



# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

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*For the Colonial Churchman.*

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS—NO. IV.

A FUNERAL IN THE WOODS.

In the early part of May 183-, I was called to bury the child of one of my remote parishioners, whose dwelling was in the bosom of the forest, at a distance of full twenty miles from mine. The circumstances made a strong and pleasing impression upon my mind, and I therefore would record them here.

My course lay through what a short time ago was but a trackless wilderness, but is now dotted by new and improving farms, with here and there some humble cabins. For miles, however, the eye is uncheered by those signs of civilization, and rests upon the unbroken wood, or the broad surface of some beautiful lakes, whose waves to-day were sparkling in the rays of an unclouded sun. The road was such as the provincial missionary has almost weekly to travel at the risk of his neck—sometimes impeded by rocks and stumps, and the roots of trees—and sometimes a mere path, scarcely discernible to an unpractised eye; and on this occasion there was the unsettled state of the ground, owing to the frost coming out, to contend with, making it often dangerous to sit the horse. The whole might fitly bring to the mind the *road of life*—for a little while smooth and pleasant, but soon beset by various difficulties and dangers, temporal and spiritual. Happy they who in the midst of these can realize the protecting and guiding hand of Him who is himself the "WAY, the truth and the life."

The house of mourning, to which I came at last, was embosomed in the trees which "God's right hand had planted," and was prettily placed on the margin of a beautiful lake—alone in the wilderness, with no other dwelling of man in view. The owner had come to the spot with axe in hand but a short time before, and the considerable clearing that appeared around was good proof that he had not used that instrument in vain. The house was such as is usually reared in haste by the poor settler—formed of logs, and the interstices filled with moss. But contentment seemed to abide within its humble walls; and, what is better still, we trust that on this day the Spirit of the High and Holy One did not disdain to be present also. The single room of this dwelling was my Church—rough boards placed on blocks of wood served for pews—a table and chair were the substitute for a pulpit.

The neighbours, (so called) that is, those who lived within six or seven miles, were gathered to the number of about 20 or 30 to assist on the sad occasion. It was the first death that had occurred there, and the first time that the voice of a minister had been heard celebrating the ordinances of the church. We had first our blessed prayers, and our comforting scriptures, as appointed for the burial of the dead,—nor was the psalm of praise wanting, such as untu-

tored voices might humbly raise, acceptable perhaps on high, a when accompanied by the loud swell of the magnificent organ, or "gentle psaltery's silver sounds."

I failed not to seize the occasion when hearts were softened by affliction's rod, to preach the Gospel of Him who came to "comfort those that mourn," and who has especially said of such as the little one that lay before us, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." The warning note was addressed to the old and the young—the afflicted parents were reminded not to sorrow as those without hope for their child, translated from the cares and sorrows of earth to the joys of the blessed in heaven. Nor did the word seem to go forth void, if we might judge from the fixed attention of the congregation, and the tears that not seldom coursed down the rough and sunburnt cheeks of many before me. The missionary, though averse to what commonly pass for "funeral sermons," is careful not to let slip such occasions as these, without endeavouring to bring home to the hearts of those who generally assemble, (and perhaps seldom are able to enter a church,) the great truths of the Gospel, and thus become the "voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Our services within doors being ended—the last nail driven into the rude coffin—the last look taken, and the last kiss given to their beloved child as he lay apparently locked in the arms of sleep, with the wild flowers and green herbs around his head,—we all went forth, young and old, male and female, to the narrow house which had been prepared for his last earthly abode. Church-yard, or church, there was none, nor tolling bell, nor long train of mourners, "bearing the mockery of woe." But near to the house the green sod, amid the stumps, had been broken up, and a soft bed made ready for the little one. There for the first time did the earth open to fulfil the sentence of the Creator—and there for the first time was the sublime and comforting Burial service of the Church performed.—Seldom have I used it with a happier influence on my own heart, and, as it seemed, on the hearts of all around me. The cheering declaration especially of the Saviour—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die," came home with accompanying faith and power to the soul, and it is hoped, sent the mourner comforted away.

After a little time spent in more private and direct communication with the family, and with others that came from far, I turned my head homewards, having other duties before me on the morrow, and reached it safely about ten o'clock, somewhat weary, but very thankful for the mercies and impressions of the day. And I felt when I lay down to rest, that though I have in my time followed the great, the learned, the pious, the beautiful, to the grave—and have myself,

performed the last solemn services over numbers of all descriptions, and under every various shade of circumstance—and though I have been where all that wealth could do has been put in requisition to add solemnity to the obsequies of the dead,—I yet could remember few of such scenes more affecting and impressive than this little FUNERAL IN THE WOODS.

A MISSIONARY.

OLD FATHER MORRIS.\*

*By Miss H. B. Stowe.*

Sometimes "he would give the narration an exceeding practical turn, as one example will illustrate. He had noticed a falling off in his little circle which met for social prayer, and took occasion the first time he re-collected a tolerable audience, to tell concerning the "conference meeting which the disciples attended" after the resurrection.

"But Thomas was not with them," said the old man in a sorrowful voice—why! "what could keep Thomas away?" "Perhaps," said he, glancing at some of his backward auditors—"Thomas has got cold hearted, and was, afraid they would ask him to make the first prayer; or "perhaps, said he, looking at some of the farmers, "Thomas was afraid the roads were bad—or perhaps" he added, after a pause, "Thomas had got proud and thought he could not come in his old clothes."—Thus he went on, significantly summing up with great simplicity and emotion, and added, "But only think what Thomas lost, for in the middle of the meeting, the Lord Jesus came and stood among them! How sorry Thomas must have been!" This representation seemed to fill the vacant seats for some time to come.

At another time, Father Morris gave the details of the anointing of David to be King.—He told them how Samuel went to Bethlehem to Jesse's house, and went in with a "How d'ye do Jesse?" and how when Jesse asked him to take a chair, he could not stay a minute—that the Lord had sent him to anoint one of his sons for a King; and how when Jesse called in the tallest and handsomest, Samuel said he would not do; and how all the rest passed the same test; and at last, how Samuel says, "Why have not you any more sons, Jesse? and Jesse says 'Why yes, there is little David, down in the lot,' and how, as soon as Samuel saw David, he slashed the oil right on to him, and, how Jesse said, 'he never was so beat in all his life.'"

Father Morris sometimes used his illustrative talent to a very good purpose, in the way of rebuke. He had on his farm a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten and twelve year old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought expedient.

Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon one Sunday in his little parish an account of a journey he took, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches, that made his mouth water to look at them.—"So," says he, I came up to the fence, and look'd all around—for I would not have touched one of them for all the world. At last I spied a man, and says I, Mister, wont you give me some of your peaches? So the man came and gave me nigh a-

\* Concluded from our last number.

boat a hat full. And while I stood thus eating, "I to see in you the shining of the furnace, the character of our God visibly reflected in you. We look for said Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?" "Keep them," said he, and stared at me—this manifestation mainly in the grand object of your "What do you mean?" Yes, sir, said I—"dost the ministration—the exaltation of Christ. This is the boys steal them?" "Boys steal them?" said he—object for which we are to live—to set up Christ, "no indeed?" Why, sir, said I, I have a whole lot and none beside him, before our people; Christ for full of peaches, and I cannot get half of them,—here us, the ground of our faith; Christ in us, the life of the old man's voice grew tremulous—"because the our souls; his blood and righteousness, the matter of boys in my Parish steal them so?"—"Why, sir," our trust; his Spirit, the quickening principle of our said he, "dost their parents teach them not to steal?" souls; Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life;" And I grew all over in a cold sweat and I told him Christ, the refuge and consolation, the present and I was afraid they did not." "Why how you talk," eternal salvation of his people. Ah! when we look said the man, "tell me where you live." Then said at the hopes of a fallen world centering in him, this Father Morris—the tears running over—I was oblig- fixes our purpose, not to "know any thing but Jesus ed to tell him I lived in the town of G—. After Christ, and him crucified;" this gives to us our text, this Father Morris kept his peaches.

Our old friend was not less original in the logical, than in the illustrative portions of his discourses. His logic was of the familiar, colloquial kind, which shakes vivid apprehension of the person, glory, and work of hands with common sense like an old friend. Sometimes too, his great mind and great heart would be poured out on the vast scheme of religion, in the language which, though homely, produced all the effects of the sublime. He once preached a discourse on the text, the "High and Holy One that inhabiteth eternity." And from the beginning to the end, it was a train of solemn thought. With his usual simple earnestness and his great rolling voice, he told about the Great God—the great Jehovah, and how the people in this world were flustering and worrying, and afraid they should not get time to do this, and that, and t'other. "But," he added, with full heart-ed satisfaction, the Lord is never in a hurry; he has it all to do, but he has time enough for he inhabiteth all eternity." And the grand idea of infinite leisure, and Almighty resources, was carried through the sermon with equal strength and simplicity.

But the sayings and doings of this good old man, as reported in the legends of the neighborhood, are far beyond the common age of man, and continued, when age had impaired his powers, to tell over and over again the same Bible stories, that he had told over before.

It was not many years after, that this simple and loving servant of Christ was gathered in peace unto Him whom he loved. His name is fast passing from remembrance; and in a few years, his memory, like his humble grave, will be entirely grown over and forgotten among men, though it will be held in everlasting remembrance by Him who "forgetteth not his servants," and in whose sight the death of his saints is precious.

## MINISTERIAL.

AN ADDRESS MADE TO THE IRISH CLERGY, AT THE ROTUNDA, IN DUBLIN, BY THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES, M. A., VICAR OF OLD NEWTON.

Beloved Fathers and Brethren,—“I am with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. I cannot but feel, that I am standing before many, at whose feet I should most gladly sit; I can only thank you for the strengthening sympathy of your prayers. I have longed these many years to see you, not as though I could impart unto you any spiritual gift, but trusting that we might be comforted together by our mutual faith and love. And now that we are come together, with joy by the will of God, may we with each other be refreshed!

We have looked upon you as a Church in the fellowship of the sufferings of our common Lord. We have viewed you in the consecrated furnace, stamped with the special seal of God's election, the cheering badge of fatherly love; and having "the Spirit of glory and of God resting upon you." We come, therefore, not to sympathise with your sorrows, but to join in your songs of praise—"Thou causest men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water, and thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

Rear with me, however, dear brethren, while I bring before you one practical recollection connected with the Lord's dispensation with you. "The Refiner purifies the sons of Levi, and purges them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." We look therefore

What, again, is experience without doctrine? It is a religion of feeling—a religion of delusion—fostered by excitement, instead of connected with principle—a mere ignis fatuus, instead of the "light of life"—inducing a spiritual "confidence in the flesh" instead of a "rejoicing in Christ Jesus." What is experience without practice? It shows only the power of impulse, instead of permanent habits, and leaves the man the wretched victim of his own delusions. Thus, again, what is practice without doctrine, but "the body without the spirit, which is dead?" without experience—mere external formality, wholly destitute of the joy and peace of believing in Christ? We bring the matter to a very simple point, when we connect every feeling, and every obligation with a continual contemplation of Christ, and an entire dependence on him, "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory," that "all our springs are in him."

I am led to dwell upon this point, because, so far as my own observations have gone, I have uniformly marked instability of profession to be combined with partial views of Scripture, a sort of favouritism of Scripture. Sometimes it may be doctrines, or some particular doctrines. Sometimes it may be the prophetic parts of the Word—those parts that give occasion to the indulgence of speculation, or which act more directly upon the imagination, than upon the conscience and the conduct. It is very difficult to preserve a well-balanced mind in the reception or dispensation of the Gospel. Where no positive error is introduced, important truths are too often misplaced, or stretched beyond their scriptural dimensions. It matters little which be the favourite point. A partial exhibition must be ineffectual. We can never uphold a steadfast consistency of conduct, except as connected with a whole Christ, and a whole revelation of God.

Does not this view—slight as it is—bring out the practical conviction, that it is no light or trifling matter to preach the Gospel? See how it exercised all the wisdom—all the energy—of the great apostle!—"Who is sufficient for these things?" I cannot but hope, dear brethren, that our minds are deeply impressed with the grand moment of this matter—that it does command the best feelings, and the warmest glow of our hearts. But it calls for much more than this. It involves the responsibility of the cultivation of all our talents, the enriching of our minds, the concentration of every power of man, the redemption and improvement of all our time, to be consecrated to this primary work. Those who feel that less than this entire all is needed—that preparation, and thought, and exercise are matters of small concern, have never realized those views of the sacred office, which (speaking for myself) I desire daily to impress more vividly upon my own mind.

There is often much delusive misconception on this point arising from natural causes. Fluency of utterance, for example, stands with some ministers as a welcome and indolent substitute for more laborious work. This, indeed, when it opens the communication with a well-stored mind, is a most valuable gift. But, apart from this resource it is a most serious evil to the individual, and a starving injury to the Church. It leads to the habit of saying a great deal, when we have very little to say. It leads us to mistake a flow of words for solid instruction. It exhibits a library of duplicates, instead of a well-assorted stock of theology, or an ill furnished house, crammed with a multitude of articles, but most of them of the same kind. Now the results can obviously never stretch beyond a little temporary interest and excitement, while there is nothing here of permanent edification to feed the Church of God. An eminent minister relinquished for a while the practice of extempore preaching, because he often detected himself to be speaking without thought, knowledge, experience, or judgment; and though I do not see it necessary to follow his example, yet the spirit of it is greatly to be cherished. My heart trembles under the recollection, that the mischief of one crude sentence in the pulpit may spread throughout eternity. What is delivered, therefore, as from the mouth of God, needs to be weighed and examined with the most deep and considerate study. As to myself, I confess that I should as soon think of building an house from the result of my own unassisted labour, or a navy from

Secondly, I would suggest the importance of a complete ministration of the Gospel.

This would include three points, suited to the complex character of man. There is doctrine for the head, experience for the heart, practice for the life and conversation. Take one or two of these things separately, and what a poor, starving, ineffective ministration it is! What are doctrines without experience, but dry, abstract notions? What are they without practice, but Antinomian ungodliness?—

the oaks of my own planting, as of furnishing myself for the diversified cases of my people without some enlargement of my own resources, and without a well-digested use of them in previous preparation and study. "How,"—asks an old writer—"can the people grow, if the minister does not grow?—And how can the minister grow without study—if he does not daily drink in more than he pours out? If the nurse does not feed, and that more than another, she will soon bring both herself and her child into a consumption. As, therefore, we would not have the souls that are hanging upon our breasts languish for want of nourishment, and ourselves faint in the work, let us endeavour to recruit ourselves for the expenditure laid upon us." The distinguishing mark of "the pastor according to God's own heart" is, that he "shall feed his people with knowledge and understanding." The "scribe well-instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" has a "storehouse," from whence he "brings out things new and old." I would therefore, that we might bind it as a responsibility resting upon us all, to study and pray, to pray and study again; to labour and work; to concentrate mind, as well as heart and soul, in our great and glorious object—saving souls—feeding souls—winning souls, and rearing families for heaven. In this way only I hope to establish my people solidly in the ways of heaven, and to anticipate a joyous meeting with them in the presence of our God.

PROFESSOR STUART OF ANDOVER AGAINST TOO HASTY ENTERING INTO THE MINISTRY.

It is *perilous* to the reputation and usefulness of the ministry, when young men rush into it with precipitation and without due preparation. I have seen the experiment often enough to be satisfied that this is true. I have never known a young man do so, who has not afterward, if he possessed good sense and piety, been brought to sore repentance for his rashness. In a little time, all his stock of knowledge is exhausted. He has neither leisure nor inclination to acquire more. Not leisure; because his active duties are so numerous as to leave him very little time for study: not inclination; for he has not gone far enough in the field of theological study, to acquire a taste for investigating it, and pushing on vigorously in his efforts to traverse it. What is the consequence? Every man of sense may easily answer this question. The consequence is, that when he has made one revolution round his small orbit, he begins another in the same track. When he has gone twice round, and commences a third, his people, already uneasy and apprehensive of no additional instruction, begin to manifest their uneasiness, and utter their complaints. This is followed speedily by mutual alienation of affection and of confidence; and this of course ends in a separation of the parties.—The pastor then goes to another church, to begin the same rounds, and to end them with the same catastrophe. By the time he has gone through some half a dozen of these, all the churches become suspicious of him, and he is left, in his advancing age, without a home, and without a flock to feed; and if he is not a Christian of more than ordinary humility and benevolence, he will become invidious toward all successful ministers, and in the end a kind of universal hater of men.

Such is the usual course and doom of rashness and precipitancy in entering on the active duties of the ministry. The exceptions to this, (and such there are,) are not numerous enough to be brought into the account, when we are canvassing the question, what the *general rule* should be.

The station which I have occupied for the last twenty-nine years of my life, has given me opportunity for somewhat extensive observation of facts, which have a bearing on the subject now before us. The more I have seen, the more confirmed have I been in the sentiments that I have just expressed.

Often, much too often, have young men that have joined the Seminary here, become impatient under the protracted period of three years, which our laws demand for completing their preparation. Many have been the expedients which have been hit upon by some in order to evade their force of our laws, which absolutely demand a completion of such a

course, either here or at some other Theological Seminary. I might mention some cases of breaking away, that are of a nature adapted to give pain to an honest mind, and seemingly irreconcilable with downright honesty and truth. And why such hazardous attempts as these? Merely because of impatience at delay. Nothing would answer any purpose, but to be actually preaching. "There," say they, "is a perishing world—there the outstretched hands of the churches imploring aid—there the missions languishing for want of men; and they feel a burning and even an unquenchable zeal to be warning sinners and comforting Christians. If God designs them for usefulness—about which they have no misgivings—then he will qualify them, even as he did Paul; and to be taught by his Spirit, is better than to drink in at the fountains of science which are merely human." Thus they have persuaded themselves, that they merely obeyed the call of God in breaking away from a protracted course of preparation; nay, that the young men who patiently submit to this course, and even desire still another year for preparation, must be wanting in benevolence and efficiency.

Our Seminary is never free from some such young men as I have now described. But while these, in their own behalf, put to the score of their benevolence and piety a great portion of their urgent zeal to break away from a due preparatory course of study, my observation leads me to conclude, that in most cases there is quite as much vanity and self-esteem, as there is benevolence, in their forward spirit; and that if they knew themselves better, and the greatness of their undertaking in a more adequate manner, they would sit down with great quiet and diligence to a full preparation.

I have my doubts, however, whether minds of such an order can be tamed by any thing but experiment. This I well know, that the collected wisdom and energy of all the faculty of this Seminary, has not been able, in many cases, to alter the determination of some young men. Their feeling seemed to be, that the salvation of the world was suspended on their immediate and undelayed efforts in the ministry. God called them; and they must hearken to his counsel rather than to that of men.

A BAPTIST MINISTER'S OPINION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

A short time since a distinguished Baptist clergyman, who is regarded by his denomination as peculiarly gifted in extemporary prayer, remarked to me that he was every year more and more convinced of the utility of a liturgy: and there were times when he was called to stand between his people and God, and to take upon himself the high and awful responsibility of carrying up their minds and thoughts to Jehovah and of speaking to Him for them,—when he felt so utterly incompetent to the task, both in the frame of his spirit, and in the power to express appropriately the wants of his flock, that he would have made almost any sacrifice could he have thrown himself upon a suitable precomposed form of prayer, and thus have led the devotions of his people. He also added, that so well pleased was he with the rich and spiritual character of our service, that he had often remarked to his clerical brethren, that he not only desired that they might have a liturgy in their Church, but that with a few slight alterations adapting it to their peculiar views, he was ready to take our Prayer-Book for that liturgy. This, or a similar candid acknowledgment, has been made to me in the course of my ministry more than once by clergymen of high standing in other denominations. We may well inquire whether a liturgy is not a bulwark of defence to any Church, guarding the purity of its faith, and preventing irregularity and disorder? What but this has kept our Church from the mildew of Unitarianism, and the blasting influence of those elements of discord and disunion, which have laid waste so many portions of Zion around us? Surely the whole experience of the world must be changed before we can be driven from the defence of a liturgy on the ground of expediency. And if a liturgy is to be used, it will be difficult to find one better than ours—more scriptural—more evangelical—more imbued with the very soul of spiritual religion.—*Rev. J. A. Clark's Letters.*

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE YOUTHFUL CHRISTIAN.

Ebenezer Cross died at Glasgow in March 1837, aged nearly 13:—his health had always been delicate; but his mild and resigned spirit enabled him to yield submissively to the manifold inconveniences attending sickness. He was ever ready, according to his ability, to listen to holy conversation; and he would even speak calmly of death, which he felt could not be far distant. And when God's last message was about to reach him, this patient sufferer observed to his father—"my journey is near an end."—On being asked to what journey he referred, his answer was, "the journey of life"—and then assured those around him that his trust was still in God alone. Still his heart was ever softened towards his family and friends, and he would exclaim—"Oh! if I could but take you with me!"

You know perhaps, young reader, that pretty hymn commencing

"Holy Bible! Book divine!  
"Precious treasure! thou art mine."

That same precious and heavenly book was the constant delight and study of young Cross; and he also delighted in such spiritual works as he could understand.

The same source from which I have been enabled to compile the foregoing memoir, furnishes us with the following letter addressed by Ebenezer Cross to one of his brothers. If its perusal makes you feel serious, pray encourage the feeling, and let not worldly thoughts drive them hastily from your breast. Now, here follows the greater part of that interesting letter—a message, as it were, from the borders of the grave, from the young to the young.

"Glasgow, 14th April, 1836.

"Dear Brother,

"It is from the sides of eternity I address you now, I am heartily sorry that I have so little strength to write what I long so much to communicate to you. But let me tell you my brother, eternity is another thing than we ordinarily take it to be in a healthful state. O how vast and boundless, how fixed and unutterable. Of what infinite importance is it that we be prepared for eternity. I feel myself no more an inhabitant of earth, and sometimes earnestly long to depart and be with Christ. Many serious Christians are too easily imposed upon by the much false religion that there is in the world. I likewise fear you are not sensible of the dreadful effects and consequences of it. Let me tell you it is the devil transformed into an angel of light; while it passes current with multitudes of well meaning people for the height of religion. And now my dear Brother, I am about to leave this world, I commend you and all my friends to God, to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up in holiness, and give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. May the Lord be your guide and your portion for ever, may he be your aim and your all in all; may he keep you from the evils of this world and all its temptations, which are the desires of your dying brother,

EBENEZER CROSS."

*Fatal Consequences of Disobedience.*—Died in Woburn, May 29th, William Wheat, aged 14. The circumstances connected with the death of this youth, are too affecting to be surpassed. He came to his untimely end, by the explosion of a gun barrel, with which he had been repeatedly commanded not to meddle. Contrary to orders, he loaded the gun and applied a lucifer match, to fire off his "cannon," as he called it—but it burst and killed him instantly. —*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

## THE PREACHERS.

Amid my garden's brodered paths I trod,  
And there my mind soon caught her favorite clue;  
I seem'd to stand amid the Church of God,  
The flowers were preachers, and (still stranger) drew  
From their own life and course  
The love they would enforce,  
And sound their doctrine was, and every precept true

And first the *Sunflower* spake. Behold, he said,  
How I unweariedly from dawn to night  
Turn to the wheeling sun my golden head,  
And drink into my dish fresh draughts of light.  
O mortal! look and learn;  
So, with obedient turn,  
From womb to grave pursue the sun of life and might

And next I heard the lowly *Camomile*,  
Who, as I trod on him with reckless feet,  
And wrung his perfume out cried, List awhile—  
Even thus with charity the proud one greet.  
And, as insultors press,  
Even turn thou thus and bless,  
And yield from each hear's bruise a redolence more sweet.

Then from his rocky pulpit I heard cry  
The *Stoncrop*. See how loose to earth I grow,  
And draw my juicy nurture from the sky.  
So drive not thou, fond man, thy root too low;  
But loosely clinging here,  
From God's supernal sphere  
Draw life's unearthly food, catch heaven's undying glow.

Then preach'd the humble *Strawberry*. Behold  
The lowliest and least adorn'd of flowers  
Lies at our feet; yet lift my leafy fold,  
And fruit is there unfound in gaudier bowers.  
So plain be thou and meek,  
And when vain man shall seek,  
Unveil the blooming fruit of solitary hours.

Then cried the *Lily*: Hear my mission next.  
On me thy Lord bade ponder and be wise,  
O, wan with toil, with care and doubt perplex'd,  
Survey my joyous bloom, my radiant dyes.  
My hues no vigils dim,  
All care I cast on him,  
Who more than faith can ask, each hour to faith supplies.

The *Thistle* warn'd me last; for as I tore  
The intruder up, it cried, Rash man, take heed!  
In me thou hast thy type. Yea, pause and pore—  
Even as thou, doth God his garden weed:  
Deem not each worthier plant  
For thee shall waste and want,  
Nor fright with hostile spines thy Master's chosen seed.

Then cried the garden's host, with one consent,  
Come, man, and see how day by day we shoot;  
For every hour of rain, and sunshine lent,  
Deepen our glowing hues, and drive our root;  
And as our heads we lift,  
Record each added gift,  
And bear to God's high will, and man's support, our fruit.

O, Leader thou of earth's exulting quire,  
Thou with a first-born's royal rights endued,  
Wilt thou alone be dumb? alone desire  
Renew'd the gifts so oft in vain renew'd?  
Then sicken, fret and pine,  
As on thy head they shine,  
And wither 'mid the bliss of boundless plenitude:

Oh, come! and, as thy due, our concert lead.  
Glory to him, the Lord of life and light,  
Who nurs'd our tender leaf, our colours spread  
And gave thy body mind, the first-born's right,  
By which thy slight may cleave  
The starry pole, and leave  
The younger mates below in death's unbroken night.

Rectory of Valehead.

CHARITY.—What an excellent gift is charity—(that charity which 'thinketh no evil,')—without which, who so ever liveth is counted dead before the Lord; or even though he giveth his body in martyrdom for thee, gains nothing!—*Bonnell*.

## EPISCOPACY.

## BISHOP WHITE PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY.\*

## IMPORTANCE OF THE LITURGY TO THE SOUNDNESS OF THE CHURCH.

The experience of the last three hundred years should excite our thankfulness and praise for connexion with a Church possessing such distinguished privileges as our's; it should endear to our hearts the fruits of the labours of those by whom it was purified and reformed, and stimulate us to redoubled zeal in exhibiting her to others in all her integrity, her distinctive principles, and prominent peculiarities; not in the spirit of vain glorious boasting, or the mere zeal of proselytism; but with a sincere and earnest desire that others may "obtain like precious faith with us," and partake of those invaluable advantages which we think we enjoy. That experience must force upon calm and reflecting minds the conviction, that no Church which discards the use of a Liturgy, can long preserve soundness of faith and purity of doctrine. If we look at the present state of Germany and Switzerland, (the first to abandon established and prescribed formularies of devotion,) we perceive them, instead of adhering to the pure principles of the Reformation, completely overrun with the noxious weeds of Socinianism. What has become of the churches founded by Calvin, and which were once so prosperous and flourishing? Scarcely one of them has escaped the infection of that soul-destroying heresy. What a melancholy view did the state of England present, when the established Church was overthrown under Cromwell! With its sixty different sects, many of them flagitious in principles and conduct, it prevailed long enough to teach us what we may expect when once the barriers erected by a Scriptural Liturgy are removed, and the flood-gates of "false doctrine, heresy, and schism," are thrown open. The histories of the almost countless sects which have sprung up in our own country, their divisions and errors in faith, (we are sure we speak it with Christian charity and sorrow,) evince how easily departures from pure doctrinal truth may take place, when the conduct of public worship is not provided for, but left to the knowledge, the judgment, the grace, and the will of the officiating minister. The dissensions and evils which afflict the cause of our common Christianity, and so seriously obstruct the progress of the Gospel, causing "the way of truth to be evil spoken of," and "giving occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme," may all be traced to the innovations which man has made upon the primitive and divinely appointed constitution of the Church;—throwing down the bulwark of a prescribed ritual, and casting off that mild supervision and control established by the Apostles, under the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Ghost, for the preservation of due subordination in the ministry, and order and sound doctrine in the household of faith. The superior efficacy of the true Apostolic system for attaining these important ends, above any which human ingenuity has been able to devise, or the inventions of latter ages to substitute for it, is evident from the remarkable fact, that there has never been known in our whole country a solitary example of an Episcopal congregation which has apostatized from "the faith once delivered to the saints." In some instances, they may have fallen into lukewarmness and declension as respects spirituality and zeal; they may have grown cold and indifferent as to the practical duties of religion; but with regard to doctrine, and Christian unity, they have remained, without exception, sound, orthodox, and evangelical.

## THE CHURCH'S ORDER FAVORABLE TO UNITY.

Let us continue to cherish the delightful hope encouraged by the past and present history of those branches of the Holy Catholic Church which have held fast to their ancient faith and discipline, that the day will yet come when all the professed followers of Christ shall return to their original unity, peace, and concord. The points which now divide them are no evidence to the contrary; for the disunion has been produced by causes which can be, and ought to be, removed. What Christians once were, they may

\* From the 6th Annual Report—Philadelphia, 1839.—Concluded.

again be,—cordially joining in profession "one Lord one faith, one baptism;" united together in "one body and one Spirit, even as they are called in one hope of their calling." For this blessed consummation our Church ceases not to offer her fervent and constant prayers; to promote it she has made every concession and provision which she can make consistently with fidelity to the truth; inviting the return of all Christ's wandering sheep, that they may be happily united in one fold under one shepherd; sacrificing all minor points,—waving all doubtful topics,—and throwing open the door of her communion to all who subscribe the Apostles' creed, and respect the Apostolic succession. Briefly setting forth in that simple and admirable formulary all the great and fundamental articles which she deems essential in a profession of Christian faith, she avoids those disputes and interminable controversies in which we behold others involved by laying too great a stress of inferences and opinions of so unquestionable or subtle a nature, that presenting themselves as they do to different minds under such different aspects, perfect agreement is impossible. Such abstract doctrinal differences she deems a very insufficient cause for dissolving those bonds of union by which the whole family of Christ should be held together as one body, under one spiritual head. In her book of Common Prayer she presents a platform where all evangelical Christians may meet and rally, and extend to each other the right hand of fellowship:—she ranges herself around the Bible of Truth, and places us for all we are to believe, and all we are to practice, upon the ground of this simple principle, that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to Salvation." We speak not of those who, forsaking the form of sound words delivered us in the inspired volume, have rushed into all manner of extravagance and doctrinal error, and with whom heresy is the palladium of their schism: of such we can only entertain the charitable wish that their eyes may be opened, and that they may see, before they go hence,— "the things which belong unto their peace." But of those whose "hearts are right with God," and who have not sacrificed the love of truth to the love of novelty, or the vain emulation of sectarian fame, it may be hoped that a time will yet come when it may please God to dispose them to review the original causes of their separation, and seriously to consider whether they are of sufficient importance still to justify its continuance, and so keep up an irreparable breach among those who should have but one heart and one mind, as they are animated by one hope of "the common salvation;" whether what originally pleaded in its justification circumstances alone, can be longer justified when circumstances have totally changed? Great is the power of truth; and although its progress may be retarded for a while by obstinate prejudice, and its light obscured by the mists of sophistry, we must patiently wait God's own good time; and while we pray for his blessing upon the efforts which are used for its advancement, doubt not for a moment that it will finally and triumphantly prevail over all opposing errors. In the mean time, while we render fervent thanks to that good Providence which has blessed us with a Church that delivers us from the bondage of superstition, and equally preserves us from the distractions of religious anarchy; pursuing a just medium between rancorous intolerance and spurious liberality; thankful for the exalted blessings we enjoy, and endeavouring to improve them as those who must hereafter give account; let us, according to the command of the Lord by his prophet, "seek the old paths, and the good way, and diligently walk therein, that we may find rest unto our souls."

H. U. ONDERDONK, President.

WILLIAM H. NEWBOLD, Secretary.

If you go to God on a throne of Grace you may rest assured of a Gracious answer. He says, "I will be gracious." Believer, you have enough in God, and in his Christ, why then are you so anxious about other things?

The sum of all is, to fear God, and keep his commandments.

## ABUSES OF THE DOCTRINE OF PROVIDENCE.

In the divine management of the fortuitous events of life, there is, in the first place, visible, some occasional flashes of that retributive justice which, in the future world, is to obtain its long postponed and perfect triumph. There are instances which, though not very common, are frequent enough to keep alive the salutary fears of mankind, wherein vindictive visitations speak articulately in attestation of the righteous indignation of God against them that do evil. Outrageous villainy, or appalling profaneness, sometimes draw upon the criminal the instant blot of divine wrath, and in so remarkable a manner that the most irreligious minds are quelled with a sudden awe and confess the hand of God. And again there is just perceptible, as it were, a gleam of divine approbation displayed in signal rewardings of the righteous, even in the present life, a blessing "which maketh rich" rests sometimes conspicuously upon the habitation of disinterested and active virtue. The righteous is as a tree planted by the rivers of water; whatsoever he doeth prospers. In these anomalous cases of anticipated retribution, the punishment or the reward does not arrive in the ordinary course of common causes; but starts forth suddenly from that store-house of fortuities whence the divine providence draws its means of government. If the oppressor, by rousing the resentment of mankind, is dragged from the seat of power, and trodden in the dust; or if the villain who "plotted mischief against his neighbour on his bed," is at length caught in his own net, and despoiled of his wrongful gains; these visitations of justice, though truly retributive, belong plainly to the known order of causes and effects: they are nothing more than the natural issues of the culprit's course; and therefore do not declare the special interference of heaven. But there are instances of another kind in which, the ruin of villainy or of violence comes speeding as on a shaft from above, which though seemingly shot at random, yet hits its victim with a precision and a peculiarity that proclaims the unerring hand of divine justice. In like manner there are remarkable recompenses of integrity, of liberality, of kindness to strangers, and most especially, of duty to parents, which arrive by means so remote from common probability, and yet so simple, that the approbation of Him who "taketh pleasure in the path of the just," is written upon the unexpected boon. There are few family histories that would not afford examples of such conspicuous retributions.—Yet as they are confessedly rare, and administered by rules absolutely inscrutable to human penetration, there can not be a more daring impiety than in particular instances, to entertain the expectation of their occurrence. But the enthusiast finds it hard to abstain, in his own case, from such expectations, and is tempted perpetually to indulge hopes of special boons in reward of his services, and is forward and ingenious in giving an interpretation that flatters his spiritual vanity to every common favour of providence; the bottles of heaven are never stopped but to gratify his taste for fine weather! A readiness to announce the wrath of heaven upon offenders, is a presumption which characterises, not the mere enthusiast, but the malign fanatic, and therefore comes not properly within our subject; and yet the species of enthusiasm now under consideration is very seldom free from such impious tendency.—*Foster on Enthusiasm.*

## READING TOO FAST.

*Anecdote of an African preacher.*—There lived in the immediate vicinity a respectable man, who had become interested on the subject of religion, and who had begun with some earnestness to search the Scriptures. He had read but a few chapters, when he became greatly perplexed with some of those passages which an inspired apostle has declared to be "hard to be understood." In this state of mind he repaired to our preacher for instruction and help, and found him at noon, on a sultry day in summer, laboriously

engaged hoeing his corn. As the man approached, the preacher, with patriarchal simplicity, leant upon the handle of his hoe, and listened to his story. "Uncle Jack," said he, "I have discovered lately that I am a great sinner, and I commenced reading the Bible, that I may learn what I must do to be saved. But I have met with a passage here," holding up his Bible, "which I know not what to do with. It is this; 'God will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' What does this mean?" A short pause intervened, and the old African replied as follows, "Master, if I have been rightly informed, it has not been more than a day or two since you began to read the Bible, and if I remember rightly, that passage you have mentioned is away yonder in Romans. Long before you get to that, at the very beginning of the gospel it is said, 'Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Now, have you done with that? The truth is, you read entirely too fast. You must begin again and take things as God has been pleased to place them. When you have done all that you are told to do in Matthew, come, and we'll talk about Romans."

Having thus answered, the old preacher resumed his work, and left the man to his own reflections. Who does not admire the simplicity and good sense which characterized this reply? Could the most learned polemic more effectually have met and disposed of such a difficulty? The gentleman particularly interested in this incident gave me an account of it with his own lips. He still lives, and will in all probability see this statement of it.

Most readily will he testify to its strict accuracy; and most joyfully will he now say, as he said to me then, "It convinced me most fully of the mistake into which I had fallen. I took the old man's advice; I soon saw its propriety and wisdom, and hope to bless God forever for sending me to him."

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS, &amp;c.

## EDUCATIONAL HINTS.

The first extract is from the Episcopal Record, and the second from a Speech of Hon. Daniel Webster.

It has been remarked that the youthful mind is like wax, which readily receives every impression.—If, then, these little ones of pious parents learn in early childhood to regard the decoration of their persons as a matter of importance, is it not probable that such an idea will be permanent? that they will advance to riper years, fully believing that dress and external ornament are essential to their happiness? May not this delight in show, and the outward adorning of wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel, censured by the apostle, lead them to frequent the gay walks of fashionable life, that they may have a better opportunity to indulge the inclination for display, implanted and cherished in childhood? Will not their parents then bitterly repent that they sowed the seeds of vanity, of which, they are now reaping the bitter fruits, by beholding their children treading in the paths of worldly folly? And will not the ruin of the beloved objects of parental, though mistaken tenderness, he attributed, in some cases, to these guardians of their infancy and youth?

## EDUCATION.

Can any man doubt, as a social being, as an immortal being, as a being interested in the world that is—as a being vastly more interested in that which is to be—that Education is the great business of man? I take not back one jot or tittle of the expression.—Education—the formation of the mind and character by instruction in knowledge, and instruction in righteousness, is the great end of human being.

## For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

As the following extract from the New York Evangelist may serve a fitting commentary on the oft forgotten Scriptural injunction, *Seek to do good*, I offer it for your consideration.

## HOW TO FIND OPPORTUNITIES FOR DOING GOOD.

Many persons, and among them some appear truly pious, lose almost every present opportunity to do

good, by waiting for a better. They feel some promptings both of conscience and benevolent desire to improve an opportunity that presents itself; still they see difficulties in the way, and fancy that they descry rising in the distant horizon a brighter prospect of usefulness. But as this prospect approaches, it gathers darker shades; and is suffered to pass on and leave room for another, that looms up, mantled by brighter promise and more unfailing certainty. Thus the delusion goes on, till every present opportunity for doing good is bartered for delusive prospect. Now the great secret of doing good is told in a few words: Seize every opportunity as it comes to hand, make the most of it, and never exchange it for the uncertainty of a future prospect.

## STATE OF THE BURDWAN SCHOOLS.

The following particulars are given of an examination of some of the Burdwan Schools by the Bishop of Calcutta, on his Lordship's visit to the District in 1837:—

July 25, 1837.—At six o'clock A. M. I went to one of the Society's Bengalee Schools at Kishnagpur; where the other were ordered to collect, for the purpose of being examined by the Bishop, who arrived exactly at seven o'clock. The examination commenced immediately. The Bishop was exceedingly kind to the boys; which so much inspired them, that they shouted forth their answers with uncommon vivacity; not minding, though they renounced their own creed by the answer which they gave; as, "Who is the light of the world?" *Ans.* "Jesus Christ." This, all shouted forth at once, so that every person present could hear; and none dared to murmur, "No; He is not."—Indeed, the Gospel addresses itself to mankind as a system which has authority, and not as a Pharisaical tradition.

After an hour and a half, we proceeded to the English School. On the road, the Bishop seemed determined to profit something by us in the Bengalee Language. He asked phrases in English; and we repeated them in Bengalee, and declined and conjugated until we reached the English School. As the Boys were not assembled, they were ordered to come to our dwelling, where the Bishop breakfasted.

After breakfast, the English-School Boys were called in. The Bishop was much gratified with the progress which the Boys had made in secular knowledge, and in the knowledge of Christianity. To one lad, the Bishop said, "You are almost a Christian, my boy." I said, "He professes to be an inquirer." The Bishop said, "I hope you will act according to your knowledge; and act for yourself, as you are of age to do so." The lad said, "Yes, My Lord; I will."

The Christian Natives at this Station about eleven in number, were called in; and the Bishop addressed them in English, the Rev. W. J. Deer, translating what he said into Bengalee. His Lordship thought this little beginning of a Bengalee Congregation highly important.

July 26, 1837.—At five o'clock A. M. the Bishop left the Station, in the steamer. I went with him to Culna.—On the way down, the Bishop studied Bengalee with me; and put down a number of Bengalee sentences, which he asked the children in Culna.—On our arrival here, we could not get bearers for the palanquin as soon as necessary. The Bishop made no ceremony; but walked up to Mr. Alexander's house, which is about half-a-mile from the river.—All the children had assembled about the bungalow, which was soon filled with them. There was not so many Hindoos present, as was the case in Kishnagpur; but it passed off with great credit to the children and their Teachers.

The Bishop seemed also struck with the freedom with which the Boys answered the questions against their own religious system. He told them, henceforth no more to worship their Idols, but to become followers of the only Redeemer.—*Church Missionary Paper.*

Looking to Jesus and fellowship with him, will make hard things easy; bitter things sweet; and painful things pleasant—therefore look always to Jesus and walk with him.

## THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1839.

NEW DUBLIN.—The Clerical Society of this District held a meeting at St. Peter's Church in this Parish, on Wednesday the 14th instant, agreeably to previous notice. The season of the year was rather against a large attendance of the laity on week-day services, but we had no great reason to complain on this occasion. The Rev. Mr. Moody and the Rev. J. C. Cochran filled the desk, and the Rev. Dr. Shreve, the pulpit; and all united in the services of the altar. Though we were not cheered by the sight of such a number of communicants as we often have at other stations, yet those that came seemed to feel the solemnity of the duty, and to do it in remembrance of their blessed Redeemer, whose grace is not restricted to many or few, but largely comes to all who heartily seek it. Let us hope that this grace may dispose ere long, a larger number of those who call themselves his people, to observe his dying command. It ought not to be forgotten, that one of those present to-day, travelled 22 miles (going and returning) in order to enjoy the services of the Church.—After morning service, we spent the remainder of the day in our usual employments at the pleasant residence of the missionary, the Rev. J. W. Weeks, who has for twelve years been in the active discharge of the duties of this laborious mission. We are promised some notice of the rise and progress of this parish, which may appear hereafter. It was agreed that the next meeting of the Society should take place at Liverpool on the 18th and 19th September, if the Lord will.

PARSONAGE HOUSES.—We are glad to hear of an increase in the number of these. The churchmen of Newport, with that praiseworthy zeal and regard for the interests of their church, and the comfort of their minister, for which they have been long distinguished, have lately built a residence for their beloved Pastor, the Rev. Richard Uniacke, with several acres of ground attached to it. And in St. George's, Halifax, we understand that the Rector has just taken possession of a large and well finished Parsonage, which does great credit to the liberality of that worthy congregation. Now is the time for exertions to be made by the people to provide these dwellings for their clergymen, while the burden of the Minister's support falls chiefly on England—a source, let it be remembered, that will fail after the death or removal of the present incumbents.

WESLEYAN LIBERALITY AGAIN.—We lately noticed the munificent gift of Mr. Allison of Sackville, N. B. towards the founding of a Wesleyan Seminary, and at the same time expressed the hope that some rich Episcopalian might have his spirit stirred up within him so far as to give us the pleasure of recording a donation on the same scale, to some one or other of the many objects that require such aid amongst ourselves. Not being yet called upon to do that pleasant office, we must fain record another instance of liberality, (or rather a train of them) in the same denomination, which, we hope, may prove more successfully provoking than the first. At the late Centenary meeting at Halifax, nearly One Thousand pounds were subscribed in one evening, and one highly respectable individual, M. G. Black, Esq. gave £200! We hope we shall see this more than matched at the next meeting of the Church Society. For surely, if it be becoming in our Methodist Brethren thus to testify their sense of benefits enjoyed only for one hundred years, our people ought to do very much more to shew that they prize the advantages of Episcopal institutions, which date back eighteen hundred years—even from the very beginning of christianity. The objects of these Centenary meetings are stated in the "Wesleyan" to be—

"Not to magnify themselves, or to display a spirit of unholy rivalry, or sectarian pride, but to meet together in Great Britain and Ireland, the Colonial dependencies, and even beyond, (for societies exist where the rule of Britain is not known,) for the purpose of expressing, by a pecuniary thank-offering to God, their obligations for the spiritual advantages which they have derived through that form of Christianity called Methodism."

By the way, we can hardly see the "relevancy" of the anecdote of the Irish Bishop's daughter, to the objects of the meeting, and think the account would have read quite as well without it.—While on this subject, we beg to acknowledge the courtesy of the Rev. Robert Alder, the talented and respectable Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference, now on a visit to these Provinces, in sending us a copy of his letter to the noted Mr. Ryerson, Editor of the Christian Guardian, which, while it conveys some wholesome chastisement to that individual, breathes that spirit of loyalty to the British Constitution, and respectful attachment to the Church of England, which has ever distinguished its author as well as the Wesleyan body at large. In the course of his remarks, he gives the following testimony of the late and justly celebrated Mr. Watson, in favour of the Establishment—

"He was no theoretic dissenter, and cherished no feeling of hostility to the religious establishment of this country. An Established Church, recognising the grand principles of evangelical truth, and accompanied by a legal protection of all who prefer a different creed and mode of worship, he declared to be in his view the most likely means of promoting true religion and morality, and by consequence the national welfare."

To the same purport are the sentiments of the present President of the British Conference—

"To the civil power, under God, England is indebted for Protestantism, with its endless train of blessings, civil and religious. It was the State that placed the Reformers in those influential situations which they occupied, and then sanctioned them in their noble attempts to overthrow the old superstitions, and establish apostolical Christianity upon its ruins.—Had the church been left absolutely to herself the probability is, that the spiritual wants of the nation would at this day have been met with Latin mass, priestly absolution, and—no Bible."

When we read such declarations as these, from such men as Mr. Alder and his coadjutors, and find them disclaiming with indignation the title of dissenters from the Church—standing up by her side in the hour of danger and claiming an "intimate relation" to her—when we consider that whatever cause there may have been at first for the erratic movements of their great founder, these causes do not exist now, for the like movements of his followers, when we reflect, moreover, on the small difference in point of doctrine between us and them,—so small that the Rev. Gentleman whose courtesy occasions these remarks, did, as we are informed, deliver an eloquent eulogium on the Liturgy of our Church in a late sermon at Halifax, stating that it is used generally in the Chapels in England, and recommending the same in this country. When, as they often do, these things pass through our minds, we cannot cease to regret, that those who are so nearly one should yet be two. And we cannot but heartily desire that the day may yet come when Wesleyans will not content themselves with drawing close to the side, but will again nestle in the bosom, of Mother Church, whence they came out, and where he that gave their name was born, ordained, and declared that he lived and died. When that happy period shall arrive, there will be no room for doubt as to the true position of Methodism in respect of the church of England—a point which it is not at present very easy to define.

AMHERST.—We understand that besides the present parish churches of Amherst and Westmoreland, where divine service is performed alternately morning and evening by the Rev. G. Townshend, there are two new churches

in progress. One at Pugwash, which was built for a Universalist meeting house, but happily for the cause of truth has been rescued from that heresy, and is destined, we trust, to be occupied by workmen, sound in the faith and that need not be ashamed. The people of this settlement have petitioned the Bishop for a resident clergyman.—The other church is building at Bay de Verte with very encouraging prospects. The former of these is distant 40 miles and the other 18 from Amherst.—The spire at Amherst is surmounted, as it ought to be, by a Cross, and so it is intended shall be those of the new churches.

"THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER."—An awful instance of violation of this command has lately occurred at Halifax, the particulars of which we give below. They are such as must strike with horror every well regulated mind; and the dreadful transaction, we trust, will prove a salutary warning to all whose passions are their only guide, and who live regardless of "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come." Especially is it to be hoped that young men will learn from it to be "sober-minded," when they see the dreadful consequences even here of one licentious deed, and when they consider farther, that besides all these, and all the affliction into which offending relations are plunged, and besides the bar of an earthly tribunal at which the wretched culprit must stand, there remains to be encountered that "living God" into "whose hands it is a fearful thing to fall," who has said THOU SHALT NOT KILL: and to whom we are all to render an account of our deeds at the latter day.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—On yesterday morning the usual tranquillity of the town was much disturbed by a very lamentable occurrence. James Bossom, shopkeeper in Albermarle street, was shot by S. D. Clarke, who also kept a shop, opposite the North Barrack.—Both were young,—Bossom aged 23.—He lived about two hours after receiving the fatal wound. The facts of the case, as they appeared on the Coroner's Inquest, may be thus briefly stated.—Bossom and Clarke had a quarrel of some months standing. Clarke challenged Bossom,—Elexon, Clarke's partner, being privy to it and encouraging the act and asserting that he would send a challenge himself if Clarke did not. Sergeant Bannister, 37th Regiment, was aware of the quarrel, and appeared to take part with Clarke. He was charged with also sending a challenge to Bossom, and with having used abusive language to him in a letter. On Wednesday evening Bannister and Elexon went to Bossom's shop, a quarrel and fight ensued between Bannister and Bossom. On Wednesday night Clarke loaded a brace of pistols with ball, and said that if Bossom came near his door he would put the contents of one of them in him. On Thursday morning at near half past six o'clock, Bossom was passing Clarke's shop, and a tap was given at the window, either by Bossom, or some one inside. He went to the door, some words ensued, Clarke approached the door, threatening to shoot Bossom, who retired a few paces;—Clarke snapped one of the pistols, Bossom laughed and used some sneering expression. Clarke, reiterating that he would shoot him, discharged the other pistol. The ball entered Bossom's eye, passed through and lodged against the skull at the opposite side. He fell, and from that period showed but little signs of life, except breathing heavily; he expired about 9 o'clock. Clarke was arrested immediately on the occurrence of the act, Elexon subsequently. After an investigation which occupied nearly four hours, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Clarke, as principal, and against Elexon as accessory before the fact. Thus have three families been plunged into deep distress, and an awful warning given to all, against the indulgence of bad passions.—Pearl.

BISHOP MOUNTAIN'S CHARGE.—We have read with much satisfaction in the columns of the "Church," a Charge delivered to the clergy of the Diocese of Quebec by the devoted and excellent Prelate under whose prudent and watchful care that Diocese still remains. The whole of it is well worthy of a place in our journal, did our limits permit, but we must be content with a few extracts. At

ter lifting up his voice in decided terms against the misnamed liberality of the day, "a spirit which confounds all distinction between Truth and Error, and absolutely tends to nullify the effect of Revelation," his Lordship observes,

Before dismissing the subject of the uncompromising maintenance of principle in opposition to that which passes in the world for liberality, I must offer a very few observations relating to what are sometimes called the peculiarities of the Established Church. I shall not occupy your time by an endeavour to refute the shallow and unscriptural notion that Christian unity and charity consist in the establishment of a commodious sort of understanding among parties divided in religious communion, that they agree to differ. Certainly they ought to endeavour to live in peace, and the interchange of all Christian good offices; and it is equally certain that each ought to rejoice in every instance in which another may promote the cause of Christ, and be ready to put the most liberal construction, (I do not avoid the use of the word, for true liberality is a beautiful feature of the Gospel) upon all the proceedings of separate bodies, or individuals belonging to them. We ought to honor and to imitate all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, although they walk not with us. And it would be as difficult to deny as it would be criminal to wish to deny that the blessing and grace of God is often with those whose ministry we regard as irregularly constituted. But with all this, I conceive that we place ourselves in a very false position, and fail to act, in one point, the part which God has assigned to us in the world, if ever we adopt that language or lend ourselves to those proceedings in which the Church is regarded as a Sect among Sects. It is quite foreign to my purpose to argue here the question of Episcopacy: but if we believe that the Apostles founded and framed an Episcopal Church; if we trace the plan of such a Church in the Scriptures; if following up our enquiries to throw light on the question by comparison of Scripture with early ecclesiastical records, we arrive at that conclusion which enables us with the incomparable Hooker to challenge the opponents of our System, that they shew but one Church upon the face of the whole earth, from the Apostolic times to the Reformation, that was not episcopal; if all the remnants of ancient Churches now existing in the East have preserved this constitution from their beginning, and our own Church has opened interesting communications with them which may be designed to lead the way to their renovation in holy communion with ourselves; if the real strength of Rome consists only in the multiplied divisions and unseemly disarray of the Protestant Churches; if this can never be cured, so long as the vicious principle is admitted that christians may lawfully form new Societies, and create new Ministries at will; if it was the singular blessing of our own, among other Churches, at the Reformation, to preserve the ancient order and the uninterrupted succession of her hierarchy; if lastly these principles are so pointedly recognized, so fully received and acted upon in her practice, that we accept the Orders as valid, of a Romish Priest who recants, although we re-ordain all Protestant Ministers who pass over to us from non-episcopal Churches, then, with this chain of facts before our eyes, I do conceive that we are wanting alike in our consistency as Churchmen, and our duty in the Church universal, if, swayed by the stream of prevailing opinion, studying an ill-understood popularity, or even prompted by an amiable spirit of conciliation, we consent to prejudice the exclusive character of our Ministry, and voluntarily descend from the ground which we occupy with our people and other Protestant Episcopalians, as a distinct and peculiar body among the Churches.

And is this to exalt ourselves, and to preach ourselves instead of Christ Jesus our Lord? Far otherwise than this if rightly considered, our claims to Apostolic order and succession, as is well pointed out by a late excellent Colonial prelate\*, should humble us in the dust under a sense of the greatness of our calling so far above our worthiness and strength. Whatever affords a heightened view of the office which we hold, and the part which we have to sustain in the Church of God, can only—should only,—prompt us to deeper earnestness in seeking that sufficiency which is of Him alone.

\*Bishop Heber.

I bless God that there is not wanting good evidence among us of our having recourse to that sufficiency—but what a field is before us! how ought we each to labour that we may gather with our Lord, and how importunately to pray that more labourers may be sent forth into the ripening harvest which spreads itself around us; that larger blessings may descend upon those Institutions at home, (foremost among which we must mention the venerable and munificent Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel and Promoting Christian Knowledge) and those endeavours upon the spot, of which it is the object to supply our destitute settlements. I am disposed also to think, and I shall take occasion, from our meeting, to follow up the suggestion, that we might, with much advantage, establish in this Diocese, a Church Society similar to that which has been framed under the auspices of an able and zealous Bishop, in the neighbouring Diocese of Nova Scotia.

The disease upon the ordinary occasions of life, of a distinguishing ecclesiastical dress, is a departure from wise and venerable rules, from which our Clergy ought never to take licence to depart farther than, according to the now received usage, they are obliged to do. They should never betray a disposition to secularize the character and office which they hold.—And in the actual performance of any ecclesiastical function, no deviation can be justified for which the plea of necessity cannot be advanced. No needless irregularity should be suffered to creep into our performance of official duty which may settle by degrees into a precedent.

If, as I have intimated in the course of these observations, we stand as a distinct and peculiar body, in virtue of our being a branch of the Episcopal Church, this is not the highest or the most important peculiarity by which we should be marked. Our distinction as Episcopalians will very little avail us, unless we take heed that we are not behind others in the genuine characteristics of the people of God; a peculiar people in the language of one Apostle, zealous of good works—a chosen generation according to the description of another, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, who shew forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light. This is the mark which we should set before our followers, and to the attainment of which we should seek to lead them on. We should keep clear and conspicuously bright the lamp of Holy Truth, which, as the Priests of the temple, we are appointed to watch; holding forth constantly to view, (for this is the life and light of the Church, and in exact proportion as it is obscured, our Ministry fails of its purpose,) the salvation of Sinners through the free Grace of God in Christ Jesus. We should magnify the love which was displayed in the rescue of a guilty race, and in the gift of the Spirit of Holiness; we should press these things home to the bosoms of our hearers, and teach men to make them their own:—we should labour night and day to awaken those who are plunged in the sleep of sin, and to dissipate the dreams of those who smooth over the Doctrines of the cross, and are satisfied in conscience, because they satisfy the nominally Christian world: we should regard it as the business of our lives to be instrumental in 'turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.' And even if it were to please God that we could turn but one, shall we not think the labour of our lives to have been better spent than in the pursuit, however successful, of any worldly object, when we remember, for our encouragement, the value of one immortal soul, as set forth in the declaration of Him who paid its ransom—that there is 'joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?'

TORONTO.—The population of this city is stated at 12,133, of whom 5702 belong to the Church of England.—It is also stated as a fact, established by Returns—

That in all the towns and townships of the Province where the ministrations of the Church have, for any length of time, been regularly supplied, its members form a very large majority over any other single sect, and in many places constitute nearly a moiety of all the inhabitants. We need not advert to the evidence which these returns have already furnished in disproof of the assertion so recklessly

made, that the members of the Church of England in Upper Canada formed but "a fraction of the population;" but they establish *a fortiori* the truth of what we so often expressed, that place her upon the foundation which her obvious wants require, and she would very soon be the Church of a majority of the people.—Church.

GOOD AUTHORITY.—We copy from the "Church," the following remarks on a subject which is somewhat troublesome to those whom it convicts of irregularity, but must be satisfactory to the members of the Church of England who can trace up their Episcopacy to the fountain head of all spiritual authority:—

It has been frequently asserted in England and in this Colony, that the Apostolic Commission is a tenet confined to what is usually designated the High-Church Party, and repudiated by their Evangelical, or Low-Church, Brethren. That such might in some degree have been the case a few years ago, we are not altogether prepared to deny; but to say that it is the case at present, we have no hesitation in asserting to be incorrect. The distance between these two religious divisions is rapidly diminishing, and the line of demarcation between them has grown so faint as to be barely visible. The High-Church are becoming more Evangelical—and the Evangelical, more High-Church. The alarming strides which schism has been making of late, has driven good men, of all shades of opinion within the Establishment, to study the question of Church-government more attentively and the result has been on the part of the Clergy, a more open and decided profession of the Divine Right of Episcopacy, and a bolder exposition of it in their pulpits and publications. Even within the walls of Parliament, it has been promulgated without cavil or contradiction. In a recent debate, in the House of Lords, on the Church Discipline Bill, while the Bishop of Exeter was delivering himself with his accustomed eloquence against the measure, the following interlocutory conversation occurred between him and the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

"The Bishop of Exeter.—He would now turn to the right Rev. prelates and ask them whether they did not believe that bishops had by divine right a jurisdiction over their clergy? He had ventured to hope, in putting that question, that he should have received the ordinary indication of assent commonly given to a truism. It was painful to him that it should seem to be doubted.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury.—No one can doubt it.

"The bishop of Exeter.—He rejoiced to hear the right Rev. prelate say, no one could doubt it."

From this it will be perceived that the Divine Right of Episcopacy is not a fiction, springing from the brains of a few enthusiastic, cloistered priests, but that it is a truism assented to unhesitatingly by the Primate of all England, and tacitly acquiesced in by his right reverend brethren, the bishops present. We now briefly advert to it, in the hope that the laity of our communion will devote some portion of their reading to this most interesting and important question,—that thus they may learn how great a privilege and good fortune it is, that they were born or have become members of a Church, which dispenses the sacraments with an efficacy that, as a general rule, can only attend them when administered by authorized hands,—and that thus, also, they may be led to entertain more scriptural notions on the subject of schism, and to perceive that by countenancing it in the slightest degree, they are acting in opposition to the Word of God.

#### DIED.

At Liverpool, N. S., on the 3d inst., in the 58th year of his age, John Roberts, Esq. a worthy member of society, highly esteemed by all who knew him. His death is most justly and sincerely regretted by his family and a large number of relatives and friends.

On the 13th June, at Boulogne, in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Belcher, consort of the Hon. Andrew Belcher, late of Halifax, N. S. a lady highly esteemed.



## POETRY.

## THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

How goodly is the earth!  
 Look round about and see  
 The green and fertile field;  
 The mighty branched tree;  
 The little flowers out-spread  
 In such variety!  
 Behold the lovely things  
 That dance on airy wings:  
 The birds whose summer pleasure  
 Is not of stinted measure;  
 The grassy vales, the hills;  
 The flower-embordered rills;  
 The clouds that lie at rest  
 Upon the noon-day's breast;  
 Behold all these and know  
 How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!  
 Its mountain-tops behold;  
 Its rivers broad and strong;  
 Its solemn forests old;  
 Its wealth of flocks and herds;  
 Its precious stones and gold;  
 Behold the radiant isles  
 With which old ocean smiles;  
 Behold the seasons run  
 Obedient to the sun;  
 The gracious showers descend;  
 Life springing without end;  
 By day the glorious light;  
 The starry pomp by night;  
 Behold all these and know  
 How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!  
 Yet if this earth be made  
 So goodly, where'er all  
 That is shall droop and fade;  
 Wherein the glorious light  
 Hath still its fellow, shade;—  
 So goodly, where is strife  
 Ever 'twixt death and life;  
 Where trouble dims the eye;  
 Where sin hath mastery;  
 How much more bright and fair,  
 Will be that region, where  
 The saints of God shall rest  
 Rejoicing with the blessed;—  
 Where pain is not, nor death,—  
 The Paradise of God.

Mary Howill, 1839.

## PROTESTANT CHAMPIONS\*

## THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

There is much that is highly pleasing about Lord Winchelsea; in his personal appearance as well as in his character. \* \* \* His Lordship is about forty-five years of age, and is somewhat above the medium height (perhaps five feet ten inches), well and stoutly made, and decidedly handsome. His face is something of the oblong square in form, with a clear complexion and a fresh colour. His hair is black, with a tinge of grey on the edges; he has a high broad forehead, large blue eyes, and an aquiline kind of nose. Altogether he is a noble looking man, with much dignity in his carriage; but he looks more like a country gentleman who represents some ancient, honourable family, than a member of the aristocracy.

In this, his Lordship's exterior tells the truth, he having been long known as Mr. G. W. Finch-Hatton, a descendant of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated Lord

Keeper, before he succeeded, in 1826, to the Earl- don's of Winchelsea and Nottingham, upon the death of his cousin, the late Earl. He is connected with several noble families, being brother-in-law to the Duke of Montrose, by his first marriage; and by his second (to Miss Bagot, grand-daughter of Lord Maryborough) he is related to the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Cowley, and Lord Bagot.

He is everywhere highly esteemed, and is always well received in public. His manner in speaking is a combination of zeal, simplicity and honesty, in the greatest possible proportions. "NO SURRENDER" is stamped on his brow, and every attitude breathes of the defensive.

He stands to address his auditory, quite erect, with his eyes and mouth well-opened, and his head thrown back; every muscle of his powerful frame is traced and his coat girt tightly round him; he seems ready and anxious for the attack he is to repel. All is done in thorough earnest; his heart is in his employment. I am sure no man could ever look in that open, ingenuous face, and think of deceit or hypocrisy at the same moment; Lord Winchelsea is the very incarnation of sincerity.

His voice is good and audible, and is never over-exerted. His action is not so vehement as his expression of countenance, but is quite in keeping with the staid independence of his carriage. A short start back, an indignant stamp with the foot, and a repelling motion of the right arm, with a most indescribable energetic shake of the whole person, constitute its principal characteristics.

His matter is as straight-forward as his manner;— he speaks plain language, and never minces terms.— His style is the declamatory, but unornamented; argument and comparison are equally foreign to its composition. He gives a strong unvarnished representation of his views on the point to which he is speaking, calling on you to attend him; then asks rapidly and vehemently if such things can be suffered to exist, and implores, exhorts, conjures you, with all his might, to come forward and save your country. He declares that he has never flinched from his post, and that he will yield to no man in that zeal for the good cause "which burns within his breast."

Lord Winchelsea's private character is admirable in all the relations of life. His religious views may not be so strictly evangelical as those of Lord Roden they seem to incline more to the High Church.

The duel fought between his Lordship and the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, at the passing of the Popish Emancipation Bill, in consequence of his having termed the Duke and his official colleagues "traitors to their country," has been the subject of frequent and severe animadversion. Every one knows the fact of the duel, but few, perhaps, are acquainted with the repentance that followed it. Shortly after the unhappy circumstance, Lord Winchelsea's feelings on the subject became so acute, that he wrote to the secretary of a religious society, of which he was a vice-president, expressing a deep penitence for the rash conduct into which he had been betrayed, and requesting that his name might be withdrawn from the society's list, as he now felt unworthy to be classed among religious persons; or to patronize a religious institution. The withdrawal, however, did not take place, it being agreed between the parties that the letter should be published and the name retained.

This honourable and ingenuous conduct should never be forgotten when the duel is mentioned. It is highly characteristic of his Lordship's noble, manly disposition, and stamps him as one of the admirable few who are not ashamed to confess themselves in error when they feel that they have offended.

## PROTESTANTISM BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Where was Protestantism before the Reformation? This question was very happily answered by the Rev. J. Cummings, at a meeting of the Reformation Society, at Oxford, on the 30th ult., as follows:—

"They ask where was Protestantism before the Reformation, now I will illustrate it by a simile. I saw in a Glasgow newspaper some time since a singular and curious discovery. A gentleman had been examining a mummy, and found in its hand a bulbous

root, which must have been in the hand of the mummy two thousand years. Anxious to know the nature of vegetable life, he plants it, cultivates it, and finds it come into a flower. Where was the root all this time? In the hand of the mummy.— So where was the Protestant flower?—why, in the bosom of Rome, until God's gardener, Luther transplanted it to the soil of Ridley and Latimer until he took it from the superstition of the dead and the grasp of the apostate; and, by God's blessing, has sprung up into that noble church under which is our happy privilege to live.—*Dublin Record, Dec. 1838.*

## WHAT ARDENT SPIRITS HAS DONE IN TEN YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. It has cost the nation a direct expense of a hundred millions of dollars.
2. It has cost the nation an indirect expense of a hundred millions of dollars.
3. It has destroyed three hundred thousand lives.
4. It has sent one hundred thousand children to the poor-house.
5. It has consigned at least one hundred and fifty thousand persons to the jails and the state-prisons.
6. It has made at least one thousand maniacs.
7. It has instigated to the commission of one thousand and five hundred murders.
8. It has caused two thousand persons to commit suicide.
9. It has burnt or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of at least five millions of dollars.
10. It has made not less than two hundred thousand widows.
11. It has made at least one million of orphan children.
12. It has endangered the inheritance left us by our fathers, and fixed a foul blot upon the fair fame of America.

For these and other considerations it is, that every patriot and every friend of man should feel himself bound to take up arms against the common enemy, and expel him from our borders.—*Charleston Observer.*

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April 16th, 1839.

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