

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

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THE BIRD-MESSENGER.

"The imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive-branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings."
—Anonymous.

Whither oh! whither, Dove?

On lonely pinion through the trackless air
Through sunlit skies above,
Dost thou in joyous flight alone repair?

Where is the summer strand
That waits thy coming, with its leafy bowers?
Where is the fragrant land
Of golden sunshine and of smiling flowers?

Where is the happy grove,
The long loved home, the nestlings of thy breast?
Speed on thy flight, thou dove!
Haste on thy journey to thy promised rest.

Onward yet onward roam;
Spread thy snow plumage to the warning sky;
Soon may the voice of home
Greet the long wanderer with a welcome cry.

But vain, oh! vain that thought;
Is it where ruin's blighting footsteps fall,
Where death and doom were wrought,
That thou canst seek thy home, thy mate, thy all?

Is it where soundless waves
Dash o'er the glories of a world gone by?
Is it where ocean laves
Man's pride—his pomp—and all his misery?

How, 'mid these marks of woe,
Bird of the peaceful bosom, canst thou flee?
Fear'st thou no dangerous foe?
Can none bring aught of terror here to thee?

"My message fears no ill;
Behold! the peace-branch gives assurance strong,
With joy my breast to fill,
Of safety—rest; then *who* can do me wrong?"

"The tempest hath gone down:
The sin-brought ruin hath fulfill'd its hour;
Darkness and woe are flown;
And ocean's fury hath restored her power.

"And hear, yet hear my voice,
Peace hath been purchased; lo! the waves decrease;
Look forth—believe—rejoice:
Hear my last whispers, welcome! welcome Peace!"

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
Glad one! with peaceful happy promise bless'd;
Soon would I flee above,
And like thee seek to be at home—at rest.

Short Sermon.—What unthankfulness it is to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matter of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.—Ps. 103. 2.

For the Colonial Churchman.

ON UNIVERSALISM.—NO. II.

"Is there a Judgment day? and must there come, A SURE—A FINED, IRREVOCABLE DOOM."

While meditating on the awful eternity of that state of punishment which the Almighty assigns to those who have cast away from them the means of salvation, the thrice-repeated words of 25 Mat. 46, will recur to many of your readers. —By that solemn repetition our Saviour meant to excite such holy fear as would urge mankind to embrace His gracious offers of salvation, and forcibly to "typify the torments of the damned." Christ came not only to offer eternal life to all who should faithfully turn to Him, but also to enforce practical attention to the solemn truth, that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

But some affect to believe that future punishment will consist in being shut out of heaven, without, however, the suffering of torment for ever. Let each reader for himself take good heed that he indulge not in any "expectation of the wicked, which shall perish." 10 Prov. 28.—Now, is that belief a declaration of God's word, or is it one of the numerous and delusive devices of Satan? The sense of Scripture seems too plain on this point, to admit of a "mollifying interpretation," and it places eternal life, and eternal torment in direct contrast. In either case the same Greek adjective is used, and there is no shadow of difference in the mode of applying it to those future states of existence. That word is used in 25 Matt. 46, to denote a duration which is to commence after what we intend by time, shall have ended." If Scripture furnish no limit to the term of that duration, how dare we attempt to define or restrain it? Each of the future states is eternal, and alas! in that one point only do they agree.

It may be well at once to exhibit in one view, the principal of those passages of Scripture which declare the eternity of future punishment. Before studying those passages, will you not, reader, first offer up with me, the earnest and humble prayer that God would vouchsafe us the light of His holy Spirit, so that we may understand and savingly feel their solemn import? Let us consider too if it be not by reason of the eternity of future punishment, one reason for its being termed "so much sorer," (10 Heb. 28.) than that of those who died for "despising Moses' Law?" Here follow the promised Texts:—

"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death."

"Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

"He shall gather his wheat into the garner, and will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in

thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

"Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

"Many shall come from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"Gather ye first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn."

"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth: then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

"Well done, good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. But cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he also say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"All that are in their graves shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

"That which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation."

Sincerely Your's,

SIGMA.

February, 1840.

THE CATECHISM.*

That call not education, which decries
God and his truth, content the seed to strew
Of moral maxims, and the mind imbue
With elements which form the worldly wise.
So call the training, which can duly prize
Such lighter love, but chiefly holds to view
What God requires us to believe and do,
And notes man's end, and shapes him for the skies.
This praise be thine, that by the truth set free
Thou still hast trod the right way and the best,
City of God, my mother! yea, of thee
"Excellent things are said;" nor this the least,
That thou thy children giv'st the path to see
Of life, and lead'st them by their God's behest.

* From Bishop Mant's "Musing on the Church and her Services."

For the Colonial Churchman.

BURIAL AT SEA.

On the last day of November, we lost one of our seamen—John Farrell—who died of fever. At 3 p. m. cleared up the decks, and sewed the body in its canvas shroud, together with some stone to make it sink. At 6 p. m. called together the crew, to perform the last sad office of burial. Mr. G. read the solemn service of the Church, and we then committed the body to the deep—there to remain until reunited to the spirit on that day when the sea shall give up her dead.

Perhaps one of the most solemn and affecting scenes in the world is that of a death and burial at sea. At this time every thing seemed combined to make it so. The green clad flocks of Pines visible in the distance; the vessel gliding noiselessly on the bosom of the unruffled sea; the sun had just gone down, leaving no traces of its late reign, except the golden clouds which gathered in the west, emitting enough light whereby to read the solemn service, and casting on all around a holy calm. An unusual silence seemed to reign, which was broken only by the whistle of a passing bird, and the splash of the water as it received the lifeless body of our shipmate, from the plank on which it was carried to the side. Not the least affecting part of the service was the serious looks of some of the weather-beaten tars,

“Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of Ocean’s coral caves—
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem—
The music of the waves;—
The purple gems forever burn
In fadeless beauty round thy urn,
And pure and deep as infant love
The blue sea rolls its waves above.”

But now we laid him in the Ocean’s bed,
The curling water shining when he sank,
Again the gentle wave has left its head,
And left no traces of his resting place.

Ships with their burdens may pass o’er his grave
But they can ne’er disturb his lowly bed—
He’ll sleep in quiet—deep in the ocean’s cave—
Until the sea is bid—“yield up her dead!”

And shall his friends then, never learn his death,
Nor know the season why he makes delay;
In time perchance they ne’er can glean his fate,
But they will learn it at the Judgment-day.

Although there’s nought points out his hidden rest,
Nor could the wisdom of the world explore;
Yet God on high, knows well the secret spot—
He’ll bring it forth, “when time shall be no more.”

And may he then come forth with joy upon his brow,
And cleave the deep, dark ocean’s watery cell,
To enter heaven—where all is endless rest—
For ever there, in joy and peace to dwell.

M.

Short Sermons.—Let us not from an excited fancy and a vain longing after the glories of other days, forget the advantages which we have. No need to have the troubles of the Apostles in order to attain their faith. Even in the quietest times we may rise to high holiness, if we improve the means given us.—Ch Almanack.

The wronged side is the safer side.—Prov. 12. 5.

THE SELECTOR.—NO. III.

SAPRICIUS AND NICEPHORUS.*

There were, at Antioch, about the year 258, a presbyter and a layman, the former named Sapricius, the latter Nicephorus, who, by some misunderstanding, after a remarkable intimacy, became so completely estranged, that they would not even salute each other. Nicephorus after a time relented, begged forgiveness of his fault, and took repeated measures to procure reconciliation, but in vain. He even ran to the house of Sapricius, and throwing himself at his feet, entreated his forgiveness for the Lord’s sake; but the presbyter continued obstinate.

In this situation of things the persecution of Valerian reached them suddenly. Sapricius was carried before the governor, and ordered to sacrifice in obedience to the edicts of the emperor. “We Christians,” replied Sapricius, “acknowledge for our king Jesus Christ, who is the true God, and the Creator of heaven and earth. Perish idols, which can do neither good nor harm!” The Prefect tormented him a long time, and then commanded that he should be beheaded. Nicephorus, hearing of this, runs up to him, as he is led to execution, and renews in vain the same supplications. The executioners deride his humility as perfect folly. But he perseveres, and attends Sapricius to the place of execution. There he says further, It is written, “Ask, and it shall be given you.” But not even the mention of the word of God itself, so suitable to Sapricius’s own circumstances, could affect his obstinate temper.

Sapricius, however, suddenly forsaken of God, recants, and promises to sacrifice. Nicephorus, amazed, exhorts him to the contrary, but in vain. He, then, says to the executioners, “I believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he hath renounced.” The officers return to give an account to the governor, who ordered Nicephorus to be beheaded.

FAITH

Is reckoned, and worthily so, amongst the greatest gifts of God; yes, it is the greatest itself that we may enjoy; for by it, as we are justified, and made God’s children, so are we temples and possessors of the Holy Spirit; yea, of Christ also, (Eph. iv.) and of the Father himself, (John xiv.); by faith we drive the devil away, (1 Peter v.); we overcome the world, (1 John v.); and are already citizens of heaven, and fellows with God’s dear saints. But who is able to reckon the riches that this faith bringeth with her, unto the soul she inhabiteth?—No man or angel. At 1, therefore, as I said, of all God’s gifts she may be considered the chief. Which if men considered, they would be diligent, and take great heed not to do any thing which might cast her down (for then they fall also;) and they would, with no less care, read and hear God’s holy word, joining thereto most earnest and often prayer, as well for the more and better understanding, as for the loving, living, and confessing of the same, in spite of any or every thing here which may pull us back to hearken to their voice and counsel for longer use of them.—Bradford, A. D. 1555.

FAITH may appear a very easy thing to a careless impenitent sinner; but a person of this character is not at all the subject of a saving faith. It is the poor, self-condemned, penitent, broken hearted sinner, that is capable of such a faith; and truly it is no easy matter to him: for one that sees his sins in all their aggravations, the divine law, and the righteous severity of divine justice; one that finds the lusts and prejudices of his heart rising against this method of salvation as foolishness, and as giving an intolerable mortification to his pride and vanity—for such a one to believe is not an easy matter: it is the working of God’s mighty power. (Eph. i. 19.)—Pres Davis.

Through Faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.—Heb. 11. 3.

* From the history of the Church of Christ.

THE SAVIOUR’S GRACE.

’Tis not in riches pleasure lies,
But in the Saviour’s grace;
From Him alone true joys arise,
And hopes that never cease.

His favour cheers the mourner’s heart,
Oppress’d with doubts and fear;
’Tis this, that heals, the rankling smart
Of sin:—and dries his tears.

’Tis this, that leads his spirit on
To the celestial day;
’Tis this, that bids the world begone,
And teaches him to pray.

’Tis this, that thro’ the walk of life
His passion can controul;
’Tis this, that in the world of strife,
Cheers and supports his soul.

’Tis this, that teaches him to leave
This world for one above:
Where saints no more o’er sins shall grieve:
Where every heart is love. 2non.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

Remember he that trusteth in the Lord, shall receive strength to stand against all the assaults of his enemies. Be certain all the hairs of your head are numbered. Be certain your good Father hath appointed bounds, over the which the devil dares not look. Commit yourself to him; he is, hath been, and will be your keeper. Cast your care on him, and he will care for you. Let Christ be your scope and mark to aim at; let him be your pattern to work by; let him be your ensample to follow: give him, as your heart, so your hand; as your mind, so your tongue; as your faith, so your feet: and let his word be your light to go before you, in all matters of religion.—Glorify God both in soul and body. He that gathereth not with Christ, scattereth abroad. Use prayer; look for God’s help, which is at hand to them that ask, and hope thereafter assuredly.—Bradford.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.*

We hope the following article will be read by every parishioner in this Diocese.—ED.

I fully believe that one of the greatest dangers not to be apprehended in this country to the cause of enlightened, scriptural religion, is the increasing difficulty of supporting an educated and faithful ministry; a ministry sufficiently at ease from worldly care to live entangled in the affairs of this life; a ministry so far secured from the caprices and multiform fancies of the people, as to feel it a small thing to be judged of man’s judgment; a ministry so competently provided for in worldly substance, as to have books to study, time to read them, retirement to meditate thereon, and composure of mind and heart to profit thereby. Wo to the cause of religion when men shall be willing to dispense with these essential things for the sake of a race of pastors more cheaply supported. Such may easily be provided. Men enough can be raised up who will support themselves and preach besides; whose preparation to teach shall cost no care to learn; whose sermons will require neither books, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor care wrought out as well from the labors of the plough or the din of the anvil, as from the efforts of the mind and the quiet of the study. But who wants such ministers? Our labour is more and more to prepare the very opposite. We found Seminaries of classical and theological learning; we require many years of toilsome study; we close the door of the ministry against those who are not well learned and furnished for doctrine and instruction in righteousness; and we send out our young men, we exhort them to get themselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word; we tell them that “no man that warret

* From Bishop McIlvaine’s address to the Convention Ohio, in September last.

in this warfare "entangleth himself in the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier;" the Church in her ordination service enjoins them to forsake and set aside, as much as possible, all worldly cares and studies; to give themselves wholly to the one thing "whereunto it hath pleased God to call them," to draw all their studies and cares this way. They are required solemnly to vow at their ordination that they will be diligent in prayer and in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same, laying aside the study of the world and the flesh." But what encouragement is there to urge these solemn and universally received obligations, if we must send our ministers to parishes, where to live, it is absolutely necessary that worldly cares and studies should be endured; where to be wholly given to their stewardship, is to be worse than infidels, in not providing for them of their own household; while to obtain books and time and retirement for study is impossible? Brethren, did I suppose it out of the power of our parishes to do better for the ministry, I should be silent on this subject. But I cannot suppose it. I know that while our ministers have been suffering by deficient support, the farmers have been adding field to field, barn to barn, enlarging their farms; extending their crops;—the merchants have been, whatever the check of the last two years, increasing their investments; widening their trade; enriching their incomes. I know too that a very trifling increase in the contribution of each parishioner would set the pastor free from his grinding solicitude for the decent maintenance of his family, and enable parishes that suppose they cannot sustain a pastor, to have the blessing of his services. And is it supposable that such trifling addition could not be made? Can it be credited that a people in flourishing agriculture or other business, did they rightly estimate the blessings of the Church and her worship and ministry to themselves, their wives and their children and neighborhood, did they value the things of the Spirit of God, in any proportion to their estimate of earthly things; did they love religion as gold, and her riches as better than gold; did they know how to appreciate a ministry unspotted from the world, and how to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ,—could not by a hundredth part of the self-denial which they daily practice for the increase of their property, afford a few more dollars, each, for the increase of the salary of an improverished Pastor? I have known within the last year, a case of a minister so reduced even after the closest economy, that a loaf of corn bread would have been sometimes a luxury to his family, when two more dollars per annum from each adult parishioner would have made his household glad and free. And shall it be supposed they could not do it? I have known another case of a pastor full of toil for his people, so poor that his children were sometimes without raiment decent enough to allow them to go out, while the domestic economy was so rigid, that every article of work however menial, was done by the husband and wife; and can it be supposed that if he had any congregation to preach to, above the grade of paupers, enough could not have been gathered, had there been only a willing mind, to make his condition abundantly more comfortable? No Brethren—the plea of inability means too often, I fear, only inconvenience and unwillingness. A person is unable to do more for his minister, because he wants all he can get to invest in more business, additional acres, another farm, a new speculation. Public improvements find no lack of means.—Often the same persons that can find no more pence for their minister, can find many dollars for whatever will increase their worldly benefit. What then if spiritual benefit were considered by them a real and precious benefit? What if such persons did understand how little it would profit them to gain the whole world and yet have their own hearts run waste and their children grow up mere worldings; miserable idolaters of mammon; perhaps infidels; ignorant at least of the saving truth as it is in Jesus? How soon then, would they find their ability to sustain the ministry of the word increased? How soon would the five loaves be multiplied, how soon would he be made a cheerful and liberal giver who now gives little,

and that grudgingly, as of necessity? A person of large property will see his minister suffering, or the parish vacant, and feel comforted with a sense of having done his duty, because he has contributed his share, and he has estimated his share by an almost equal division of the necessary salary among the several parishioners; and he will not give more, but will see his pastor in want or his church vacant, not because he cannot do more, but because more is not his share, or because others will not do more, as if in the great day he were to be excused for burying his talent in his farm or his merchandise, in his barn or the bank, instead of using it to the glory of God and the salvation of souls, because his neighbors did so, or because he buried it only as much as they. The share of a man in such works is his ability, till the work be accomplished. The first thing to be provided for one's household and neighbours, is bread, and the bread of life, at least as much as any other bread.

We take that text so often used in excuse for a grudging contribution to the support of the pastor, "If any provide not for his own and especially for them of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," and we ask, if a man denies the faith and is worse than any who does not provide the necessities of this life for his household; what do they do to the faith, how do they compare with an infidel, who when they can, do not provide the means of grace, the preaching of the gospel, the bread of eternal life for their households, because it would cost them a little more money, and perhaps a little self-denial?

I know that till a church is built, the plan of subscription is necessary; but I have not the least doubt that wherever there is a Church, the most permanent, regular and agreeable plan, on all sides, of sustaining the minister, is by rents. It is not the best mode conceivable; but is the best attainable. In almost every case of a pastor comfortably supported you will find the plan of rents adopted. Where subscription is the mode, I will answer for it that in nine cases out of ten, the stipulated salary is defective in amount; is more defective in payment, collected irregularly, here a little and there a little, decreasing as the times grow hard, scarcely ever improving as the times of the people grow prosperous, and the minister's expenses grow heavier.

I conclude this painful subject, Brethren, on which I have addressed myself to you, that through you, I might speak to the parishes you represent, with reminding the laity, on whom the ministry depends for its carnal things, as they are made, of God, dependant on the ministry for their spiritual things, that whenever we meet around the table of the Lord, to celebrate the love of Him, who when he was rich for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be rich, the sentences of Scripture put into the mouth of the minister for the remembrance of the communicants, are these: "Let him that is taught in the word minister unto him that teacheth in all good things. Be not deceived, God is not mocked: For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Again, "Do ye not know that they who minister about holy things, live of the sacrifice; and they who wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord also ordained, that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." And once again: "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter, if we shall reap your worldly things?"

I know not in what words the spirit of God could have more emphatically declared the duty of men to support the ministry of the Gospel, than by thus identifying the Gospel with its ministry; the sacrifice with the priest; and I know not how the Church could have spoken on the same subject more solemnly than by thus connecting it with every commemoration of the death of Christ; writing it upon the altar, preaching about it over the holy symbols of the sacrifice, identifying it with the duty of shewing forth the Lord's death until he come.

If any severe affliction hath surprised you, cast one eye upon the hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it; if you will thankfully receive the messenger, he that sent it may discharge the messenger.—*Scl.*

HOOKER'S DYING WORDS.

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, (for they were supposed to be the confessions to each other,) came to him; and after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church's absolution, it was resolved the doctor should give him both that and the sacrament the day following. To which end the doctor came; and after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company, and then the doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus: which being performed, the doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face, but it lasted not long, for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following, which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclined to discourse, which gave the doctor occasion to inquire his present thoughts; to which he replied, "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and oh, that it might be so on earth!" After which words, he said, "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners; and since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time: I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done!" With which expression, he fell into a dangerous slumber: dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "Good doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance, I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me. My conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service, but cannot hope—it, for my days are past, as a shadow, that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirit failed him; and after a short conflict between nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep.—And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, let me here draw this curtain, till, with the most glorious company of patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, the most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquility, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partaker of.—*Walton's Life of Hooker.*

Some things are wanting to poverty, but all things are wanting to avarice.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

AN ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.*

"We cannot," said a mother to me as she held her infant in her arms, "we cannot go to the Legislature; we cannot stand in the pulpit: we cannot be known; we must toil at home?"

"Cannot go to the Legislature?" Aye,—but if God had planted the same deep love of her country in woman's heart, that He has for her child, He would have committed to her hands the petty interests of politics and of time; but no—he has committed into her hands the future destiny of nations and of empires—all that we hold dear on earth, and what is more, the interests of the soul when time shall be no more. Oh mother! do not mourn over your lot—that distinctions of earth are not yours,—that the honors of men are not yours, for you have interests committed to your charge too sacred to be polluted by being mingled with the honors of this world. Do not grieve in secret, at times, that the inscrutable God, has assigned you an inferior station made your will subject to that of another, and made your glory to consist in bowing in meekness while you drink the bitterest cup which humanity knows,—your children will bless and honor you more and more as they leave your roof, till they gather round your grave as the most sacred spot on earth, and God will reward you most abundantly. He will remember the sorrows which your heart could tell to none but him.

The mother of Timothy Dwight did not know that she was rearing up a son who should be the direct means of instructing between two or three thousand pupils,—of forming some of the brightest stars that ever shed their light on this land, and of producing writings which shall continue to form, and mould the character of men for generations yet to come.

Oh! if the fire on our altars ever goes out—if ever another Jeremiah shall sing the funeral notes over our nation's grave, it will be because the mothers of this land have forgotten their duties and their power, and have ceased to baptize their offspring with prayer. In their inobtrusive and silent sphere of operation they may be sustained by the peculiar and lofty consciousness, that in communicating the eternal principles of truth to minds created for immortality, they are doing what can never cease being felt, and when the kingdoms and empires of earth are melted away and are forgotten, when the eloquence and wisdom of senators, with the courage of warriors shall have passed away, their labours will be known, and acknowledged, and eternally be seen to be unfolding in new and glorious results.

The great object before the mother, then, is to train up her child for eternity—for the service and presence of God to everlasting ages.

If this be the scale on which you measure, you have something that will sustain you at all times and on all occasions.

Do you watch your infant daughter, and wish her to become beautiful? Think again.—Of how much consequence is it, whether her dress at school be beautiful for a single day or otherwise? Is it any? And is not the body the dress of the soul, to be worn but a day.

You wish your boy to be healthy. Suppose him to be on a journey among strangers, of what consequence is it whether he travel as a poor man's son, or a rich man's. The journey of life will soon be over, and he will never be asked whether he were rich or poor.

Do you wish your child to become honored among men? And is it of any great consequence whether, as he passes through the streets, he have the applause of beggars and of the vile, if all the good in the land will honor him.—Let your child have heaven honor him—the redeemed church, and angels, and Christ, and God the Father, and of what consequence are the honors of the world?

But you wish your son to do good! He will;—he will become a Newton, an Edwards, or a Brainerd, if God sees best, and if God needs his services.

* By the Rev. John Todd.—Continued.

here, but even if he does not see fit to use him as an instrument of great good here on earth, train him up for the skies, and he will be used as a glorious instrument of promoting his honor hereafter. You may not rear up an apostle here, but you may rear up an angel hereafter. You may not see him the object of admiration here, but hereafter you may see him stand among the sons of light at the right hand of Jesus!

And now the question is, how can a mother do this?

I will endeavor briefly to answer this question, and also a second, viz:—Why she should try to do this?

First, How can a mother train up her child for God?

I reply, she must be a woman of prayer,—of daily prayer fervent, habitual prayer,—and for these reasons:

I. She needs wisdom.

The child must receive its first impressions and thoughts from its mother. She needs wisdom, when and what and how to teach it this or that. She wants to know how to reach the mind, how to impress it, how to guide it, how to discipline it. We call this kind of wisdom skill; but it follows in answer to prayer, for God only can impart that wisdom, and the mother who does not seek it of him, may be sure she will never have it.

She will not be led to say just the right things, in just the right time and manner.

II. The mother of all things needs self-discipline.

Without this, how can she forego the pleasure within her reach, if she leave her child in other hands and free herself from the responsibility? How can she watch over her child day and night, in sickness and in health, with a patience which never tires, and with a vigilance that never, for a moment, slumbers? The trials which press upon a mother are constant, unremitted, and except by prayer unalleviated. Who can at all times, and under all circumstances command her own temper and feelings, subdue and discipline her own heart? Oh! mother—you must not chide in anger,—you may not speak with impatience, you may not rebuke with angry severity, you may not correct in passion. Your patience must never tire, your passions must never rise, self-command must never for a moment seem to be relaxed,—self-control must never even falter! This severe self-discipline you can seek and find only in prayer. Nothing else can give it, nothing else can retain it when given.

III. The mother must be decided.

It is not difficult to be decided, were this all: but to be decided and firm while the feelings and the voice are so soft as the notes of a lute, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Hundreds of times every week, and many times every day, he must be denied, and have his wishes and his will submit to yours. When he is well, you must, of necessity, be constant—by thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand further than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel, that he is on the bed of death you must controul him, govern him, command him, and see that he obeys! Your own decision, energy, and firmness, must never waver for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will lead you to do your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother—who held her child while its leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness that he dared not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good.—who does not admire? These two qualities, decision and firmness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern, or too lenient. But the mother! she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. But she must have the aid of heaven. She must seek it in prayer, at the foot of the throne, and there she will find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he, her only

son. When a young man, he said something or did something in the presence of a sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper. His mother told him of his fault mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her command. He refused. She next requested him to go with her into his chamber in the third story. He complied. She then very coolly took the key and told him, she should lock the door, and he would neither see her face, nor receive food, till he submitted. The next day she called at the door of the prisoner, "my son, are you ready to comply with my request?" "No mother." The next day the same question was asked and the same answer returned. The third day, she went to the door, and says, "James you think by holding out thus, your mother will yield, and come to your terms: but you do not know her. I am in the path of duty, and I shall not yield, till the timbers of this house decay and fall, should I live so long!" That evening he would have sent a message to his mother but had no messenger.

On the fourth day he promised to do whatever she required. She opened the door, and her pale, sickly looking boy embraced her with tears, asked her pardon, and submitted to her requisition. He has since been seen to shed tears of gratitude over that decision and faithfulness, and to assert with the utmost confidence, that it was this firmness in his widowed mother that saved him from irrevocable sin.

IV. She needs perseverance.

The trials of a mother are constant, unknown, and undescribably great. One of the warriors of the ago tells us that in the evening after a most awful battle, he went out on the field among the dying and the dead; but nothing affected him so much as to find an officer slain, and his faithful dog, lying at his breast, under his cloak, and howling in his agony. This has been admired as a beautiful picture of faithful attachment; but it is nothing in comparison with what the eye of God daily witnesses, as it looks down into the family circle and notices the thousands of mothers hanging over their dying children.

The duties of the mother begin in the morning; they end not with the day, they incessantly call upon her till she reaches the grave. Others may have respite; others may for a time throw off care, and anxiety, and responsibility. But the mother can never do so. She must be unwearied and faithful when no eye sees her to applaud; must sow her seed when she sees no immediate prospect of a harvest; must expect no return and no reward for her labors for years, and it may be, for life. She can adopt no theory which is not to be reduced to immediate and constant practice. How can she have this faith, and this perseverance unless she be in the habit of communion with God? The Bible and prayer must be her strength and her weapon. With these, she can carry her babes through the deserts where fiery serpents beset her path, and they shall not be bitten.—Without these, she has all the sorrows, anxieties, and griefs of a mother, without any thing of those consolations which God bestows in answer to prayer. Do you wish a wisdom that is profitable to direct, a patience that never forsakes you,—a firmness that never leaves you,—a faith that always bears you upward and onward, looking for your rewards hereafter—you must seek these by prayer. Without this, you can neither govern yourself, nor your child, nor persevere.

The child will receive impressions from the daily and hourly example of his mother, which will do more to form his character; than any, and all the instructions which you may give him. The example before his eyes, will, for several of the first years of his life, be his education. Now there are certain impressions which you should be very careful not to make upon your child, if you would train him up on the great scale of spending eternal ages in the service of God.

Be careful and not lead your child to feel that the world is the great object for which he lives.

The first impressions which the child necessarily

receives, will be, that his mother considers the body an object of great concern and importance. The great business of intercourse between the child and his mother for a number of years, is to minister to the wants of the body—its food, its cleanliness; its dress. How little does he understand that his body is only the house for the spirit to dwell in, and that in comparison with the soul, it is of no worth:—When you teach your child, when you pray with him, be careful and make the right impressions as to the comparative worth of the soul and the body.—Every child is naturally a sensualist. He would live to gratify the appetites of the body, and the mother, unless she looks well to this subject, and exercises very great care, will make the same impression. I have known many children who, from some defect in their education in this respect, felt that the highest of all gratifications is that of indulging in certain articles of luxury.

A second impression to be avoided is, that if you not lead your child to feel that any earthly distinction is, of itself, of any value.

How is it that the child so early learns that his father is a great man, and therefore he must be caressed and treated with deference; or that his father is a rich man, and therefore he may take airs to himself accordingly; or that his father has a house, or a store, or a farm, different and better than others? Who made these impressions on the child? He received them at home,—and there estimated their worth, by seeing what value his parents placed upon them: and he values them, and is vain of them, just as example has taught him to be. The objection is not that he knows these things to be yours but that a deeper impression is not made: viz,—that nothing on earth is of any value, except as a means by which to honor God. Let him see by your constant example, and conversation that you feel that nothing but piety, or what may be made to promote piety on earth, is worth naming. The fashion of this world passeth away, the pomp and magnificence of life, the glitter of wealth, and the artificial splendors of time, will soon be gone, and the great question on which the destiny of the soul for eternity balances, is, have you served God in your day and generation?

To be concluded in our next number.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE HYMN.

There is an affecting account connected with the following beautiful hymn which the more readily induces me to submit it to you for republication. In England, in the year 1824, John W. was speedily approaching his end, so far as this world was concerned, from the effects of consumption. He had been, though still young, zealous in many a good cause, and even went beyond his impaired strength in attending upon public worship, and more private religious meetings. He loved his Saviour, and placed on his merits his hopes of eternal life. Shortly before his death, fear sometimes prevailed over hope.—I now offer you my anecdote in the words of the pious clergyman who originally prepared it for publication.

Shortly afterwards he was removed to the house of a pious relative. Here I hoped his spiritual comfort would increase, his uncle being a serious consistent Christian; but the Lord sees not as we see—horror and great darkness seemed rather to overwhelm him; he told me his heart seemed harder, and all that he felt lately was apparently gone. I invited, read to him, and prayed with him repeatedly; his kind relative did and said every thing he could but these endeavours were not successful, nor did it seem to break in upon his mind again until the day before he died. The circumstance was singular; the children of his relation had a little spelling book, and in order to strengthen the cover the book-eller had pasted in, what appeared to be some little periodical religious publication which had not proved saleable; its printed part was turned inward, but the children had accidentally loosened it from the cover.

Thus the following beautiful hymn became unexpectedly legible, to which his attention was attracted, and he read it by the light of the fire:

UPON DEATH.

Where should I be, if God should say,
I must not live another day;
And send to 'ake away my breath,
What is eternity—and death?

My body is of little worth,
'Twould soon be mingled with the earth;
For we were made of clay, and must
Again, at death, return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,
I do not, and I cannot know;
For none were o'er sent back to tell,
The joys of heav'n or pains of hell.

Yet, heav'n must be a world of bliss,
Where God himself forever is;
Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go;
Though none that seek the Saviour's grace,
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

O let me then at once apply,
To him who did for sinners die;
And this shall be my great reward,—
To dwell forever with the Lord.

The reader may perhaps be surprised to hear that it was the fifth verse of the hymn which this poor youth was enabled to apply to himself for comfort; he had read the first verse with seriousness—it became quite applicable to him; for the next day he was called into eternity! He commented, with self-abasement and holy contempt of this world, on the second verse; but when he had read the fifth, he exclaimed to his aunt, "Oh, there is comfort then for me! I know I am not an unrepenting sinner. I know I seek the Saviour's grace."

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.—An Anecdote.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, North America, happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of the man, who owned the horse, put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, "and if I catch him in the road again," said he, "I'll do it again."—"Neighbour," replied the other, "Not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."—Selected

A TORNADO.

This is a sudden and vehement gust of wind from all points of the compass, and frequent on the coast of Guinea. A tornado seems to partake much of the nature of a whirlwind, or perhaps of a waterspout, but is more violent in its effects. It commences very suddenly—several clouds being previously drawn together, a spout of wind proceeding from them, strikes the ground in a round spot of a few rods or perches in diameter, and proceeds thus half a mile or a mile. The proneness of its descent makes it rebound from the earth, throwing such things as are moveable before it, sideways, or in a lateral direction from it. A vapour, mist or rain descends with it, by which the path of it is marked with wet.

Guilt, or grief, is all that gracious souls get by communion with vain souls.—Brooka.

INTEMPERANCE.

The Wreck of the Ceylon, of Boston—(abridged from the Boston Mercantile Journal.)—Many a vessel has been wrecked in consequence of having had spirituous liquors on board, and many a cargo of a wrecked vessel, which might have been saved, provided the crew were sober, has been totally lost, owing to the unbridled indulgence of the crew in the use of spirituous drinks. Many facts go to show, that the risk is much greater in the vessels where intoxicating liquors are on board, either as stores or cargo, than in vessels where the cargo and stores are composed of articles of an entirely different nature. As an illustration of this, we may take the case of the brig Ceylon, which vessel, owing to a strong and unaccountable current was wrecked on the island of Henaga on the 12 of April 1839.

The Captain of the Ceylon says that some water and provisions were landed soon after the brig was wrecked, and a tent was pitched. He then called the crew together, stated to them their situation, and told them that if they would go cheerfully to work, doubtless most of the cargo might be landed, and that in all probability some wrecker or other vessel would soon come along, and assist them in saving it for the parties concerned. The men approved of the course marked out by the Captain, and went heartily to work. But mark the sequel: there was unfortunately thirty barrels of spirituous liquor on board, and ere two boat loads of cargo were landed, the crew came across a cask marked "India Point Gin," in characters not to be mistaken. The consequence may be easily imagined. As soon as the captain's bark was turned, the bung was knocked out, they swallowed the maddening drink, and riot and discord succeeded to tranquility, cheerfulness and industry. The attempts of the captain and the mate to keep the liquor from them, were unavailing, for discipline, which had been preserved until that moment was now at an end.

Among the most troublesome and mutinous of these men, was James, a cooper, who was a passenger on board. On the 14th, in consequence of the mate refusing, in the absence of the captain, to allow him to broach another barrel of liquor, he grew outrageous, and was exceeding abusive; and when the captain returned to the camp, he proposed that as there were two boats, and only eight men all told, he and three of the crew would take one of them and leave the island. The Captain refused to let him have the boat, but he declared, with an oath, that he did not care for the Captain's refusal, that he would have a boat at any rate, and three of the men declared that they would go with him. The Captain tried to reason with them and prevail upon them to stay, but finally told them that if they were determined to go, they might take the small boat.—They accordingly commenced making preparations for their departure, James assuring his associates that they might easily reach St. Jago de Cuba. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, they left the beach, visited the wreck, and took into their already overloaded boat, a barrel of gin, and various other articles; they then departed on their voyage. On the morning of the 16th, a small wrecking sloop from New Providence made her appearance, and immediately commenced taking out the cargo. On the following day, one of the men who had left in the boat with James, three days before, returned to the camp, and reported that the boat was swamped or capsized the first night they put to sea, and James and Vicers, a seaman both having families in Boston, were drowned. The two who were saved, clung to the boat for eight or ten hours, when the strong current which had carried the brig on the reef a few days before, drove the boat on the south west part of the island!

The Captain proceeded to Nassau in the sloop, and despatched some more wreckers for the cargo, a considerable portion of which was then saved in a damaged state. After the salvage and other expenses were paid, of course but little remained for the underwriters.

New Style.—Pope Gregory rectified the style, 1582, when twelve days were expunged from the Calendar—adopted in England in 1751. Eleven days were struck from the Calendar in September of the year 1752.—Ch. Alm.

RAMBLES AT WARWICK.*

By an American Clergyman revisiting England after
20 years absence.

Chapel of Our Lady—Sunday in the Country.

During service my attention was directed towards an aristocratic looking old gentleman, who kept a very vigilant eye upon the poor of the parish who were ranged on benches in the aisles, and if any delinquent appeared disposed to doze during the sermon, quickly brought him to a sense of duty by a hearty shake! This scene forcibly reminded me of that model of a knight, good Sir Roger de Coverly, who would allow no one to sleep in the church but himself! This old gentleman, possibly, had never read the Spectator in his life, and therefore had no idea of his great prototype drawn with so much truth by Addison; and although considered a fictitious portrait, it possesses all the identity of nature, which this little incident served to convince me has been the same at all periods. The close observer, like Addison, will always find objects around him to call forth attention—to excite a smile, or to cause the sympathies of his heart to deepen as he looks abroad, and a country church is an excellent place to study the lights and shades of life in. The same feelings prevail here as in the world at large: pride and vain glory displays itself and rears its pompous front, as well as the meek port of humility and unostentatious piety. The right spirit cannot be put on with the Sunday apparel, and the thin covering is seen through without much searching or penetration. Often times have we thought we should like to worship in an old church like this, not because our feeble prayers would be more devout or acceptable when offered up in the crowded temple than in the desert solitude, in a venerable edifice like this, or a building of yesterday, but the associations of time and place always had a charm for us. We like to be surrounded by remembrances of the past, such as we now see on all sides, sitting before us like shadows, and to feel and know we are but a shadow ourselves. Besides it was something novel to us thus to sit in this old nook, within these oaken pews and dark wainscoatings—to look around upon quaint monuments, and think of the ashes of those sleeping beneath them—of the many generations who once bowed the knee here, long since passed away! To cast our eyes within the Chapel of Our Lady, and see the antique tombs, trophies, and hatchments, with the gathering dust of ages settling upon them, and displaying the proud crests of ancient nobility even in death! To listen to the pealing organ—to familiar chants, and olden tunes—to hear the beautiful liturgy read in the land of its adaptation, yet to me, a strange land—to hear its solemn sentences uttered by unknown voices, and contrast its effect upon my feelings—and to think of kindred and friends worshipping at this hour in a distant country. These things made the place holy; even if our thoughts played the truant with us, and wandered occasionally from their duty. Yes, we did like to sit in this old church, although pride and ostentation were within its gray walls, and the vanities of pampered wealth were about us in striking contrast with humble poverty—the rich man in his elevated pew and soft cushion, and the poor and obscure worshipper who sat upon the lowly oak bench in the aisles. There should be deep solemnity here, and these old temples ought to produce serious impressions. For who can kneel calmly in these time-worn pews, with the yellow morning's sun streaming in through the lofty gothic window, and lingering upon the sculptured stone and oaken carvings, and neglect to offer up a thankful spirit? He must possess a callous nature indeed, who can look with indifference about him, or suppress the rising feelings of devotion, that like a harmonious voluntary steals over the senses at such a time as this.

"O Day most calm, most bright !

The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;

*From the New York Churchman.

The couch of time ; care's balm and bay :—
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way."—Herbert, 1615.

Around me kneel the peasant from the fields and the hamlet, with the scented nosegay at his bosom—the village maiden dressed in modest white, with straw bonnet, a ribbon, and smiling countenance—the lord and the dignitary of the place, here meet together. This is a time when the crowd jostle not each other. The busy hum of labour in the village has ceased, and the laborer from the cottage, and the peer from the castle, come forth to pay their morning orisons. The world's din and strife has a breathing time. The axe of the wood-cutter sounds not in the bosky dingle—he is here with his wife and little ones kneeling round the altar. The aged grandame, and the sober matron with her lisping children, are near me, and as I look around, I feel not at such a moment, and viewing this scene, to be that which I truly am—a stranger, in a strange land! No!—I did not think myself entirely a foreigner as I sat here, for I was surrounded by objects and cherished associations implanted in my memory from infancy too familiar for that. I heard the solemn organ, the tones of which no one can listen to without a sentiment of religious feeling—the chant response heard from childhood—the blending of united voices in that prayer to our common parent, for our daily bread—for pardon and deliverance from evil, and the manifold ills flesh is heir to. All this conspired to assure me that a mutual bond of faith united us, and we felt implicitly assured that our mutual thanks were offered up together for the same wants and for forgiveness of like infirmities. Many we know have spoken and felt as we do now, there is nothing new in our thoughts to chronicle, we write in a threadbare vein and in humble language compared with others who have profited by attending service in an English Country Church!

BETHLEHEM.

We started again at noon, following the ancient road, along the brae side, and between corn-fields, olive groves, and vineyards, each with its watch-tower, the stones carefully gathered out, and fenced in with a stone wall as in the days of David, Isaiah, and our Saviour. At two we started at a place called Derrvuh, evidently an ancient site, and continued for some hours winding among hills, presenting the same monotonous but pleasing scenery. It was a lovely evening, the birds were singing sweetly, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats were cropping their evening meal as we drew nigh to the city of David, who so often must have fed his flocks on those very hills,—the scene too, just as probably, of that apparition of the heavenly host, who proclaimed to the humble shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the good Shepherd, David's namesake,—“The Beloved of God—in those blessed words, “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.”

At half-past seven, that evening, we reached Bethlehem. It stands on the slope of a hill, of difficult ascent, at least by night. The stars were out, but it was still unusually light as we entered the town, and proceeded to the Spanish Convent, a large fortress-like building, where we were kindly welcomed, and ushered into a very handsome apartment. The venerable Superior presently came to see us, and grew very talkative. He honored us with his company to breakfast the next morning, and we afterwards visited the church, and the supposed cave of Nativity, gorgeous all—but what most touched me was the simple tribute of several little children, who, speaking in a whisper, and with awe in their faces, lighted their little bodkins of tapers at the large candles, and stuck them at their side. The solemn chanting, the procession of the darked-robed monks, the confessionals, with all the pageantry I had been familiar with in Italy, so strangely blended with the turbans and oriental costume of the Armenian, Arab, and Greek Christians,—one might have fancied that the east and the west had met by common consent, to worship the star of Israel at its rising; but, alas! it was St. Mark's worship they were celebrating that morning, and the prostrations I witnessed on the spot said to

have been knelt upon by the Magi, were to the Virgin Mary—not to our Saviour.—Lord Lindsay's Letters on the Holy Land.

King George IV. desiring, in his sickness, to receive the holy eucharist, had appointed an hour at which the Bishop of Winchester should administer to him that blessed sacrament.—Through carelessness, or mistake of one of the attendants on his Majesty, the Bishop received a summons for half an hour after the time appointed by the king. His Majesty was not unjustly angry with the attendant, but when he seemed to carry his anger beyond the bounds of a christian temper, the pious prelate warned his sovereign of the danger of celebrating the holiest mysteries of our faith in so improper a spirit, and refused to administer the sacrament under such circumstances. His Majesty immediately recalled the attendant to his presence, and it was not until he had expressed his sorrow for his too hasty expressions, that he was admitted to communion.—Ban. of Cross.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1840.

DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.—The general Annual Meeting of this Society is to take place at Halifax on Wednesday the 26th inst. in the National School-house, at 7 o'clock, p. m. We hope there may be a full attendance, and that new life may be imparted to an Institution, from which, if vigorously carried out and supported as it ought to be by the laity, most important results may be expected to the benefit of the Church and of the cause of Religion in general throughout the Province.

CLERGY RESERVES IN CANADA.—It appears that the Bill respecting these, which has been aptly termed the “Church Spoliation Bill,” has passed the Upper Canadian Legislature. We subjoin the remarks of the Editor of the ‘Church’ on the subject.

“We need hardly repeat that the measure they likely to pass both branches of our Legislature, will neither conduce to the satisfaction of the country nor to the welfare of society. It is destructive of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and must therefore be displeasing to Churchmen, not in this Colony alone, but in every part of the Empire. It is offensive, we understand, to the members of the Kirk of Scotland, and can hardly be agreeable to the Dissenters from that body; and it cannot fail to create, as soon as it comes into action, the most odious as well as bitter animosity amongst the various sectarians who are proposed to be included in its provisions. Be this as it may, the members of the Church of England cannot tamely contemplate a course so unjust and unconstitutional.

“It is refreshing to perceive, amidst the distressing conflicts of opinion around us, the head of the Church in this province so decided and uncompromising in his adherence to the law and equity of the case,—so resolved to resist to the last this mortal stab at the vitality of our constitution; and well assured we are that he will be manfully supported in the course he recommends his brethren at large to pursue. This is a course which, if adopted with that vigour which it is the solemn duty of Churchmen in a cause so sacred and important to manifest will create a sensation in England, the very anticipation of which, we believe, was the most weighty argument with the present weak Administration referring the question here; and we feel well assured that this is a sensation which will redound to the discomfiture of a measure than which none more unconstitutional or unjust is to be found in the annals of British legislation.”

TORONTO.—The new Bishop of this Diocese has published in the ‘Church’ a long circular to his clergy, on the present state of ecclesiastical affairs in that quarter,—together with the form of a Petition to the Imperial Parliament, in behalf of the Colonial Church, which he recommends as a model for adoption by every congregation in the Diocese. The Bishop's letter is very similar to

from our Diocesan, the substance of which appeared in this paper—so similar indeed, that the greater part of it is word for word the same.

PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY.—Among the champions of the doctrines of the Reformation whom the present stir among the Papists has called forth in England, the Rev. Hugh McNeile is one of the most powerful, as well as the most popular. His trumpet gives no uncertain sound, but proclaims aloud to every protestant the necessity of being on his guard, and holding fast by that pure and scriptural faith which has been established upon the blood of our fathers. The following is an extract from a late speech of his at Liverpool:—

“If you desire to prolong the peace, promote the improvement, to protect the liberties and the literature of our country, and, above all, if you desire to transmit to your children the glorious privilege so long enjoyed by yourselves, unfettered freedom to preach and hear the Gospel, to preach and hear Jesus Christ, the truth, the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, manifesting in our nature, the free, eternal, compassionate love of God to our race—Jesus Christ, by one offering of himself, once offered, the just one instead of the unjust ones, making reconciliation for iniquity, that God may be just, and the justifier of every one that believeth—Jesus Christ risen from the dead, and in the truth of our nature exalted to the throne of the Almighty, far above all principality and power, and every name that is named not only in this world, but that which is to come—Jesus Christ, receiving in his risen manhood the promise of the Father, the gift of the Holy Ghost, and pouring forth the precious blessing upon the chosen members of his mystical body, the predestinated objects of Jehovah's saving grace—Jesus Christ, the Lord of Creation, the second Adam, the Judge of the quick and dead, returning in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, to break, as a potter's vessel, all the craft and subtlety of the Devil or man worketh against him, and to establish, in judgment and justice, that everlasting kingdom, the sceptre of which is a right sceptre—if you would secure and perpetuate this glorious liberty of preaching, a liberty which dominant Romanism never did, and never will tolerate, then join in our labours, strengthen our hands, and cheer our hearts, and swell our numbers in stedfastly maintaining the only safeguard for all our blessings, and not ours only, but the blessings of the whole nation, **PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY!**”

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.—We take the following statement of its financial concerns from the Report for 1839:—

“The audit of the Society's accounts for the year 1839, as compared with the audit for the year 1837, shows an increase of about £5,000, or fifty per cent. upon the annual subscriptions; and the receipts for the first half of the year 1839 are such as to authorize an expectation that the whole amount of subscriptions for the year ending 31st December next will be double the like amount for the year ending 31st December, 1837.

This is an encouraging circumstance, particularly when it is remembered that during the year 1838-9 there has been a general collection in behalf of the Society under the authority of a Queen's Letter, and that sum received on this account has amounted to £39,000. Calculating the annual subscriptions therefore at £20,000 per annum, adding to this one-third of the collection under the Queen's Letter £13,000, and taking the Society's present income from legacies of which the interest only can be made available, at £5,000 (including the Jackson Forkhill Fund), is an annual income of £36,000 to meet an expenditure of £40,000, or, with the addition of the West India account, an income of £38,000 to meet an expenditure of £46,000. The difference must be defrayed by the sale of stock, and it is evident that the stock will

not suffice to support even the present rate of expenditure beyond a very short term, and that the large increase of their foreign establishments, to which the Society stand pledged, can only be maintained by a still further increase of annual subscriptions and donations.

The financial condition of the Society therefore is this.—Allowing for the increased means with which they have been furnished, since 1837, they may be able to support their present rate of outlay for several years without any apprehension of pecuniary difficulties. But this rate of outlay must increase considerably in order to meet their actual increase of Missionaries, and it must be doubled in order to supply the colonies with the assistance of which they stand in need. It is computed that 300 additional clergymen might be advantageously employed at the present time in the British colonies; and supposing that the Society allowed stipends, amounting on the average to £100 a-year, to each of these clergymen, the increased expenditure for the colonies alone would be £30,000 a-year. The demand for new Missions and additional Missionaries to the heathen must also be taken into consideration, and on the whole it may be said that three times the amount of the present annual subscriptions, or £60,000 a-year, is required in order to place the operations of the Society on an adequate scale.”

INDIA.—We copy the following extracts from the Bishop of Calcutta's letter, (the devoted Daniel Wilson) to the Society, dated 11th March, 1839:—

“It may be interesting to our venerable Society to be informed that I have visited Negapatam, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly. At the first place I held two confirmations of candidates prepared by our Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Thomson, one for European Christians, the other for natives. To the latter I officiated in Portuguese, a language familiar to the half-castes as well as natives of that station.—And it was a great pleasure to me to be thus enabled to administer the beautiful rite of confirmation in a language understood by the people. I also inspected the Society's schools, and had reason to think them going on well. The church at Negapatam is to me a very interesting building. It is a fine old specimen of a Dutch Church, both in form and fitting up. The pulpit is surmounted by an enormous sounding board, such as I have often met with in Holland. The walls are decorated by the armorial bearings of several Dutch families. Unlike an Indian church it is fitted up with high-backed and most primitive pews. Its only fault is, that it is far too large for the place. Would that I had it at Madras! In Black Town such an edifice would be invaluable! Our missionary there, who you are aware is brother of the late secretary, appears to me diligent and zealous. Mrs. Thomson is anxious to establish a girls' school, for which purpose I have promised them a little assistance.

“At Mayaveram I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Coombes, who subsequently received me at Combaconum, where I again administered the rite of confirmation to his native candidates. I am much pleased with this gentleman. He seems to me well adapted to his work—sound, steady, and efficient.—I need not say that I visited Tanjore, with a lively interest. The scene of Schwartz's labours could not be visited without emotion by a Christian Bishop.—The Society is aware that it possesses two churches at Tanjore. And I will say once for all, that I make a point of examining the condition of these buildings as I proceed through the diocese, and have found them hitherto in good repair. Schwartz's house is standing—a plain, but comfortable residence, such as became the apostolic man. His pulpit, the reverse of that of Negapatam, is also in existence: and I could not but think of his devoted labours in the good cause when I ascended it: and I pray that the good work, begun by him, may by God's blessing in His own good time be accomplished. Immediately upon my arrival at Tanjore I sent a note to the truly venerable Mr. Kohloff, who, I had been told, was in weak health, to say that I would pay him a visit. The good old man, however, would not be restrained from showing his re-

spect for the Bishop, and accompanied by Mr. Brotherton, called upon me shortly after my arrival.—I was much struck by his venerable appearance, and this pleasing impression was strengthened by the primitive simplicity of his manners, strongly reminding me of that excellent class of men, the evangelical pastors of Germany. In the course of my sermon on Sunday I felt it due to this faithful servant to allude to his long and zealous services of 52 years, as an encouragement to his younger brethren to go and do likewise. The dear old man was much affected: and when, in conclusion, I requested his blessing, I told him from my heart, that although according to the inscrutable decree of Providence I was a Bishop, and he a missionary, I could not but feel and acknowledge that without all contradiction, the less was blessed of the greater. I was introduced here for the first time to a native priest. His name is Namapirajyam—spiritual light. This venerable servant of God, who, I am assured, is a burning and shining light in this land of darkness, was born at Negapatam, of heathen parents in the year 1750; in 1811 he received Lutheran ordination at Trichinopoly at the hands of the Rev. Christian Pöhl. He bears an excellent character, his conduct being, I am assured, such as becomes a sincere and consistent Christian; and he was highly esteemed by Gericka and Rottler, with the former of whom he travelled over the greater part of Southern India. Schwartz, by whom he was appointed a schoolmaster, speaks of him in his journal, if I recollect right (for I have not the book by me), in very high terms. He is an interesting looking old man, with a countenance full of benevolence; his dress a long white robe, somewhat between a toga and a surplice, reminded me of the figures of the apostles in the Cartoons. A very little pension, be it ever so small, would be well bestowed on the good old man. One of our missionaries, and a young man I am informed of great merit, the Rev. C. Calthrop, was absent from his station with my permission, granted to him on medical assurance, that the immediate removal of his wife to the hills had become absolutely necessary, and that his own health also imperatively demanded change and relaxation—I have since had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman at Kotagerry. He looks ill, and I am sure needs repose.

“The next station visited by me was Trichinopoly where I found at the post he has occupied many years the Rev. D. Schreyvogel. Other ecclesiastical business of a more pressing nature prevented me from giving as much time as I could have wished to visiting his schools. I held, however, a confirmation, administering that beautiful rite to 32 natives, whom I addressed, as in my custom, extempore from the altar, explaining to them the nature of the sacred obligation into which they had entered; each sentence being interpreted to them by the officiating missionary.

“It will be interesting to our Society to know that I admitted into priest's orders three of our missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Goldstein, Hickey and Hubbard, together with the Rev. R. Burchard of the Church Missionary Society. They have already proceeded to their appointed stations.

Epi-copacy in Bombay.—Within the Presidency, and under the direction of Bishop Carr, are seventeen clergymen, and ten church buildings. His Lordship judges that to meet the wants of his diocese, ten additional church buildings are needed, and eight more clergymen. He strongly inculcates a missionary spirit on his clergy, and urges diligent attention to the schools, the hospitals, the young people, and to pastoral visitation. A highly evangelical spirit breathes through his Primary charge. Does not God design to bless India, when he gives her bishops or pastors of such a stamp?—*Boston Recorder.*

The Scriptures for the East.—A small edition of the Hindostanee Old Testament newly translated, is to be printed in the Roman Character, at the earnest and unanimous request of the missionaries in the Upper Provinces. Archdeacon Robinson is carrying a new edition of his version of the Pentateuch in Persian, through the press in England, with the assistance of Dr. Haberlin.—*Ibid.*

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS *

Music is in the midnight air,
Strange sounds delight the holy hill,
And seraph-melodies declare
Sweet "peace on earth, to man good will."

Hush'd is the strain; the shepherd's ears
Have heard those words in deep amaze;
And, lo, as morning light appears,
What pomp salutes the warder's gaze!

Robed in the stole of Tyrian dye,
The Magian kings their ranks unfold,
Their gorgeous bondmen bearing high
The myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Whom seek ye, with this proud display
Of perfumed ore and glittering gem?
"Led by yon planet's, mystic ray,
We seek the Babe of Bethlehem.

"Low laid in Judah's lowliest town,
Its lowest hostelry beneath,
We seek the Heir of David's crown,
The Conqueror of sin and death."

Well may ye bow the turban'd head,
Well with your richest gifts prepare;
All glorious in that humble shed,
For Israel's hope is cradled there.

Yea'd in the cloud of human birth—
Deep mystery, which angels scan!—
The incarnate God descends to earth,
Creation's Lord obscur'd in man.

Reader, rejoice in fear and love,
And nobler offerings hither bring;
A life whose thoughts are fix'd above,
A death whence faith hath torn the sting.

Thus rescued from a state forlorn,
By mercy saved, by grace forgiven,
Be thou amongst those bless'd re-born,
Whose names the Spirit writes in heaven.

Ch. of Eng. Mag.

CHRIST APPLIED TO OUR HEARTS.

He that inquires what is the just value and worth of Christ, asks a question which puts all the men on earth, and angels in heaven, to an everlasting non-plus.

But how excellent soever Christ is in himself, what treasures of righteousness soever lie in his blood, and whatever joy, peace, and unspeakable comforts, spring up to men out of his incarnation, humiliation, and exaltation, the distinct benefit and comforts thereof are only enjoyed in the way of effectual application.

For never was any wound healed by a prepared, but unapplied plaster: never any body warmed by the most costly garments made, but put on: never any heart refreshed and comforted by the richest cordial compounded, but not received: nor from the beginning of the world was it ever known that a poor, deceived, condemned, polluted, miserable sinner, was actually delivered out of that woeful state, until of God Christ is made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

As the condemnation of the first Adam passeth not to us, except as by generation we are his; so grace and remission pass not from the second Adam to us, except as by regeneration we are His.—*Flavel.*

* By the Right Rev. Aubrey G. Spencer, D. D. Lord Bishop of Newfoundland.

DYING SCENES.

Cardinal Wolsey, when dying, by slow progress and short journeys, reached Leicester Abbey. He was received with the greatest respect. His only observation was, "Father Abbot, I come to lay my bones among you." He died three days after with great composure and fortitude. He said shortly before his death—"Had I served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs; but this is the just reward I must receive for my pains and study, in not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."—*Southern Churchman.*

M. de La Harpe, one of the first literary characters of the last century, who for many years laboured to spread the principles of the French philosophy, but afterwards became a most strenuous defender of Christianity, on the evening before his death was visited by a friend. He was listening to the prayers for the sick; as soon as they were concluded, he stretched forth his hand and said—"I am grateful to divine mercy for having left me sufficient recollection to feel how consoling these prayers are to the dying."—*Ibid.*

C. H. BELCHER,

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HALIFAX, JAN. 1st, 1840.

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Halifax, Nov. 1, 1839. C. H. BELCHER.

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