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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE. Eph. 2 c. 20 v.

VOLUME I. LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1836. NUMBER 15.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

We had visited the beautiful shores of Lake Win-
nipegocsee; had passed through the White Mountains
at the perilous defile, called the 'Notch,' through
which the Saco, till then a placid and gentle stream,
pours its waters in a foaming and impetuous torrent;
had visited, and obtained a stone from the highest
land in the United States, the summit of Mount Wash-
ington; and on Saturday evening, found ourselves at
the little town of P—. Here we passed the night,
and on Sunday morning, there being no Episcopal
Church in the place, we set off in search of one, which
we were told, was about four miles distant, of which
the Rev. Mr. S— was Rector.

It was at the entrance of the village of H—, and
was not as handsome, nor in appearance as comfort-
able, as the barn of many a New-England farmer. The
interior was, if possible even more rude and comfort-
less than the exterior. Wainscot, plaister, or ceiling,
there was none; the frame of the building being
merely sufficiently covered upon the outside, to afford a
shelter from the weather; upon the inside, the beams
and rafters were entirely naked, and among them
the swallows had found a place where they might
build their nests, even thy altars, O Lord of Hosts.
The seats were ranged in rows, upon each side of the
church, leaving the centre vacant; and consisted of
backless benches supported by logs. The pulpit was
built of neatly planed boards, and was occupied by
an aged clergyman, whose venerable appearance, con-
nected with the rudeness of the temple in which he
ministered, carried our minds back forcibly, to the
early ages of Christianity, when a few devoted dis-
ciples of their Lord, would be gathered together in
any place where they might assemble in safety, to
listen with eager attention to the words of eternal
life, from the lips of their pastor.

The congregation too, seemed endued with the sin-
cerity and intensity of devotion, which was so strongly
characteristic of the first believers.

Having been detained upon the road by an acci-
dent, the services had been long commenced when we
arrived, and upon our entrance, they were kneeling
upon the rough, unplanned floor in earnest and humble
application, in that beautiful and deeply devotional
part of our Liturgy, the Litany. There were, I sup-
pose, no more than forty persons present, and of
these scarcely one-third were provided with books,
yet the responses were universal, and uttered with an
animation and an earnestness that I have often vainly
desired to hear in our apparently more highly favour-
ed congregations. There was none of that listless,
apathetic indifference to the services, which is too of-
ten observable among a large portion of a city audi-
ence. There, every one was a worshipper, and
seemed to feel that he was in the presence of his Cre-
ator, and that he was engaged in the most important
of all duties, those pertaining to the welfare of his im-
mortal soul. Humble and sincere, therefore, was the
contrition for past offences, deep and unfeigned the
gratitude for blessings unworthily received, fervent
applications for future grace and favour, and joyous
the songs of praise which ascended to the throne of
God, from the pure hearts of these his affectionate
children. The music was simple but sweet. The
choir consisted of the five daughters of the rector, as-
sisted by two or three male voices. One of the fair
sisters contributed very much to the charms of the sac-
red melodies, by her execution upon the *bass-viol*.

When the services were over, we were surround-
ed and cordially welcomed by the pastor and his peo-
ple, and invited to remain during the Sunday school.
When Mr. F— descended from the pulpit, we found
him to be very lame, very deaf, and partially blind;
and yet he performs the duties of two parishes, six
miles apart, constantly and faithfully. There were

present at the Sunday school about twelve scholars.
They were destitute of all books, except a few tatter-
ed and defaced bibles and prayer-books. The
children seemed to be well instructed in the duties
which the Scriptures inculcate, as well as with the
historical portions of the sacred volume, and a thorough
acquaintance with the prayer-book was universal.

We were told that much prejudice existed in that
part of the country against Episcopacy, and that the
Baptists, who were the prevailing denomination in the
village, were indefatigably, and sometimes among the
younger parishioners, but too successfully labouring
to withdraw them from the faith and worship of their
fathers. This was deeply afflicting to Mr. F—, but
his own exertions and prayers were unremitting for
the preservation of his little flock, 'from all false doc-
trines, heresies and schisms.'

May it please Almighty God, in his good providence,
abundantly to prosper him in his labours, and to make
this humble Church the foundation of many an altar,
which shall be erected for his worship among the sub-
lime hills and lovely vallies of New-Hampshire.

We remained during the evening service, and then
reluctantly declining a kindly urgent invitation to take
our tea with Mr. F— and his worthy family, we
bade them adieu with regret, and retraced our way
to P—.

When we returned to our homes, one of our ear-
liest and most delightful employments, was to collect
a number of prayer-books, suitable lesson books, and
small library, and send them as a token of our remem-
brance and regard to the Church and Sunday school
at H—.

THE NEW HEART.

How could any one who had ever opened the Prayer-
book, assert that the Church does not teach the
necessity of a new heart, in order to salvation, through
faith which is in Christ Jesus? If it were no where
else hinted at, the Collect for Ash-Wednesday would
settle the question. I was one of the congregation in
St. Mary's Church on Ash-Wednesday, when the Rec-
tor commenced the series of Wednesday Lectures,
preparatory to confirmation, which is to take place
there on Easter Sunday. At the close of it, he in-
troduced an analysis and application of that beautiful
Collect. It was based, he said, on the mercy of God,
—declaring every where throughout his holy word,
that he 'hateth nothing that he has made;' a declaration
but for which, as guilty sinners, we should be, of all
created beings, "most miserable." But though he
hates nothing that he has made, he does hate sin, which
man has made, and has declared, "the soul that sinn-
eth it shall die." "How" then "can we escape,"
who have "all sinned, and come short of the glory of
God?" For ever blessed be the glory of his grace,
he will 'forgive the sins of all those who are penitent!'
But it must be true penitence, sincere penitence, real
penitence. We must repent, and turn from all our
transgressions whereby we have transgressed, and
make us 'a new heart, and a new spirit.' The *old*,
the natural heart, loved sin; the *new*, the spiritual heart,
the truly penitent heart, hates and forsakes it. The
old, the natural man, was an enemy to God by wicked
works; the *new*, the spiritual man, must turn to
him, in righteousness and true holiness. How great
the change! How difficult the process! 'Almighty
and everlasting God,' the Collect teaches us to pray,
—do thou, since only thou canst do it, 'create and
make in us new and contrite hearts.' Sometimes the
Holy Scripture calls on us, as by Ezekiel, to make
ourselves 'a new heart and a new spirit.' Some-
times the Holy Scriptures teach us, as by David, to
call upon God to 'create a clean heart, and renew a
right spirit within us.' Sometimes, as in Paul, the
Holy Scripture blends the two, exhorting us to 'work
out our own salvation with fear and trembling, be-
cause God worketh in us to will and to do of his good
pleasure.' The lesson is, that while we can not, God
will not do it, alone. That while he desires it in all,

the Spirit, by whom the gracious transformation is
effected, may be grieved and quenched. That if we
come to him in penitence and faith, 'worthily lament-
ing our sins,'—lamenting them as offences against in-
finite purity and boundless love, — 'and truly acknow-
ledging our wretchedness,'—as 'dead' by nature 'in
trespasses and sins,'—he will 'create and make in us
new and contrite hearts,' and we shall 'obtain' of Him,
who is 'the God of all mercy,'— not because of any
claim that even then we have upon his mercy, but be-
cause his justice is propitiated by the blood and death
of Jesus Christ, made ours by true and lively faith—
'perfect remission and forgiveness through,'—let the
condition, the sole condition of salvation never be lost
sight of!—'Through Jesus Christ our Lord,—' the
Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,'
whose 'blood cleanseth from all sin.'

I give but a rapid sketch of the analysis and appli-
cation of the Collect; yet sufficient to show, beyond
a question, that the Church does teach the *absolute
necessity of a heart*, in order to salvation, through faith
which is in Christ Jesus,— abundantly sufficient to en-
dear the admirable prayer on which it is founded, to
every pious heart. If those who condemn the Prayer-
book, would first understand it, they would be more
likely to commend. If those who cavil against the
Church, would first inquire carefully as to her doc-
trine, discipline and worship, they would rather glori-
fy God in her.—*Missionary.*

KEY OF DAVID.

"And the key of the house of David will I lay upon
his shoulder."—*Isaiah xxii. 22.*

How much was I delighted when I first saw the
people, especially the Moors, going along the streets
with each his key on his shoulder. The handle is
generally made of brass, (though sometimes of silver,)
and is often nicely worked in a device of filagree.
The way it is carried is to have the corner of a ker-
chief tied to the ring; the key is then placed on the
shoulder, and the handkerchief hangs down in front.
At other times they have a bunch of large keys and
then they have half on one side of the shoulder, and
half on the other. For a man thus to march along,
with a large key on his shoulder, shows at once that he
is a person of consequence. "Raman is in great favor
with the Modeliar, for he now carries the key."
"Whose key have you got on your shoulder?" "I
shall carry my key on my own shoulder."

The key of the house of David was to be on the
shoulder of Eliakim, who was a type of him who had
the "government upon his shoulder; the mighty God,
the everlasting Father; the prince of peace."—*Roberts.*

Deistical Historians.—Gibbon, who in his celebra-
ted 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman
Empire,' has left a memorial of his enmity to the
Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where,
with the profits of his works, he purchased a consid-
erable estate. This property has descended to a
gentleman, who out of his rents, expends a large sum
annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which
his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine,
not having had the courage openly to assail it.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would over-
throw the edifice of Christianity, which required the
hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press
which he employed at Ferney for printing his blas-
phemies, was afterwards actually employed at Gene-
va in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus, the very
engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of
the Bible, was employed in disseminating its truths.

It is a remarkable circumstance also, that the first
provisional meeting for the formation of an auxiliary
Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very
room in which David Hume the infidel died.—*Chr. In.*

The way of any man is declarative of the end of that
man. Does my way lead to heaven?

THE MEMORY OF BISHOP RAVENSCKROFT.

By Bishop Doane.

The introduction into the present number, of the venerated name of the late Bishop of North Carolina, suggests the insertion of the following tribute to his memory, which appeared originally in the *New York American*, directly after his decease. It has been often reprinted, and has contracted errors, which in the copy given below, are corrected.

"For he was a good man."

The good old man is gone—
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labours all are done,
And the work that he lov'd the best ;
The good old man is gone—
But the dead in the Lord are bless'd !

I stood in the holy aisle,*
When he spake the solemn word,
That bound him, through care and toil,
The servant of the Lord ;
And I saw how the depths of his manly soul
By that sacred vow were stirred.

And nobly his pledge he kept—
For the truth he stood up alone,
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever, on !
Oh ! deeply and long shall his loss be wept,
The brave old man that's gone.

There were heralds of the Cross, †
By his bed of death that stood,
And heard how he counted all but loss,
For the gain of his Saviour's blood ;
And patiently waited his Master's voice,
Let it call him when he would.

The good old man is gone !
An apostle's chair is void ;
There is dust on his mitre thrown,
And they've broken his pastoral rod ;
And the fold of his love he has left alone,
To account for its care to God.

The wise old man is gone !—
His honoured head lies low,
And his thoughts of power are done,
And his voice's manly flow,
And the pen that, for truth, like a sword was drawn,
Is still and useless now.

The brave old man is gone!—
With his armour on, he fell ; †
Nor a groan nor a sigh was drawn
When his spirit fled, to tell ;
For mortal suffering, keen and long,
Had no power his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone!—
He is gone to his saintly rest,
Where no sorrow can be known,
And no trouble can molest ;
For his crown of life is won,
And the dead in Christ are blessed !

*The Right Rev. John Stark Ravenscroft, D. D., of North Carolina, was consecrated in St. Paul's church, in the city of Philadelphia, on the 22d of May, 1823. He died in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 5th of March, 1830, "without a struggle or distorted feature."

†The Right Rev. Thomas Church Brownell, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut, and the Rev. William Richmond, Rector of St. Michael's, St. James' and St. Mary's churches, New York, on their return from a Missionary tour through the valley of the Mississippi, were in Raleigh, on the 25th of February, and found the dying Bishop "humbly waiting for deliverance

from pain and sin, through the merits of an all-sufficient Saviour."

‡The Bishop was at that time (ten days before his death) employing the little strength he had in revising his MSS. for publication. By them; though dead, he will yet speak !

EXTRACTS

From the Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—for 1834.

Since the beginning of 1834 seventeen additional Committees have been instituted, besides various Associations not formally united to the Society, but contributing a large portion of their collections to its funds, and assisting in the circulation of its Reports. By these means, together with the increased exertions of the Committees previously established, an addition has been made to the Society's resources which was hardly anticipated by the most sanguine of its members. In the year 1832, when his Majesty's Government announced their intention of withdrawing the Parliamentary Grant for the support of the Clergy in British North America, the income of the Society, arising from subscriptions, donations, and parochial collections, was 7,621*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* In the year 1834, the sum received from the same sources was 12,249*l.* 14*s.* And although a portion of this last amount was derived from donations contributed in consequence of the severe distress of the Colonial Clergy, and cannot be reckoned upon as a permanent item of receipt, yet is there reason to hope that the gross income for the year 1835 will not fall short of the sum realized in 1834.

It will be evident, however, upon the most cursory perusal of the following statement, that there is nothing in these facts to abate the exertions of the Society's friends, or to authorize any diminution in the zeal which has been shewn in its behalf. The expenditure in the year ending on the 31st of December last (viz. 29,293*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*) exceeded the ordinary income by the sum of 7,330*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*, and was met by a sale of stock to that amount. In the current year the expenditure will be still greater than in the preceding and the proposed enlargement of the East India Missions, together with the extension of the Society's operations to the West Indies, upon a scale not altogether unsuited to the wants of the emancipated Negroes, will hereafter produce a heavy additional charge.

In order, therefore, to meet the present and future demands upon its funds, the Society throws itself upon the Christian liberality of the British public, with more especial reference to the members of the Established Church. It feels that adequate support cannot be procured until a just sense of what is due from this country to its Colonies, and to the heathen, shall be entertained by the great body of the people. Nor can it expect that help which may enable it to carry its various plans into effect, unless it can render a satisfactory account of the funds already entrusted to its care, and can show that it is proceeding in the sacred task of propagating the gospel throughout the world. By planting Christian Churches among our fellow-countrymen in foreign parts, and supporting them until such time as they may reasonably be expected to support themselves, by procuring the word of God to be faithfully preached to natives of India, and gradually raising up congregations of Christians from among the Hindoos and Mahomedans, the Society endeavours to discharge the arduous duty in which it has engaged. It ventures to hope that a favourable construction will be put upon the different measures which it may adopt with a view to the furtherance of its designs; that due allowance will be made for the extreme difficulties by which its path is beset; and, above all, that the pious and charitable will unite in fervent prayer for that Divine blessing, which can alone cause the seed to swell, and the fruit to ripen, and the harvest to be gathered in its season.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

It was stated in the Report for the year 1833-4, that an arrangement had been entered into between his Majesty's Government and the Society, by virtue of which the existing Missionaries in British North America would receive not less than three-fourths of the salaries which had been paid to them previously to the discontinuance of the Parliamentary Grant; and

while the Society deeply regretted the inconvenience still to be suffered by many excellent men who had no reason to expect so large a deduction from their moderate incomes, it hoped that the deficiency would be generally and cheerfully supplied by the respective congregations. In many instances, especially in the province of Nova Scotia, this expectation has been fulfilled in a satisfactory manner. In Upper Canada also, where the deductions from the salaries of the Missionaries are considerably less than in other places, it is believed that no very serious inconveniences will be suffered; but in the provinces of Lower Canada and New Brunswick, the Society has to regret that no adequate exertions have been made for supplying the wants of the Clergy.

It is due to the Clergy to state, that, with very few exceptions, their submission to the hardships imposed upon them, and their gratitude for the measure of relief which has been obtained, are most exemplary. The distress to which they must have been reduced, if the plan originally contemplated by Government had been carried into effect, would have proved, in many instances, overwhelming. Even now they are exposed to severe privations and will have to struggle, perhaps throughout their lives, with pecuniary embarrassments; yet in a small number of instances only has the Society been abandoned by Clergymen formerly in connection with it; while there are many cases in which it has received assurances of pious resignation to the will of God, of gratitude for the support which is still provided, and of a fixed resolution to persevere, with God's help, in the discharge of those sacred duties to which the life of the Christian Missionary is devoted.

Next to the diminution in the salaries of the Missionaries, there is no part of the retrenchment rendered necessary by the withdrawal of the Parliamentary Grant, which the Society more regrets than that which relates to Schoolmasters and Catechists in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland. Earnest and repeated applications have been made by the Bishop of the diocese for a partial continuance of the allowances formerly made to these persons; but the Society has felt itself compelled to adhere to the determination which has been announced.

With reference to King's College, Windsor Nova Scotia, a different course has been pursued. The scholarships and exhibitions in Nova Scotia have been suppressed, and it is proposed to discontinue the divinity studentships both in the diocese of Quebec and in New Brunswick. It appeared, however, to be a matter of first-rate importance, that there should be one Seminary in the Colonies, to which students in theology might repair, with a view to their future admission into holy orders. The want of such an institution is much increased by recent circumstances, which will increase the difficulty of recruiting the ranks of the Colonial Clergy from the mother country, while the deduction in the salaries of Missionaries renders them unable to defray the expense of a clerical education in Europe for such of their children as may be disposed to become candidates for the ministerial office. The Society (taking these circumstances into consideration, has resolved to continue its annual grant of 500*l.* towards the general expense of the Institution, trusting that, with this assistance, it will be able to provide means for clerical education in the Colonies, and ultimately to contribute, on an extended scale, to the propagation of the Gospel in British North America.

EAST INDIES.

Two remarkable events in connexion with the propagation of the Gospel in India have occurred in the course of the years 1834 and 1835:—the visit of the Bishop of Calcutta to the ancient Protestant Missions in the south; and the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Corrie, late Archdeacon of Calcutta, as Bishop of Madras. From each of these events, the Society confidently anticipates most important advantages, both as regards its own means of sustaining and strengthening the Christian Congregations in India, and still more with reference to the superintendance which will henceforth be exercised over the complicated affairs of the Native Churches.

The Society, as may be supposed, did not fail to take advantage of the presence of the Bishop of Madras in this country, in order to consult him respecting the measures best calculated to promote its object in his diocese, and it had the happiness to be ac-

ured that it might rely upon the continuance of that attention to Missionary operations by which his Lordship's whole course in India has been distinguished. Several resolutions were agreed upon, under the Bishop of Madras's especial sanction; and the Society promised his Lordship, that it would always be ready, as far as circumstances allow, to attend to his valuable suggestions and recommendations, and would require strict obedience to his authority, and respectful deference to his wishes, from all persons under its control.

A communication has been made to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Bishop of Calcutta, stating that her Highness, the Begum Sumroo, now residing in Bengal, had remitted to England the sum of 50,000 rupees, as a donation to such religious society or societies as his grace may be pleased to select; the proceeds of such donation to be laid out in good security, and the interest only to be expended by the societies. It was also stated to be the wish of her Highness that the fund should be called, "The Begum Sumroo's Gift." The Archbishop of Canterbury has been pleased to appropriate the whole of this sum to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It has been invested in the 3 per cents. and will be applied in aid of the Society's expenses in India.

Another contribution on behalf of Missionary establishments has been announced to the Society by the Rev. Dr. Niemeyer, of Halle, in Saxony. He states that there is at his disposal, for the benefit of the Christian Churches and schools in Southern India, a fund amounting to £100 a-year, which sum he proposes to remit to the Society, in order that it may be applied towards the support of such Churches and Schools in the Madras territory, as the Missionaries, with the consent of the Bishop of the diocese, may select; such Missionaries rendering an account of the expenditure to the Society or its representatives in India, and transmitting copies thereof, together with reports of the Missions and schools, to Dr. Niemeyer and his successors at Halle. The Society has thankfully accepted this trust; and has assured Dr. Niemeyer that, if, as he believes, persons properly qualified for the offices of Missionaries to India, and willing to apply for ordination to the Bishops of the Church of England, can be found in the Universities of Germany, it will readily entertain their applications for employment in its service.

DIOCESSES OF JAMAICA AND BARBADOS.

In the autumn of the year 1834, it appeared from statements received from the West Indian Dioceses, that an increased desire for religious instruction had been manifested by the emancipated Negroes; that additional facilities for satisfying that desire were loudly called for; that the spiritual necessities of the people were already pressing heavily upon the means which the Clergy had at their command, and that those means were utterly insufficient to enable them to take advantage of the disposition which existed, both among the proprietors and the working people, to receive from them the benefit of a christian education for their children.

From a consideration of these circumstances, the Society felt itself bound to make a great and immediate effort in behalf of the coloured population in the West Indies, and to occupy the field of spiritual usefulness which Divine Providence had opened to it in that quarter of the world. And since the cost of such an undertaking could not be defrayed from the ordinary resources of the Society, it resolved to raise a general subscription, and procure a King's Letter, requesting general contributions for this purpose. The sum of five thousand pounds was appropriated by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the sum of five thousand pounds by the Society for the Conversion of the Negroes, towards the formation of the proposed fund. Liberal subscriptions were received from many quarters, more especially from the West Indies; and the sum subscribed, independent of the collection now making under the sanction of the King's Letter, amounts to twenty-nine thousand pounds.

It has been determined to apply one half of the money eventually received to the erection of Schools and maintenance of schoolmasters, and the other to the erection and enlargement of churches and chapels, and to the sending out and maintaining of clergymen and catechists, on condition that, in every in-

stance, one half at least of the salaries of such clergymen, and catechists, and schoolmasters, shall be defrayed from other funds than those of the Society, and that the charge shall cease altogether, so soon as the Colonies shall be able to defray the expenses from their own funds.

Immediately after the formation of the West India Fund, application was made to the Bishops of Jamaica and Barbados for information respecting the wants of their respective dioceses, and similar inquiries were made from Mr. Archdeacon Spenser respecting the Bermudas, which are in the Diocese of Nova Scotia. In reply to this communication, the Bishop of Jamaica furnished the Society with a copy of his answer to the questions circulated by Government in 1834, and with reports which he had received from different parishes under his jurisdiction. The Bishop of Barbados, upon his return to the West Indies, in the spring of the present year, 1835, prepared and circulated among his Clergy a set of queries, which he has forwarded to the Society, together with answers returned to a considerable portion of them, and general reports from the greater part of his Diocese. Many of these documents from Jamaica and Barbados, together with extracts from an important letter from Mr. Archdeacon Spenser, will be found in the Appendix.

Authority has been given, both to the Bishops of Jamaica and Barbados, and to Archdeacon Spenser, to make grants for the building and enlarging of churches, chapels and schools; and also to engage clergymen, catechists, and schoolmasters, to be placed upon the Society's list. Seven clergymen, or candidates for orders, have been sent out already to Barbados; and of the latter, five have been ordained since the arrival of the Bishop of the island. His Lordship has also made grants for building chapels and schools to the amount of £5000. The Bishop of Jamaica, who is about to set sail on his return to the Colonies, will be followed by at least an equal number of clergymen, or candidates for orders; and there can be no doubt that the demand upon the Society for chapels and schools, in his Lordship's diocese, will prove as numerous as those which have been received from Barbados.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Liturgy among the Australasians.—A Missionary, witnessing for the first time a congregation of Christian New Zealanders, thus describes the scene. It is a gladdening sight to see and hear the Natives at prayers. Religious worship is generally conducted by a baptized native Christian. Their language conveys in its tones something peculiarly devotional. The Confession, the Lord's Prayer, and other parts of our beautiful Liturgy, sound, in the native tongue, really awe-inspiring. Every morning and evening, the chief and the slave, the once cannibal-warrior, and the smiling babe, are to be found together prostrate before the mercy-seat of their God and Saviour. If any one's heart wants animating toward Missions, he should witness this sight: if he did not soften, he must be, indeed, harder than the nether millstone. We can now adopt the language of the Prophet: *From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous!*—*Gam. Obs.*

Sunday School Anniversary.—The anniversary celebration of the Sunday schools in this city and Brooklyn, in connection with the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, took place in St. John's Chapel on Thursday, the 6th ult. Divine service was performed by the Rev. J. M. Forbes, Rector of St. Luke's, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Smith, Rector of St. Peter's. The Bishop and a large number of the clergy who took no active part in the duties of the day, being seated in the chancel, the teachers in attendance with their respective classes, filled the body of the Church, while the galleries were occupied by a congregation anxious to testify, by their presence, the interest which they felt in the occasion. The number of teachers present was 252, and the number of scholars 1980.

In the afternoon the celebration was continued at St. Thomas' Church, on which occasion the other moiety of the Sunday schools was present, embracing 257 teachers, and 1847 scholars. At this time the sermon

was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hart, and service was read by the Rev. Dr. Creighton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Walker. The solemnities of the day were highly gratifying, and calculated to afford the most delightful encouragement to persevere with new spirit in these interesting labors.—*Churchman.*

Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton.—Perhaps few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact that many who have sat down to read the sacred volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind the following are selected as related by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph. The effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection, which was afforded to his apostles, was very remarkable. He and his friend, Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the conversion of Paul for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice and contempt for christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their efforts to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament over their own folly, and to felicitate each other on the joint conviction that the Bible was the word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two of the most valuable treatises in favor of revelation, one entitled 'Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul,' and the other 'Observations on the Resurrection of Christ.'

Dr. Bloomfield's Greek Testament.—We stated a few weeks since, that a second edition of this valuable work had lately been published in England. We are happy to add, on the authority of the following communication, that the work is to be republished in this country.

Mr. Editor,—A letter, which I have just received from the Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, editor of the Greek Testament, with critical and exegetical notes, contains information in which theological students are particularly interested, and which I have no doubt you will cheerfully communicate to them through the medium of the Churchman.

A second edition of this valuable work was published in England early in December last; and with the author's consent, "a reprint of this edition is to be brought out by Messrs. Perkins, Marvin & Co., of Boston, to whom two copies were sent" previously to December 16th. The laborious author states that "this edition has cost him infinite pains, indeed little short of that bestowed on the first," that "no inconsiderable part is either new, or in a manner rewritten, or at least remoulded." Those who are accustomed to literary exercises of this kind, will readily believe that this is not the language of exaggeration. The student of the New Testament who purchases Dr. Bloomfield's work, should be careful to procure the second edition.

It may further interest the lovers of the Bible and of antiquity, to know that the same learned writer is occupying his leisure time in preparing a critical edition of Josephus. This work will be a valuable accession to the library of the theological student, who ought to be familiar with the writings of the great father of Jewish history.—*Churchman.*

Cause and Effect.—"I don't drink because I love it, but because it does me good; I can leave off any time." This remark was made by a man about five years ago, who was then called a temperate drinker. No one, with the exception of a very few of his most intimate friends, entertained either suspicion or fear of his habits. Within a short time he has been picked up in the streets a miserable drunkard, where he must have perished with the cold, if no one had more compassion on him than the rum-seller who made him so. Unless interrupted, a cause will always produce its legitimate effects. No man was ever born a drunkard.—*Banner.*

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

On presenting her a Bible.

No diamond bright, or ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child, I give;
These are vain toys that please awhile,
But like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear,
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee:
Oh, may it to thy spirit be
What it has been to mine.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire;
A faithful monitor to warn,
Its purity thy soul adorn,
Its promises inspire.

Willis.

TRUE COURAGE.

"Coward! coward!" said James Lawton to Edward Wilkins, as he pointed his finger at him.

Edward's face turned very red and the tears started in his eyes, as he said, "James Lawton, don't call me a coward."

"Why don't you fight John Taylor then, when he dares you? I would not be dared by any boy."

"He is afraid," said Charles Jones, as he put his finger in his eye and pretended to cry.

"He is afraid," said Edward; and he looked almost ready to give up; for John Taylor came forward and said, "Come on then, and show that you are not afraid."

A gentleman passing by, said: "Why do you not fight the boy? tell me the reason."

The boys all stood still, while Edward said, "I will not do a wicked thing, sir, if they do call me a coward."

"That is right, my noble boy," said the gentleman. "If you fight with that boy, you really disgrace yourself, and will show that you are more afraid of the laugh and ridicule of your companions, than of breaking the commandments of God."

"It is more honourable to bear an insult with meekness, than to fight about it."

"Beasts and brutes, which have no reason, know of no other way to avenge themselves; but God has given you understanding, and though it be hard to be called a coward, and to submit to indignity and insult, yet remember the words of the wise man, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.'"

"Suppose you fight with this boy, and your companions all call you a brave fellow, what will this be when we are called to stand before God?"

"Many a poor deluded man has been drawn in to accept a challenge and fight a duel to show his bravery, and thus displayed to all that he was a miserable coward, who was afraid of the sneer and laugh of his companions. Rather follow the example of that brave soldier, who, when he was challenged to fight, said, 'I do not fear the cannon's mouth, but I fear God.'"

For the Colonial Churchman.

FALSEHOOD AND DECEIT.—No. 3.

Whatever may be the maxims or the practices of those around you, or whatever unhappily may have been your case, learn and feel that the God of truth requires each of us if we would (through Christ) be woeed, and if by the holy influence of God's spirit we desire to please Him—to practise and speak truth, and to abhor all deceit.

Pride falls unpitied—never more to rise,
Humility is crowned, and Truth receives the prize—
Quit dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies.

It is obvious that a mere desire to please, or a fear to offend others, perpetually induces a concealment of the truth, or the assertion of falsehood.—While the Persians of old, were a brave and manly people, one of two things which they invariably taught their youth to consider as preeminently important, was, to speak the Truth. Late travellers, however, among that degenerated people, inform us, that "they

consider it their duty to please; and, to effect this, they forget all sentiments of honor and good faith." And what is the sad result? The first lesson which the children of the modern Persians now learn is, to practise deceit. If a stranger should evince suspicion, they sometimes exclaim—"Believe me! for though I am a Persian, I speak the truth." What a sad falling off is here; brought about probably by gradually falling away from the noble standard of former times, for in nations as in individuals, no one suddenly becomes depraved, or as we used to repeat at school, "nemo repente frict turpissimus."

But to view another side of the picture; there is an Island in the Pacific Ocean, the inhabitants of which are so addicted to truth, that it was found difficult to explain to them what is a lie! In this case at any rate we may exclaim with Gray,

Where Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

I fear, Messrs. Editors, but an undue proportion of your readers in these days of false politeness and miscalled refinement, possess that blissful ignorance!

These, reader, are but a very few of the numerous arguments and reasons in favour of Truth; and practice and observation shew her to be her own vindicator. Shun Falsehood, "pass not by" it. The sailor trims his sails, and shapes his course at the very earliest indications of the coming storm; the inhabitant of climates which reptiles invest, fly their most distant approach. Check, therefore, trifling with Truth even in slight matters, for

"Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferred
Than one who ever breaks his word?"

SIGMA.

From the London Friendly Visiter.

THE DYING ROBBER.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." (Heb. iv. 12.)

During the awful visitation of the cholera, a clergyman, after a day spent in ministering the support and comfort of the gospel to many a sick and dying soul, had retired early to his bed, hoping to enjoy for a few hours the repose which he so much needed. He lay still for some time, but could not sleep, the scenes he had witnessed that day, the countenances of the dying, some racked with agonizing pain, and some in the livid death-like torpor of the collapsed state, still seemed before him; and a nervous feverishness from this excitement, banished sleep from his eye-lids. Oh! thought he, "that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." (Deut. xxxii. 29.) "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound of the Gospel: (Psalm lxxxix. 15,) they shall walk, O Lord in the light of thy countenance; and when they pass through the valley of the shadow of death, they will fear no evil: for thou wilt be with them; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort them;" (Psalm xxxiii. 4.) and he shuddered at the fearful contrast which that day presented to him, in the case of too many. The clock struck twelve, and he had just fallen into a slumber, when a knock at the hall door aroused him; he heard it opened and in a few minutes his servant entered the room. "Sir, there is a man below who says he must speak with you." "Ask him his name and business." "He says, Sir, he must speak to yourself." Mr. T—— rose, dressed himself in haste, and went into the hall. The man stood close to the door. Mr. T—— held the light to his face, which he seemed rather anxious to hide. He had a frightful countenance. "What do you want with me, said the clergyman. "I want you to come to a dying man, who wishes to speak to you." "What is his complaint?" "Cholera." Mr. T—— hesitated, and at length said, "I cannot go with you, you do not even tell your name, nor the place to which you would lead me; I should fear to trust my life in your hands." "You need not fear," said the stranger; "What end would it serve to take your life? come with me, take no money with you, and on my honor you are safe." Mr. T—— gave another glance at the man, and the word honor, connected with the appearance of such a being, made him smile. "Sit down,"

said he, 'I will go with you.' He went again to his chamber, committed himself to the care of his heavenly Father, prayed for his blessing on the intended visit to the dying man, and felt so strengthened and assured by this communion with heaven, that he seemed to have lost all fear of accompanying his ferocious-looking guide.

He followed the man through many streets of the large and populous city; at length they came to a street long and narrow, with houses bespeaking wretchedness, and well known as a quarter of the town remarkable for the vice as well as poverty of its inhabitants. Mr. T—— followed his guide into a long and dirty entry, which ended in a square: he there stopped, and took out of his pocket a knife, with which he began to scrape away some earth from the ground. "I can go no farther with you," said the clergyman, but considering he was already as much in the power of the man as he could be in any possible situation, his courage revived, and he watched with intense interest the movements of his strange companion. After some time he opened a small trap door, which led to a vault of considerable depth. "Fear not," said the man, as he let himself down by a rope fastened at the inside. Mr. T—— felt at this moment the awful horror of his situation; he could have fled, but he knew the man would soon overtake him, and in the dark he could scarcely find his way back. He therefore determined to proceed; and committing himself again to the protection of the Almighty, he watched at the edge of the pit until he saw a light glimmer within it, and the man place a ladder firmly, which he ascended a few steps, and entreated the clergyman to descend, assuring him again of his safety. He did descend into this pit of darkness, which reminded him of the descent of the prophet into the den of lions; for at the bottom stretched upon the ground, he beheld a number of men, savage and ferocious as beasts of prey, who raising their haggard countenances, stared wildly upon him. The man then led the clergyman into the farthest end, where, in a corner, stretched upon straw, lay a man dying of cholera. Here was a picture of humane nature brought to the last extremity of wretchedness, cramped in every limb, his eyes sunk and hollow, and his skin exhibiting the black hue attendant on this awful malady when there is scarcely a hope of recovery. Mr. T—— had been used to patients in this dreadful malady, but here was one in such a state as he had never before witnessed. "Did you wish to see me?" he asked the dying man. "I did," he replied in a clear and distinct tone. "Why do you wish to see me?" "Because," said the man, "some short time ago I wandered into your church, and heard you read what I want you to read to me again; I want to hear it before I die. Oh! it has never left my mind—night and day it sounded in my ear. I thought I could hide myself from God; but the darkness hideth not from him: he has found me out! he has laid his hand heavily upon me; and soon shall I appear before him, covered over with my crimes. And did not I hear you say, Sir, that God would slay the wicked—that he would say, Depart from me ye bloody men. O God, I have sinned against thee; thou art just; there can be no hope for a wretch like me." Every nerve in his body seemed convulsed with agony; and he fixed his eyes eagerly on the clergyman, waiting anxiously to hear again that portion of Scripture which had first convinced him of his sin. "Tell me some verses that will bring it to my memory," said the clergyman. "Oh! it told me," said the dying man; "that God knew my down-sitting and mine up-rising; that he understood my thoughts; that he compassed my path, and my lying down; and was acquainted with all my ways; there was not a word in my tongue but God knew it altogether. That if I could climb into heaven, he was there, if I went down into hell he was there also." The clergyman then knew it was the 139th Psalm that had carried conviction of sin into this poor sinner's heart; and he prayed that this might be the work of the Holy Spirit; and taking out his Bible, read it.

"Oh that is it, that is it," said the dying man in a low voice; "thank God I have heard it again." The clergyman then said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," (1 Tim. i. 15.) "To save sinners," said he, "but oh! not such a sinner as I have been." "Yes, such as you," said the cler-

gyman: 'hear what comfortable words are here' If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins.' (1 Joh. ii. 1, 2.) Hear what God says: 'Come now, let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' (Isaiah i. 18.) 'How, how?' said the man eagerly, 'What must I do to be saved?' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved' (Heb. vii. 25.) Your past sins shall not condemn you. 'Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' (Acts. xvi. 21.) The man stretched out his hands with upraised eyes, as if imploring mercy—'God be merciful to a poor sinner,' he faintly uttered, and at that moment his soul departed.

The clergyman looked around him; the light of the glorious gospel can illumine even this dungeon of darkness and horror, thought he: on him who lay in darkness and the shadow of death, has this light now shined. The rest of the men had kept at a distance from the idea that something mysterious must pass between a dying mortal and his spiritual instructor, which others were not to hear, 'corrupted as their minds are, from simplicity that is in Christ.' (2 Cor. ii. 3.) But he determined not to depart without a word of exhortation to them; and coming forward into the midst of them, he spoke to them of the awful state in which they were sunk; invited them also to come to Jesus, and obtain from him a full and free pardon for all their past offences. 'You know not, my fellow-sinners,' said he, 'how soon each of you may be summoned, like that poor man, before the awful bar of God! Cholera is sweeping the city from one end to the other. There is contagion in that corpse. I know not but this may be the last time I may have an opportunity of declaring the gospel to poor perishing sinners. I am a dying man addressing men. But Oh! let the love of Christ, who poured out his blood upon the cross to save lost sinners, speak to you and urge you to quit this pit of destruction—a faint type of that hell to which sin must lead you. Return to habits of honest industry. Nothing but idleness and crime could have brought you into this place.' 'It is true,' said the man who led him there, 'it was crime brought us here—We are a gang of robbers; our lives, Sir, are in your hands; but as a minister of religion I depend on your not betraying us. We could not get employment—no one would trust us.' 'Trust in the Lord,' said the clergyman; 'hear his words; 'Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands that which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.' Eph. iv. 28. Farewell, we may never meet again in this world; but a time will come when we shall meet—and oh! on that awful day may I find that this message of mercy has been blessed to all your souls.' The man conducted the clergyman until he was past the dark narrow street, and could find his way easily to his home; where he returned with sensations of astonishment, at the strange and almost romantic scene he had witnessed—it almost appeared to him like a dream, but blessing God for sending him as a messenger to declare the gospel to that poor sinner, to bind up his broken heart, and proclaim liberty to this wretched bond-slave of Satan.

What an important testimony does this afford to the efficacy of God's word, when applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit. The word of God was in this case quick and powerful; it was sharper than any two-edged sword; it pierced even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; and was a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart; (Heb. iv. 12.) like what was said of the Samaritan woman, it 'told this robber all that ever he did.'

This is no fictitious narrative; it is the truth, however romantic it may seem; and oh! how does it speak its awful language to those who would keep Scriptures from the people.

Reader, if you have not already obtained pardon, and felt its peace, you need it as much as this poor robber. O seek it 'while it is called to-day.' (Heb. iii. 13.) 'Him that cometh unto me,' saith the blessed Saviour, 'I will in no wise cast out.' (John vi. 37.)

Faith in Christ is the only true source of good works; and this is not a faith of the head, but of the heart.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

In surveying the present condition of Asia Minor, there is nothing so remarkable as that of the Seven Churches, which formed a glorious constellation in the primitive Church. They are thus described by their latest and most able historian:

"To Ephesus," he says, "shorn of her religious ardor, and fallen from her first love, the extinction of the light and influence of Christianity was foretold; and the total subversion of both Church and City followed as the punishment of her impenitence. There is now no trace of the faith that was once preached; the candlestick has been removed from the station where it was planted by apostles; the traveller looks down from the heights of Prion, Corissus, and Pactyas, upon a scene of solitude and desolation; all is silence, except when occasionally interrupted by the seabird's cry, the barking of the Turcoman's dog, or the impressive tones of the Muezzin from the ruined towers of Aisaluk; and the remains of the temples, churches and palaces of Ephesus, are now buried beneath the accumulated sands of the Cayster. The Sardians and Laodicians were found degenerate and lukewarm; and to a similar doom of subversion they were to be subject. There are now no christians in either. A few mud huts in Sart represent the ancient splendour of Croesus; and the nodding ruins of its ancient Acropolis, with the colossal tumuli of the Lydian kings, impressively teach the littleness of man, and the vanity of human glory. But in Laodicea the scene is far more cheerless and dreary. No human being resides among its ruins; the abandonment threatened has indeed overtaken it; and neither Christ nor Mohammed has either temple or follower upon its site. The fate of Pergamos an Thyatira has not been so severe; but the foretold apostasies here triumphed over evangelical truth, and they now groan beneath Turkish cruelty and despotism. But the fortunes of Smyrna and Philadelphia have most remarkably corresponded with the disclosures of the apocalypse. In every age that has revolved, they have experienced an 'hour of temptation;' the heathen priest, the Roman emperor, and the Turkish handit, successively inflicted the tribulations announced: while, notwithstanding the devastations of war, earthquakes, and persecution, according to the original promise, the faith has survived in both cities the injuries it has suffered."

Little more of the Christian Church exists at Smyrna and Philadelphia, than the form and name. The light is extinguished; only the candlestick remains. But the light which shone upon the Waldenses, when the rest of the world was shrouded in gloom, was brought from the golden candlesticks of lesser Asia. In after ages, when the Seven Churches were suffering the righteous judgments of God, this light shone bright upon the waters of the Rhone, and into the deep neighbouring valleys of Savoy.

Usher's habit of Catechising.—"He found the fruit of this to be very great and pleasing, even among the ordinary sort of people, upon their coming to receive the Lord's Supper; because they, bringing in their names, had constantly some account taken of their fitness, which was found to be considerable, and to derive itself very much from frequent catechising. He used constantly to have his own family instructed every Friday in the afternoon, for a full hour together, and the younger part of his auditors every Lord's day before the evening prayer and sermon. He found catechising an excellent way 'to build up souls in the most holy faith,' and that none were more sound and serious Christians, than those who were well instructed in these fundamental principles. This was the way Reformation was advanced in Europe, and Christianity in the primitive days: and this will be found the principal way to keep them alive, to maintain their vigor and flourish. The first Reformers from the Popish defection laboured abundantly in this, and saw and rejoiced in the great success thereof. It is affirmed by Hegesippus, in his ecclesiastical history, 'That by virtue of catechising, there were few nations in the world, (I think he says none) but had received an alteration in their heathenish religion within forty years after the passion of Christ.' And I have read it as a usual complaint of some Jesuits, 'That they found there was but little hope of bringing back to the Romish Church, or of unsettling or decomposing such Reformed Churches as were constant and serious in the use of catechising.'"

From the Christian Witness.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—James i. 22.

I am not one of those light and airy beings who have the faculty of rendering themselves invisible, like the inhabitants of fairy land, or the genii of Eastern story; but am a substantial reality, and possess organs of sight and hearing. So quietly and inoffensively do I use them, however, that people seem to think of me, as they practically do of little children, that they are both blind and deaf, and therefore cannot be contaminated by the examples of deed and word, which are so often manifested in their presence.—Thus I become a spectator of much which passes current in the world for piety; but which, if tried in the crucible of the gospel, would evaporate into a mere shadow, and become such stuff as dreams are made of:—a religion, which plays around the imagination, but is not incorporated with the life.

In this privileged character, I was a few days since admitted into a household, where all bore the name of Christ. Four ladies of the family, upon whose cheeks the roses of youth had faded, were swallowing their hasty meal, and conversing with great earnestness of the astonishing gifts of an itinerant preacher, who was then holding a four weeks' meeting in the community, which they attended day and night. They talked as if he was little less than an Apostle; as if his name, and religion, were synonymous. To differ from him was heresy; and to abstain from hearing him, and joining in his measures and machinery, was to oppose every thing good. I sat listening to their denunciations, and comparing them with that blessed spirit of charity, so beautifully and eloquently described by the Apostle, in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, which "thinketh no evil." In the midst of them, a lady entered, one of those visions of love and goodness, which but occasionally light upon our earth. She had pursued the "even tenor of her way," and let the torrent of novelty and fanaticism pass by her. But these zealous adherents, overwhelmed her with descriptions of the talent and eloquence of this 'new light,' and "Why have you not attended upon his preaching?" was the unanimous question.

'The cares of my family,' replied she meekly, 'absorb much of my time. My little children are at that tender age, when they require a mother's watchful eye to form their habits rightly, and to lead their young affections into a proper channel. The Lord has placed them under my stewardship; and I have no right to abandon the charge, or resign it into the hands of those, who would be less interested, and therefore less vigilant. In a month they might imbibe contamination; which it would require years to counteract. The young mind is so pliant, that it may be moulded into any likeness; and we be to the mother, who, not feeling her infinite responsibility, leaves her charge to hirelings; or neglects to stamp upon the infant character, the image of her Lord and Saviour.'

'I called,' continued the gentle visiter, 'to bring something to tempt the appetite of your poor invalid. Can I see her?'

'Yes! you will find her in her chamber. I don't think she can continue many days. But do attend the meeting this afternoon, you will find it very interesting.'

'Thank you. I must try to see your neighbour. Mrs. White, who is very ill of a fever.'

'Indeed! I did not know she was sick.'

'I am surprised at that. She has been helpless for a fortnight, and you know is very poor.'

'Well, I believe you go about doing good. The bell will ring at the appointed hour. You had better go to meeting.'

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only," was the exhortation which forced itself upon my mind.

Our benevolent visiter ascended to the apartment of the invalid, who was one of those fatherless ones, which are especially commended to the care and kindness of God's people. She was alone. The chamber of sickness was also the chamber of solitude. A smile irradiated her sunken features when Mrs. Harlowe entered.

'You come like an angel of light to me,' said she, 'to comfort my poor frail body, and to sustain my sinking spirit. It is desolate to be here, hour after hour alone. I feel like a prisoner, upon whom the jailor looks three or four times a day, when he hands him his solitary meal.'

'But the compassionate Jesus is with you?' said the pitying Mrs. Harlowe.

'Oh yes! I love though to look upon a human face—to hear the soft accents of the human voice. I cannot read, and nature has become so feeble, that I cannot think. I want some one to speak to me of the promises, to tell me of my Saviour. The neighbours are generally very kind, but since the 'meeting' commenced, they are mostly engrossed in attendance upon that, and I have sometimes feared that I might die alone.'

'I may be absent from home two or three hours, and I will stay with you,' said Mrs. Harlowe.

'Thank you! thank you! thank God for sending you.'

The pious lady who thus endeavoured to manifest the kind spirit of her Lord, sat by the poor victim of consumption, adjusted her pillow, administered to her wants, repeated the promises of God as she could bear them, and when she was disposed to sleep, held a hand between the gentle pressure of her own, to give assurance of her wakeful presence—as the tender and protecting mother soothes her timid and trembling child.

The invalid slept long and sweetly, and when she woke, opened her eyes with an inquiring look.

'I am here,' said Mrs. Harlowe.

'Oh I have been in heaven!' exclaimed the dying girl, 'and I heard the music of angelic harps—'Holy! holy! holy!' And I tried to imitate their harmony, but could not. In my despair and agony you came to me, clothed in white, and singing a new song—the song of the redeemed. I caught it from your lips. My spirit seemed to expand and grow as I gave utterance to the notes of praise and blessing—my whole soul was bathed in melody. I hear it still! I breathe the heavenly air! 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever.'"

A more than mortal joy irradiated the face of the invalid, as with a strong and clear voice, she poured forth the rapture of her spirit. And then, in notes, musical as if they had been born in heaven, she commenced that beautiful hymn of Pope's,—'The dying Christian to his soul.'

Mrs. Harlowe stood spell-bound. She dared not interrupt her. She felt as if the poor sufferer was about to be translated from earth to heaven—the last journey, so short, but so full of meaning and mystery. It was a solemn thought. She was alone amid the imposing secrets, and appalling terrors of death. She was alone with one, who was about to exchange her mortal drapery, for the wings and habiliments of an angel, and experience that most sudden and inscrutable transition, from human, to a heavenly nature.

She sunk upon her knees, and commended the departing soul unto Him who gave it. The song was finished, and the spirit ascended, breathing forth, like the fabled swan, the music of its own requiem.

[We commend the foregoing extract to the notice of those who spend much time in what may be called *religious dissipation*, to the neglect oftentimes of christian and social duties.]—Ed. C. C.

From the Christian Observer for April.

ARCHDEACON WIX.

Many parts of Newfoundland are so rarely visited, and so difficult of access, that very little is known of them in the mother country; but Archdeacon Wix, having felt it his duty to make an extensive journey in his spiritual capacity, has supplied in this little volume much interesting information respecting them. His visitation was made under great difficulties, and his diary sometimes under greater. His ink was constantly freezing; and paper was often wanting; for, as his whole baggage for travelling was restricted by his guide to fourteen pounds, he could not carry out any great stock of that, or any other article; and in many places he might as reasonably have expected to find a gas-lamp to write by, as a sheet of paper. Indeed, he would have been altogether destitute at some stations but for some boxes of it which had been dispersed along the shore from various wrecks. The restriction in the weight of his baggage, which was confined to his knapsack, was necessary, as the journey must, for the most part, be performed on foot, in tangled woods, or across slippery cliffs, or upon broken ice, or over deep-sinking snow—which shewed only the tops of the trees above its surface, and sometimes not so much as these—and frequently with the incumbrance of enormous snowshoes, which rendered travelling painfully fatiguing. The luxury of a comfortable bed was a rare occurrence; much as it might have been coveted after the sharp winds, black fogs, and intense cold of a severe day's journey; Fahrenheit's thermometer being sometimes more than thirty degrees below the freezing point. The pain and inflammation of the eyes, caused by the cold and slanting beams of the sun upon the snow, often threatened blindness; and our traveller could not recognise his own swollen face when he saw it casually in a piece of broken looking-glass, after a few days' exposure to the weather.

We frequently meet with such memoranda as the following, of a day's visitational labours:—

"Thursday, March 5.—Was up before day-light, and after full service, administered the holy communion to a respectable old planter, who had for many years been desiring such an opportunity. A snow-storm prevented my proceeding to-day to Harbour Beaufit, upon long Island, where I was very anxious to visit a family whom I had known at Petty Harbour, near St. John's. I did not allow it, however, to prevent my walking by Red Cove and Black Cove to Famish Gut, which I reached by ten, A. M., and assembled nine adults, besides children, at the winter-house of Thomas Upshore, where I held full service, and baptized two children. It was providential that a man, who lived some two miles from his summer-house, in the interior, in a spot which it would have been most difficult, nay, quite impracticable, to have found, in the untracked snow, which was falling fast at the time, should have come out for some family supplies to his summer house, just as I reached the Harbour. He was delighted at the encounter, and was rejoiced at the opportunity of introducing to the little settlement a minister of his church. By one, P. M. as the weather cleared up, I left this place, and took the ice upon a level lead of ponds, expecting to find my way to the adjoining settlement of Pinch Gut. There I learned were some persons who had recently settled from the West of England, and I wished much to visit them; but we missed our point, and were benighted, and as, through the gross negligence of my guide, we had proceeded without a hatchet, our situation was one of danger, the night being extremely cold. On coming out, however, after dark, to the salt water, I discovered upon the snow, by the land wash, a gunner's track. This led us by nine P. M., much fatigued, to a house, which we found, contrary to our expectations, to be at Big Chance Cove, in Trinity Bay. Here I heard, to my comfort, that one Kelly, a regular pilot, who had last winter walked round the head of Placentia Bay, the route on which I now was, and had received 18l. for his journey, declared that he would not undertake such a trip again for 50l. My dog howled, as I walked to-day, from fatigue; and, whenever I stopped to look about me, or set my compass, he would scratch about and make himself a bed for a few minutes' repose in the soft snow."

The following is another specimen of a day's archidiaconal tour in Newfoundland:—

"Friday, March 13.—Went off on a bitter cold morning, in a bait skiff, two hours' sail to Clatter's Harbour, at the back of the Isle of Valen. The slob and swish ice becoming thicker, prevented our getting up the arm; walked, in consequence, to the head of the north-east passage, by thickly wooded 'gulshes' three miles or more; thence across a neck of land to Chandler's Harbour in Paradise Sound, about one mile; thence I went along the hills by the shore, towards the south-east bight, which I had hoped to reach by night. We got benighted, however; the moon became obscured, and as a drift came on, with a drizzling snow and rain, we made a night fire. For feeding this, we felled in the course of the night, a sufficient quantity of spruce and birch to have made a most shady retreat in a space equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there we waited for the dawn. This is a more accurate account of such a night, than it would be to record that we had slept in the woods; for the traveller, lying on a few fir branches upon the snow, freezes on one side, while the blazing flame scorches him on the other. I did not, at this early period of my cruise, understand so well, as I afterwards did, the plan of making a fire in the woods; and in my hurry to greet the welcome sight of a cheerful fire, by which I might break the fast which I had kept since seven in the morning, I had neglected the necessary preliminary of digging out a hole in the eight feet of snow, which were on the ground. The immense fire which we kindled, for want of this precaution, continued to melt down the snow, lower and lower by degrees, till, before the dawn of morning, I was left to the action of the piercing winds, on the top of a bank of snow, the fire being in a hole much below my level, and only benefiting me by its smoke, which threatened to blind, as well as to stifle me. I may mention, that the first tree which I felled nearly demolished my faithful dog which accompanied me; as it fell across the terrified creature's loins; the soft newly fallen snow, however, offered no resistance to his body, but sunk under its weight, so that he received no injury."

On another day we read—

"Wednesday, May 13.—Proceeded down the eastern shore. In several places I was up to my arms in water, in getting round points of rock which it was impossible to climb. In some places I had to leap from rock to rock, over such chasms as alarmed my dog, from my frequent falls—now upon the icy crag, and at another time upon the slimy beach rock, on which my seal-skin boots, saturated with wet, gave me a most insecure tread. I was for several days afterwards unable to rest my elbow upon a table, and was, in other respects, very stiff, and, what was a greater inconvenience than all, as it only admits of reparation in England, I ruined my watch, from getting it wet in the salt water, which immediately rusted it. I had kept it, too, in a side pocket, of my coat, above my waist. The snow was so deep in the woods, and the tangled brush of the forest so harassing, where I did succeed in climbing the cliffs, to avoid the deep water round any of the projecting points of rock, that I was frequently near fainting from fatigue. At length, however, I thank God, I reached a house at the isthmus. I was quite as glad to see it, I am convinced, as the crew of a vessel wrecked last year, near Red Island, to the westward, off the mouth of St. George's Bay, could have been when they reached it. It was a walk indeed, in which it would have been a tempting of God to have engaged knowingly. The humane attentions of a worthy Englishman, Charles Vincent, and his excellent wife, a native, soon restored me. I had a fine view of a patch fox in my walk, saw several seals, and some of those very beautiful birds, called by the people of Newfoundland 'lords and ladies.'"

He had occasion to visit Vincent and his wife about a fortnight after, in almost as wretched a plight as before—

"My nerves had become so shattered by my late exertions, that, on the sight of dizzy precipices in my way, I would sometimes burst into involuntary tears, and experience all the premonitory symptoms of fainting. On one of these occasions, when hanging by my fingers and knees on the edge of a steep cliff, from which a fall, which seemed inevitable, must have been fatal, these sensations came on, and I felt as though I was just fainting! I closed my eyes to the danger, and in the kneeling posture it

which of necessity I was at the time, I put up an ejaculatory prayer, and I felt the blood revisit my heart; my nerves were instantly reinvigorated, and supported by an invisible arm, I was enabled to reach the bottom in safety. Before night I reached my kind friends the Vincents, little less fatigued than when I dropped in upon them before."

Extract from the Rev. H. J. Fitzgerald's Report.
Bonavista, Feb. 24, 1835.

One remarkable case has occurred, that of John Cuff, jun., who having been very seriously awakened at church on Good Friday evening, was soon after led away into the extravagances by which he was surrounded, and found a false peace of a most brief continuance. Hearing of his case, I went immediately to see him, and found him sunk in deep despondency. Entered into conversation with him, and shewed him the folly of looking for true spiritual and scriptural comfort in such wild heats and fancies as those into which he had been led. Read to him the second chapter of Acts, and explained it. Pointed out the conversion of the jailor, Paul, Lydia, &c., and the means whereby they were effected; and the spiritual marks and accompaniments of true conversion. Shewed him the error of looking for assurance of pardon, instantaneously, in every case. Shewed him the scriptural ground for pardon, &c. from Rom. viii. 1: "There is therefore now no condemnation," &c. Then I adverted to the state of his mind, and pointed out the great and precious promises of pardon and acceptance with God, through Christ alone, without our works or merits to purchase them. Insisted on the love of God and Christ, and their willingness to save every repenting and returning sinner. Pointed out the blood of the Saviour: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," though red as scarlet and deep as crimson. By these things he was much comforted, through God's grace; was very punctual and constant in devout attendance on the means of grace; and has been, I humbly trust, now for some time in a fair way of religious life and hope, through Christ.

We ought to be full of thankfulness to God that the partial restoration of our salary has freed us from much difficulty and discomfort.

The discontinuance of the Reader's salaries has caused much difficulty and uneasiness among the people. The deserving inhabitants of Kiels, after having nearly finished an excellent school-house and dwelling-house, with a good cellar, are now left without a Schoolmaster and Reader. Other settlements also would gladly have a Schoolmaster among them. Indeed, houses have been begun for them. Can nothing be done to help us? Oh may it please God to send more labourers into this vineyard! Some of my visits to the upper part of this Bay have been peculiarly gratifying. The people have been eager to hear the word, and gladly hastened (even on working days, getting up their potatoes) thrice a day to the ministration of the gospel. Eyes unused to weep have been plenteous in tears under the preaching of Christ and him crucified; and hard hands have wrung mine when we were obliged to part; while the faltering tongue could hardly stammer out a blessing or a farewell. My steps have been followed from one settlement to another by crowds of people anxious for the word of life, till the houses in which we meet together for service could not contain them, and it has been found necessary for us to leave the room and go out of doors, to prevent discomfort, yea, danger; and there, with the cloudless sky for our temple, we have poured forth our prayers and our praises to the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth.—"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," O, that one fellow-labourer more, at least, might help me! But when shall it be! Let me humbly beg your Lordship to pray for us and remember our wants.

Remarkable Progress.—A girl, fifteen years of age, was brought into a Sabbath school in the South, and was at the time unacquainted with the alphabet, and destitute of religious instruction. At the end of 18 months she had not only learned to read, but had committed to memory the Gospel, the Acts of the Apostles, the book of Psalms, and part of the book of Isaiah. She became a communicant in the Church, and still lives consistently with her profession.

Death is terrible in the eye of nature, but far more terrible in the eye of conscience.

A Sly Hint.—A certain clergyman was in the habit of sending to one of his parishioners every Saturday evening to borrow a five dollar note, and invariably the same bill was returned on Monday morning. At length the parishioner inquired of his pastor concerning this strange conduct—his reply was laconic—"I can preach a great deal better with a five dollar bill in my pocket."

A sly hint, indeed, but I have no doubt conveying the truth, a solemn truth; it ought not so to be. In the call that is given by a congregation to a minister, the promise is made that he shall be so provided for as to be freed from the cares and anxieties of the world. He procures necessaries for his family, and when pay day comes, is unable to meet claims against him. His character suffers, his influence is curtailed, and of course his usefulness, and this too by the people of his charge—for they have failed to comply with a positive and religious engagement. Ministers have told me that when going to their different appointments, and in their studies, their minds have been so harassed, that they could not for some time be composed and fitted for the arduous work. O when will the people learn to be faithful in all their work, that the ministry be not hindered.—S. R. Telegraph.

Rev. Legh Richmond.—The Rev. Legh Richmond, on his return from Scotland, some years ago, passed through Stockport, at the time when violent political opinions disturbed the country. In consequence of his lameness, he was never able to walk far without resting. He was leaning on his stick, and looking about him, when a poor fellow ran up to him, and offered his hand, inquiring with considerable earnestness, "Pray, sir, are you a radical?" "Yes, my friend," replied Mr. Richmond, "I am a radical; a thorough radical." "Then," said the man, "give me your hand." "Stop, sir, stop; I must explain myself: we all need a radical reformation; our hearts are full of disorders; the root and principle within us is altogether corrupt. Let you and I mend matters there; and then all will be well, and we shall cease to complain of the times and the government." "Right sir," replied the radical, "you are right, sir;" and bowing respectfully retired.

A Child's Definition of Repentance.—A little child connected with the Milton-st. Sabbath School, Boston, being asked to give a definition of repentance, replied, "Sorrow for sin, and sin no more."

CHRIST'S blood is the soul's ransom; his spirit, the soul's comforter; his word, the soul's food; his supper, the soul's banquet; his day, the soul's festival.

In the natural world, the divine hand is seen in the minutest arrangements; and can Christ be thought indifferent as to the arrangements of His Church?

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1836.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.—We have much pleasure in being enabled to present to our readers this day, several extracts from the Report of the proceedings of this Venerable Body, during the year 1834, but embracing intelligence respecting its operations in various quarters of the world, as late as July of last year. It is a most interesting Report, more so, we think, than any that have preceded it, and abounds with matter most cheering to all who love to hear of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.—We shall continue to draw from this source in future, in the hope of recommending to the support, the love and the prayers of all who prize the Gospel, and especially of every CHURCHMAN, a Society that has done, and is now doing so much to make that Gospel known throughout the world. In the conclusion of the Report, it is said—

"In the three great fields of the Society's labours, North America, India, and the West Indies, there is an earnest demand for more help: while, under the able superintendence of the Bishops of the respective

dioceses, much effectual aid is even now afforded to thousands and hundreds of thousands, whose souls would otherwise be perishing for lack of knowledge. The Society humbly trusts that it may be enabled to continue its present operations, and even to grant a portion of that further assistance which is so sadly wanted, and so earnestly implored. Its prayer to God is,—that, in every quarter of the world, the light of the Gospel may shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,—that his name may be hallowed and his kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

BISHOP'S VISITATION IN 1834.—We have only room at present for the following highly gratifying summary of our indefatigable Bishop's labours in the summer and autumn of that year:—

"I must not close the Report of my summer labours without renewing and repeating my fervent gratitude to a gracious Providence, by whose mercy I have been permitted to proceed with my labours. He has enabled me, during the last season, to travel nearly two thousand miles; to visit forty-four different settlements, some of which are remote from each other; to have fifty-three separate services in these places; at which I have delivered, while travelling, eighty-four sermons and addresses; to hold forty confirmations, at which one thousand and thirteen candidates were confirmed; to consecrate five churches and two burial grounds; and to hold five ordinations, at which two persons were admitted to the order of priests, and seven to the order of deacons.

"It has been a comfort and delight to me, in the several journeys I have made, to be satisfied that the Church in this province is increasing, under the heavenly blessing upon much zealous exertion among a Clergy, who, as a body, are distinguished by laborious and zealous efforts in their holy calling, and by acknowledged exemplariness in life and conversation. Many of them have been on the verge of severe distress, and some of them indeed have suffered much; but they have reposed in holy faith upon the mercy of their God, and have increased their efforts to promote his glory, and the salvation of the flocks committed to their care. But every day is opening to our view new fields for culture by the christian husbandman, while our means for supplying and supporting them have unhappily been seriously diminished. In many places the people are beginning to feel the importance and necessity of contributing towards the support of their pastors, but they are generally so poor as to have little at their command. We will endeavour to effect all that can be accomplished here, in full confidence that the exertions and the fervent prayers of the Society will be continued; and we will humbly hope for His blessing, who alone can make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and turn the desert into a garden of the Lord,—to him we commit ourselves, our flocks, and our poor labours; and if he mercifully bless us, the poorest of those labours will not be in vain."

The Lutheran Observer says—"It will doubtless be interesting and gratifying to our readers, to learn that the Rev. Professor H. I. Smith, who has resigned his professional chair in Hartwick Seminary, has removed to Boston, Mass. to take charge of the German Lutheran congregation in that city. It is said that this congregation, which was recently organized, is already large, and that there are some 500 Germans in Boston, who it is hoped will soon attach themselves to it. Thus is the standard of the Evangelical Lutheran Church at length erected in the beautiful and enlightened city of Boston, the boast and pride of so many of our Northern friends in this region, and we rejoice that in brother Smith, Lutheranism will be so favorably represented, and her interests so ably defended. Brother Smith needs wishes of all the friends of our Zion, as well as of his own personal friends. We earnestly pray that his entrance into this new and interesting relation may be propitious, and that his efforts as Pastor, may be abundantly blessed to the glory of the Master and the salvation of all the souls committed to his charge."—Chr. Wit.

Letters received since our last, from Rev. C. Ingles; Rev. J. Stannage, Rev. H. L. Owen, Rev. W. H. Snyder.

P O E T R Y

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By Bishop Heber.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here:
 Weary and weak thy grace we pray:
 Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By the same.

THERE was joy in Heaven!
 There was joy in Heaven!
 When this goodly world to frame
 The Lord of might and mercy came:
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky—
 "Glory to God in Heaven!"

There was joy in Heaven!
 There was joy in Heaven!
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in Heaven!

There was joy in Heaven!
 There was joy in Heaven!
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang—"On earth good will
 And glory in the Heaven!"

There is joy in Heaven!
 There is joy in Heaven!
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 There is joy in Heaven!

ANECDOTES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

Rev. J. Hervey.—Mr. Hervey was eminently pious, and diligently cultivated personal religion. His manservant slept in the room immediately above that of his master. One night long after the family had retired, he awoke, and hearing the groans of his master in his bedroom, immediately went down and opened the door. But instead of finding his master in his bed, as he expected, he saw him prostrate on the floor, engaged in earnest prayer to God. Like Jacob, he wept and made supplication. Disturbed at this unseasonable interruption, Mr. H.—, with his usual mildness, only said, "John, you should not have entered the room, unless I had rung the bell."

For some years before his death Mr. Hervey visited but few persons belonging to the higher classes of society in his neighbourhood; and being asked why he declined visiting those who were always ready to show him every token of respect, he replied, "I can hardly name a polite family when the conversation turns upon the things of God. I hear much frothy and worldly chit-chat, but not a word of Christ, and I am determined not to visit those companies where

there is not room for my Master, as well as for myself."

An American Minister.—A clergyman in New England, eminent for talents, was one day accosted by a parishioner, who highly commended some of his performances of which he himself had a very low opinion. After patiently hearing him a few minutes, the clergyman replied, "my friend, all that you say gives me no better opinion of myself than I had before, but gives me a much worse opinion of you."

The Rev. John Newton used to improve every occurrence, which he could with propriety introduce into the pulpit. One night, he found a bill put up at St. Mary Woolnoth's, upon which he largely commented in his sermon. The note was to this effect: "A young man having come to the possession of a very considerable estate, desires the prayers of the congregation, that he may be preserved from the snares to which it exposes him." Now if the man," said Mr. Newton, "had lost his fortune, the world would not have wondered to see him put up such a note; but this man had been better taught."

Two or three years before the death of Mr. Newton, when his sight was become so dim, that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry, called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of scripture for the day was read to him. It was suggested by "Bogatzky's golden treasury." "By the grace of God, I am what I am." It was the good man's custom on these occasions to make a few short remarks on the passage read. After the reading of this text he paused for some moments, and then added the following affecting soliloquy:—"I am not what I ought to be! ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! I abhor that which is evil, and would cleave to that which is good.—When I would do good, evil is present with me! I am not what I hope to be! soon, soon, I shall put off mortality, all sin, and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say, I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and satan; and by the grace of God I am what I am; Let us pray."

THE CREED OF THE HEART.

John Wickliff, the Father of the English Reformation, was born A. D. 1324, died A. D. 1384. The following citations from his works will prove the creed of his heart. "He that followeth Christ, being justified by his righteousness, shall be saved by his offering." "Except a Christian be united to Christ, by grace, he hath not Christ the Saviour." "If God will give me a teachable heart, a preserving constancy, and charity towards Christ, toward his Church, and towards the members of the Devil, who tear the Church of Christ, so that I may rebuke them out of pure charity, how glorious a cause shall I have to die for!"

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The editor of the New-Bedford Mercury gives the following extract from a letter—"There are at present on the island 41 ordained missionaries, and 21 teachers, printers, physicians, &c. whose stations embrace a population of 76,141 people. There are 1847 scholars attending schools taught by the missionaries, besides 2190 who attend Sabbath schools. There are also several hundred native teachers employed at different parts of the island, who have received instruction from the missionaries and supported by the chiefs. In addition to the newspaper published by Mr. Tinker, there is another published semi-monthly at Mauri (Mowee) by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, for the use of schools. There has been translated and printed by the Missionaries 42 different works, including books, pamphlets, laws, &c. of which not less than 8,578,000 have been struck off, amounting to 36,640,920 pages, all of which has been accomplished within a few years."

Confirmation.—On Monday afternoon, (21st ult.) Bishop White confirmed FIFTY persons in Christ Church; seven of these were from St. Peter's Church, and seven from St. James', and the remainder, thirty-six, belonged to Christ Church. The number confirmed—their manifest devotion and deep feeling—the crowd bending from the galleries, and filling completely all the pews from which the least view of the

chancel could be had—the venerable appearance, the slow steps, and almost tremulous voice of the bishop—all gave more than usual interest to the administration of an ordinance always one of the most affecting in our Church;—and we may add too, one which places the pastor under the highest responsibilities, in the preparation of his candidates. May these responsibilities, in every case be rightly felt and sustained! Bishop White completes on Monday his eighty-eighth year; yet before this paper is issued he will have held another confirmation, and lectures or preached every morning this week, and on Monday and Tuesday of next week.—*Epis. Rec.*

We are gratified to learn that the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, at a late meeting, unanimously voted a donation of five thousand Bibles, and ten thousand Testaments, for the use of the schools under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This act is in character, and exemplifies the morality which the Bible teaches. The Methodist Church had their own separate Bible Society, connected with their Book concern. Their Bibles, as well as other books, were swept away in the late disastrous fire. This liberal donation will enable them to supply their numerous Sunday schools, which might otherwise have been sufferers by their loss.—*N. Y. Obs.*

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

The duty of praying everywhere and without ceasing does not require us to be always upon our knees. A devout ejaculation may be offered to God in any place and in any posture. The blessed St. Ephraim, an ancient father of the Church, gives us this excellent admonition—Whether you work, or are going to lie down; whether you stand still, or are going on a journey; whether you eat or drink; whether you are going to sleep, or are waking, take heed you do not forget to pray. Whether you are at church, at home, or in the field,—in whatever way engaged, still pray and converse with God, who has graciously promised to hear all them that graciously call upon him.—*Rev. Wm. Jones of Maryland.*

Maternity.—That species of education in infancy which is derived from maternal care is ever the most valuable. How many are the cases where guilt itself is checked in its career by the force of effectual recollections arising in the bosom of a youth when far distant from his home, and removed from friendly counsel: the image of his mother floats before him, the vicious passion is repelled, and the waverer may forever be fixed in a life of virtue from the first triumph of maternal precepts.—*Macdonel.*

RESIGNATION.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, many of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the renewed heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence,—to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our heavenly Father,—to say to Him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, "Thy will be done!"—to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when he takes away, as when he gives, and with a depth of feeling of which perhaps none but the afflicted heart is capable—this is the resignation which religion teaches, this is the sacrifice which it requires.—*The Doctor.*

Suspect that one that flatters you, and turn a deaf ear to the tale-bearer, who by revealing the secrets of others, wants to insinuate into your confidence and betray you. These are pests of society and to be shunned by every wise man.

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