEN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

Lord, who shall dwell above with thee,
There on thy holy hill?
Who shall those glorious prospects see
That heav'n with gladness fill?
Those happy souls, who prize that life
Above the bravest here;
Whose greatest hopes, whose eag'rest strife,
Is once to settle there.
They use this world, but value that,
That they supremely love;
They travel through this present state,
But place their home above.
Lord who are they that thus choose thee,
But those thou first didst choose?
To whom thou gav'st thy grace most free,
Thy grace not to refuse.
We of ourselves can nothing do,
But all on thee depend;
Thine is the work and wages too,
Thine both the way and end.
O make us still our work attend,
And we'll not doubt our pay;
We will not fear a blessed end,
If thou but guide the way.
Glory to thee, O bounteous Lord,
Who giv'st to all things breath;
Glory to thee, eternal Word,
Who sav'st us by thy death.
Glory, O blessed Spirit, to thee,
Who fill'st our hearts with love;
Glory to all the mystic Three,
Who reign one God above.

Hickes's Devotions.

SKETCHES FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORT FOLIO.*

WATERLOO.

The generation which has grown up within the last fifteen or twenty years can little understand the feelings which swayed men's minds during the great revolutionary war. They read of the conquests of the French emperor, and of the destructions which of modern Attila inflicted on continental Europe, dissolving dynasties and shaking nations, as a mere history; and they know nothing of the thrill which the awful name of Napoleon called forth in those who witnessed his wonderful career. It was not fear, it was not despondent anticipation, which that name inspired in an Englishman's heart;—it was not even any thing approaching to revengeful hate—those who had been his victims might feel that;—but it was a deep, impassioned earnestness of spirit, stimulating to high resolve, and inspiring holy gratitude to God, that his blood-stained footstep had not trodden upon English ground. We stood like Abraham beholding afar off the flame of Sodom, and we thanked God for our deliverance. Ay, those were days of national acknowledgment of the Lord. We trusted not to an

arm of flesh, but as a people, humbled ourselves before Jehovah, counting that humiliation a more likely means of averting invasion than the broadsides of our unconquered fleets. And He who is pleased to be found of those that seek him, listened to our petitions; he preserved us unharmed amid distress of nations and destruction of kingdoms; and after a series of wonderful mercies, he crushed at last irremediably the power of the oppressor on the field of Waterloo.

The days of that closing brief campaign were fearful ones. The vast interests at stake, the peril of so many lives—England's bravest and best—the known skill and desperation of Napoleon, the suddenness of his recovery from what had been esteemed his final fall,—all these things kept the public mind in a fever of terrible suspense. And then came rumours of untoward conflicts, and announcements of lamentable losses; and men could hardly help trembling as they anticipated the possibility of the French emperor's reascending to the pinnacle of power from which he had been the year before precipitated. But when, following close upon these disquietudes, there came bursting on our ears, what in our highest hopes we had scarcely dared to dream of—the news that one dreadful day had annihilated the finest army France ever sent into the field; and that he, but just before the fierce chief of fifty legions, was now irretrievably a friendless fugitive,—it is vain to think of describing the emotions which that news called up. No man, when he met his friend, could speak of them; but hands were almost silently grasped, and heart responded to heart.

I have trodden many of the spots remarkable in the history of Napoleon's career. I have stood where in the cathedral of Notre Dame, a Corsican soldier of fortune placed upon his own head—seizing it from the Roman pontiff, whom he had summoned to grace his inauguration—the imperial crown of one of the richest realms of Europe. I pictured to my mind the gay train of obsequious courtiers, and the stern phalanx of hardy warriors, who then encircled him; and I was dazzled at the splendour of that imperial soldier's destinies.

I have sat in the little room, in his favourite palace of Fontainebleau, where he was compelled to sign away, as it seemed for ever, his authority, and then to bid, as it was thought, a last adieu to the comrades with whom he had victoriously traversed half the world: and I could not but feel somewhat for the humiliation of that mounting spirit; for terrible must have been his agony as he tore himself from the veterans who adored him, and kissed with streaming eyes the eagles that he had guided so often to their quarry.

But I have wandered over the field of Waterloo—the bloody stake of the last act in the tragic drama of his career, where his single and unprincipled ambition carried lamentation and woe into thrice ten thousand homes,—and I could not think of his name without abhorrence. In his former wars, Napoleon was indeed the destroying spirit that rode upon the storm; but that storm had been raised before he aspired to direct it, and it would have raged—perhaps as furiously—if he had never lived: it was the convulsion of the French people—whom he personified. But of the massacre of Waterloo, he was individually the sole author, mover, source, and cause. The selfish, unbridled passion of one man placed again the world in arms, and consumed, in perhaps the shortest campaign on record, more victims than probably were ever sacrificed before in such a little space.—Poor wretched man! how his brothers' blood cries from this field against him!

I went into the quiet, country-looking church of Waterloo. The walls on each side are covered with

tablets to the memory of the brave who fell in the battle. Then I walked on to Mont St. Jean. Almost every house I passed had a history belonging to it. Some distinguished person had either lodged there before the engagement, or had been brought thither after it to die. In one, about the best-looking in the place, the Duke of Wellington had slept, my guide told me, for two nights, June 17th and 18th. To another, some way farther on, Sir William De Lancey had been carried mortally wounded. Oh, what tales of thrilling woe those walls, if they could speak, would tell! There was not a more gallant spirit than Sir William De Lancey. He had won renown while yet quite young; and, with high hopes and happy prospects, had married just two months before. His poor wife was at Brussels. She hurried to the house where he lay—it is a neat, pleasant-looking cottage;—and there, on the third day, she closed his eyes. Hers was one of the many sad hearts into which every peal that celebrated the glorious victory must have struck a desolate chillness.

The guide who accompanied me was an intelligent man. He described with vivid minuteness the terrors of that awful time. Most of the inhabitants of Waterloo and its neighbourhood had left their habitations, and fled to the woods; and though it was the Sabbath, no chime on that day called the people to the house of prayer. He himself was a farm servant at Mont St. Jean; and he pointed out, on the left of the road, nearly the last house, the place where he lived. It was just behind the English line; and into it the wounded were conveyed in crowds, and it was his business to attend on them. He said that if he looked out, he could see nothing of the battle; a sullen cloud of smok enveloped the armies; but the noise was most terrific. And clearly, amid the roar of artillery and the tumult of charging squadrons, he could hear the shrieks of the wounded and dying. One or two balls fell upon the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, but little damage was done to it. From this farm there is a slight descent, in the middle of which stands a ruinous-looking hut. It was there in the battle, but the shot passed over it. Then the ground rises again; and in a minute or two we stood upon the brow of the hill, and saw the whole field of Waterloo stretched before us. Along this ridge, and in the little hollow behind it, the English army was posted. There was a gentle slope, then a narrow plain, and beyond that a range of hills like that we stood on: there were the mighty hosts of France. The high road ran from the point where we were to the opposite eminence; a little below us was La Haye Sainte; on the extreme left La Haye; about a mile off, in front, we saw La Belle Alliance; and on the right was the chateau of Hougoumont.—The field looked calm and quiet; corn was growing in most parts of it—and it was difficult to realize the fact, that here so many thousand bodies were waiting the last trump, to stand again upon their feet.—The guide had been employed to bury the dead.—Large pits were dug, and the corpses hastily thrown in; but it was twelve days ere the field was cleared; and long before that time, so dreadful was the stench of the putrefying carcasses, that many of the country people engaged in their pestiferous task of interring them, died.

I crossed over to Hougoumont. Here was indeed a scene of desolation: the once-beautiful grounds were lying waste; the gates were gone—and the walls of the house and outbuildings were shattered and crumbling. But the chapel presented the most striking appearance. Many of the wounded, during the heat of the action, were placed there; and then, when it was nearly full of these poor helpless creatures, it was fired. The blackened walls and scorched image of the Virgin tell an awful tale. I never

* From the Church of England Magazine.

had such a vivid perception of the misery war really inflicts, as while I wandered through this desolate habitation. Truly the sword is well described as one of God's "four sore judgments" (Ez. xiv. 21).—Even the hearts of conquerors, I am sure, must be touched at the sight of the field in which they have gathered their laurels. It is said that the night after the battle, as the Duke of Wellington rode solitarily back to his quarters at Waterloo, he could not restrain, even in that hour of his glory, an agony of tears, when he thought of the gallant friends he had that day seen stricken down in such numbers by his side.

Can we, then, at Waterloo feel sympathy for Napoleon? or not rejoice that the sceptre of that terrible monarch was stricken from his grasp? We may indeed entertain pity for a being who was so evidently urged forward by the evil one, and shudder at the account he will have to render at a just tribunal. And we must make the application to ourselves. How corrupt must be the nature, how fallen the condition of men, who, instead of cultivating, like children of one common parent, the ties of amity, can embue their hands in blood, and call it honour! Well said a Christian poet,

"One murder makes a villain;
Millions, a hero."

The existence of war is a proof not to be evaded, of the fall of man.

Slowly, and with many a backward look, I quitted the plain of Waterloo. I remember no day in my life in which more peculiar trains of thought were called forth. And though the time passed rapidly while exploring the field, yet it seemed in the retrospect at night as if a long, long period had been lived that day. With more feeling than I had previously experienced, I have since been enabled to say, "From battle, murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."

SUPPORT OF THE CLERGY.

I fear that in extending to them what support they are allowed, the people, under the influence of very unsound principles and feelings on the subject, too often fall short of Christian consistency, without any deliberate intention on their part, and without even the consciousness, of acting in contrariety to their religious profession.

One of the most serious delusions on this subject, is the idea that what is thus done is voluntary, in the strictest sense of the term; that this, a thing which they may do, or may not do, at their pleasure. They regard the Church as an institution which they may sustain, or decline sustaining, or sustain meanly, or honorably, just as they may any other which is presented to them as a promotive of the public interests.—They do not consider that the services and ordinances of the Church are appointed for purposes most intimately connected with their duty to God, and with their own spiritual welfare here and hereafter. The ministry has deposited with it, by the Divine Head of the Church, authority and power in matters which the word of God has joined in essential union with a state of favor with him in this world and the next. On the ministerial functions resulting from that authority and power, the Christian must attend, if he would serve God in the way of His own appointment, and hope for the fulfilment on himself of the blessed promises of His revelation.—The support of those ministrations, therefore, is not left to him as a matter of choice. It is an imperative Christian duty, for the discharge of which he will be called to an account at the bar of God. He is not at liberty to consider this duty as a favor done to others. It is a matter of bounden obligation to his God, and of the most vital importance to himself. If any practicable pains and efforts of his have been omitted to secure to himself the benefits of the ministry of reconciliation, the want of those benefits will be an offence against the law and will of God, and a wicked neglect of his own soul, for which the great and good Being thus insulted will call him into judgment.

I pray you, brethren, lay these things to heart.—It may suit a captious spirit, and one which would shake off unwelcome responsibilities and duties, to regard the introduction of this topic here as giving undue prominence to the mere temporal support of

the clergy. But this gives me no concern. I have suggested a view of the subject prominent in God's holy word, and feel a confidence that I have a strong hold for its pertinency and propriety in the sound and enlightened judgment, and a truly scriptural view of Gospel faith and piety.—*Bp. Onderdonk's Address to the fifty-fifth convention of New York.*

THE CROSS ON CHURCHES.

It is always highly gratifying to see popular prejudice give way to enlightened reason, and sound principle. A pleasing manifestation of this has been made by this parish. The sound principle which repudiates the idea of the cross being the emblem of popery, and recognizes it as fitly symbolizing the precious faith of the region of the crucified, has here prevailed, by the placing of that symbol on the beautiful spire of St. Paul's. The progress of true Protestant feeling on this and kindred subjects, will doubtless be onward; and the example of it which I have had so much pleasure in recording, in two or three of our humbler parishes, will in due time, be generally followed.—*Ibid.*

GROWTH OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It appears that for the last thirty years of the Diocese of the State of New York—there were reported,—

Priests ordained, 234; Deacons ordained, 315; churches consecrated, 181; persons confirmed, 22,025

As further indicative of the progressive growth which God was pleased to give to that diocese, reference may be made to the lists of its clergy published with the Journals of the General Conventions from that of 1792. They exhibit the following numbers in the years respectively:—

In 1792, 20; in 1795, 24; in 1795, 21; in 1801 23; in 1804, 32; in 1808, 38; in 1811, 47; in 1814, 56; in 1817, 68; in 1820, 74; in 1823, 93; in 1826, 114; in 1829, 129; 1832, 163; in 1835, 192; and in 1838, 246.—*Ibid.*

For the Colonial Churchman.

"Behold how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"

Is it not pleasing to see the members of a family—the children of the same parents—living together and passing through the varied scenes of life—feeling each other's woes—rejoicing at each other's happiness, and sharing with them in the time of need,—to behold the child smoothing the pillow of the sick parent—the elder branches of the family administering with tender care to the wants and calls of infancy, and the mutual love and kindness from the brother to the sister: then, with what bounds are we to compass the term "brethren"? Are we to understand by it, the children of the same household—the members of the same church—the people of the same government? Or rather shall we not understand it in a more unlimited sense, as meaning the children of the same first parents, and inhabitants of the same globe? If so, when will that happy and 'pleasant' time arrive, when we shall all dwell together as 'brethren united,' having the same common interest while engaged on the ocean of life, and the same end in view at its termination—all steering to the same port of undisturbed rest, where the chilly blasts of temptation, and the waves of affliction can never enter—and all acknowledging and honoring the same universal and all-protecting Father? But, says the man of the world, it never can so be. Is not, (he argues) the rise and prosperity of one nation built up on the downfall of another? And, therefore, is it not the wisdom and policy of a nation great in power, to keep its neighbouring nation always less powerful? How then can this world ever become any other than one of clashing interests, of fraud, of falsehood, and of war? To him who takes but a superficial view of the present times, it would undoubtedly appear so; nay, even upon a retrospective view of the past history of nations and individuals, it would only serve to confirm his opinions. But let him sit down to consider again with a mind divested of prejudice and of every evil passion: how altered will be his former opinion—how wonderfully changed his conclusions! Instead of seeing, as he supposed, the hand of fate

ruling every thing, he sees the secret causes of which perhaps a ten year's war has been the effect; or he beholds the martyr burning ignominiously at the stake; or the once wealthy of the land reduced to poverty and scorn, and then exclaims 'it was not destined thus': but the evil which is in the heart of man has thus made it, and sees in the most solemn councils and legislations (on which perhaps hang a nation's well-being and prosperity) the motives which determine them were personal aggrandizement, popularity or honors! Even in the present days we see law based on a want of knowledge, and sometimes on a want of principle,—one country at a distance of 2000 miles from its colonies, making laws (from want of sufficient knowledge and information) which have nearly rendered those colonies valueless and disaffected to the government. And to look nearer home, we see strenuous exertions made to make Divine laws subservient to human legislators! Enough, then, to make a partial observer doubt the arrival of the time when the numerous people of the earth shall "dwell together in unity." But yet it will be so assuredly; but not as long as so many artificial wants are allowed as at present—so many vain thoughts indulged in—so imperfect legislations, and so many learned disputations suffered and continued: nay, rather let us use the "sword of the spirit" more, and the pen of contention less. Let not those who should be the "meek and lowly of the earth, shew "an example in all things," carry on a war of words; but pray heartily to our common Parent, to "cleanse us all of our imperfections," and to make us "one fold under one shepherd"—so that we may enjoy the 'pleasure' of living like 'brethren united.' And where are we so apt to enjoy those pleasures now (bad as is the world) as in joining in the services of our holy church, whose prayers are indited by the Holy Spirit? Here we learn where we may "wash and be clean," be our sins 'red as crimson:' in her spiritual services we are informed where and how they may be made 'white as snow.' In one of her prayers which she uses so often, and which prayer was given to the faithful followers of Jesus by himself, when upon earth, we are taught to call upon "Our Father,"—the father of the whole human race—and again we are taught to pray for forgiveness of our numerous "debts" "as we forgive them that trespass against us," whether by word or deed. How much will that happy time be hastened then, when instead of one class of christians warring with another, we find all pointing unreservedly and undividedly to "Him who died and rose again," as the only way to happiness and heaven.

But why should we speculate in that which is certain and not to be denied? The world was once a chaos: it now teems with life, and is decorated with beauties that cannot be equalled by the hand of art. And although man so often "makes his fellow man to mourn," yet undoubtedly the time will come when all shall dwell together "in unity." "For has God sworn, and shall He not fulfil?" "Has He spoken and will He not perform." "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Is. xi. 9.—then let all unite in bringing about the happy time, so that we may be enabled to exclaim—"Behold how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

CAIVEY.

As to know the end of the object at which you aim, distinguishes a man from a brute, so to chuse a good end, distinguishes a good man from a wicked. In every action reflect upon the end and consider why you do it, and what you propose to yourself as a reward for you undertaking.

"Your labor is lost," said a scientific geologist to a man who was searching for coal in a spot, which presented none of the usual indications of its existence—and so the man, who is instructed in the heavenly science, may say to him who is vainly searching for happiness in earthly objects—"your labor is lost—your labor is lost."

They that are of a froward heart are an abomination to the Lord—but such as are upright in the way are his delight, 11 Prov. 20.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord, 27 Ps. 14.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

The Queen! the Queen! God save the Queen,
Our native English rose;
Midst loyal hearts long may she reign,
On British faith repose;
Heaven on Victoria's empire smile,
Bright star of Albion's sea-girt isle!

The Queen! the Queen! God bless the Queen
With upright heart and true,
To guard the laws—the rights maintain
To free-born Britons due;
Throned in a people's ready love,
Blest, and a blessing may she prove.

The Queen! the Queen! God keep the Queen
From secret dangers free;
Should foreign foes in arms be seen,
Give her the victory;
Whilst hearts of oak maintain her sway,
And hail her empress of the sea!

The Queen! the Queen! God give the Queen
His chaste and holy fear,
To love his Church and Word divine,
His ordinance revere;
And England keep a burning light,
Truth's beacon-star, all purely bright.

The Queen! the Queen! God make the Queen
A joy to Britain's land;
And love and loyalty combine
To guard our native strand;
Speed gloriously Victoria's reign,
Bless England's realm, save England's Queen.

Collager's Monthly Visitor.

THE REV. DR. CROLY.

One of the most original characters, as well as one of the most brilliant writers of the present day, is the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.; and his outward appearance is not less striking than his genius.

I have seen many taller persons than Dr. Croly, for I do not imagine his height to be above six feet; yet he always strikes me as having more of the giant about him than any other man I ever saw. His gait, movements, expressions, and ideas, are all in the same gigantic style.

There is, indeed, something vast and mysterious about him, which impresses you with the idea that you are looking on a being of some other age and clime than your own.

His frame is built in the Cyclopean style of architecture, broad, firm, and massive—and the commanding head which surmounts the edifice is not less remarkable. His countenance has a strange antique appearance, well according with the antediluvian kind of majesty which clothes his figure. I believe he has not passed far beyond his fiftieth year; there is nothing in the least old, or even elderly about him,—for his carriage is as lofty, and his stride as vigorous as they ever can have been;—and yet were any one to tell you that, like his own Salathiel, he has lived for centuries, you could not deny the strange assertion, judging merely from his appearance. His countenance has that rugged, weather-beaten complexion of which the prototypes are the faces of the Elgin marbles—indeed, to comprise his general exterior in a few words, I should say that he is very like a brother of the "Three Faces," from the Pantheon.

His forehead is square and heavy, and his dark

grey hair is combed down and cut straight across, as if to make it look as low as possible. His deep-set steady, grey eyes, are nearly hidden beneath dark, projecting eye-brows; yet if ever the broad stamp of genius was set on mortal physiognomy, it is fixed somewhere about that massive brow. His nose is long and straight, his mouth wide, his complexion dark, and the outline of his face nearly square; altogether it is one of the most striking and unusual of countenances, and when once seen is never to be mistaken or forgotten.

Dr. Croly's manner is perfectly original; I never saw any one whom he at all resembles in this respect; it is also perfectly natural. He has a powerful, impressive style of action, and he suits it to his splendid imagery with the most exact propriety, yet without any appearance of effort or design.

While engaged in his peroration, or in the cooler and more didactic parts of his discourse, he stands nearly motionless, or resting his hands on the sides of the pulpit, he swings slowly to and fro, with his head projected forward, almost in the manner of a Roman catapult on its side supports: but as soon as some glowing thought, or mighty imagining comes upon his mind, he raises himself to his full height in a moment, and with a vigorous, but never vehement action, pours forth a torrent of extemporaneous eloquence, as unexpectedly to his auditory as it seems to be to himself. He speaks and preaches all *improviso*; yet you never hear from him a single word or sentence which seems capable of correction.

His language is as magnificent as his ideas are lofty, and as his style and manner are majestic. To those who are in the habit of reading his publications, I need only say that their language is precisely that of all his sermons and speeches, and seems to cost him no more effort than the commonest chit-chat would cost a common mind. It is indeed the native language of his soul; so much a part of himself, that it would be as great an undertaking for him to use plain and meagre forms of speech, as it would be for a man deficient in talent, to attempt the elevated, yet brilliant expressions in which all his thoughts seem naturally to clothe themselves.

His manner never becomes violent, nor his utterance too rapid. He is never in a hurry, but seems quite at his ease, and speaks with great apparent pleasure to himself. He is perfectly at home on all his numerous subjects, and takes his own time to dwell upon them. Sometimes he pauses for a while, as though waiting for an idea, and holds his hand near his forehead, as though to receive the thought immediately from the brain itself; and when he resumes, with a flow of burning, yet majestic imagery, he dashes forth that hand at his auditory, as if he flung a javelin with it. The force and originality of this singular action, so peculiarly his own, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen him.

He has particular actions for particular words as well as for ideas, as those well know who remember the triumphant air with which he pronounces his favourite epithet of "magnificent!" or the no less appropriate, yet less pleasing expression of countenance which he bestows upon another frequent term—"ridiculous!"

His voice is deep and powerful, it seems to be capable of every variety of modulation; but it is very

carelessly managed. Its wild tones are flung forth at random, like the thrilling thoughts they embody, as varied, as strange, and as expressive.

That voice, that manner, those ideas, indeed, every one of his endowments, would be incomparable, if touched by the governing and regulating hand of art; but you see in every look, in every gesture, that he scorns the slightest restraint upon the wild majesty of nature.

He is at once the most unartificial, and the most highly educated, the most uncivilized, and the most princely being imaginable; more resembling an abstract personification of human nature in its highest style, than a member of ordinary human society.—I am not singular in my idea of this extraordinary man, one friend of mine, on first seeing him, remarked that he was like a thorough-bred gentleman, just come "from the moon;" and another, a lady by no means in the habit of giving romantic descriptions, declared that she liked Dr. Croly "because he was totally unlike all other men; so native, so independent, and if you do not like him as he is, there the matter must end, for no human power can ever alter him one hair's breadth."

His mind seems, indeed, quite of the same mammoth class as his person; it is equally gigantic, but not so well proportioned. His fervid imagination, or some favourite theory, too often overpowers the more solid faculties of his intellect; but such is his commanding power of eloquence, that you are not conscious of this while you listen to him. His addresses are writs, not of *habeas corpus*, but of *habeas animus*. He deprives you, for the time, of all power of resistance, and whirls you away on his eagle-wing, to regions of time or space far distant from the present. Whether his subject be celestial or terrestrial, Jewish, Roman, or British, Antediluvian or Millennial, it is all the same to him; he shows it to you as if it lay before the bodily eye, and he makes you almost as much present there as he is himself.

History, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, seems to lie before him as a map; he has never at a loss for examples or parallels; and not only are its events thus open to his view, but all its bearings and consequences are equally well known to him. He sees not only the skeleton of our world in all its nations and ages, but the same immensely comprehensive glance seems to convey to his mind all the fillings up, and even the draperies of the figure. If ever a professorship be founded for the philosophy of history perhaps no man is fitter for its chair than Dr. Croly.

His private character is replete with an amiable simplicity and benevolence, which make him the delight of his family, and of his numerous friends.

To attempt a description of his genius would be needless to those who have read his works, whether of fancy or theology, in prose or in poetry; and to those who have not, it would be vain.

I can only say, that however extravagant my sketches may seem to those who do not know Dr. Croly, I am sure that those who do will agree that this or any other description must fall far short of justice to the original.—*Random Recollections of Exeter Hall.*

Pray without ceasing.—The bird is not always on the wing, but he is ready to fly in an instant; so the believer is not always on the wing of prayer, but he has such a gracious aptitude for this exercise, that he is prepared in an instant, when in danger or need, to fly for refuge to his God.—*Rowland Hill.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

In the seventh century, our island had almost universally received the Christian religion. But the popish superstitions increased with great rapidity. — The clergy became extremely vicious, through the riches they acquired by persuading people to give them their property, and to go on pilgrimages. In the year 606, Pope Boniface the third, obtained from the Emperor Phocas the title of Universal Bishop. On the death of Augustine, Laurentius succeeded to the see of Canterbury. This holy man, mourning over the sad condition of the English Church, spent a whole night in prayer to God, that he would water it with his Holy Spirit and make it again fruitful. His prayer was answered by the conversion of King Eadwald, who promoted the Gospel by every means in his power. By the faithful labours of Laurentius and his successors Mellitus and Justus, true religion spread amongst the people. Let us imitate the pious example of Bishop Laurentius. Prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all ranks and conditions amongst us, will do more for the prosperity and preservation of our Church, than any other means whatever. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

The first Saxon king who completely demolished all the idols in his dominions, was Easconbert, King of Kent, who succeeded his father Eadwald, in 640. Popery had by this time made very great progress, and our forefathers mixed much ignorance, superstition, and even idolatry with their profession of the gospel.

In the eighth century, the pope had obtained such power, that he "opposed and exalted himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped." With the power of the pope, the tyranny of the clergy increased. The distinguishing doctrines of the gospel were buried under a mass of superstitious ceremonies; and the pardon of sin was to be purchased at the hands of the priest. To pacify their consciences, men gave their property to the Church, on being assured that there was a state of purgatory, from which they were to be delivered by paying for masses to be said for their souls after they were dead. In this century flourished Willibrod, an eminent English missionary, who became Bishop of Utrecht. After having faithfully discharged his missionary labours on the continent fifty years, he suffered martyrdom in the plains of Doekum, in the ninety fifth year of his age.

The ninth century witnessed a great declension of pure religion in Britain. But Divine Providence raised up the renowned King Alfred, to be a "nursing father" to the English Church. He was the grandson, of King Edmund, who was killed by the Danes for refusing to deny his Saviour. The place of his interment is called this day, St. Edmund Bury, to commemorate his integrity. And scripture warrants us in believing that Christ will also confess him before His Father which is in Heaven. King Alfred seemed to have "feared the Lord from his youth," having early habituated himself to prayer. He was a prodigy of learning, and founded the University College at Oxford. He died in the year 900, and was buried at Hyde Abbey, in Winchester. Towards the end of this century, an English presbyter, named Jeron, suffered martyrdom in Holland, whither he had gone and preached Jesus Christ.

Historians are all agreed, that in the tenth century, scarcely a vestige of true piety could be traced. It was called, "an iron age, barren of all goodness; — a leaden age, abounding in all wickedness." Nothing could exceed the dreadful wickedness of the popes, or the atrocious crimes of the clergy, in this gloomy period of the Church. Yet, in this deplorable state of things, God was pleased to honour our island, by sending two of its natives, named Bernard and Gothebald, as missionaries to Norway; where they successfully preached the pure gospel, which extended itself from thence to the Orkneys, Iceland, and Greenland. When God accompanies our exertions with the effusions of His Spirit, no difficulties need to discourage our labours of love.

The state of religion improved during the eleventh century, in which learning was greatly revived by the monks and other ecclesiastics. This learning was encouraged by William the Conqueror, after he became King of England. That monarch resisted the pope so far as to refuse holding the kingdom as his vassal. "I hold," said he, "my kingdom from none but God and my sword."

Alphage, Archbishop of Canterbury, suffered for a good conscience in 1013. He was stoned to death by the Danes, and seemingly in the spirit of real religion; for like Stephen he prayed for his murderers. Through the influence of Archbishop Anselm, the clergy were forbidden to marry; which unnatural and unscriptural injunction was the fruitful source of the vilest abominations. Anselm himself however, amidst such corruption, held "the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience," as appears by his writings.

In the twelfth century, Oxford became celebrated as the seat of learning. The clergy now boldly claimed exemption from civil jurisdiction, and their right on all occasions to appeal to the pope. To these extravagant pretensions, the usurper Stephen, readily assented. But his successor, Henry the second, resisted them: yet, being enslaved to the popedom, in spiritual affairs he was a great persecutor. About the year 1159, thirty men and women fled to this country from persecution in Germany, but were, by Henry's order, tried for heresy at Oxford; they were condemned to be branded with a hot iron in the forehead, whipped through Oxford, and turned half-naked into open fields, where they perished with hunger and cold! They bore their punishment with patience, and frequently exclaimed, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, having violently provoked the king, was assassinated before the altar of St. Benedict's Church, by some persons who were instigated by Henry to murder him. Becket was canonized as a martyr and saint; and miracles being pretended to be performed at his tomb, one hundred thousand credulous persons made pilgrimages to it in one year. Such were the folly and ignorance of the age! The king submitting to the commands of the pope, was ignominiously flogged by the monks before Becket's shrine! In this century, King Richard the first had the absurdity to engage in the crusade to recover the holy land from the Turks, but failed in his object. How heavily the papal yoke was in this age fastened on the neck of England, may easily be conceived from the traitorous conduct of King John, who swore fealty to Pope Innocent the third, and stipulated for himself and successors, to pay an annual tribute to Rome for ever, on pain of forfeiture of the crown.

The thirteenth century began with the persecution of the Waldenses. One million of whom are said to have perished in France, and the Duke of Alba boasted, that he alone destroyed thirty-six thousand of them in the Netherlands. Such was the superstition of the age, that Roger Bacon, our countryman, was accused of magic on account of his extraordinary literary attainments, and was confined a long time in prison for no other crime. The Dominican and Franciscan monks arose about this time, and were in great repute amongst the people, for their supposed superior sanctity. They surrounded the beds of the rich, and, like vultures, tore from the affrighted conscience that wealth, with which it vainly hoped to purchase heaven. And such was the plenitude of the pope's indulgence, that King Henry the third was informed, that if he should chance to murder a priest, he might purchase his pardon.

In the year 1253, died Grosseteste, or Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, who had the boldness to resist the pope to his face for his venality, and endeavoured to reform the clergy by his preaching and example. — His ideas of religious truth were obscure, but his holy zeal and godly life showed he was under the influence of that Divine Spirit, who gives to every man severally as He will.

In the fourteenth century, both the king and people of England were reduced to a state of almost complete vassalage to the pope; and true religion was scarcely any where to be recognized. Loud complaints were heard through the nation of the enor-

mous abuses of popery, and attempts were made to reform them. The most extraordinary Christian of this century was Thomas Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury, who devoted himself to the study of the holy scriptures, and his writings display the soundness of his doctrines; he may justly be called the "morning star" of the Reformation. About the year 1440, the sublime art of Printing was introduced. — This proved in the hands of Providence, the golden key which opened the iron chest, in which the pope and his satellites had contrived to conceal the holy scriptures for so many ages. — *To be continued.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.*

The fearful energies of a north-wester were nearly expended, and the foaming tops of old ocean's mountains were gradually subsiding into a heavy and often dangerous swell; the murky clouds had dispersed, and the horizon became clear; when a British frigate, home-ward bound from India, made the Cape of Good Hope. The hands were turned up to make sail, and very soon the immense masses of canvass which had been snugly stowed during the gale were spread to catch the now light and fitful breeze, in order to steady the ship, which was tumbling about in the trough of the sea. It was whilst the seamen were aloft in the performance of the above frequently most hazardous duty, that a sudden and very violent motion of the ship jerked a fine young man, named Ned Hall, from off the fore-top-sail-yard to the deck below: he fell on the gangway with a horrid crash. Many a hand was stretched forth to raise him; but the skilful and judicious surgeon, who was promptly on the spot, forbade it, preferring to examine hastily the extent of the injuries before he was removed. Brief as was the examination, it was manifest, that although no limbs were broken, yet there was some dreadful internal injury, which left little, if any, hopes of his recovery. He lay, poor fellow, breathing, but perfectly motionless and insensible, and remained so until two days after the accident, when, just as the ship came to an anchor in Table Bay, poor Ned's soul took its flight into the world of spirits.

The circumstance cast a gloom over the whole ship; for Hall was a general favourite — an active and able seaman, bold, reckless, and good natured, and just the man who, if an extra lot of grog was moving, was pretty sure to get a share. It was feared that this had been the case at the time of the shocking occurrence which hurried him into eternity. Be this as it may, he was fearfully unprepared: how could it be otherwise? The ship was without a chaplain, and the public worship of Almighty God was scarcely ever performed. There were very few, I think, — indeed I could not name one for a certainty, — who thought or cared about their souls. In making this assertion, I feel that I do not overstep the bounds of that charity which thinketh no evil.

It was determined that the element which he loved should receive the hull of poor Ned, until the trump of the archangel shall bid the sea give up her dead to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. It was not allowable to bury in the harbour; consequently it became necessary to take the corpse several miles out to sea, I was the officer appointed to this service. Shrouded in the white hammock which it had so lately been his pride to present each morning neatly lashed up for stowage in the netting, the body was placed on a grating, covered with a union-jack for a pall, and lowered into a cutter, attended by his messmates as mourners, and the captain's clerk to perform the touching and appropriate burial-service of the Church of England over him. The measured stroke of the oars, as we pulled out of the harbour, served for a funeral knell, and an hour's rowing brought us into deep water. The oars were then laid in, and the boat's crew respectfully stood up in their places, with heads bared to the breeze, and countenances on which was depicted serious and manly grief, whilst the service was being read. Precisely as the words "we therefore commit his body to the deep" were uttered,

* Continued from our last number.

* By a Naval Officer, now a Clergyman of the Church of England.

it was launched into the sea—the blue waters quickly closed again—and in a few moments all trace of it was lost.

The mournful service being finished, we returned towards the ship; and I cannot account for the impulse unless it was heaven-directed, but I felt constrained to address a few words of warning and exhortation to the men. My address, as I was afterwards informed, was earnest and to the point. The subjects dwelt upon were the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death and judgment; the heinousness of sin, particularly drunkenness and profane swearing, to which sailors are much addicted; and the only means by which it could be pardoned, viz. by simple faith in Jesus Christ our Saviour; God's hatred of sin, but his wondrous love for sinners, in that he withheld not the costly sacrifice of his only Son, that all who believe in him might not perish, but have everlasting life; that time was flying, and that eternity was hastening; and it was wound up with a practical application to each individual, with especial reference to the late occurrence. As I proceeded, the muscles of their weather-bonten countenances began one after another to relax, until at length there was scarcely a dry eye in the boat. Our approach to the ship put an end to the discourse; but the account given of it on board very speedily procured for me the cognomen of "the parson." Nine or ten weeks after, the ship was paid off; and the officers and crew were dispersed in various directions.

I have never learned whether my address was permanently useful, or whether, as is too often the case, the vanities of the world, the deceitfulness of the heart, and the temptations to which a sailor is especially exposed, did not very soon obliterate every impression that may have been made. I cannot but indulge the hope, however, that some one, at least, of those present on the occasion referred to, may have been awakened to an abiding sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and may have been enabled to persevere in the good resolutions of amendment then formed. Years have since rolled by; and in the mysterious providence of a gracious God, I have been brought to preach many a discourse in many a crowded church; but never have I witnessed deeper feeling, or more respectful attention, than was exhibited by the little band of sailors which formed the congregation at poor Ned Hall's funeral sermon.

IRISH CLERGY.*

In our own Church, how many of her burning and shining lights have struggled hard with want and poverty! How many have composed their learned and immortal pages amidst fears and doubts whether they could defray the costs of publication! How many, having just discharged the thunders of their eloquence, and left an overflowing and brilliant assembly full of admiration of the preacher, have returned to scanty fare, and to a cheerless home, at least as far as earthly comforts are concerned! Through what seas of trouble and deep waters of affliction have no small portion of the Irish clergy been of late years passing! I shall here relate a simple and, I think, touching anecdote of a clergyman's child, during the recent and severe trials of our church. The family to which he belonged were very highly connected. (I mention this circumstance, because it materially affects the interest of the case.) This little boy had lately lost his father, one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Church; and his pious mother, with a family of which he, about eleven years old, was the eldest, was thrown upon her brother, himself a clergyman, but reduced to much distress by the total withdrawal of his clerical income. One day he observed his mother apparently much afflicted, and in still deeper sorrow and dejection than he was accustomed to see. He gently approached her, and said, "Mother, why are you so distressed? is it about me and my brothers? Are you grieving because we cannot be bred as gentlemen? Ah, mamma! don't you remember that our blessed Saviour was brought up as a carpenter?"

Affecting as this picture may be, particularly when we consider the family connexions of the parties, yet with many of the clergy the doubt was not, whether they could educate their children in their own sphere

of life, but whether they could give them food to eat, and raiment to put on. It would require a far different pen from mine to describe the scenes which were acted in the once-happy dwellings of these suffering servants of the Lord. They were withdrawn from the notice of the world; but they were not hidden from the eye of God, neither were they lost on him. He was witness to the patience with which many a faithful minister bore the hardest trial, perhaps, to which human frailty can be exposed—that of being obliged to refuse the bread which his children asked. Let us, then, endeavour, however faintly, and however it may fall short of the original picture to ourselves one of those scenes which the actors were but too successful in concealing from the view of man. Let us suppose the father and the pastor of his domestic flock gathering them around him, to comfort them with the comfort wherewith he had been comforted of God; let us suppose him opening that blessed volume which he had taught them to call a delight in happier days, and choosing such portions of its consolations as were best adapted to support them under their present sufferings. In this labour of love, he would naturally direct them to that passage by which their Saviour was strengthened in the hour of his temptation: "And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." He would read to them how God "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." He would tell them that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." He would assure them that their "light affliction, which was but for a moment, would work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He would point to that precious promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and to that cheering declaration of the Psalmist, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed beging their bread." Thus would he beguile their sorrows, and charm away the bitterness of want, by the consolations of that Gospel which he had taught them from their infancy to love. Now I do not say that this picture is drawn from the literal details of any instance which occurred in real life; but I do say, that in substance such were the exhibitions which many a clergyman's family presented to the All-seeing Eye. And assuredly, if any scene could be supposed to come home to the heart of God, or to awaken sympathy in the breast of Him who for our sakes became poor, and passed through the furnace of affliction, it would be such a scene as I have presented. Nor can we doubt, that—if prayer ever pierced the clouds, and entered with acceptance, through the great Mediator, into heaven—that the prayers which were offered by the clergy of Ireland, and by their afflicted families, have reached the mercy-seat on high, and are now registered in the book of God's remembrance. There they remain; and it is my firm belief, that—while the fate of our Church as an establishment seems trembling on the balance,—that those prayers, and those patient sufferings from the midst of which they ascended, have thrown incalculable weight into the scale of her preservation.

ON SLANDER.

"Against Slander there is no defence,
Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend,

Nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a word—with a nod—with a shrug—with a look—with a smile. It is the pestilence walking in in darkness spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveller cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable. It is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment—Innocence its prey—and ruin its spoil."
—Anon.

He who proposes to neglect his soul's concerns until a more favourable opportunity, or until he is better disposed, is like the idiot, who, coming to a river and intending to pass over, concluded to wait till the water had passed by.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF JAMES USHER, BISHOP OF ARMAOH.

As primate of Ireland, Usher exhibited the same humble and pious deportment which had heretofore distinguished him. So meek, indeed, was he, that he could with difficulty be induced to maintain the rights of his see, in a contest for precedency claimed by the archbishop of Dublin. And not only did he edify the Church he governed, by his own excellent example, but he was, further, the means of introducing into it another individual, to whose labours Ireland is indebted, perhaps, more than to those of any single man. For, in 1626, he prevailed upon Bedell, then in a retired living in Suffolk, to take the office of provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Bedell became afterwards, bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh, and was the first person who set forth the Scriptures in the Irish language.

The importance which Usher attached to an acquaintance with the vernacular tongue of the country, may be illustrated by the following narrative. There was a certain English mechanic living in his diocese, who, being well skilled in Scripture, felt anxiously desirous of entering the ministry. Usher being consulted by this man, recommended him at first to follow his calling, but he was after prevailed on to examine him. Finding him able to give a good account of his faith, and apparently of religious character, he inquired if he could speak Irish, and on his answer in the negative, dismissed him with a charge to come again when he could express himself in that language. The man returned in about a twelvemonth, received ordination, and being placed in a cure, he laboured faithfully and successfully in it, converting many papists to the Church. Had the example of Usher and Bedell, in taking care that the Irish were instructed through the medium of their own tongue, been diligently followed, we should not, I verily believe, have had the miserable spectacle at this day, of so many millions in that island immersed in the superstitious of popery.

It may be proper to give, in this place, the account preserved by his chaplain, Dr. Bernard, of the archbishop's domestic mode of spending his life. "The discourses," says he, "which daily fell from him at his table, in the clearing of difficulties in the Scripture, and other subjects, especially when learned men came to visit him, were of great advantage to such as were capable of them. It often put me in mind of that speech of the queen of Sheba to Solomon, 'Happy are these thy servants that continually stand about thee, and hear thy wisdom! And such was his humility, that he would, in practical subjects, apply himself to the information and satisfaction of the poorest and weakest person that should desire it; nay, sometimes rather incline towards such than to others more learned; which strangers wondered at, as the disciples marvelled at our Saviour's talking with the poor woman at Samaria, and answering her questions, rather than heeding of them (John, iv. 27). The order observed in his family as to prayer, was four times a-day: in the morning at six, in the evening at eight, and before dinner and supper, in the chapel, at each of which he was always present. On Friday in the afternoon, constantly an hour in the chapel was spent in going through the principles of religion in the catechism, for the instruction of the family; and every Sunday, in the evening, we had a repetition of his sermon in the chapel which he had preached in the church in the forenoon. In the winter evenings, he constantly spent two hours in comparing of old manuscripts of the Bible, Greek and Latin, when about five or six of us assisted him, and the various readings of each were taken down by himself with his own hand."

In this course of devoted labour and diligent study the archbishop spent many years. From time to time he put forth several admirable works—as, in 1638, his sermon entitled "Immanuel; or, the Mystery of the Incarnation;" in 1639, his "Ancient History of the British Churches." In this book he produced reasons for believing that the Gospel was planted in the British islands within twenty years after our Lord's ascension, and traced the history of the

* From the Church of England Magazine.

Church till the end of the seventh century. In public affairs, too, he was ready to take the part becoming the chief pastor of the Church. He remonstrated in 1627, at the head of several of the prelates, against the indulgences which the papists demanded. He also presided, in 1635, in the synod by which the English articles were adopted in Ireland. And when the dark clouds were gathering which afterwards broke into so terrible a storm, men's eyes were directed towards him as one who by his counsel and influence might prevail much. In the beginning of 1640, therefore, he was invited to England, whither he repaired with his wife and family. His absence from home was, he imagined, to be but temporary; but he saw his native land no more.

It would by no means fall in with my plan to describe minutely the fluctuations of those troublous times in which Usher was involved: some of the more particular circumstances are all that can properly find here a place. He was one of the persons whom King Charles I. consulted in regard to the attainder of the Earl of Strafford. He faithfully advised his royal master, that "if his majesty was satisfied, by what he had heard at the trial, that the earl was not guilty of treason, he ought not, in conscience, to consent to his condemnation." And when the king had yielded to the popular clamour, and had given the Earl his assent, the archbishop, with tearful eyes, expostulated with him, "Oh, sire, what have you done? I fear that this act may prove a great trouble upon your conscience; and pray God that your majesty may never suffer for signing this bill." The conduct of Usher towards Strafford was eminently Christian. He attended him in prison, and waited upon him to the scaffold; whence, having prayed by his side, and received his last farewell, he hastened to the king with the only consolation which could then be used, that he verily believed the earl well prepared for the change, and that his last gloomy hours on earth were brightened by the prospect of eternal glory. Strafford, it should be added, is said, previously, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, not to have viewed Usher with a very friendly eye.

About the same time the archbishop was engaged in a controversy with Milton on the subject of episcopacy; and it is remarked, that he was almost the only one of the combatants of the time who preserved the mild tone and Christian temper which ought to characterise the inquirers after truth.

And now a dreadful storm burst forth upon Ireland. In the latter part of the year 1641, the Irish having resolved to throw off the British yoke, rose with the intention of massacring all the English and Protestants in the island. Accordingly, on the day appointed, Oct. 23, the infuriate rage of the people was let loose. Cruelties the most barbarous were exercised on the English inhabitants, neither age nor sex was spared; the heretics, as they were called, "were marked out by the priests for slaughter, and it was pronounced meritorious to rid the world of these enemies to Catholic faith and piety." The victims of this insurrection reached, on the lowest computation, very nearly the number of forty thousand persons. Usher, by his absence in England, escaped the personal misery and fate which else would doubtless have awaited him; but his property fell into their power, and, with the exception of his house and library at Drogheda, was destroyed. So heavily did this loss press upon him, that he was compelled to sell the plate and other valuables which he had brought into England, to supply the necessities of his family. Hitherto he had led a life of almost uninterrupted prosperity, and had, it seems, when young, been in the habit of praying for affliction, which he considered the necessary badge of God's people. He afterwards perceived the error of this craving for chastisement, and used to advise persons not to tempt God to shew them such a painful mark of paternal love; but if it came, patiently to bear it, and to seek to have the trial sanctified and turned to profit.

His own trouble was in some measure alleviated by the anxious zeal of many friends and even nations to confer honour upon him. The university of Leyden offered him a professorship, and promised to augment the stipend, if he would accept it. Cardinal Richelieu invited him to take up his abode in France,

where an ample pension and the free exercise of his religion should be allowed him. But the king pressed on him the vacant bishopric of Carlisle, which he preferred, though the revenues were most inadequate to his support; and of these he was, after a time, unjustly dispossessed.

In 1642, in consequence of the increasing troubles, he repaired to Oxford, where he diligently prosecuted his studies, and prepared several works for publication. He was here, too, a constant preacher; and a peculiar success was vouchsafed to his ministry.—"The persuasion," said three clergymen, in a preface to some of his sermons, in which they acknowledged their personal obligations to his teaching,— "the persuasion of Armagh's incomparable learning, the observation of his awful gravity, the evidence of his eminent and exemplary piety, all improved to the height by his indefatigable industry, drew students to flock to him as doves to the windows. It joys us to recollect how multitudes of scholars, especially the heads of our tribes, thronged to hear the sound of his silver bells; how much they were taken with the voice of this wise charmer; how their ears seemed, as it were, fastened to his lips. Here you might have seen a sturdy Paul, a persecutor transformed into a preacher; there a tender-hearted Josiah lamenting after the Lord, and with Ephraim smiting on his thigh, saying, What have I done? others, with the penitent Jews, so stabbed at the heart, as that they were forced to cry out in the bitterness of their soul, Men, brethren, fathers, what shall we do? These were some of the blessings from on high which attended these sermons"—*To be continued.*

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1839.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN GONE.—It is not long since we recorded the death of our friend and brother the Rev. ROGER VIETS of Digby; and now we have to add (omitted in our last) that of the Rev. F. H. CARRINGTON, for 29 years Rector of St. John's, Newfoundland, by which a very important station in that Diocese has become vacant. These calls of the great Shepherd should be heeded by those that remain, and should quicken them to redoubled diligence in the work of his vineyard, that they may humbly hope for a favourable reception from Him whenever He shall please to require at their hands an account of their stewardship. If ALL have need to "watch and pray"—to "work out their own salvation"—to be "always ready"—how much more they to whom is committed the care of souls!—who are the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. How important to be found faithful when the end shall come; and in order therefore, to keep ever printed in our remembrance, how great a treasure is committed to our charge. The Lord help us to watch for souls as those that must give account—and give our people the hearing ear and the understanding heart, that they may be our crown of rejoicing in the future world.

Another reflection suggested by these departures of our Brethren is,—how are the ranks to be filled up that are thus thinned by the hand of death, and are likely soon to be thinned still more? Who are coming forward to enrol themselves in the armies of the living God, and lead his hosts to the battle? We see by the reports of the New York Bishop, that in that one Diocese alone there are fifty two candidates for the ministry. But in ours we do not know of a tenth part of the number that are looking to the service of the Lord as the glorious business of their lives. Let prayer be made without ceasing to Him, to stir up the wills of faithful men to undertake this blessed work—that greater may be the company of the preachers to hungry souls in every land, and more especially in our own.

KING'S COLLEGE, FREDERICTON.—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Commemorative

Oration delivered, according to annual custom, at the Encœnia of the above University on the 27th June last, by James Robb, M. D., Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural History. We extract the following summary of Academical history, and farther extracts will be found in our next number. We are glad to see the learned Professor laying down the wholesome doctrine of the necessity of basing the whole system of Education upon Religion. We wish that this practice of Annual Orations, and the celebration of the Encœnia, as required by the statutes, were followed at Windsor. It would attract deserved notice and interest to that Venerable Institution, to which these Colonies are so much indebted for the sound education of many of their most distinguished men.

After the reign of Grecian and of Roman greatness had ended, a university was established at Bagdad, about the year 740, by the Caliph Almonzor; and the Arabs, who were duly aware of the advantages derivable from that kind of Educational institution, shortly after they had got possession of Spain, proceeded to organize a university, for the cultivation of the Arts and Sciences, at Cordova, and in other places of their newly acquired dominions.—Charlemagne in France, and Alfred in England, both of whom were pious and learned princes, did not neglect the example of the Moors; and according to some antiquarians, the latter monarch is believed to have been the original founder of the university of Oxford, (the oldest institution of the sort in England.) During the middle ages, however, there were no universities, nor even any good schools in central Europe. Science was in the hands of a bigoted Clergy; and "the scholars were either brought up within the walls of a monastery, or attached as a kind of menial servants to some Parish Priest," who preaching that ignorance was the mother of devotion, could not consequently be expected to promote the acquisition of knowledge. In the year 1150 a lawyer and a physician of Salerno, a small town near Naples, succeeded in organizing a regular university, and in obtaining a charter for it from King Frederick I. The number of those who voluntarily came to improve and extend their knowledge at the new university soon increased; and additional professors were from time to time elected and paid by the community. The university of Bologna was chartered in 1158; that of Paris in 1200; and that of Padua in 1222. Some of the Norman Sovereigns of England, and especially Henry II, were distinguished for their zeal in patronizing literary men, and in providing means for the instruction of their people in the higher branches of knowledge. In this way the universities of Oxford and Cambridge gradually assumed the form of privileged seats of learning and science. The students lived, first in separate houses or halls, afterwards in Colleges which were specially endowed and organized for the maintenance of a certain number of fellows and scholars. The lecturers were selected from among the most learned of the community; and the exercises and disputations of the university were carried on in appropriate public buildings called schools. Other institutions more or less similar in their arrangements were soon after established in Scotland, at St. Andrews in 1410, at Glasgow, 1451, at Aberdeen, 1495, at Edinburgh, 1582, and in Ireland, at Dublin, 1591. The epoch of their establishment may be regarded as that of the revival of learning, although, they are to be considered rather as the index, than the cause, of the favorable change, which had begun to be wrought upon the minds of mankind. In these far famed universities, have the youth of Great Britain ever since been prepared for public life; and from the halls of these institutions has issued the army of divines, lawyers, scholars, and statesmen, whose names have shed a perennial lustre over the History of our native land.

The first university founded in America was that of Harvard in Massachusetts. Under the auspices of Charles II, a charter was procured for it in 1638, only 58 years after the university of Edinburgh had been opened under charter from James 6th, of Scotland.

The College of Yale, (Connecticut,) was the next which the New Englanders succeeded in establishing.

"Ten worthy gentlemen" says the historian, assembled at Bradford in 1700, and each laying a few volumes on a table, said "I give these for the founding of a College in this Colony;" and the institution, which sprang from so humble beginnings, now rivals any like establishment in the United States, and stands at the head of all on this continent for the number of its students.

In 1789 a grant was made by the Legislature of Nova Scotia for an Academy or College in that Province, and in 1803 the university of King's College was opened at Windsor pursuant to Royal Charter.*

The subject of Education attracted the attention of the loyal settlers of New Brunswick, at a very early period in the History of the Colony. In 1788 His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Carleton granted a tract of land in the vicinity of Fredericton, towards the support and maintenance of a Grammar School in the infant capital. In the year 1800, the Academy or Free Grammar School of Fredericton was converted into a College, and established under Charter granted by the Governor, under the seal of the Province, which incorporated it by the name of "The Governor and Trustees of the College of New Brunswick." This was done for the purpose of obviating some difficulties connected with the appropriation of monies accruing from the granted lands. In 1805, during the Presidency of the Honorable G. G. Ludlow, a Bill passed the Legislature, by which a permanent pecuniary support was secured to the College. This, as the Honorable the President expressed himself, was done "in the hope of preparing the rising generation to tread in the footsteps of their parents, and enabling them to contend with the foremost in the cause of Loyalty and a steady attachment to the British Constitution." From that period up to the year 1823, the College of New Brunswick continued in active operation; but, as it had ever been the desire of the Governor and Trustees to secure to those receiving instruction the full advantages of a Collegiate Education, it was determined by that Board to petition the Legislature to permit the surrender of the old Charter of 1800, and to procure a new Charter under the great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Accordingly this was done a few months before the death of General Smyth: and, the prayer of the Trustees being granted, a new Charter was, after due care and mature deliberation, prepared under the eye of Lord Bathurst, by which the College became endowed with the privileges of an university, under the name and style of the "The Chancellor, President and Scholars of King's College at Fredericton in the Province of New Brunswick." In 1828 His Excellency Sir H. Douglas, who had ever most warmly interested himself in the cause of Education, was able to announce, that "His Most Gracious Majesty King George IV. had condescended to become Patron and Founder of the new university, and to bestow upon it a larger annual grant from the Royal revenues with the view of placing it upon a more improved establishment." The charter itself was soon after received; and thereupon the Provincial Legislature, with great and becoming liberality, at once voted sums of money sufficient to permit the commencement of the edifice which we now occupy.—After two years, the building was completed and the new university was opened under the most auspicious circumstances.

GRAND MANAN.—In our last we briefly noticed the calamity which has befallen this Parish, in the destruction of their Church by fire, which was feared to be the work of some wicked incendiary. Such it will be seen by the following article is undoubtedly the case. We have re-

* It might seem from this, that the Academical Institution at Windsor did not go into operation until 1803, but this was not the case. Although the Royal Charter was not obtained until that year, the Institution was opened on the first November, 1788—a little more than half a century ago—by the first Bishop Inglis; and it continued from that time in efficient operation, for many years under the sole care of the late Rev. Dr. COCHRAN. It was in the period anterior to the Charter that the present Bishop was a student there, together with the Archdeacon of Kingston, Chief Justice Stuart of Lower Canada, Rev. Dr. Rowland of Shelburne, and many others who have filled, or are now filling, high and honourable stations in various parts of the world.

ceived a letter from the Rev. John Dunn, the Rector, detailing the circumstances connected with this sacrilegious act of atrocity, unprecedented, we believe, in these colonies—together with the spirited proceedings to which it has led on the part of his parishioners, among whom the best and most proper feeling appears to prevail. We will, however, let our Brother speak for himself, although he did not precisely desire us to publish his letter:—

"While it has been a very serious trial to me, it is due to my Parishioners to say, they almost universally sustained and supported me in a most praiseworthy, kind and sympathizing manner. So much so, that their conduct shall be held in endearing and grateful recollection while memory lasts. In a religious point of view, this affliction (which is felt as such) has been blessed for good, in arousing all, of every description, to thoughtfulness—to a realizing of their privileges, and above all, to christian sympathy and union. And under the Divine Blessing, we trust ere twelve months elapse, to see another Church completed. But in doing this, we do rely very confidently upon the sympathizing and generous disposition of our Christian Brethren in every quarter.

"The circumstances attending this most atrocious deed of darkness, are so aggravating, and of such a nature, as to interest and affect every christian community;—and should be, in God's hands, a bond of union and community, of feeling and action,—that we may bear each other's burdens.

"Under this view of the subject, and considering the situation of our Parish as respects population and means, I feel confident I shall receive the indulgence of my Brethren when I make this appeal to all for help; and although I look not for large individual collections, yet as a whole they will very materially strengthen our hands, and be gratefully received.

"Praying God to sanctify this calamity, and every earthly occurrence, to the edification of this people, and to the good of his Church,

"I remain,

Your obedient and faithful servant,
JOHN DUNN.

We would only add, that we think this a case calling for something more than words of sympathy. We sometime since gave the suggestion of a brother in the ministry, that collections should be made in every Parish when a new Church was about to be built, whereby it was thought important aid might be obtained, and a community of interest created and maintained throughout the Church. And if this be the case with regard to the erection of new edifices, it can hardly be doubted that the same objects would be happily promoted by such appeals in a case so affecting and so lamentable as the present.—We therefore hope that our Brother of Grand Manan and his flock will be cheered by such indications of christian fellowship from every parish in the Diocese—remembering that though many, we are but one Body, and every one, members one of another.

There will be a Collection in St. John's Church, Lunenburg, on Sunday the 24th instant, in aid of the above object.

CHURCH BURNED.

The following is a statement of the proceedings arising from the burning of the Episcopal Church at Grand Manan.

Grand Manan, October 17, 1839.

In consequence of the destruction of the Church in this Parish by fire, Divine Service was performed on the 13th inst. at the Grand Harbor, on the 15th at the Northern Head, and on the 16th at Seal Cove.—Some appropriate remarks were made by persons residing in different sections of the Island, expressive of their own feelings and those of their neighbors, as far as came within their knowledge, with regard to the calamitous event which brought them together. The following was at each meeting, heartily and unanimously adopted as the expression of their feelings and sentiments:

"Whereas on the night of Wednesday the 9th of this month at about 12 o'clock, the whole interior of St. Paul's Church in this Parish was discovered to be in flames, which in about one hour consumed the whole building; and whereas certain attend-

ing circumstances, (particularly the suspending in front of the Church, from a triangle a figure in which was found a paper containing language which betokens premeditated malevolence, and hostility, against the Bishop of the Diocese, against the Rector of this Parish in particular, and four other persons of this County, prove it to be the work of a sacrilegious incendiary. It is the feeling and opinion of the Wardens and Vestry, and of this assembly unanimously, that the perfect peace, unanimity, and good feeling that have prevailed among the friends of the church since its attempted destruction by fire at Easter 1838; and the increasing regularity in the attendance on its services, and the confidential, friendly and kind feelings that have been manifested, between people and pastor being so universal as to confine the exceptions to some solitary individuals, prove, that the burning of the church with the atrociously aggravated circumstances attending it is by no means to be considered a demonstration of the feeling of this Parish, but on the contrary the expressions of unqualified abhorrence of the deed and its perpetrators, (with the utter inability to identify them at present,) are so universal, as to limit the approvers, the abettors and instruments of this almost unheard of wickedness, to some very few, who are either devoid of any religious principles, and are therefore the opposers of all good who are actuated by the grossest selfishness or by some malevolent and vindictive feelings of a personal nature. And although the profane and sacrilegious hand may have aimed its blow at the destruction of the Church establishment, and the removal of its minister, it is the earnest wish of us all and we are confident the almost universally prevailing feeling, that the designs of these 'workers of iniquity' may prove completely unsuccessful, and that God of his infinite goodness, will turn their hearts and bring them to true repentance. And while we implore the sympathy of our christian brethren everywhere, we beg them to unite with us, in devout prayers that the 'Disposer of all Events,' who has permitted us to be so grievously visited, will be favorable unto us, and prosper us, that we may have strength to rebuild 'the waste places of our Zion,' that we may worship there 'in spirit and in truth,' and have beauty 'or ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

[A list containing the names of all the Wardens and Vestry 14 in number, with 124 other names may be seen in the Standard Office.]

With the Church were consumed the surplice, Gown, Books and Pall, immediately after the sermon on the following Sabbath, the offering of twenty-two female friends amounting to £6 were presented to the Minister for the purpose of replacing his gown and the surplice, and, on the following Wednesday a further sum of over 6l from forty three other female friends for the same purpose.

And ere the ashes of the ruined church were scarcely cold a subscription paper was opened for the erection of a new Church, which within three days embraced 125 names amounting to over 200l. freely offered exclusive of several who were absent.

And the last, and not least interesting circumstance showing the zeal, earnestness, and warm feeling which this most deplorable event has produced, among all descriptions of persons in this Parish, was the presenting a subscription list from forty Sabbath school children, with their collection amounting to over eleven shillings.

JOHN DUNN, Rector.

PHILIP NEWTON, } Wardens.
THOS. REDMOND, }

MISS MORRIS'S DRAWINGS.—If we have not sooner noticed the forthcoming drawings by this lady of the wild flowers of Nova Scotia, it is not because we are insensible to the merits professional and personal of the fair artist, or indifferent to her success. We have had the pleasure of seeing beautiful specimens of her skill, and sincerely trust that she will meet with general encouragement. The proposal of the advertisement is—To be published in numbers at 5s each, No. 1 and 2 will form the 1st Set—each number containing 3 plates coloured."

POETRY.

THE CHURCH.*

I love the Church, the holy Church, the Saviour's spotless
bride.

And oh, I love her palaces through all the land so wide:
The cross-topp'd spire amid the trees, the holy bell or
prayer—

Say, where is music or a scene more beautifully fair?

The village tower—'tis joy to me! I cry the Lord is here!
The village bells—they fill the soul with ecstacy sincere.
And thus, I sing, the light hath shined to lands in darkness
hurled;

Their sound is now in all the earth, their words through-
out the world.

And here—eternal ocean cross'd, and long, long ages
pass'd,

In chimes beyond the setting sun, they preach the Lord
at last:

And here, Redeemer, are Thy priests, unbroken in array,
Far from Thy Holy Sepulchre and thine Ascension-day.

Unbroken in their lineage, their warrants clear, as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high, and give good gifts to
men—

Here, clothed in innocence they stand, to scatter mercy
wide,

Baptising to the Saviour's name, with waters from his side;

And here—confessors of Thy cross—Thine holy orders
three,

The bishop, and the elders due, and lowly deacons be,
To rule and feed the flock of Christ, to wage a noble strife,
And to the host of God's elect to break the bread of life.

Here rises, ev'ry Sabbath morn, their incense unto Thee,
With bold confession catholic, and high doxology;
Soul-melting litany is here, and holy Gospel's sound,
And Glory, Lord, they cry to Thee through all Thy tem-
ples round.

Then comes the message of the King, deliver'd from on
high,

How beautiful the feet of them that on the mountain cry!
And then the faithful sons of Christ with Christ are left
alone,

And gather to the sacred feast which Jesus' love has
strown.

And kneeling by the chancel side, with blessings all divine,
As from the Saviour's hand they take the broken bread
and wine,

In one communion with the saints, with angels, and the
bless'd,

And looking for the blessed hope of an eternal rest.

The service o'er, a blessing said, and now they wend away
To homes all cheerful with the light of love's inspiring ray;
And through the churchyard and the graves with kindly
tears they fare,

Where every turf was decent laid, and hallowed by a
prayer.

The dead in Christ, they rest in hope, and o'er their sleep
sublime,

The shadow of the steeple moves from morn to vesper
chime:

On every mound, in solemn shade, its imaged cross doth
lie,

As goes the sunlight to the west, or rides the moon on
high.

I love the Church, the holy Church, that o'er our life pre-
sides,

The birth, the bridal, and the grave, and many an hour
besides,

Be mine, through life, to live in her; and when the Lord
shall call,

To die in her—the spouse of Christ, the mother of us all!

SCRAPS.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN.

It is said of Hume, an infidel who lived in Eng-
land, that when he came to die, he so feared death,
that he would not allow the candle to be put out dur-
ing the night and would not be left alone. This
Hume distinguished himself as a writer, and made
great pretensions about his disbelief in a God while
he was in health, but when he came to die, then was
the trial.

Voltaire, another infidel who lived in France, ex-
hibited also an awful spectacle as he was about dy-
ing. He called his physician to him and said, "Doc-
tor, I am abandoned by God and man! I will give
you one half of what I am worth for six months' life."
The doctor said he could not live six weeks.—
"Then," said he, "I shall go to hell!" And soon
he expired, crying out to his worldly companions,
"Begone, see what you have brought me to! Oh
Christ, oh Christ!" Ah! this was the drinking of
the cup of trembling, the foretaste of the second
death!

When the unbeliever Paine was lying on his dy-
ing couch, his fortitude forsook him, and all his sins
coming up before him he exclaimed, "If the devil
ever had an agent upon earth, I have been one."—
And, when the breath was leaving his body, with aw-
ful shrieks he repeated, "O Lord, help! God help
me! Jesus help me! but no soothing balm could he
find! no sweet comforter relieved his aching bosom,
and he was ushered into eternity to meet his God!
yes, that God, whom he had so often denied, and
that Saviour whose name he had vilified.

But now I would change the picture, and lead you
to where the Christian dies.

The Martyr Stephen, when he was dying, gave up
his breath with the prayer, "Lord Jesus receive my
spirit."

The Earl of Rochester, who once had been a very
ungodly man, but who changed his character, and
became a follower of the Saviour, said, as he was
dying, "I shall now die! But, oh what unspeakable
glories do I see! oh how I long to die and be with
Jesus!"

Dr. Goodman, just as he was leaving this world,
said, "Is this dying? oh, how have I died as an
enemy this smiling friend! To me to die is gain!"

One of my little Sunday scholars when dying, bid
his weeping friends farewell, and then said, "Come,
Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Joseph Kinsley, another little Sunday scholar, when
he knew his end had come, exclaimed, "O God,
now take thy little boy to thyself," and, with a sweet
smile, fell asleep in Jesus.—*Epis. Rec.*

Humility, like the diminutive lily, attracts obser-
vation by its fragrance.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S

ALMANACK

FOR

1840.

Containing Lists of the Members of the Executive
and Legislative Councils and House of Assembly;
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Academies, &c.; Routes and distances to the prin-
cipal towns in the Province, and to St. John, Fre-
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E. Island, in addition to that for Halifax.—May be
had of the Subscriber, and at every respectable
store throughout the province.

C. H. BELCHER.

Halifax, Nov. 1, 1839.

Of 1,222,139 children receiving daily instruction
in England, it appears, from a summary of the re-
turns from all the counties taken from the Parliamen-
tary documents, that only 48,470 are educated in the
schools supported by Dissenters.

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