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W. Parker, We Moore

THE

COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME III.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1838.

NUMBER 15.

THE SPANISH BELL.

Purchased for St. John's Church, Salem, N. Jersey.

Where hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding,
O'er ocean's foam ?
Hath it to mass brought gathered crowds surrounding
Some ancient dome ?
Hurry forward, (with the mystic sign
Hasty and frequent on their bosom press'd
As Heaven's own safeguard,)—to confession's shrine,
Fearing to die unshriven and unblest ?
Where from the lips of him, whose pageantry
Of gorgeous raiment shone with tissued gold,
"Domine ! Domine!"—arose on high
In rapid speech, while curling incense rolled ?
Where hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding,
O'er ocean's foam ?
Hath it to mass brought gathered crowds surrounding
Some ancient dome ?
Over the dark cloister have thy tones been pealing
From lone, high tower ?
Morning matin through the long aisle stealing,
Or vesper hour ?
The veiled sister trod with downcast eye,
Striving to see that God's own light is fair,
Hanging o'er the counted rosary,
"Ave Marias" floated through the air ?
Trembling, the monk's low footstep pass'd,
Leading its way to penance unrequired,
And sigh, torturing scourge, and wasting fast,
Service of abject fear, not love, inspired ?
Over the dark cloisters have thy tones been pealing
From lone, high tower ?
Morning matin through the long aisle stealing,
Or vesper hour ?
Led to a purer fane we welcome thee,
Deep-sounding Bell !
Happier faith, of holier unity,
Now shalt thou tell !
Call thou the Christian to the House of Prayer,
Where solemn rites the humble spirit lead
In calm devotion; call the mourner there,
To feel the bruised is not a broken reed !
Call the warm heart of gladness to rejoice
In cheerful praise; call mingling souls to send
Up to the mercy-seat united voice,
And in one prayer with meek contrition bend,
Led to a purer fane we welcome thee,
Deep-sounding Bell !
Happier faith, of holier unity,
Now shalt thou tell !
And when our footsteps shall have passed for ever
From earth away ;
When Sabbath bell again can wake us never
To life and day ;
Long with thy sound may holy thoughts be blent,
Sweet be its call to grateful offerings here,
And those whose lips shall praise, whose knee be bent,
When ceas'd our worship in an earthly sphere !
Others shall tread the path that we have trod,
And at thy bidding seek this House of God,
When low our heads are laid, our hearts are still !
And when our footsteps shall have pass'd for ever
From earth away ;
When Sabbath bell can wake us never
To life and day !

Epis. Rec.

From Scriptural Emblems.

BREAD AND WINE.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread :

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat ; this is my body, which is broken for you : this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood : this do ye, oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

The Lord's supper was instituted by Christ, as a commemorative sign and an instructive emblem. Our blessed Lord was just about to suffer and to die for the sin of men: in order therefore, that this mystery might never be forgotten, he brake the bread in token of "his body given for men;" and poured out the wine in token of "his blood shed for them;" and expressly commanded, that in all future ages this ceremony should be observed "in remembrance of of him." The killing of the paschal lamb was not sufficient ; the people must feed upon it, in the manner which God himself had prescribed. So neither is it sufficient that, by the breaking of the bread and the pouring out of the wine, we commemorate the death of Christ. Were the ordinances merely commemorative, that would have answered the end; but it is intended emblematically to show forth the way in which we are to obtain an interest in the Redeemer's death. We must apply it to ourselves; we must feed upon it; and by so doing, declare our affiance in it; we must shew, that, as our bodies are nourished by bread and wine, so we hope to have our souls nourished by means of union and communion with our adorable Redeemer. In the bread broken and the wine poured forth, you behold his agonies, even unto death,—even those agonies which have expiated your guilt, and obtained the remission of your sins. Oh ! let the sight fill you with holy joy and gratitude ! And be assured that the more constantly and entirely we feed on Christ below, the better shall we be prepared for the nearest intercourse with him above, and the fullest possible communication of all his blessings to our souls.—*Hor. Hom.*

Bread of life,—for sinners broken,
On the cross, in Christ our Head;
I receive the heavenly token,
That, by him, my soul is fed.

Dying words,—by Jesus spoken,
Wine—the blood of Jesus shed;
Thankfully, I bless the token,
That for me, the Saviour bled.

THE CHRISTIAN.

There is not a nobler sight in the world, than an aged and experienced Christian, who, having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted—testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by his warnings and directions and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.—*Cecil's Remains.*

For the Colonial Churchman.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS—NO. II.

How various and interesting are the recollections which the perusal of our pastoral notes, or the review of some years of missionary labour, calls back to the mind of the minister of Christ. What changing scenes of trouble and of joy in the lives of those to whom he has ministered, and in his own ! How many chambers darkened by sorrow will he thus mentally revisit ! How many mournful departures to the eternal world will he sadly remember, of those who left no cheering evidence behind them of their acceptance with God through the blood of his dear Son—who lived without Him in the world, and died in their iniquity. And how will such recollections revive the self-condemning reflection that the watchman has been too remiss in his solemn duties to the departed,—calling forth the earnest prayer, that the great Shepherd will not require the blood of these souls at his hands. Often have such reflections arisen in the mind of the writer of these lines, and as often has such a prayer ascended from his heart, while in the solitude of his study, and in the exercises of self-examination, he has recalled the names of those who have sat under his ministry, but are now sealed up to the dreadful Judgment of the Great Day. But blessed be the riches of redeeming grace, there are bright spots too in the past, upon which our meditations may rest with some feelings of comfort. There are happy instances of the power of the Gospel unto salvation, to which memory turns in the records of ministerial experience, and which seem to make up for those that often weigh the spirit of the pastor down. Some years have now elapsed since a case of this comfortable character came under my notice, exemplifying in a remarkable manner the power of faith in Christ to bring peace and joy to the suffering soul.

It was in another parish, to which an interesting call had brought me, that I was thus privileged. While there, I was invited by an esteemed Brother to accompany him one evening, to administer the Holy Communion in the sick room of a young female of his flock, of whom he spoke in very comfortable terms, expressing his confidence that I would be edified by the visit. And edified, truly, I was. Never shall I forget that evening. The individual who was then for the first and the last time to partake of the comforting memorials of a Saviour's love, was in the bloom of youth, not long a wife and a mother, beloved in every relation, surrounded by attached friends, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as this world can give. But short lived indeed is that at the best. Soon are the days of sun-shine succeeded by the night of sorrow. It pleased the Lord so to deal with her, and we found her that night on a bed of agony to which she had been suddenly brought. Tears were streaming from many an eye around her, as we proceeded with the solemn services of the church in the Communion for the sick, affecting at all times, but especially in circumstances like these. And many a heartfelt *amen* was responded to those touching words with which the sacred elements are administered to the sick member of the Church—"The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Seldom indeed have I witnessed such an evidence of the power of religion to sustain the soul under the worst of bodily suffering. Although she might have said with the psalmist, "there is no whole part in my body, and my bones scarce cleave to my flesh"—altho' night and day pain was her portion—and Death stared her in the face;

she was yet more than conqueror over all, through Him that loved her. Patience had its perfect work. Nay, not only was patience there, but there was entire thankfulness of soul, and joy and peace in believing;—no repinings at being thus suddenly and sorely afflicted—but constant expressions of gratitude to the Lord for undeserved mercies. I felt indeed that it was 'good for us to be there,' and that such exemplification of the reality of Divine aid in the hour of need was worth more than hundreds of volumes to prove the truth of christianity. It was truly a living epistle that might be known and read of all men. I took leave of her not without many tears, and prayers that I might be found worthy to meet her in that kingdom, where sin and sorrow shall be found no more. She continued a sufferer in body, but staid and joyful in spirit, for a considerable time after that affecting night, and at length fell asleep in Jesus.—Reader! may you have grace to attain the like holy confidence in the Lord—the like support in the hour of trial—and the like blessed portion in the world of joy, which we doubt not was granted to the interesting subject of this notice. May you, like her, seek peace with God betimes, that His comforts may be ready for your soul if surprised like her by suffering and death in early years. And may we all sit so loose to the cares and allurements of time, as, like her, to be prepared for a sudden change to eternity.

A MISSIONARY.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

THE MOTHER'S BIBLE CLASS.

Mrs. Allen was a widowed lady who resided in a small country town in Massachusetts. Her family consisted of two children and one domestic. Ellen was thirteen, and George eleven. They were scholars of the Sunday School. Their mother was a true christian; not an indolent and lukewarm one. She was self-denying and devoted to her duty. She did not feel, when her children were committed to a pious sabbath-school teacher, that the responsibility of their salvation was transferred from herself to another. She well knew that Divine grace could alone prepare the hearts of her beloved young family for a happy reunion in heaven, but she endeavoured to labour as much as if it depended solely on her efforts. The Bible had been her guide from early youth; its promises, her stay and support in sickness, when she had herself stood on the brink of the grave, in the prospect of leaving two little ones, motherless, in a cold world; and in affliction, still more bitter, when her dearest earthly friend, he who was to have shared with her the responsibility, the cares, and the pleasures of training up their children for God, was called to his long home, leaving her as the most precious legacy, God's promises to the widow and fatherless. To the Bible she had been accustomed to resort, for counsel in perplexity, for light and comfort in her dark hours of loneliness, and now it was her first and earnest desire to see her children imbued with its spirit, and its light beaming on their path. Her efforts to make them love and prize what had been a lamp to her feet, and the man of her counsel, were unrewarded, and the pleasure with which Ellen always seemed to look forward to the family Bible exercise, the hour after worship on the sabbath, was some evidence, to her mother at least, that her labour had not been in vain.

Mrs. Allen's house was in a secluded part of the town, and the perfect silence, that reigned on the sabbath, was broken only by the song of the bird or the note of the distant church bell; but this stillness, and the absence of external excitement did not cause the hours of the sabbath to pass heavily along.

"Mother," said Ellen, as she took off her bonnet, and folded up her gloves one sabbath afternoon, "Mother, I felt very glad, when Mr. S. spoke of the compassion of the Saviour, in his sermon, that we are to have that for our lesson this afternoon." "I think we shall find it an interesting subject. If you are ready now you may call your brother, we will meet in the parlour. Open the window, that we may have the cool of the breeze."

Ellen did as her mother requested: she found George standing at the back door, and quite inclined to stand there and watch the thunder caps as he called them, the rounded summits of the dark cloud, that was slowly rising in the west. A few words from Ellen soon induced him to follow her to the parlour.

Ellen asked George to draw out the little table, and put their mother's large chair before it, while she brought a Bible and concordance for her and a Testament for George, and one for herself. A chair and Testament were placed for Lucy, the servant, who always made one of this family Bible class. Mrs. Allen considered a knowledge of the Bible as necessary to aid Lucy in the performance of her duties, and to lead her in the way of salvation, as for her children.

"Thank you, my children," said Mrs. Allen, as she took her seat at the table; "which of you fixed this pleasant seat for me?"

"George," said Ellen. George had not generosity enough to say that it was Ellen's plan, but he felt that he did not deserve his mother's mild smile, for, a little disappointed in not being suffered to remain longer watching the clouds, he had done what was asked him in not a very pleasant way. They opened their Bibles.

"The compassion of the Lord Jesus is to be the subject to-day," said the mother. "He manifested, when on earth, a very tender spirit, sympathizing with sufferers of every description, and always giving relief to those who came to him. We will examine some of the passages, that show this. I will ask each of you in turn to mention one. Lucy, can you think of one?" Lucy recollected that Jesus wept over Jerusalem, but did not remember where the account of it was to be found.

"O here it is, mother," said George,—"in the 19th chapter of St. Luke; shall I read it? O I have thought of another," continued he, in a hurried tone, "Jesus wept? That is one whole verse. It was at the grave of Lazarus."

"Stop, George, not so fast," said his mother, "We will hear you read the passage Lucy mentioned, and consider that before we go to another."

George read from the 41st to the 45th verse. "But mother was it not strange that Christ should have wept over Jerusalem? I should think it strange to see a man crying for any thing. I never saw one."

Ellen looked up at her mother, with an expression of sorrow and surprise, that George could ask such questions, and in such a tone too.

"I will explain it to you, my son. Will you look first, Ellen, and see under what circumstances Christ was approaching Jerusalem?"

"It was when he rode into Jerusalem, and the people spread their clothes in the way before him, and rejoiced because they thought their King had come to reign over them."

"Christ then, resumed Mrs. Allen with his disciples and a great multitude, were descending the Mount of Olives. What an animating scene in itself it must have been. The rejoicing multitude believed they were now to be delivered from oppression, and in humble triumph, were conducting their deliverer in their beloved city, which was spread out in all its beauty and magnificence before them. They believed that before the power with which the Messiah was to be clothed from on high, all difficulties would vanish, and the Jews would again become a renowned and powerful nation. The Saviour understood perfectly the feelings of the people, and knew that their expectations would not be realized. He did indeed come to be their deliverer, but not in the way they expected."

"How was he to be their deliverer, mother?"—asked George.

"He was to deliver them from the punishments which God must inflict upon sin, by dying for them. God accepts his death as an atonement for the sins of all who love the Saviour, and trust in him for salvation."

"But, mother, I don't see why God could not forgive us if we are sorry when we have done wrong, without having Jesus Christ to die such a cruel death."

"My child, ought you not to obey me?"

"Yes mother."

"If I were to direct you not to do something which was wrong in itself, and exposed you to great danger, and should say if you disobeyed me I would inflict some severe punishment, and you should choose to do what I had forbidden, would it be right for me to let you go unpunished? You might come and tell me you were very sorry, and that you would never do so again, but would it be right or wrong for me to withhold the punishment?"

"I know you would punish me, mother, and I suppose it would be right."

"Yes, I should. It would grieve me very much indeed; but then, if I did not, I should be unfaithful to my word, and I should fear that you might soon be tempted to do something more wicked than Well, George, you know perfectly well that you should always obey me promptly and cheerfully, and you know too that there are much stronger reasons why you should do what God requires of you. He wishes us to do nothing, but what we could do if our hearts were right. He is very kind. He tells us how we may be happy. We are all his children. He tells us what we must do, and he threatens to punish us with his everlasting displeasure, if we disobey. Now his commands are disobeyed, he would be unfaithful to his word, if the punishments threatened did not follow. We have broken the commandments of God, and so have all the persons that have ever lived. God knows all things that are to take place. He knows now the day and the hour when Ellen will die, and when you will die. He knew that we should disobey him; and in great mercy he contrived a plan by which we could be saved from the dreadful punishments of being sent away for ever, to live in a world of darkness and wretchedness. He sent his own Son Jesus Christ in this world to die for us. Jesus bore our punishment for us. The Bible says 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; and as I have just said, your God accepts his death as an atonement for our sins. He forgives us, not simply because we are sorry, but for the Saviour's sake. If Christ had not died, we could not have been just and faithful to his word, and yet have forgiven our sins.'

"Mother, mother," said Ellen with strong emotion, her eyes filling with tears, "I understand it, and I love the Saviour, because he loved us so much, and was so willing to die for us. Oh! how I wish I could always do and feel just as he would like to have me."

"God the Holy Spirit will assist you to feel that to act as will please your Saviour, if you pray for his influences; and I hope my beloved boy will do the same prayer."

George looked up, and met his mother's eyes. Her tender, affectionate tone touched his heart; his conscience was troubled. He knew that he had thought little and cared little about the kind Saviour whom his mother and his sister loved; but pride prevented him from acknowledging it. The mother's conflict, and fervent prayer rose in her heart, that the proud spirit of her boy might be humbled, and from this moment his heart might be given to Him, who had died for him; and it was with a disappointed, yet submissive feeling, that she saw him brush away a tear that stood on his crimsoned cheek, as he exclaimed, in a tone of assumed carelessness, "why, mother, you have not told me why Jesus wept over Jerusalem." His mother then told him that Jesus foresaw distinctly that the beautiful city before them would be entirely destroyed; even the ground on which stood the splendid temple, the beautiful and beautiful house, so much valued by the Jews, would be ploughed up. He thought of the dreadful sufferings of the inhabitants; many would be burnt alive, many perish with hunger, many die by sword, many be put to death by the most lingering torments. He knew, too, what death awaited him, that the multitude who were now conducting him in humble triumph as their king, would reject him, and demand that he should be crucified. He knew how unconscious they were of the fearful doom before them, and he wept over their infatuation. This had hardened their hearts; the Saviour in tender compassion would have gathered them to himself, he would have had all the Jews become his friends, as Matthew, and Mark, and John did: but they

used; they would not. He knew better than any one else, the dreadful consequences of refusing to seek forgiveness for his sake. He wept that so many must endure the wrath of God forever, because they would not come to Him that they might have eternal life.

"We have examined only one instance in which our Saviour exhibited a compassionate spirit, and our hour is spent. Next week we will take up the same topic again, and the more distinctly we have before us evidence of Christ's affectionate interest in others, his sympathy with all kinds suffering, the more reason we shall find to love Him with all our heart, and to possess the same spirit that He had."

The testaments which had been opened before them were now closed. Mrs. Allen knelt with her children and Lucy, to implore the blessing of the God of the widow and of the fatherless, and the burden of her prayer was, that her own heart and the hearts of those kneeling with her, might be filled with a deep sense of the love and compassion of the Redeemer; that the gracious evidence the Bible gives of it, might be so treasured up, that the soul should safely and securely rest its eternal welfare upon it; and that during the coming week, love to the Saviour might be burning stronger and brighter in every heart, leading each one to watch against every wrong feeling, every unkind word, or doubtful action, lest their gracious, compassionate, ever present Friend, the Saviour, should be displeased.

In concluding this chapter, we have a few words to say, on the prevailing neglect of the Scriptures, even among christians who profess to make them their only rule of faith and practice. With how many men of business—with how many mothers—with how many who cannot plead pressure of cares in excuse, is reading the Bible a mere form. Pressure of cares can, however, never be an excuse for reading the word of God as a mere form. It may be a reason why comparatively little time can be devoted to it, but never a reason why, during that little time, the heart should not feel that it is listening to the instructions of its Maker.

We cannot suppose any one to be a christian who does not habitually read the Bible. But many, it is feared, read it only in the family, and how is it read there? Without having the mind or the heart interested—its threatenings alarm not, its promises cheer not, and its precepts, intended to guide in the common affairs of life, are unheeded. A chapter is read at family prayers, and the Bible is laid aside; the attention may have been arrested for a moment, but the impression was transient; it fades away as the regular business of the day commences, and is felt no more. The father goes forth to his stated employment; he is governed, to be sure, in all his business transactions, by general, established principles of rectitude, that secure his christian character from any blot in the eyes of his fellow-men, but in what state has his heart been? Has he resisted successfully all temptations to promote his own interests, by means honorable in the opinions of many, but dishonorable in the eye of a holy God? Has "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" influenced him in his intercourse with others? In the few minutes of leisure, that occur here and there in the busiest scenes, have his affections risen to his God, seeking his blessing upon his pursuits?

The mother, who carelessly listened to the chapter read, and yet made that listening a substitute for private reading, engages in her household duties.—The portions read, contained, perhaps, precepts which, if they had been felt at the time, and remembered afterwards, would have enabled her to preserve a calm, untroubled spirit, amidst the cares, and trials, and petty annoyances of a housekeeper; but they were forgotten as the sound died away from her husband's lips. And now the impatient tone, the irritated look, the hasty action, are sad evidences that the words of her Saviour have not been hid in her heart—that his spirit is not there.

If parents thus read and hear the Bible, what is to be expected from the children? Can those who never, or who but seldom pray over its pages, and ponder its truths in secret, recommend such a course to others? Can children of pious parents be expected to reverence the Bible, unless they plainly

see that it is revered and studied and obeyed by those to whom they look up as examples of what is praiseworthy? and who so ready to detect inconsistencies between word and action as children? Let the Bible be read and studied by christians, so that every one could say from the heart, "How love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day;" "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path;" "Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it;" "Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way;" and what a happy change would be effected in the religious community! Let individuals, who have read the Bible only from a cold sense of duty, and to quiet the murmurings of an uneasy conscience, read it day by day, as they would read messages from God, which are to govern them in their intercourse with others, to lead them to form right views of their own character and of their Creator, to make known their duties to themselves, to their fellow-creatures, to their God—let them read it as their only guide to permanent peace here, to happiness in eternity; and let it be accompanied with earnest prayer for the teaching of the Spirit, and then the strong language of the Psalmist will but express the emotions of their own hearts. The Bible will become a precious book indeed. Its influence will be carried into all the relations of life. In trial and difficulty, it will guide alike the old and the young, the day-labourer and the high in office: in sorrow and sickness it will alike comfort and sustain the peasant in the humble cottage, or the monarch on his throne.—It takes away the bitterness of death from every age; the timid child and the hoary head, trusting in its blessed promises, alike walk fearlessly through the dark valley, in the sure hope of a blissful home.

A NEW BIBLE.

The Baptist denomination have now taken the singular stand of being the first rejecters of that good old English Bible, which was so well translated that it has been a subject of devout thanksgiving to God by thousands of the best Christians in the protestant world. Henceforward, the Bible, like the Church is, to feel the effects of schism. The word of life, from this time forward, must speak the multitudinous language of division. The infidel will now raise the shout of exultation, and talk sarcastically about two Bibles.

The most serious objection to this measure, which we see, arises from immense obstacles which it is likely to throw in the way of ultimate Christian unity. The state of the different bodies of dissenters, while all employed the same Bible, appears to us much like the conditions of colonies which go out from the mother country, but build no cities and enact no laws to bind them together or to give them a permanent residence; and hence are continually sending back to the fatherland, such as become tired of instability and change, and finally move back in a body. But the several dissenting denominations, each having its own version of the Bible, would be like colonies which build cities and enact laws, and thereby render their expatriation permanent and perpetual.

Let any body of protestant Christians rally around its own translation of the Scriptures, and make that, as it unquestionably would, its exclusive rule of faith and practice, and it would require more powerfully uniting agencies than have yet been in operation, to draw it out of the narrow circle of its own sympathies and bind it to a large, and more catholic brotherhood.—*Chr. Wit.*

Something must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in Paradise, the Tree; in Israel, a Canaanite; in us, Temptation.

CHILD AT THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave! 'Tis there beneath the trees,
I love to go alone, and sit, and think
Upon that grassy mound. My cradle hours
Come back again so sweetly, when I awoke
And lifted up my head, to kiss the cheek
That bowed to meet me.

And I seem to feel

Once more the hand that smooth'd my clustering curls
And led me to the garden, pointed out
Each fragrant flower and bud, or drawing back
My foot, lest I should careless crush the wort
That crawl'd beside one.

And that gentle tone

Teaching to pat the house-dog, and be kind
To the poor cat, and spare the little flies
Upon the window, and divide my bread
With those that hunger'd, and bow meekly down
To the gray-headed man, and look with love
On all whom God hath made.

And then her hymn

At early evening, when I went to rest
And folded closely to her bosom, sat
Joining my cheek to her's, and pouring out
My broken music with her tuneful strain:
Comes it not back again that holy hymn,
Even now upon my ear?

But when I go

To my lone bed, and find no mother there,
And weeping kneel to say the prayer she taught,
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
Or to her vacant seat at church draw near.
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My blessed Saviour.

Sure that voice is her's;

I know it is, because these were the words
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the still twilight hour, or when we walked
Forth in the spring, amid rejoicing birds,
Or whispering talked beside the winter fire.
Mother! I'll keep these precepts in my heart,
And do thy bidding.

Then, when God shall say,

My days are finished, will he give me leave
To come to thee? And can I find thy home,
And see thee with thy glorious garments on,
And kneel at the Redeemer's feet, and beg
That where the mother is the child my dwell!

L. H. S.

ASIA MINOR.

Mr. Evangelis, a young Greek educated in the United States, writes from Smyrna to the editor of the New York Gazette:—

"I cannot but inform you of the melancholy condition to which the Turkish population of the interior of Asia Minor has been reduced by the plague. Villages of large population have been entirely depopulated and from large towns two or three only escaped death. The fairest apples we here buy for a trifle a bushel, because every one goes and gathers them from the orchards of those who planted them but who are now numbered with the dead. The wheat is perishing in the place where it grew, and the Government has offered the farms to those who would go and reap the wheat and save it."

SCRAPS.

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.

Looking back is more than we can sustain without going back!

A christian will find his parenthesis for prayer, even through his busiest hours.

We treat sensible and present things as realities, and future and eternal things as fables: whereas the reverse should be our habit.—*Cecil's Romances.*

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors, (No.2.)

While paying a tour of pastoral visits in my parish the other day, I met with an old and respectable member of a dissenting Society, and having entered into conversation together on some of the comforting topics of the Gospel, I ventured to express a wish that all differences among christians should be put down in order that we might be able to hold a more perfect communion and fellowship together. To this he replied, "that no doubt it was an evil to be thus divided, but that he thought God had allowed this evil for a good purpose, as it was the means of producing a holy zeal and emulation between different societies, while they all had but one object in view, which, was the conversion of sinners." I was astonished and grieved to hear such an opinion coming from a man whom I respected on account of many virtues which adorn his character, but I saw at once that this was one of the illusions with which Satan so easily seduces many well-meaning men. According to this, divisions, though expressly forbidden in Scripture, are very good, and it is our duty to multiply them, as much as possible! According to this it is no great matter whether we "speak all the same thing" or not, provided we aim, or only think that we aim, at the conversion of sinners by our differences! But, surely, if God had required divisions and the aid of dissent, to convert sinners, would he have inspired the holy writers in declaiming so strongly against the least shade of difference. Would Jesus pray for our Unity with so much earnestness? Would the Apostle so strongly recommend us to be of one mind, and to live in peace? The Corinthians had as yet formed no open division when they are so severely reprov'd by St. Paul. They merely followed one minister more than another, and so were divided in their attachment to their lawful clergy, but the Apostle, knowing that such feelings were contrary to the Spirit of Christ, and to what they might have been led on their account, addresses them in the following emphatic words:—"Is Christ divided? Whereas there are divisions among you, are ye not carnal, and walk as men?" What then would the same Apostle tell us all if he were among us at this time? What would he say, if he could behold our unhappy and unchristian opposition to each other?

I am aware that some very good men among our clergy are of opinion that the best way to cultivate a good understanding, and promote unity among true christians of all denominations, is to speak of nothing but of the main doctrines of the Gospel, and to "know nothing among all men, but Christ and Him crucified." But how are we to preach Christ without preaching love and unity? Is not the very name of Christ sufficient to teach us that we cannot be divided in the least degree from his body, and that we should be one as He himself is one with the Father? If we love him, can we allow any thing to stand between us and his true disciples; or can we preach Christ without pointing out all that is against his will, among which divisions must certainly be found? Did not the Apostles preach against dissent? Or did they preach the head without the body? I would therefore beg of those brethren who do not see the propriety of denouncing the awful evil of dissent in an open and unqualified manner, whether the Apostles did nothing else but preach the Gospel without any attention to order or regularity? Did they organize no society? did they appoint no ministers? did they make no rules for the government of that Society which they constantly call the Church? did they not enjoin perfect submission to their laws and regulations as the fruit of a christian and peaceable spirit? Or, did they give liberty to any one, in any case; or in any circumstances, to break the unity of that Society of which they were the founders, and of which Christ was the Chief corner stone? If they did so, then I would say,—farewell to all order and regularity among christians! If it is true that we can be consistent with the duties of our sacred office, by remaining silent and passive, while we daily behold the alarming variety of the most unsound and unscriptural errors which are fostered and propagated by the principle of dissent, then we may as well strike out of the sacred text that noble and apostolic injunction; "Let all things be done decently and in order!"

Is it not as clear as day light that the principle which can produce so many parties; and such confusion, among the members of the same family, must be an evil one? I am very anxious that all the sincere disciples of Christ, of whatever name or profession they may be, should see this; for then, I am sure that if they have any love for their Saviour, or any respect for his Gospel, they will do all in their power to take away the offence which lies betwixt them and those of other denominations, and to remove the blemish which is thus cast upon our heavenly and holy religion, that the name of Christ may be no longer evil spoken of an account of our 'heresies and schisms.'

But is it true indeed that more sinners are converted to God through the means of divisions, than if all christians were to remain in the same church, and to form but one Society? How then are we to know this? It is impossible for us to say any thing of this kind without forgetting many express rules of Scripture; therefore are we to suppose that those persons who may appear benefited by either of the existing parties, would never have been brought to the knowledge of the truth by some more orderly and Gospel-like means? To suppose that dissent is necessary for the accomplishment of God's work upon earth, is what I cannot do while I find no foundation for it in the Book of truth and order.

But it may be asked:—has not dissent been the means of awakening many of the clergy of the Established Church, and of reviving true piety within her walls? I once thought so myself, but I thank God that I have seen my error. If the first dissenters from the Church of England were pious people before leaving it, there is not the least doubt but they would have been much more useful by 'keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,' than by separating themselves. They had, of course, been brought to a sense of religious things in the Church—the impurities which their 'tender consciences' found in her, were no obstacles to the Holy Spirit in opening their eyes, and why then did they not remain in her bosom, and do all in their power to spread the same holy flame which had been kindled in their souls? Would not God have equally, yea, much more abundantly blessed their endeavours for the conversion and salvation of sinners? Could not the same power which had led them to see the evil of supineness and indifference in religion, bless the means which the church gave them, if they had used them right, for the revival of true piety? Could they not write, and publish their writings to the whole world, and would not this have been the easiest and best mode for introducing a reform? Yes, I am sure if this plan had been adopted, the awful and increasing evils of dissent would have been avoided, and true religion would now shine upon us in its full beauty and lustre! I speak upon this head the more boldly, because I have generally found the most learned dissenters approving and commending the doctrinal tenets of the Church, and I cannot but hope, that the time is coming when they will see so plainly the evils of their system, that they will be forced to agree in making love, and peace, and unity, stronger bonds of brotherly affection than a few doubtful or minor points. I would rather attribute the revival of piety in the Church to the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit—to a "time of refreshing" with which it has pleased the Almighty to favour us, and which is so greatly abused, both by churchmen and dissenters.

But again it might be observed, 'since doubtful or unimportant points only, are the differences between christians, why not be friendly all together—why not be united like brethren?' O would to God that this could be the case! There is no one upon earth more anxious for this noble and truly christian object than I am. But in reply to this question I would say: it is impossible, in the present state of human nature, to do so very extensively. There may be, and I hope there are many in each sect, whose thoughts are raised above the trifling things of this life, and who may be able to meet christian friends of other denominations on terms of close friendship and communion. But I have often found a great deal of coldness and evident prejudices even among those from whom I had reasons to expect better things. I have these many years, watch-

ed the spirit of the different sects which take the name of Christians, and I have every reason to believe that the most bitter and unchristian feelings cherished in the bosoms of the great majority, in communion. They may endeavour to hide this by courtesy or any other way, but I know the human heart too well, and I have seen too many proofs of what I advance, to be mistaken. Wherever there are two contending parties, must there not be different interests? And where there are five or more different communions in a small place; or perhaps more than twenty in the same town; or more than fifty in the same kingdom; is it possible for the members of these societies to preserve true love, true christian feelings, towards those who oppose them? Why, the very fact of our being thus divided will naturally produce a spirit of opposition, and a desire to see our own church or communion gain ground, and rising above the others; and for this purpose we will do all in our power to promote the interest of our own sect—"to draw away disciples after us"—and to build up our own party, whether it is pleasing or displeasing to others. Indeed, nothing gives men more pleasure than when they think they have some advantage over their brethren of a different persuasion. And is this a christian spirit? Is this a spirit of love? Is this the "charity which beareth all things, which hopeth all things, which thinketh no evil, which is not puffed up, which is kind, which vaunteth not itself, which envieth not, which seeketh not her own?" But this, however, is the fruit of dissent;—of that boasted principle which threatens to destroy all love and unity among the followers of Christ.

I remain, Messrs. Editors, your's, &c.
April, 1838.

NOVEL READING.

"A Novel was a book,
Three volum'd, and once; and oft crammed full
Of poisonous error, black'ning every page;
And oftener still of trifling second hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature; with itself and truth at war."
POLLOCK.

If the above description of a novel is correct, what a fruitful source of corruption must be found in the shoal of similar publications which are daily issuing from the press! The man, or woman, who can do nothing else, who is too proud to dig, and ashamed to beg, can, at least, compound the standing ingredients which constitute a novel, and send it out to the world to serve as a stepping stone to fame and fortune. True, most of these ephemeral productions die as soon as they see the light, but their place is instantly supplied with others, so that the market is kept constantly full.

To the reflecting mind there is something extremely painful in the rage for fiction that every where prevails. From the child in the nursery, who is reading with delight the wonderful adventures of "The Scottish Orphans," to the man of grey hairs, who is intently perusing "Bulwer's last novel," hundreds and thousands in every walk of life are daily wasting their brief and precious hours in this worse than useless employment. Almost every department of literature is affected by the universal mania; for a book will stand but little chance of being read, unless it betakes in some degree of this style of writing. Works on science, literature, and religion, if not written in the popular style—that is, the thoughts so diluted as to require no mental exertion—are thrown aside as insufferably dull and tedious. The effect of this state of things, on intellectual eminence, is most disastrous. The reasoning faculty is weakened, the memory impaired, the habit of close thinking is destroyed, and the mind becomes unable to grasp any subject which requires close research and accurate investigation. It may well be said of novels and their admirers, in the words of the prophets, "He feedeth on ashes—a deceived heart hath turned him aside." But the effect of novel reading on the intellect is by no means the worst feature of the case. It prisons the fountain of moral feeling, and corrupts the heart; breaks down the strongest barriers of virtue, and

prepares the way for every crime. The charge may seem harsh to many, but we are well prepared to sustain it. All novels, we are aware, are not alike injurious. One generic fault, if we may be allowed the expression, that of confounding truth with falsehood, is common to them all; but the specific differences are very great. There is the *historical novel*, which may be free from immorality, but which so distorts and caricatures the facts of history that real and unreal images are all blended together in the mind. There is the *religious novel*, which has stolen the divinity of Christ to do the work of the prince of darkness; and there is the *domestic novel*, which comes so directly home to our hearts and hearths that we can hardly disapprove its character, in consideration of its object. But there is still another class of novels, for which we can find no distinctive appellation, that will convey an adequate idea of their poisonous and corrupting character. Those who have read Bulwer's novels will know at once to what we allude; but to those who are happily ignorant of them, we despair of fully conveying our meaning, for we shrink from polluting our pages with specimens of their revolting impurity. Indeed, licentiousness and its kindred vices are so interwoven into the very texture of these works (which are going the round of the fashionable world,) that it would be far easier to extract the unexceptionable passages than those which are openly and decidedly immoral. His heroes are all either philosophising or sentimental dreamers, who talk eloquently of virtue while they are practising the grossest vices. Every moral obligation is trampled under foot by his imaginary characters, who are all apparently drawn from one great model, that of the being who "has power to transform himself into an angel of light."—*Jd. of Mor. Ref.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Latimer and Henry VIII.—In the midst of the passion and cruelty of that bloodstained tyrant, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence at the Chapel Royal, condemning, in the strongest terms, the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was addicted—peculiarly addicted. Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer, and threatened him with instant death, if he did not, on the next occasion, retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The reproof got wind, and on the next Sunday the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and after a long pause, fixing his eyes on Henry, exclaimed, in the quaint language of the time; to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence: "Bethink thee, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of the worldly sovereign, who hath power to terminate thy earthly life, and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames. But bethink thee, also, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire;" and immediately began, in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favorite vices and crimes of his iniquitous sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to expect. Henry, who, with all his atrocities, was not, on some occasions, destitute of generosity, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable prelate, and instead of loading him with chains, and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold; openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favor than ever.—*Chr. Wit.*

ON KNEELING IN PRAYER.

It was an observation made by Frederick the Third, that the forms used by the Catholics in divine service, made their worship seem to have a superior for its object; those of the Protestants to have an equal. The prince now living, and were he to visit many of the churches and chapels in this nation, might not say that the posture in which many place

themselves, is such as indicates the object of their address to be neither a superior nor an equal? Their prayers are neither in prostration, like the Mahometans; nor in standing, like the Jews; nor in kneeling, as Christians, but sitting; an attitude in which a superior receives and addresses an inferior. This is a custom which has been introduced, partly through the example of those who ought to have set a better; and partly, it is to be feared, from that kind of indifference which arises from ignorance and carelessness: for did people think, who, and before whom, they are; did they properly reflect on the nature of prayer; did they contemplate God as the Creator of heaven and earth; as the universal Sovereign, with whom is honour, power and dominion, majesty and glory; I say, did men consider these things, can we suppose they would dare to address Jehovah in an attitude which is at the utmost distance from reverence and deep humility.

Eusebius one day perceiving that his wife, like others, began to give up kneeling at her prayers, and anxious to give her a proper sense of her conduct, called up her maid, and desired her to go into the room where her mistress was sitting, and seat herself down on the sofa and ask her for a new gown. The lady was quite in a rage. Eusebius desired the servant to retire, and addressing his wife, drew a parallel of her own conduct with what she had just represented so highly, and she was so fully convinced, that she promised to behave with more propriety for the future.—*Friendly Visitor.*

AGAINST REPINING.

O Lord God, how subject is this wretched heart of mine to repining and discontentment! If it may not have what it would, how ready it is, like a forward child, to throw away what it hath! I know and feel this to be out of that natural pride which is so deep-rooted in me; for could I be sensible enough of my own unworthiness, I should think every thing too good, every thing too much, for me. My very being, O Lord, is more than I am ever able to answer thee; and how could I deserve it when I was not? But that I have any helps of my well-being here, or hopes and means of my being glorious hereafter, how far is it beyond the reach of my soul! Lord, let me find my own nothingness; so shall I be thankful for a little, and in my very want, bless thee.

Not to be afflicted, is a sign of weakness. For, therefore God imposeth no more on me, because He sees I can bear no more. God will not make choice of a weak companion. When I am stronger I will look for more. And when I sustain more, it shall more comfort me that God finds me strong, than it shall grieve me to be pressed with an heavy affliction.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE REFORMATION.

The Reformation was only a return to the purer faith and practice, which before obtained in the British Church. Christianity was most probably planted in Britain by St. Paul himself after his two years captivity in Rome, and certainly flourished hereages before the Church of Rome had any connexion with it. At the Council of Arles, A. D. 314, three British bishops were present; and at that of Ariminum, A. D. 359, many more. Now Augustine the monk was not sent into England by Gregory, bishop of Rome, till A. D. 597.—*Church.*

SCHISM.

God, in many passages of Scripture, has positively forbid schisms and separations. There seem to be but two cases, in which it is lawful and a duty to separate from a church; viz.

1. When it teaches any doctrine or practice plainly repugnant to God's word, 1 Tim. vi. 3, 4 5, and 2 Tim. ii. 16, 17, 18.
2. When a church is in a state of schism or unjustifiable separation from another church, St. Paul directs, Rom. xvi. 17, "Mark those which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine ye have learned, and avoid them."

In either of these cases, to separate is a duty; to do so under other circumstances, appears a grievous sin.—*Id.*

PROHIBITED BOOKS.

The editor of Waldie's Library has fallen in with a copy of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* of Pope Gregory XVI., published in Rome in 1826, which appears to be a great curiosity. But few have any idea of the extent to which the Popes carry the plan of excluding heretical publications from their dominions. The formidable list of prohibited books forms an octavo volume of over 100 pages. The editor of the Library says, "To give an idea of the books which the good people of Italy, and indeed the Catholics generally, are not allowed to peruse; we subjoin a list of a few well known to the English reader, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Barclay's *Apology*, Robertson's *Charles V.*, Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, *Notre Dame De Paris*, Hume's *England*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Lady Morgan's *Italy Boyle's works*, Richardson's *Novel of Pamela*, the *Liturgy of the Church of England*, Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, Hugo Grotius *de Jure ac Belli*, Swedenborg's *Works*, *Sherlock's Sermons*, &c. &c; altogether, it is a list that will astonish every one who has paid no attention to the subject."

The following are the regulations respecting the perusal of the Bible contained in the rules prefixed to the work.

"Since it has been proved by experience, that if the Holy Bible in the common tongue, should be permitted every where without distinction, more detriment than utility would arise—on this subject let it rest with the judgment of the Bishop or Inquisitor, that, with the advice of the priest or confessor, they may grant the perusal of Bibles in the common tongue, in the version of catholic authors, to those whom they think will receive no injury from such perusal but an increase of faith and piety; which power they have by these writings.

"But whosoever shall presume, without such power to read or have them, unless the Bibles be first given up to the ordinary, shall not be able to receive absolution for his sins.

"And booksellers, who, without having the aforesaid power, shall sell the condemned Bibles in the common tongue, or shall make them over in any way whatsoever; shall lose the price of the books, to be converted by the Bishop to pious uses, and shall be liable to other punishments according to the quality of the offence, at the will of the Bishop."

CHURCH PASTORAL-AID SOCIETY.

From an occasional paper just published by this society, we have much pleasure in publishing the following extract, which shows that it is rapidly progressing in the good work, and wants only the active co-operation of members of the establishment throughout the kingdom to make it still more signally successful:—"The number of grants at the date of this paper, in aid of a hundred incumbents, is 110, viz., 92 for curates, and 18 for lay-assistants. The aggregate population under charge of these clergymen is 869,997, giving an average of 8,699 souls each.—The incomes of these incumbents only average £157 each, and 46 of them are unprovided with a Glebe House or Parsonage.—Let the wealthier members of the church think on these things, and may love to Christ and His people teach them what to do."—*Church.*

GOOD ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.

Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds. Of these fragments the mass of learning is composed: "It is true," as poor Richard says, "there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks." A man may learn that in two minutes which may be valuable to him all his life. Even if you see no use in the thing learned, do not despise it. Learn all that you can and you will live to see its value. Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new idea. And remember that the beginnings, even of the most sublime sciences, are often so simple as to seem worthless.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1838.

THE WEATHER—has been very unpromising this spring for the farmer until within the last few days, and we fear much of the seed deposited in the ground will be lost, which, in the new settlements especially of this county, is the more to be lamented, as it is not easy to replace it. There is a call for the exercise of patience and trust in the providential care of Him "upon whom the eyes of all do wait, who giveth them their meat in due season,"—who alone can crown the year with abundance and make the clouds drop fatness. He can, and often does, out of seeming evil, bring forth ultimate good,—and cause, what we consider backward seasons, to issue in a plentiful harvest. Let us be found in the ways of righteousness, and trust the Lord for the rest, remembering that "the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked, but that He blesseth the habitation of the just."

THE CORONATION.—This day fortnight this splendid ceremony will astonish and delight the metropolis of the world. How is it to be celebrated in Nova Scotia?—is a question we are as yet unable to answer. We repeat our hope that not only at Halifax, but in every village in the province, honour may be done to the day and to our Sovereign, according as ability and opportunity may be afforded. We leave the suggestion of the most suitable mode of testifying our loyalty and our joy to other more competent authority. Why should we not assemble on that day in our places of worship to beseech Him by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to send down His blessing upon our beloved Sovereign, and her widely extended empire? Our church, as we before remarked, has a very appropriate office for the Accession, which might well suit the occasion; and would not this be as acceptable and as proper, as Balls and Suppers which some are talking of, but in favour of which we cannot raise our voice. We trust our own town will not be backward in demonstrations of loyalty.

A meeting was called at the Court House, on Saturday last, at which the High Sheriff presided,—for the purpose of considering the most advisable mode of testifying the public joy on the approaching festival, when it was determined to distinguish the day by the usual salutes, and such military display as can be conveniently made. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. W. Rudolf, J. Heckman, J. Creighton, J. Hunt, Esqrs. Rev. Mr. Fraser and others.

THE BISHOP.—We regret to find that his Lordship had been a great sufferer from a severe attack of gout, but was so much better as to be able to return to London about the 2d of May, on which day we see it stated that he was presented to her Majesty. He writes, "I have many letters from the Clergy which reached me on my road to town, and I would gladly answer them, but the mail goes away to-morrow, and therefore, it is out of my power. My return to this place has been delayed three months by ill health. Some doubt is cast upon my Newfoundland voyage; first, because I can hardly hope to be ready in proper time; and next, because Dr. Jephson declares I shall break down if I attempt it after my recent illness. This, however, will not deter me if I shall feel able, but I cannot write with certainty until the June packet.—I will gladly attend, as far as I am able, to the wishes of the Clergy who have written to me, although I cannot reply to their letters."

NEW PAPER.—We have received a specimen Number of a periodical to be devoted to the interests of the established Kirk of Scotland, and to be issued from the press of Mr. James Spike at Halifax. It is got up in a neat and creditable style, and no doubt will be acceptable to the denomination for whose benefit it is specially designed.—When the Colonial Churchman was established, there was

not one journal in the province devoted to the cause of Religion, and now there are four.

WE ARE ALIVE!—This notice seems necessary for the Editor of the Novascotian, who has twice omitted the Colonial Churchman in the list of provincial periodicals.—But how long we are to remain in editorial existence, depends upon the punctuality of our subscribers and agents.

TEMPERANCE.—We perceive from an American paper, that Mr. Delavan of Albany, who has devoted his time and money for some years to the promotion of this praiseworthy object, has lately received from her Majesty's Librarian, the following flattering acknowledgment of his present of four volumes of Sargent's Temperance Tales.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ANSWER.

St James' Palace, Jan. 8, 1838.

Sir,—I have had the honor to submit your letter to Her Majesty, and have sincere pleasure in being able to inform you that the Queen has very graciously been pleased to acquiesce in the request therein expressed, and to accept of the four small volumes of Temperance Tales which accompanied it.—Her Majesty at the same time was pleased to command me to convey to you the expression of her entire satisfaction at this mark of your attention. The subject indeed could not fail to create great interest. The efforts which are now making, both in America and this country, for the suppression of the besetting sin of intemperance, cannot but meet with Her Majesty's approbation; and I think it will be gratifying to you to know that those passages of your letter, which relate to your residence in England, and the effects likely to be produced here by an abandonment of this pernicious vice, are fully appreciated, and more particularly that passage which assures Her Majesty that "your fervent prayer is, that England, the land of our fathers, may experience her full share of the benefit of this great reformation."

I have the honor to be Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. H. GLOVER,

Her Majesty's Librarian.

To EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

We gather from the same source the following interesting items:—

Of one hundred male adults who died in the city of New Haven, the last year, thirty-three died of drunkenness. We are not surprised, therefore, that a recent attempt to ascertain public sentiment in regard to dram-selling, seven eighths of the citizens over sixteen should declare against it.

The temperance reform goes on well in Illinois. In Alton, 900 signatures have been obtained to a memorial to the council, praying them to issue no more licenses. The great whiskey manufactory at Athens, which had turned out 3,650 barrels annually, has closed operations. The owner of the volcano has put out its fires from principle.

The temperance cause flourishes greatly in many places abroad.

In six counties, in North Wales, there are 100,000 members. A distinguished gentleman has given £500 to carry on the temperance cause.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND STATISTICS.—The Gospel Messenger furnishes us from the New York Review with the following statements, which we present to our readers in full confidence that they will be read with feelings of satisfaction by every member of the Church. Let candid Dissenters also read them, (if such ever handle our journal) and perhaps they will think better of our Clergy than they did before.

We have collected the statistics of the principal societies in the Church of England, of a general character, for the purpose of estimating something like the annual amount of money contributed, through such channels, to the cause of religious benevolence. We have the following results from the latest report within reach:

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Receipts reported in 1836, £90
" Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 15
Church Missionary Society, 1837 71
For the Conversion of Jews, 14
National Schools, 6
Pastoral Aid, 8
Additional curates, (Ch. Quarterly Rev.) 30
Aggregate of other Societies, 18
Estimating the contributions of churchmen to the British and Foreign Bible Society at one half, 54
And those from the same source to the Naval and Military Bible Society; and Hibernian, (School) Society at three fourths, 19

This estimate not only excludes the Societies which Dissenters take a principal part, though by the contributions of Episcopalians, but also as belong, in regard to support as well as to especially to Ireland. If to the above amount add what we have supposed a low estimate of receipts during the last year of the various societies for the building and enlarging of churches, we have the sum of £509,598 received in one year by the institutions of the Church of England for benevolent and religious objects or about two millions, hundred and ninety-three thousand dollars. We have said nothing of the fact which appears in the recent return of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland, that since the year 1810, no less than hundred new churches have been built in the branch of the establishment. How much of the expense of these should be credited to voluntary subscription, we have no way of forming an opinion.

It is important in endeavoring to estimate, from data, the spirit of active benevolence in the Church of England to inquire to what extent the clergy participate in the efforts of which we have spoken. Perhaps we may get at this point by inquiring to what extent, in proportion to their means, they are represented on the subscription list of the several institutions connected with the Church. Now, there is no subject on which exaggerations are more lavishly expended, or one on which our newspapers circulate unjust reports, as that of the wealth of the clergy of the Church of England. That their revenues annually amount to eight or ten millions of pounds sterling has been not unfrequently asserted in print by writers who might have known better; whereas appears, by returns to Parliament that the net annual income, including the Episcopal and Archiepiscopal sees, and the cathedral and collegiate revenues, about £3,480,000. The average income of the Episcopal and Archiepiscopal sees, is £5930. When necessary expenses are considered, and salaries of the officers of the state are compared by no means immoderate. Of the livings in England and Wales, the net value of 6825 is under £3000 annum, and only one hundred and eighty-six over £1000 out of between eleven and twelve thousand. The average annual income of incumbents including tithe, glebe, fees, offerings, augmentations from Queen Anne's Bounty, and other sources, the British Magazine, is £285. Hence it isifest, whatever may be said of a few insulated instances, that the clergy of the English Church, situated in a country where so much tax is to be paid and expenses of living are so great, and the demands of custom and mode are so imperative, are very far from being, in virtue of their office, a wealthy community. A very considerable proportion of the smaller livings are held by clergymen who have some independent of their preferment; this is added to clerical income, (says the Bishop of London) and the whole is spent for the benefit of the Church."

Now, we are prepared to inquire how far the clergy are presented on the subscription list of the benevolent operations of the Church. Dr. Duff cites a work entitled 'The Church Defended' by Mr. Garbett, in which the author says 'I have not to affirm that there is expended of Church property, in benevolent objects a proportion far beyond twenty fold more than any other property in the nation.' Mr. Hale, (quoted by the Bishop of

chester,) in an essay on Tithes says; 'Wherever a Church is now built, a clergyman provided with an income, and a residence afforded him amongst his parishioners their alms-giving is one of the blessings derived to his neighbourhood. I know not the house of a resident clergyman, be he rich or poor, from which the stream of charity does not flow to the relief of his poorer brethren.' From particular cases and estimates which have come to our view, we can well believe the strongest of the above representations; yea, that of the property of no class of people in the world is so large a proportion bestowed in charity, as that of the English clergy. The immensities of the bishops, always exceeding those of the nobility we cannot of course enumerate. The London agent of the late Bishop Barrington once said that through his hands had passed £100,000 given by the Bishop to charitable purposes, besides the immense sums given in his diocese of Durham. His successor, Bishop Van Mildert, was no less liberal. Dr. Dealtry gives us the subscribers to five different societies including that for Promoting Christian Knowledge for Propagating the Gospel and for building churches. The lay subscribers to all are 10,884, the clerical 14,152, besides 5275 female subscribers, a very large proportion of whom are of clerical families. We happen to have before us an account of an effort by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to raise funds for the building of new churches. In a little while £12,000 were subscribed, one third of which was by clergymen. Dukes, earls, baronets, and knights were at the meetings, and subscribed well; but clergymen, with their bishop leading, were the highest on the lists. We have examined a list of subscribers to the Additional Curates' Funds, as published in the British Magazine for October, 1837. The amount is £5012 in annual subscriptions, and £2612 in donations. The names of sixteen bishops are given whose subscriptions average £95 per annum. One hundred and sixty-six clergy are named, whose subscriptions amount to nearly one half of the whole sum. These statistics are certainly exceedingly honorable to the spirit of the clergy. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion as to the expediency of the tithe system, one thing is certain, the country receives back in charity far more than the tithe of what it yields to its clergy. Whatever the Church may say of the unequal distribution of her revenues among her clergy, the country has reason to be thankful for their ultimate distribution, as seed from the sower, wherever her poor want bread, or the ignorant have need to be taught.

UNPREJUDICED WITNESSES FOR THE CHURCH.—

What we or what other members of the church say in her behalf, is perhaps often set down to undue partiality, or to the prejudices of early education and habit. But the testimony which follows will not bear that imputation, coming from those who belong to other denominations.—We take it from the Episcopal Recorder of the 5th ultimo. The first testimony is from a Wesleyan Methodist, (we believe the late Rev. R. Watson.)

"The Church of England is a standing testimony in the land, in favour of apostolic Christianity, in opposition to every species of vice and error; and its literature is the richest that any section of the Church of Christ ever produced. Who that has in him the heart of an Englishman and a Christian, can forbear to venerate a Church which has nurtured such master-minds as those of Jewell, and Jackson, and Barrow, and Farinon, and Hammond, and Walton, and Pearson, and Cudworth, and Stilling-fleet, and Bull, and Waterland,—to say nothing of men of more modern times? To this list may be also added the more distinguished of the puritan and non-conformist divines; for these men, also, were trained in an establishment. Nor did the ejected ministers in general leave their several cures because they objected to a union between the Church and the State; but because they could not comply with the terms of communion which were imposed at the Restoration. Richard Baxter defended tithes, and other peculiarities of an establishment, as earnestly as the most rigid Episcopalian. The great body of the ejected ministers, in the reign of Charles I., scarcely differed

more widely from the Episcopal Church, than many of the violent adversaries of all religious establishments, in the present day, differ from that venerable band of confessors. Where is the dissenting minister or the methodist preacher, if he be a man of reading, the shelves of whose library do not declare his deep obligation to the Protestant establishment? And it is because she is an establishment, that she has been able to cultivate learning, both theological and classical, upon a scale so splendid and extensive, and so immensely honourable and advantageous to the country. It is one of the peculiar excellencies of the theology of the English Church, that it reflects all that is orthodox in principle, and devout in sentiment, in the writings of the fathers, without their passion for allegory, and their defective mode of explaining scripture. But what words can describe the full value of her incomparable Liturgy?—so admirably adapted to express 'the sighings of a contrite heart, and the desires of such as are sorrowful;' and the joyous emotions of those who experimentally know that 'he pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel.' Let every thing that is practicable be done to adapt the Church more perfectly to the present state and wants of society; and above all, the spirit of primitive piety and zeal be diffused among her functionaries, in every district of the land; but 'destroy her not, for a blessing is in her.' Let the voluntary principle be carried as far as it possibly can, in the advancement of Christian instruction; yet, after all, the country cannot do without the establishment, either in resisting Popery, Socinianism, and Infidelity,—or in the maintenance of true religion and public virtue."

Testimony of a Baptist in favour of the Church.—

"The writer of these observations is happy to avail himself of this opportunity to acknowledge an improvement in his own feelings of cordiality and respect towards the Church. The unfavourable impressions of early years, derived principally from the perusal of *Simpson's Plea* and successive volumes of the *Eclectic Review*, (works which tell but half the truth in relation to the Church,) have been in a great manner effaced, and succeeded, we trust, by juster views and better feelings, derived from more extensive reading and personal observation. To what branch of science—to what department of literature—to what doctrine of Christian theology, or topic of Biblical criticism, or even noble army of modern martyrs, has she not been the most liberal contributor? And the writer must possess a blind and unsusceptible heart indeed to have listened to the halloed and anointed eloquence of her Sumners, her Noels, her Melvilles, her Dales, and Snows, and Stowells, and Marshes, and McNeils, and Bickersteths, and Bensons, without inwardly exclaiming,—Blessed is the Church that raiseth up such champions for the truth, and happy is the people who sit under such a ministry! And the ordinary opportunities of observation, with a candid and religious spirit of inquiry, will produce in the mind of the reflecting traveller the conviction, expressed strongly on one occasion by a dissenting minister, that there is at this very hour a more extensive revival of experimental and practical religion in the Established Church than in any other denomination in England."

Testimony from a Presbyterian in favour of the Church.—

"He had been asked if he was friendly to the Established Church? His reply was, that he was friendly to all scriptural reform in any Church, but that he was always friendly to the Established Church in Ireland. In God's name let it reform itself, when reform is needed, but let not others spoliage, and then call that reform! He had learned to love the Church of Ireland at a very early period of his life. When a boy he had frequently to pass over a wild barren heath; but there stood there a beautiful hawthorn bush, which appeared to have been the growth of centuries. In the spring it put forth its green leaves, and was covered with beautiful white blossoms. In the summer it was loaded with its red berries. Its branches afforded shelter for the birds of the air. A green seat was placed beneath it, where he frequently sat with his book, conning over the classic lessons of Greece and Rome. In the summer it afforded him a pleasant shade; in the winter it defended him from the pelting storm—but there came a sharp-set Radical and cut it down. Then as he passed over

the heath in the sultry sun there was no shelter; as he encountered the pelting of the winter storm there was no protection. From that period he had always been friendly to the Church of Ireland. That Church stood before him as a refuge from the cold and from the heat; and as soon should he have consented to have his favourite hawthorn cut down, as consent to have the Church of Ireland destroyed."

Our last testimony is the confession of a Socinian preacher, perhaps the most important of the four.

"It is often said, that as a sect we are dwindling away from the public observation, which is not true. We make progress in our own country, though it is but slow, because we have to contend against a host of prejudices, and the enormous influence of a wealthy and corrupt establishment. But in the east the cause is advancing; and in the United States, where there are no obstructions to the progress of knowledge and truth, the spread of liberal doctrines has exceeded our most sanguine expectations."

Several important statutes have recently been passed, respecting the expenses and conduct of the Oxford students, in order that they may with better success apply themselves to their studies, and be saved from extravagance. No one, until he is of four years standing, is to be allowed to keep a horse or servant, without permission, to be applied for formally by petition. No student is to be allowed, under any pretext, to keep a dog or dogs, or to be present at, or engaged in, horse-racing, prize fighting, duelling, pigeon or rifle-shooting, &c., on pain of rustication or exclusion; nor are vehicles to be hired or used without a license from the proctors. There are also other regulations with decrees against townsmen detected in aiding the scholars to break these statutes.—*London paper, April 30.*

We copy the following from the Episcopal Recorder:—

Death of Rev. Joshua Marshman, D. D.—It is with feelings of regret, that we learn from the "Friend of India," published at Serampore, that after a long missionary career of thirty-eight years, the Rev. Dr. Marshman died at that place on the 5th of December, 1837, at the advanced age of sixty-nine years, seven months, and fifteen days. He had been gradually sinking during the year, under the weight of age and other infirmities.

The property of New York Trinity Church Corporation is immense; it is chartered for \$4,000,000, and holds more than \$12,000,000. It is managed by forty trustees. They have appropriated \$100,000 as the Bishop's fund, which makes his salary about \$6000 per annum, besides perquisites.—*Evening Gazette.*

CLERICAL MEETING.—The Clerical Society of this District will assemble (D. V.) in this town on Wednesday and Thursday next the 20th and 21st instant.

LETTERS RECEIVED—Rev. A. D. Parker, W. B. Phair, Esq. with remit.; L. H. DeVeber, Esq. with ditto; Mr. Thomas Timlin, with ditto.

MARRIED.
At Miramichi, May 5, by the Rev. James Hudson, Mr. Caleb McCully, to Susannah McGregor, both of that place.

DIED.
At St. Margaret's Bay, on the 6th April last, Barbara, wife of Mr. James Boutillier, of South West, aged 77.
At Lower Lahave, on Saturday last, Mr. George F. Belvidere, aged 81 years, formerly schoolmaster in Lunenburg.

THERMOMETER

At Lunenburg, marked at noon—northern exposure in the shade.

	Average.	Maximum.	Minimum.
April,	45½	58	30
May,	54	69	44
☽ June 12th, Mercury 84.			
13th, —	85,		

POETRY.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.

By James Montgomery.

From West Arabia to Bochara came
A noble youth;—Abdallah was his name;
Who journey'd through the various east to find
New forms of man, in feature, habit, mind;
Where Tartar hordes through nature's pastures run,
A race of Centaurs,—horse and rider one;
Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
Of love-sick roses, woo'd by nightingales;
Where India's grim array of idols seem
The rabble-phantoms of a maniac's dream:
Himself the flowery path of trespass trod,
Which the false prophet decks to lure from God.
But he who changed into the faith of Paul,
The slaughter-breathing enmity of Saul,
Vouchsafed to meet Abdallah by the way:
No miracle of light eclipsed the day;
No vision from the eternal world, nor sound
Of awe and wonder smote him to the ground;
All mild and calm, with power till then unknown,
The gospel glory through his darkness shone;
A still small whisper, only heard within,
Convinced the trembling penitent of sin;
And Jesus whom the Infidel abhor'd,
The convert now invoked, and call'd him Lord.
Escaping from the lewd Imposter's snare,
As flits a bird released through boundless air,
And soaring up the pure blue ether sings,—
So rose his spirit on exulting wings.
But love, joy, peace, the christian's bliss below,
Are deeply mingled in a cup of woe,
Which none can pass:—he, counting all things loss
For his Redeemer, gladly bore the cross;
Soon call'd with life, to lay that burthen down,
In the first fight he won the martyr's crown.

Abdallah's friend was Sabat;—one of those
Whom love estranged transforms to bitterest foes;
From persecution to that friend he fled,
But Sabat pour'd reproaches on his head,
Spurn'd like a leprous plague the prostrate youth,
And hated him as falsehood hates the truth;
Yet first with sophistry and menace tried
To turn him from "the faithful word" aside;
All failing, old esteem to rancor turned,
With Mahomet's own reckless rage he burned.
A thousand hideous thoughts like fiends possessed
The Pandemonium of the Bigot's breast,
Whose fires enkindled from the infernal lake,
Abdallah's veins, unsluiced, alone could slake.

The victim dragg'd to slaughter by his friend,
Witnessed a good confession to the end.
Bochara pour'd her people forth, to gaze
Upon the *direst* scene the world displays,
The blood of innocence by treason spilt,
The seeking triumph of deep-branded guilt:
Bochara pour'd her people forth, to eye
The *loveliest* spectacle beneath the sky,
The look with which the martyr yields his breath,
The resurrection of the soul in death.
"Renounce the Nazarene!" the headsman cries,
And flashed the unstaun'd falchion in his eyes.
"No! be His name by heaven and earth adored!"
He said, and gave his right hand to the sword:
"Renounce Him, who forsakes thee thus bereft;"
He wept, but spake not, and resign'd his left.
"Renounce Him now, who will not, cannot save;"
He kneel'd like Stephen, look'd beyond the grave,
And while the dawn of heaven around him broke,
Bow'd his meek head to the dis severing stroke.
Outcast on earth a mangled body lay;
A spirit enter'd Paradise that day.

But where is Sabat? Conscience struck he stands
With eye of agony and fast-lock'd hands:
Abdallah, in the moment to depart,
Had turn'd, and look'd the traitor through the heart:
It smote him like a judgment from above
That gentle look of wrong'd, forgiving love!
Then hatred vanish'd; suddenly repress
Were the strange flames of passion in his breast;
Not but the smouldering ashes of despair,
Blackness of darkness, death of death, were there.

Ere long wild whirlwinds of remorse arise;
He flies—from all except himself he flies,
And a low voice for ever thrilling near,
The voice of blood which none but he can hear.

He fled from guilt; but guilt and he were one,—
A spirit seeking rest and finding none;
Visions of honor haunted him by night,
Yet darkness was less terrible than light;
From dreams of woe when startled nature broke
To woes that were not dreams the wretch awoke.
Forlorn he ranged through India, till the power
That met Abdallah in a happier hour,
Arrested Sabat; through his soul he felt
The word of truth; his heart began to melt,
And yielded slowly, as cold winter yields
When the warm spring comes flushing o'er the fields.
Then first a tear of gladness swell'd his eye,
Then first his bosom heaved a healthful sigh;
That bosom parch'd as Afric's desert land,
That eye a flintstone in the burning sand—
Peace, pardon, hope, eternal joy, reveal'd,
Humbled his heart, before the cross he kneel'd,
Look'd up to Him whom once he pierc'd and bore
The name of Christ which he blasphemed before.
Was Sabat then subdued by love or fear?
And who shall vouch that he was not sincere?

Now with a convert's zeal his ardent mind
Glow'd with the common weal of all mankind;
Yet with intenser faith the Arabian pray'd,
When homeward thought through childhood's Eden
There in the lap of Yeman's happiest vale, [stray'd,
The shepherds' tents are waving to the gale;
The patriarch of their tribe, his sire, he sees
Beneath the shadow of ambrosial trees;
His sisters, from the fountain in the rock,
Pour the cool sparkling water to their flock;
His brethren, wrapt on steeds and camels, roam
O'er wild and mountain all the land their home:
Thither he long'd to send that book unseal'd,
Whose words are life, whose leaves his wounds had
That Ishmael, living by his sword and bow, [heal'd;
Might thus again the God of Abraham know;
And Meccan Pilgrims to Caaba's shrine,
Like locusts marching in perpetual line,
Might quit the broad, to choose the narrow path,
That leads to glory, and reclaims from wrath.

Fired with the hope to bless his native soil,
Years roll'd unfelt in consecrated toil,
To mould the truths which holy writers teach
In the lov'd accents of his mother's speech;
While, like the sun, which always to the west
Leads the bright day, his fervent spirit press'd,
Thither a purer light from heaven to dart,
The only light that reaches to the heart,
Whose deserts blossom where its beams are shed,
The blind behold them, and they raise the dead.
Nor by Arabia where his labors bound,
To Persian lips he taught "the joyful sound."
Would he had held unchanged that high career!
But Sabat fell like lightning from his sphere;
Once with the morning stars God's works he sung;
Anon a serpent with envenom'd tongue,
Like that apostate fiend who tempted God,
Gifted with speech,—he spake but to deceive.

Let pity o'er his errors cast a veil!
Haste to the sequel of his tragic tale.
Sabat became a vagabond on earth;
He chose the sinner's way, the scorner's mirth;
Now feign'd contrition with obdurate tears,
Then wore a bravery that betray'd his fears;
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied,
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride;
While, inly rack'd he proved what culprits feel,
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel.
At length an outlaw through the orient isles,
Snared in the subtlety of his own wiles,
He perish'd in an unexpected hour,
To glut the vengeance of barbarian power;
With sack-cloth shrouded, to a mill-stone bound,
And in the abysses of the ocean drown'd.
Oh! what a plunge into the dark was there!
How ended life?—in blasphemy or prayer?
The winds are fled that heard his parting cry,
The waves that stifled it make no reply.

When at the resurrection of the just,
Earth shall yield back Abdallah from the dust,

The sea like rising clouds, give up its dead,
Then from the deep shall Sabat lift his head,
With waking millions round the Judgment seat,
Once and but once again, those twain shall meet.
To part for ever—or to part no more:
But who the eternal secret shall explore,
When Justice seals the gates of heaven and hell?
The rest—that day, that day alone, will tell.

VALUE OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

There is perhaps no consideration which
beautifully illustrates the benevolent character of
angels of God, than their rejoicing over the repentance
of one sinner, or which more powerfully sets
the incalculable value of a human soul; except
the amazing condescension of the Lord of
heaven, in descending from the throne of his sanctuary
to seek and to save that which was lost."—*Rev. Thos. Bissland.*

THE LITURGY.

I have often thought, when I have perused the
liturgy, that it appeared to be made for a time of
suffering and sorrow, and, as an individual, I can
say that when in sorrow, I have most prized and
valued that Liturgy. It appeared as if a spirit of man-
dom pervaded all its pages; and it will be more
valued by us if we are called to testify our zeal
for the truth by our individual sufferings and sorrows.
S. Poynder, Esq.

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tations, 32 mo. gilt edges—Horæ Religiosæ, 32 mo. paper
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———'s Scripture Help
Phillip's Beauty of Female Holiness
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——— Development of Female Character
The Morning and Evening Sacrifice
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