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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

VOLUME II.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1837.

NUMBER 26.

Selected by a Subscriber.

THE LEAF.

By Bishop Horne.

We all fade, like a leaf.—Isaiah, 61. 6.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honor, fed on praises,
Fluttering high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned Sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have its fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter night.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever yernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade—

For the Colonial Churchman.

Romans 16. 17—"Mark them which cause divisions, and avoid them."

In this province the dissenters have very successfully propagated the opinion that it is a matter of very small consequence whether a person belong to the church or to any of the numerous religious sects, as they are only different roads all leading to heaven. And indeed until people become confirmed members of their societies and can scarcely retract their steps, they are systematically encouraged under the specious plea of liberality to countenance different denominations, both by their presence and their purses. But however consonant such opinions may be to the temper of our times, I feel satisfied that true religion would be advanced by an attention to the revealed will of God which teaches otherwise.

St. John tells us that when Christ had finished the work which God had given him to do, He solemnly prayed to the Father that He would keep through His name those disciples whom He had given Him, that they might be one. St. Paul also adjures us as Brethren, by the name of our

Lord Jesus Christ, that we all speak the same thing, so that there be no divisions among us, but that we be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

Surely these texts are not without meaning. They assuredly impose upon us a religious obligation to cultivate singleness of faith, to avoid division and sects, and to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Assuredly these and like passages of God's word teach that we should sacrifice our private opinions to promote the important object of unity; and that some deference should be paid to the authority of the church properly constituted, when its decisions are agreeable to the will of God. But how diametrically opposed to these injunctions do we set, when every one setteth up a separate leader for himself,—when one followeth Paul, another Apollos, and a third Cephas!—Christ is not divided.

Discoursing thus to neighbours, I have been asked if I would prevent men from exercising their private judgment in religious matters; and not suffer people to frequent the place of worship they think proper. My object is not to control, but to convince; which manifestly is the spirit of the church. The toleration laws of England permit no man to be coerced in religious matters—these laws allow every man perfect freedom to choose his sect, and change his sect with every moon if he shall please. But the laws of England can never dispense with the laws of God. These denounce wo to every one by whom offence cometh; and offence does come by every infraction of that unity enjoined by Christ—by every the least secession from the Church: in which none can point out false doctrine, or essential error; and of which none can prove that she has departed from the faith once delivered to the saints in any important instance either of doctrine or discipline.

Lunenburg, November 14th, 1837.

Gentlemen,
Having noticed in a recent number of the Colonial Churchman, a statement of the number of places of worship belonging to the different denominations in London,—I was surprized that there appeared only fourteen to belong to the Wesleyan Methodists: allow me to request you to correct the mistake. The following statement you may rely upon as correct:—

| | |
|---|------|
| In the Circuit of City Road Chapel..... | 11 |
| Great Queen St..... | 1:10 |
| Spitalfields..... | 18 |
| Hinde Street..... | 10 |
| Southwark..... | 5 |
| Lambeth..... | 6 |
| Total..... | 59 |

As several of these may be (properly) in the country, and others small,—a safe estimate of the London Chapels will be to set down their number at about fifty. Yours, respectfully,

W. E. SHENSTONE.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

Waste of Time.—Beware of low and trifling pursuits.

Aeropus, King of Macedonia, spent his time in making lanterns.

Biantes, of Lydia, was excellent at filing needles.

Nero, when Emperor of Rome, prided himself most on his musical talents.

THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

Julia Brace, a resident in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Hartford, is an object of much curiosity there, having added to these afflictions, the total loss of sight. She is deprived of all means of receiving ideas from others or of communicating her own, and it is thus she is surrounded by a cloud of almost impenetrable, mental as well as physical darkness. We were gratified with a visit to that institution the other day, and through the politeness of the teachers had an opportunity to witness the mental and mechanical operations of the pupils. When first admitted there, every thing in the world is blank, without name to objects presented to their sight and not having even the simple classifications of animal or vegetable life. When the name of an object is communicated through the peculiar and wonderful language of the fingers, or an idea is conveyed to their simple minds through the same medium, it is wonderful to see how the eye brightens, the countenance is lifted up and the whole mental character seems to be bursting from its chrysalis state into vigorous action. It is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the beneficent means used to make the dumb speak and the deaf to hear, that was ever devised, displaying a new and interesting feature in the character of humanity. The rapidity with which conversation is conducted, and the degree of intelligence some of these heretofore benighted pupils display, evince the completeness and entire success of this system of instruction. The Asylum is under the finest regulations, and the teachers, not excepting the deaf and dumb ones who were educated there, are gentlemen of great kindness of heart, patience of discipline and education. Julia Brace is the great object of interest, shut out as she is by the loss of three important faculties, from all communication with the world. She is not far from thirty years of age, and is ever occupied in some little household duties to cheer her dull hours. She knits, and washes tea cups, and threads her needle with her tongue, and has learned by some sort of intuition, to distinguish the Sabbath from other days. A favorite employment of hers, is spreading the covers over the beds, in the great hall, where the girls sleep. She was occupied thus when we saw her the other day. The keenest eyesight and the nicest domestic taste, could not have performed the duty better, and an attempt by a teacher to deceive her, by reversing the order of the covering was detected instantly when she approached the bed. Her sense of feelings, of course is very acute, and individuals who have once taken her by the hand, she is able to recognize afterward, although she has no tangible signs to indicate her knowledge. Her whole history and habits and perceptions and mental operations afford a world of inquisitive study for the philosopher.—*Northampton Courier.*

BOOKS.

The number of books printed annually in Great Britain is about one thousand. And it is estimated, that of these 750 are forgotten within the year, 100 in 2 years, 150 in 3 years, 50 survive 7 years, 10 survive 20 years.

Of the 50,000 books published in the 17th century, not 50 are now in estimation. Of the 80,000 in the 18th century, not more than 300 are thought worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after.—*Chm. Almanack.*

THE NOBLE SAILOR.*

The occurrence here related took place during the great conflagration in New York, December 16th, 1835.

It was a fearful night,
The strong flame fiercely sped,
From street to street, from spire to spire,
And on their treasures fed ;
Hark ! 'tis a mother's cry,
High o'er the tumult wild,
As rushing toward her flame-wrapt home,
She shriek'd—"My child ! my child !"

A wanderer from the sea,
A stranger marked her woe,
And in his generous bosom woke
The sympathetic glow.
Swift up the burning stairs
With darting feet he flew,
While sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from the view.

Fast fell the blazing beams
Across his dangerous road,
Till the far chamber where he grop'd
Like fiery oven glow'd.

But what a pealing shout !
When from the wreck he came,
And in his arms a smiling babe,
Still toying with the flame.

The mother's raptur'd tears
Forth like a torrent sped,
Yet ere the throng could learn his name,
That noble tar had fled.

Not for the praise of man
Did he this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page,
'Tis register'd above.

L. H. S.

Melancthon's Portrait of a Gospel Preacher.—He enters the house of God with a pious intention of preaching the unadulterated truth, and to present that which alone is useful and necessary, and not merely to delight the fancy of his hearers with human inventions, clothed in florid language. He disposes the matter of his discourse in a proper and natural order, and discusses it in a lucid and proper manner. He admonishes his hearers, and distinctly shows them how they may apply to themselves each truth. To impress it upon their minds he employs clear and convincing argument, and illustrates it with appropriate examples, that every hearer may remember it well. He holds out motives ; he rouses the feelings ; he alarms them by denouncing the terrible threatenings of God, awakens hope and confidence by the promise of his word. At one time he preaches the law, and then the Gospel, and explains the difference between them in the clearest manner. At one time he only explains the Scriptures, at another he addresses the heart and conscience vigorously—he excites the mind to activity, not by a mere sound of words, but by a solemn appeal to the affections. Such a preacher I knew well—it was *Martin Luther*.

Self-Discipline.—It is the character of the Christian Religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever even thought of before, and the Christian Religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable.

* Mr. L. Wilkins, nephew of Judge Wilkins of Windsor—See C. C. vol. 1, No. 4.

From the Dublin Record.

A HINT TO LANDLORDS.

In a certain county in the province of Leinster, not yet freed from the yoke of O'Connellism, there resides a landlord whose landed property is estimated at five or six thousand pounds year. This landlord had spent the earlier years of his life in the military service of his King and country. He is of a family which for many centuries had been intimately connected with the naval and military services of England. After the close of the late war, this gentleman went to reside on his paternal estate ; and in common with most, if not all, the landlords in the country became the subject of priestly speculation and priestly experiment. Nothing was left untried on the part of the parish priest to reduce this high-minded gentleman to the same disgraceful vassalage to which so many of the Irish lords of the soil have been subjected. To such an extent were those vexatious proceedings carried, that both labourers and tenants were united in one common league for the annoyance of a gentleman whose anxious wish was to better their condition, and in every way to improve their grade in the scale of society. Harassed and provoked by such a system, which he beheld submitted to by the enslaved landlords around him ; and not condescending to propitiate priestly forbearance or priestly favour by a despicable sacrifice of honour and principle, the tormented landlord had, for a while, serious ideas of disposing of his estate and becoming an emigrant to Canada or some other of the British colonies. The priest was in the habit of denouncing from the altar both the landlord and his family, and that in terms the most disgusting. The landlord clearly discovered the cause of the vexations under which both he and the entire country were made to writhe, and he resolved to apply the only practicable remedy. He perceived that the Protestants were rapidly disappearing from the land, through the combined operation of Popish persecution and the avaricious, though short-sighted, policy of those who ought to have nourished and protected them. There was no time to be lost, and his plan was accordingly adopted. His Popish labourers would not work for him ; his Popish tenants would not pay the rent they were so ready to promise. They relied on *Captain Rock* to bear them harmless in these and all their other acts of obedience to priestly instigation. Finding that matters were growing worse and worse, the landlord resolved to surround himself with a class of persons who would have a feeling of identified interest with him ; and in the first place, hired about a hundred Protestant labourers, armed them, and fitted up a sort of barrack in the immediate vicinity of his mansion. Every man's name and his arms were put over his sleeping-place. The mansion and its appendages were put into such a state of defence, that light artillery would not suffice to dispossess the inmates. Having thus laid the foundation-stone of his independence, the subject of our narrative began to build the superstructure. He was now in a position to get rid of some of the most turbulent and priest-ridden of his tenantry, who were already considerably in arrear of rent, and so far in his power ; but who conceived that their landlord would not dare to eject them, lest their successors should be murdered by the Ribbonmen with whom the county swarmed. A number of Protestant families, to the amount, if we mistake not, of sixty heads of families, were sought out, accepted of the landlord's invitation, and were ready to step in as successors to the incorrigibles who were ejected. In addition to this, a Protestant colony was expressly established on the estate ; and in a church in the vicinity where the average congregation did not formerly exceed a dozen, the building is now too small for the accommodation of those who repair to worship there, and is in process of enlargement. No attempt at resistance, as may readily be imagined, has been made ; and the landlord is now reaping an abundant harvest of satisfaction and security : and, ere long, bids fair to lay the foundation of his county's independence, as well as his own.

Though he had conquered the Priest, he did not trample on the fallen. When all resistance ceased on the part of his reverence, from the hopelessness

of opposing arrangements so systematic and formidable, our exemplary landlord waited on the crest-fallen clerical agitator.

"Mr. —," said he, "by dispossessing so many of your flock, I am aware I must have caused a diminution of your income. I do not wish you to sustain any injury on my account, and will therefore allow you £20 per annum, in order to make you some amends."

Our narrative would not be complete, were we to pass over in silence the conduct of the once agitating Priest since this occurrence. Previously, his reverence was the rallying point for all the turbulent spirits in his parish, and, there is little doubt, a principal exciting cause of their turbulence. Now, if any of the tenantry, from ingrained malevolence or misconduct on their part, force their landlord to take steps for their expulsion—and if, as in former times, they repair to their Priest to lodge their complaint, and request his reverence to employ his dictatorial interference with the landlord—a dialogue to the following effect takes place:—

Parishoner.—"Please your Reverence, I am going to be turned out of my farm."

Priest — "What are you going to be turned out for?"

Parishoner — "Why, your reverence, I owe the landlord some mouey, and he threatens to turn me out if I don't pay him."

Priest — "Go home, then, and pay the gentleman. What right have you to keep his ground if you don't pay him his rent?" [A very different species of advice from what he had been formerly in the habit of giving.]

In a word, the Priest is now beginning to see things in their proper light—the estate, instead of being almost, if not altogether, 'in a state of siege,' is now tranquil and happy, and rapidly prospering.

From St. James' Chronicle.

CONFIRMATION.

On Tuesday last, (May 23) an interesting service was held at Trinity Church, Islington. A numerous and respectable assemblage of young persons received the solemn rite of confirmation from the Bishop of London. The whole ceremony was deeply affecting. Several juvenile members of old Wesleyan families were amongst the candidates, and this public act of allegiance with the Established Church is truly commendable to the parties in question, who are well aware, still hold a conscientious and independent union with their own religious body ; but, steady to the example of their venerated founder (who repeatedly declared throughout his long and important life, "that he lived and died a member of the Church of England") they thus avouch themselves his faithful followers, while from higher principles they desire for their children those spiritual advantages offered to all who seek them beneath her catholic wings.—In the year 1782, it is recorded, that the learned and pious Dr. Adam Clarke, then an itinerant Methodist preacher, was himself confirmed by the Bishop of Norwich at Bristol. With his name may be connected those of Benson and Coke ; and though last not least, the lamented Watson.

Howard.—It is recorded of the philanthropic Howard that being passionately fond of music, he was once tempted, while in Italy, to attend a concert of the first vocal and instrumental performers that musical country afforded ; but he perceived that this indulgence served to distract his attention from the main object of his journey, and he never afterwards suffered himself to be drawn aside from his noble design of alleviating the miseries of prisons, by any of the specimens of art, (though a connoisseur,) that presented themselves in the course of his travels through the principal cities of Europe.—*Epis. Rec.*

To-Day.—You cannot repent too soon. There is no day like to-day: yesterday is gone—to-morrow is God's, not yours. And think how sad it will be to have your evidence to seek when your cause is to be tried ; to have your oil to buy when you should have it to burn.—*Mason.*

From Felix Farley's Bristol Journal.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

At no period, from the commencement of his attack, had his Majesty been insensible to his critical state; but when he alluded to the subject, it was evident that any anxiety which he felt arose less from personal apprehension than from solicitude for the country, and from a contemplation of the embarrassment into which it might possibly be thrown by his early dissolution. It was to such reflections as these that his Majesty gave expression the morning of the 16th, when he observed to the Queen—'I have had some quiet sleep: come and pray with me, and thank the Almighty for it.' Her Majesty joined in this act of heartfelt devotion, and when the King had ceased, said, 'And shall I not pray to the Almighty that you may have a good day?' To which his Majesty replied, 'Oh, do! I wish I could live ten years for the sake of the country. I feel it my duty to keep well as long as I can.'

On the morning of Sunday the 11th, grateful for the refreshing rest which he had enjoyed, his Majesty's mind was impressed with the most pure devotional feelings.—Seeing Lady Mary Fox occupied with a book, he inquired what she was reading, and being told that it was a Prayer Book, his countenance beamed with pleasure, but he said nothing. After a considerable lapse of time, the Queen asked whether it would be agreeable to him if she read the prayers to him. His Majesty answered, 'O, yes! I should like it very much, but it will fatigue you.' He then desired to be informed who preached that morning in the chapel of the Castle, and when Lady Mary had ascertained and told him that it was Mr. Wood who preached, he directed he might be sent for.

When Mr. Wood entered the room, the King said, 'I will thank you, My dear Sir, to read all the prayers till you come to the prayer for the church militant.' By which words his Majesty intended to include the communion service, and the other parts of the liturgy used in the celebration of public worship.

It was equally an affecting and instructive lesson to observe the devout humility of his Majesty, fervently dwelling, as would be perceived from his manner and the intonation of his voice, on every passage which bore even the most remote application to his own circumstances.—His mind seemed quite absorbed in the duty in which he was engaged, and to rise for a time superior to his bodily infirmities; for during the whole service his attention was undisturbed, and he experienced none of those fits of coughing and oppression which for some days past had formed an almost uninterrupted characteristic of his complaint. As Mr. Wood withdrew, his Majesty graciously expressed his thanks, and afterwards said to the Queen, 'It has been a great comfort to me.' Nor was this a transitory feeling. To this pure and scriptural source of spiritual consolation his Majesty recurred with unfeigned gratitude; and on each day of the ensuing week did Lord Augustus Fitzclarence receive the King's commands to read to him the prayers either of the morning or evening service. On one of these occasions, when his Majesty was much reduced and exhausted, the Queen, fearful of causing any fatigue to him, inquired hesitatingly, whether, unwell as he was, he should still like to have the prayers read to him? He replied, 'O, yes! beyond everything.' Though very languid, and disposed to sleep from the effects of medicine, his Majesty repeated all the prayers. The fatal progress of the King's complaint was very visible during the three following days, June 12th, 13th, 14th. Nevertheless, on Tuesday the 13th, his Majesty gave audience to his Hanoverian minister, Baron Ompteda, whom, contrary to the suggestions of his attendants he had specially summoned on business connected with that Kingdom, in the welfare of which he had never ceased to feel a truly paternal interest. On Wednesday, the 14th, his Majesty received a visit from the Duke of Cumberland.

The King's attention to his religious duties, and the great comfort which was inspired by their performance, have already been referred to. It will, therefore, create no surprise that his Majesty joyfully assented to the Queen's suggestion, that he should

receive the sacrament, or that he at once named the Archbishop of Canterbury as the person whom he wished to administer that holy rite. Sunday was the day fixed by the King for the discharge of this solemn duty; and a message was accordingly sent to his Grace, desiring his presence at Windsor Castle on the ensuing Saturday.

The two intervening days were a period of great suffering to the King, whose illness more than once in that interval assumed the most alarming form, and in the evening of Friday excited apprehensions of his Majesty's immediate dissolution. The next morning, however, the King felt easier, and the most urgent symptoms had disappeared. In the usual course of business with Sir H. Taylor, he signed two public documents, though not without difficulty; but on every subject which was brought before him, his Majesty's power of perception was quick and accurate, and he anticipated with pleasure and thankfulness the approaching sacred duty of the morrow.

On the morning of Sunday, the 18th, though his Majesty's mental energies remained vigorous and unimpaired, a greater degree of bodily weakness was perceptible. He raised himself in his chair with greater difficulty than the day before, and required more aid and support in every movement. The expression of his countenance, however, was, perhaps, more satisfactory. He transacted business with Sir H. Taylor, and affixed his signature to four documents—the remission of a court martial, two appointments of colonial judges, and a free pardon to a condemned criminal. Increasing debility prevented the repetition of a similar exertion; and thus, in the closing scene of his life, was beautifully and practically exemplified by an act of mercy, that spirit of benevolence and forgiveness which shone with such peculiar lustre in his Majesty's character, and was so strongly reflected in the uniform tenour of his reign.

It had been arranged, as has been already remarked, that the King should on this day receive the sacrament from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and when Sir Herbert left the room, it appeared to the Queen that the most favourable time had arrived. The physicians, however, suggested to her Majesty the expediency of deferring the ceremony till the King should have in some degree recovered from the fatigue; but his Majesty had already experienced the blessed consolations of religion, and removed the doubts which his anxious attendants were entertaining, by eagerly desiring the Queen to send for the Archbishop; seeming, as it were, anxious to ratify the discharge of his earthly, by the performance of his spiritual duties. His Grace promptly attended attired in his robes, and at a quarter to eleven administered the sacrament to his Majesty and the Queen, Lady Mary Fox communicating at the same time. The King was very calm and collected; his faculties were quite clear and he paid the greatest attention to the service, following it in the Prayer-Book, which lay on the table before him. His voice, indeed, failed him but his humble demeanour and uplifted eyes gave expression to the feeling of devotion and of gratitude to the Almighty, which his faltering lips refused to utter.

The performance of this act of religion, and this public attestation of his communion with that Church for the welfare and prosperity of which he had more than once, during his illness, ejaculated short but fervent prayers, was the source of great and manifest comfort to his Majesty.

Though the shorter form had been adopted by the archbishop, his Majesty was, nevertheless, rather exhausted by the duration and solemnity of the ceremony; but as his Grace retired, the King said, with that peculiar kindness of manner by which he was so much distinguished, and at the same time gently waving his hand and inclining his head, 'God bless you—a thousand, thousand thanks!'

There cannot be a more certain evidence of the inward strength and satisfaction which the King derived from this office of religion, than that in spite of great physical exertion, his Majesty, after the lapse of an hour, again requested the attendance of the archbishop, who, in compliance with the wishes of the Queen, read the prayers for the evening service, with the happiest effect on the King's spirits. This being done, the archbishop, naturally fearing the consequence of so much mental exertion on his Majesty's debilitated

frame, was about to retire, when the King motioned to him to sit down at the table, on the opposite side of which he himself was seated. His Majesty was too weak to hold any conversation, but his spirit seemed soothed and comforted by the presence of the archbishop, on whose venerable and benign countenance his Majesty's eye reposed with real pleasure.

The King at this interview stretched his hand across the table, and taking that of the archbishop pressed it fervently, saying, in a tone of voice which was audible only to the Queen, who was seated near his Majesty, 'I am sure the archbishop is one of those persons who pray for me.' The afternoon of this day witnessed a still further diminution of his Majesty's strength, but in proportion to the decay of his bodily power was the increase of his spiritual hope and consolation. At nine o'clock in the evening, the archbishop was again summoned by his Majesty's desire. The King was now still less able to converse than on the last occasion; but his grace remained more than three quarters of an hour, supplying by his presence the same comfort to the King; and receiving from his Majesty the same silent though expressive proof of his satisfaction and gratitude. At length, on the suggestion of the Queen, that it was already late, and the archbishop might become fatigued, the King immediately signified his assent that he should retire; and crossing his hands upon his breast, and inclining his head, said, as his grace left the room, 'God bless thee, dear, excellent, worthy man; a thousand, thousand thanks.'

The whole course of his Majesty's illness affords abundant proof, not only of his composure, his patience, and his resignation, but that even when under the pressure of great pain and suffering, his mind, far from being absorbed with the sad circumstances of his own situation was often dwelling on subjects connected either with the affairs of the country, or with the comfort and convenience of individuals.

His Majesty rose this morning with the recollection that this was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. As early as half-past eight he alluded to the circumstance, and said to Doctor Chambers, 'Let me but live over this memorable day—I shall never live to see another sunset.' Doctor Chambers said, 'I hope your Majesty may live to see many.' To which his Majesty replied in a phrase which he commonly employed, but the peculiar force of which those only who had the honor of being frequently admitted into his Majesty's society can fully appreciate—'Oh! that is quite another thing.'

A splendid entertainment, as is well known, has been always given on this day to the officers engaged in that glorious action; and since his accession to the throne, his Majesty has himself honored it with his presence.

Under the present circumstances, the Duke naturally feeling unwilling to promote any scene of festivity, had sent Mr. Greville to request the King's commands—or at least to ascertain the wishes and opinion of the Queen. Previous to the flag, annually presented by his Grace being deposited in the Guard Chamber, it had been brought to his Majesty, who laying his hand upon it, and touching the eagle, said, 'I am glad to see it. Tell the Duke of Wellington that I desire his dinner may take place to-morrow; I hope it will be an agreeable one.' In course of the night, the Queen observed to his Majesty that the Archbishop had only been invited to stay till the following day—that his Grace wished to be honoured with the commands—and that he had expressed himself not only willing but anxious to stay as long as his services could be either acceptable or useful to him. The King immediately said, 'Yes; tell him to stay. It will be the greatest blessing of God to hear that beautiful service read by him once more;' alluding to the Liturgy of the Church of England, from the frequent use of the prayers of which his Majesty had been so much comforted and supported in his illness.

Monday June 19—Though his Majesty passed a tolerably tranquil night, yet no corresponding effect was produced upon his health. Decaying nature could no longer be recruited by the ordinary sources of strength and sustenance. His Majesty, however rose at seven, for he had at no time during his illness been confined to his bed, and had even, for some

weeks, anticipated by an hour his usual time of rising. There was much in the King's language and manner this morning which bespoke his sense of approaching death. On awaking, he observed to the Queen, 'I shall get up once more to do the business of the country;' and when being wheeled in his chair from his bed-room to his dressing-room, he turned round, and looking with a benign and gracious smile on the Queen's attendants, who were standing in tears near the door, said, 'God bless you!' and waved his hand.

At nine o'clock, by the desire of the Queen, who was naturally anxious that the hope fervently expressed by the King on the preceding night might be gratified as soon as possible, the Archbishop entered the King's room, and was received, as at all other times, with the significant token of joy and thankfulness which his Grace's presence never failed to call forth.

On this occasion, the Archbishop read the service for the Visitation of the Sick. The King was seated, as usual, in his easy chair; the Queen affectionately kneeling by his side, making the responses, and assisting him to turn over the leaves of the large Prayer-book which was placed before him. His Majesty's demeanour was characterised by the most genuine spirit of devotion. Though unable to join audibly in the responses which occur in the service, yet when the archbishop had rehearsed the articles of our creed, his Majesty, in the fulness of his faith, and labouring to collect all the energies of sinking nature, enunciated with distinct and solemn emphasis the words, 'All this I steadfastly believe.'

During the whole service, his Majesty retained hold of the Queen's hand, and in the absence of physical strength to give utterance to his feelings, signified by his fervent pressure of it, not only his humble acquiescence in the doctrines of our holy faith, but his grateful acknowledgment of those promises of grace and succour which so many passages of this affecting portion of the Liturgy hold out to the dying Christian, and the belief of which his Majesty so thankfully appreciated in this his hour of need.

With the other hand his Majesty frequently covered his eyes and pressed his brow, as if to concentrate all his powers of devotion, and to restrain the warmest emotions of his heart; which were so painfully excited by the distress of those who surrounded him. His Majesty did not allow the Archbishop to withdraw without the usual significant expression of his gratitude, 'A thousand, thousand thanks.'

It was when the Archbishop pronounced the solemn and truly affecting form of blessing contained in the 'service for the visitation of the sick,' that the Queen for the first time in his Majesty's apartment was overpowered by the weight of affliction.

The King observed her emotion and said in a tone of kind encouragement, 'Bear up, bear up.'

At the conclusion of the prayers, his Majesty saw all his children; and as they successively knelt to kiss the hand, gave them his blessing in the most affectionate terms, suitable to the character and circumstances of each. They had all manifested the most truly filial affection to his Majesty during his illness; but on Lady Mary Fox, the eldest of his Majesty's surviving daughters, had chiefly devolved the painful yet consolatory duty, of assisting the Queen in her attendance on the King.

During this afternoon, to such an extremity of weakness was the King reduced, that he scarcely opened his eyes, save to raise them in prayer to heaven, with a look expressive of the most perfect resignation. Once or twice indeed, this feeling found expression in the words 'Thy will be done!' and on one occasion he was heard to utter the words, 'the Church—the Church!' and the name of the archbishop.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of this day that the archbishop visited the King for the last time.

His Majesty's state altogether incapacitated him from joining in any act or exercise of devotion; but, as at each preceding interview, his grace's presence proved a source of joy and consolation to the dying Monarch, who strove in vain to convey any audible acknowledgments of the blessings which he sensibly enjoyed; but when, on leaving the room, the arch-

bishop said, 'My best prayers are offered up for your Majesty,' the King replied, with slow and feeble yet distinct utterance, 'Believe me, I am a religious man.'

After this exertion his Majesty gently moved his hand in token of his last farewell, and the archbishop withdrew.

As the night advanced, a more rapid diminution of his Majesty's vital powers was perceptible.

His weakness now rendered it impracticable to remove him into his usual bed room, and a bed was accordingly prepared in the royal closet, which communicates with the apartment in which his Majesty had passed the last ten days of his life. At half-past ten the King was seized with a fainting fit, the effects of which were mistaken by many for the stroke of death. However, his Majesty gradually, though imperfectly, revived, and was then removed into his bed.

From this time his voice was not heard, except to pronounce the name of his valet. In less than an hour his Majesty expired, without a struggle and without a groan, the Queen kneeling at the bedside, and still affectionately holding his hand, the comfortable warmth of which rendered her unwilling to believe the reality of the sad event.

Thus expired in the 79th year of his age, in firm reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, King William the Fourth, a just and upright King, a forgiving enemy, a sincere friend, and a most gracious and indulgent master.

J. R. W.

Bushy Haven, July 14, 1827.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1837.

THANKSGIVING.—We are happy to find that Thursday the 23d instant has been appointed by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, as a day of public Thanksgiving, for the preservation of our land during the past year from the horrors of pestilence, and for the blessings of an abundant harvest. We doubt not that this command will meet with glad obedience throughout our happy country, upon which the mercies of God in rich abundance have so long been showered down. Never, it is believed, has such a harvest been gathered in, since the first settlement of the Province. Let all then, as on every day, so especially on that set apart by authority, offer unto God their heartfelt thanksgivings, and be careful to shew forth His praise, not only with their lips but in their lives.

OBITUARY.—Died, at Chester, on Sunday Oct. 29, aged 90 years, Mrs. ELIZABETH ANDERSON, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, but for more than 50 years a resident in this place. In her death christianity has lost a sincere and zealous supporter, and the church a pious and consistent member. When first she took up her residence in this town, it was to her a barren and dreary place, for there was no Temple of the living God to which, on Holy days, she could resort, as she was wont to do in the land of her nativity, to offer up her praises and thanksgivings to her Redeemer and her God. Ofttimes in some lonely place did she sit down and weep when she remembered the sacred, though in this our day, too lightly thought of, privilege, she once enjoyed of going with the multitude to the House of God.—After the lapse of ten tedious years, she had the pleasure to see a church erected, and again to hear the admirable liturgy, and join in the scriptural worship of the church she loved. The sudden and melancholy death of her beloved pastor (Rev. Mr. Lloyd), too soon deprived her of this highly prized privilege; but to remedy this privation, now more keenly felt than ever, she regularly went for several years at stated periods, more than twenty miles, to the neighbouring parish of Lunenburg, to unite in sweet communion with fellow worshippers at the altar of her God.—And when, by the good providence of the Almighty, a resident Minister was again sent, through

the liberality of the Venerable Society P. G. F., the hour of morning and evening sacrifice found her (while health and strength permitted) regularly in her place, "to hear and receive God's holy word," from which she never could be seduced by caprice or the love of novelty. Ever glad to converse with members of other denominations who loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, she yet preeminently loved her church, and was not afraid to vindicate its claims. Never led from false notions of liberality to compromise her principles, she kept in view the Apostle's exhortation to "hold fast the form of sound words," and not to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine." Blessed with a good constitution, she lived to see a beloved Diocesan, surrounded by many of his clergy, administering the holy rite of confirmation at the altar where for many years she had looked in vain for even one ministering servant of Jesus Christ. It was also her happy lot to behold the little band of fellow worshippers become a goodly number, being herself one of more than one hundred and seventy communicants who partake of the symbols of their Saviour's dying love at the altar of St. Stephens.—Thus to be spared to witness an answer to her prayers, which in many a lonely hour she had offered up to the Throne of Grace, made her oftentimes bless the Heavens-born liberality of that Society, which under God, was the means of supplying her and many others with spiritual bread here in the wilderness, and convinced her that God would not forsake His church and people, but would be with them "always even to the end of the world." When unable any longer to go up to the house of God, and by increasing infirmities prevented from reading the sacred Scriptures, she heard from others the Gospel of her Saviour,—the reading of which, with other works on religious subjects, was a pleasing task to many who had derived comfort and support from her pious advice and conversation.—Thus was matter afforded her for contemplation, which, together with the well remembered good instruction she had in early life received, cheered many a lonely midnight hour.—Having seen her husband and all her sons consigned to the grave, she was left "a widow indeed and desolate;" but still the theme she most delighted to converse upon, was the goodness, the kindness, and love of God, with prayers that she might have a more thankful heart for the mercies, both temporal and spiritual, she received from the liberal hand of her God. And although she could not understand his will in keeping her so long in the world, when others younger than herself were almost daily called to leave it, yet knowing His time to be the best, her earnest prayer was to be resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. Her remains were followed to the grave on Wednesday the 1st of November, by her two remaining daughters, and many of her children's children. On Sunday an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rector, from 2d Tim. 4th c. 7th & 8th verses, to a large and attentive congregation. She has "gone down to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season." Having been watered by Divine grace, and obtained her full ripeness in a lengthened life, she has been taken only to be transplanted, and to flourish forever in the Paradise of God.

Indiscriminately to praise the dead is certainly improper; but it seems no more than an act of justice to commend those pious persons, the virtues of whose lives have been bright and exemplary.—It is due indeed to departed worth, and it is also an act of kindness to the living, as it places a pattern of well doing before their eyes, very apt and powerful to incite and encourage others to go and do likewise, "mark the perfect and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Communicated.

MARRIED.

On Thursday 18th ult. by the Rev. R. F. Uniacke, Rector of St. George's, Mr. J. N. Kaulback, merchant, of Lunenburg, to Sophia Edwina, daughter of Mr. N. LeCain.

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, 12th instant, in the fourth year of her age, Theresa Emily Amelia, youngest child of Capt. Bremner. This sudden bereavement was occasioned by fire, which communicated with her clothes, and so severely injured her before the flames could be extinguished, as to cause her death within 24 hours.—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”

For the Colonial Churchman.

It may be truly said of those who go down into the sea in ships, they see the wonders of the Lord, His mighty works in the deep; they see how at God's command, the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof, by which they are sometimes mounted up to the heaven, and down again to the depths beneath. They perceive themselves reeling to and fro, and staggering by the unsteady motion of the vessel, like a drunken man.

Sea-faring men above all other men that live on the face of the earth, should be religious men. They should be always prepared to meet death at a moment's warning; for they are continually sailing on the brink of eternity. If but a plank should start, or a rock lie in their way, or a sudden gust of wind overtake them, how soon may they be swallowed up in the deep, and their souls wafted into an endless and unchangeable state. Therefore every storm, every swelling wave may serve to drive them to seek refuge from their God. The vast sea shews them the infinite goodness, and power of God; and in the night the heavens declare His glory; when every star is a lamp hung out to show His marvellous works. How is it when they have so many motives to be truly devout, so few are found to be so?—These thoughts were suggested to my mind, whilst reflecting upon the imminent danger I was in, a few years ago, of being swallowed up in the mighty deep.

In the year 18—, in the month of September, we were lying at anchor in the harbor of St. Johns, in the Island of Antigua, in a brig belonging to this place,—that being the season of the year when the Carribean Islands are sometimes visited with those terrific storms, which often do so much damage. Their violence is so great, at times, that nothing can withstand their force, tearing up trees by the roots, and blowing down houses; and, if vessels should be lying in the harbor at the time, they must certainly be driven on shore. No wonder then if they fill the minds of the inhabitants with terror and dismay, whenever they occur. The people at Antigua had been expecting for some time previous, by the appearance of the weather, a visitation of this kind. On the day we set sail, the weather had been very squally, and threatening. We, however, got underway, and put to sea; but we had scarcely cleared the harbor before the wind commenced to blow very hard in squalls, accompanied by rain. Each succeeding squall became more violent, so that we found it necessary to take in sail, and continued to do so till about 1 A. M., when it blew a perfect hurricane. We had not by this time, an inch of sail set; and were (in nautical phrase) lying to under bare poles. Shortly after this, there came on a squall which was absolutely terrific;—the hands were in the act of bracing the yards, so that the wind might not have the power over them which it otherwise would, when the brig upset. I by some exertion succeeded in getting into the main-channels with two others; I looked forward and could just discern three men in the fore-channels,—there ought to have been four; I therefore justly concluded that one had gone to his eternal home, with all his imperfections on his head, without one moment for preparation! Never will the recollection of that awful night be effaced from my memory. The brig was then lying with her masts and yards in the water, and we clinging to her side. The sea making

a clear breach over her, and what made the scene more awful, along with the roaring of the wind, we had peals of thunder, and vivid flashes of lightning. The night was pitchy dark. At every flash of lightning the horror of our situation was made visible to us; we were helpless, and could do nothing but cry unto the Lord for mercy. He heard our cry, “and delivered us out of our distress.” What were my thoughts at this time!—Eternity before me. And was I prepared to meet my God? *I was not.* I knew I had broken His law at innumerable times, and had not repented of it. I was then a stranger to His covenanted mercies in Jesus Christ. I consequently had no justifying faith in the blood of the Redeemer, because I had not applied to him in earnest, for pardon and salvation. I therefore could have no well grounded hope for forgiveness through Him; notwithstanding I called upon the Lord, and He graciously inclined His ear unto me, and in mercy spared me, and I am still a living monument of His abundant mercy, not only in preserving me on that fearful night, but in many other instances, since that time. But above all in bringing me, by sovereign grace to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and an humble hope of obtaining everlasting life, through the merits of His atoning blood.

We were on the side of the vessel for some time when the masts went with a crash, by the board, and the brig righted, so as to enable us to get on deck and take shelter under the lee of the bulwarks until daylight made its appearance. It then moderated and we sounded the pumps, and found four feet water in the hold, and the cargo shifted on one side; and many casks of rum, and molasses (of which our cargo consisted) bilged, and the contents run out. We, however, the day following, after pumping out the water, put the cargo in order again, as far as it could be done, and shaped our course for Nassau, New Providence, which was to leeward of us distant about 1000 miles. We had lost all our sails but two, as well as the masts: we therefore had to rig up jurmasts, and set what sails we had upon them. Our progress, consequently, was very slow, and tedious; and we did not reach Nassau until 30 days after our disaster. The vessel being so much damaged she was sold for the benefit of all concerned.

As there are many of your readers, Messrs. Editors, whose business sometimes calls them upon the great deep, and they are thereby exposed to the dangers incident to their calling, it was principally on their account I wrote the foregoing narrative for insertion in your useful paper. My only object in so doing is, that those persons may perhaps, by the blessing of God, be induced to reflect seriously on the great risks they are so frequently exposed to, of being suddenly cut off in the midst of their days, and ushered into an eternal world without one moment to prepare for such an awful change. All men certainly are liable to be called away suddenly by death, but none but sea-faring men have death set before them in so many forms, they are much oftener exposed to dangers than any other class of people. We have many melancholy records of the calamities that happen at sea. The present year has been remarkable for the frequency of those violent storms which have caused so much destruction of life, and property. Many a one has met with a watery grave that had left friends, and home, with the expectation of returning in safety, but alas! will never be heard of until that day, when the sea will give up the dead that are therein. It will be of no consequence to them on that awful day whether they were buried in the depths of the ocean, or whether they died on their beds, and were buried in the church yard. But it will be of the utmost consequence to them, whether they have made their calling and election sure, whether they have died in the faith and fear of the Lord.

November 8th.

ROLIAS.

SIN.

There is greater depravity in not repenting of sin, than in committing it. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, is worse.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

FOR AN ABUNDANT HARVEST AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

Great God! when famine threaten'd late
To scourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our sins to mem'ry rise?
Or own'd we God was just?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the dust?

Did we forsake one evil path?
Was any sin abhor'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent*?
Or own the chastisement divine
In awful judgment sent?

That God, in his strict decrees
Remembers mercy still,
Can, in a moment, if he please,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has blessings still in store;
And when he strikes the heaviest blow
He does not love us more.

Now Frost, and Flood, and Blight no more
Our golden harvest spoil;
See what an unexampled store
Rewards the reapers' toil!

As when the promis'd harvest fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land,
The envious patriarchs were assail'd
By famine's pressing hand:

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverse lot,
They lov'd as brothers should:

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let plenty now throughout the land
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not say,
Soul! thou hast good in store!
But shake the overplus away,
To feed the aged poor.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops bestow'd,
Raise many a pure and holy vow,
In gratitude to God!

And while his gracious name we praise
For bread so kindly giv'n;
Let us beseech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that blest prayer our Lord did frame,
Of all our prayers the guide,
We ask that “Hallow'd be his name,”
And then our wants supplied.

For grace he bids us first implore,
Next that we may be fed;
We say “Thy will be done,” before
We ask “Our daily bread.”

Selected.

To live without the love of Christ, is to despoil yourself of the only true zest of the life that now is and the only Gospel hope of the life to come.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Register and Observer.

THE CHURCH.

Sunday! sacred day of rest—
Ever welcom'd—ever blest;
Weekly toils and labors done,
Now we greet with joy the sun.

Hark! the music of the bell
Echoes loud through copse and dell,
Giving note of "meeting time:"
Sweet and cheerful is its chime.

Now we to the church repair,
And we kneel in worship there,
Looking for the promised love
Of our heavenly Friend above.

There the "merciful" are found;
There the "pure in heart" abound;
There the humble and the meek
Mourn the follies of the week.

'Tis the place where age and youth
May resort in search of truth—
Truth for man's salvation given—
'Tis the pathway then to heaven.

"Two or three," if gathered there,
Seeking God in praise or prayer,
With devoted, pious mind,
Will his blessing ever find.

To the Church, then, turn thy way,
Sinner—why midst darkness stay?
Dost thou seek a sure abode?
Turn, then, to the house of God.

From the Gospel Messenger.

AN OLD LADY TO HER LITTLE FRIENDS.

Dear Children—Perhaps you recollect that I once said to you that your minds were like a sheet of writing paper; and I now wish to explain my meaning. The paper is clean and white, till written on or blotted and made dirty and useless by abuse. When your Almighty Maker formed your soul, it was white and clean, except the inherited corruption of your nature—for every thing made by God is good; but like the paper, your young mind may become useful, or it may be soiled by folly or sin so as to render it unfit for any good thing. You know that when we write, the paper yields to the pressure of the pen, and takes any impression we choose. Now, it is your duty to yield your mind to the good counsel of your dear parents or teachers, that your heart may imbibe knowledge and piety. As the pen makes a durable impression on the paper only by means of the ink, and without that the paper at best would be but blank, so will your mind be without the blessed influence of the holy spirit of God: instruction will be useful, for it is only grace that can make your mind holy and pleasing in the sight of God. But I must tell you something more about the paper and your mind. A careless person may blot and spoil the paper and render it useless; or a weak, silly person might write something foolish, and we would throw it away as worthless; or something very wicked might be written on the paper, and we should commit it to the flames. Now, my dear child, if you are careless and idle, and only learn folly, like the blotted paper you would be spurned by society as good for nothing. If you keep company with bad children, you will learn of them to be wicked, and not love and pray to the good God, and you will become quite corrupt by sinning; and your dear parents would go down to their graves in sorrow, for they know that our holy God can not love a wicked person; and if you live in sin he will turn you into hell with all those who forget God. But, my dear children, always attend to good advice, and love to read the Holy Bible, which can

make you wise unto salvation. If you love your heavenly Father, you will pray to him night and morning to make you holy and give you grace to love and fear him. But remember, that merely repeating words is not praying. God is not to be mocked: he will accept of no prayer but the prayer of faith coming from the heart. Before you presume to offer up a prayer to the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, think, most devoutly think—"I am about to address the great God of Heaven, in prayer to him that my heart may be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and that for Jesus' sake, he will in mercy forgive all my sins; and I must endeavor by his help to keep all his commandments, for he will not hear a prayer that cometh from feigned lips: but if I am dutiful to my parents, loving to my brothers and sisters, and do to all others as I would they should do to me, and above all, love my Lord God with all my heart, my soul and my strength, and endeavor to do his will, then I trust the Lord will be my merciful God and my heavenly Father, and that he will, when my earthly course is finished, take me to heaven, where, with all those who love God, I shall dwell forever, and sing the praises of my dear Redeemer, who has washed my soul and made it clean in his most precious blood, and has taken away the filthy rags of my own works, and clothed me in his own white robe of righteousness. Then shall my soul, like the clean white paper, be without sin, and made glorious by the blood of Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen, amen. O let us join the loud hosannas of heaven, and sing, Hallelujah to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb of God for ever: Praise the Lord!

From the New-York Churchman.

POPULARITY.—A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Enter Presbyterian.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. P. take a seat, sir. I attended your meeting yesterday. I was highly gratified with your new preacher. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergymen are of late adopting. It is certainly calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. F. in your society, you may consider me as a subscriber. It is true I am not attached to any order of Christians, but I believe the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed that your people are patronizing and sustaining our seminaries, and institutions of learning. By the bye this reminds me that our election is at hand. I hope Mr. P. we have the pleasure of numbering you with our friends in the approaching contest.

Presbyterian.—I will think of it. (Exit.)

Enter Baptist.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. B., I am glad you have called. Well I went down to the river yesterday noon, to witness the immersion, and I must say that it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that mode of administering it is the most simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of a flowing stream, unite their voices in that beautiful hymn, "O how happy are they," while the candidate goes down into the water, brings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman Elder P. is a very interesting man. Your church government I have always admired it is so republican. It was Elder L. I believe of your order who carried the great Cheshire cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. Ah, this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope I shall find you, Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been. (Exit.)

Enter Episcopalian.

Lawyer.—Your most obedient servant, Mr. E., happy to see you, Sir. Well, I was in New-York last week and I walked four miles in the morning to hear Bishop H. He is a truly elegant and eloquent man, and there is so much in your mode of worship that is systematic, and so much in accordance with decency and order, and so much the opposite to that wild ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it.—You see here that I have purchased me

a Common Prayer Book. The organ and choir in Bishop H's Church, are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the Bishop the next morning and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any part in politics, yet he gave me to understand, in the course of our conversation, that his feelings were on the right side. (Exit.)

Enter Methodist.

Lawyer.—How do you do brother M. I call you brother, because my parents were Methodists; and when I was a child the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all brothers, from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong the impressions of childhood are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a Methodist meeting than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of early impressions, as from that simplicity peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial to my taste. I was riding through G. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of wood, I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the neighbourhood, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent, I could not resist my inclination to attend. So I tied my beast to a tree, and after walking a mile I came to the ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding Elder, Brother G., appealing in the most evangelical manner to the people, who were seated beneath shading branches of the surrounding forest. How forcibly it brings to my mind the Mount of Olives. I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G., and though he takes no part in the political contest of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always coincided. (Exit.)

Enter Universalist.

Lawyer.—How d' do Squire? Well I attended your meeting in the school house, the other evening, and was well satisfied with the sermon. Your preachers, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of great talent. Mr. S. used most splendid imagery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises, were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sentiments. They are certainly misrepresented. There is one thing people say about your doctrine, which is true; and that is "it is extremely captivating;" and as for its influence, I can say that many of our best citizens are Universalists. Let me see, I believe Squire, that you have been always a firm politician, and on the right side. Well the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions. (Exit.)

Enter Quaker.

Lawyer.—Well, Thomas, how is thy health, I am glad that thee have taken the trouble to call.

Quaker.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay some money to thee. As we Friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing men systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand there is the—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the constitution money—

Lawyer.—Yes, and I wish I could get off so well as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten days drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant is the reflection that always arises when I see the banners flying, and hear the drums beating around me, that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other, and then I always think of the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn. My Grandfather was a Quaker, and I have always admired their plainness of dress, their simplicity of manner, and their pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Quaker.—We shall never be all Quakers so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence. If thy Grandfather was a Quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scruples thee professes about military duty condemn thee, for thee must be deluded

the devil, to violate thy conscience at so great expense. Thee speaks our language flippantly, and admires our dress: thy ordinary dialect and thy fashionable blue coat, figured vest and gaudy watch embellishments are incontestible proofs of thy sincerity. Thee eulogizes Penn,—I have heard thee eulogize Napoleon as highly. I have observed the duplicity thee uses for popularity. Thee reads a sermon for the Presbyterians in the morning when they have preaching. Thee goes in the afternoon and leads singing for the Churchmen. In the evening thee goes to the Universalist meeting. Thee admires the immersion of the Baptist, the camp meeting of the Methodist, and the plain dress and language of the Friends. I will tell thee, friend, thee strongly reminds me of my brown horse; I once employed an honest Irishman to labor for me. I sent Patrick out in the morning to catch my brown horse. Now the brown horse ran in a pasture, in the middle of which was a large pond. Patrick was gone a long time, and at length returned with the beast, after having chased him several times round the pond. "Well Patrick," said I, "on which side of the pond did you find the horse?" "Troth," said Patrick, "and I found him on all sides."

INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLISH EVENTS.

Testimonials of Respect to the Clergy.—The following clergy have recently been presented by their parishioners with pieces of plate, in testimony of their esteem and respect:—

Rev. Thomas L. Hill, Neston, Cheshire.

Rev. A. Bassett, Great Cheverell, Wilts.

Rev. F. J. Faithfull, Hatfield.

Rev. T. Harrison, St. Mary's Chester.—*Brit. Mag.*

Cambridgeshire.—The Chapel occupied by the Church and congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. H. Battiscombe, formerly of King's College, Cambridge, having been sold, a subscription has been opened for the erection of a new chapel, capable of holding 800 persons, the site of which will be in Barnwell, near Cambridge.—*Brit. Mag.*

Dorsetshire.—The worthy and indefatigable incumbent of the Isle of Portland has made the munificent offer of 1,500*l.* as an endowment for a district church for that Island, if subscriptions can be raised for the purpose of erecting one.—*Dorset County Chron.*

Mr. Sturt, one of the elected members for Dorset, as lately built at his own cost an excellent parsonage-house, at Minterne, and placed a resident clergyman there. He is now building another at Sutton Alden, with the same view; and it is in the recollection of many that the Sturt family built the present most commodious rectorial house at Long Critchefe, without expense to the incumbent. This splendid liberality the clergy at Cerne felt themselves bound to acknowledge, and with great propriety they have expressed their cordial and unanimous thanks to Mr. Sturt in a very flattering, yet dignified address, to which were attached the signatures of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Dorset, and of the clergymen assembled at the visitation just held.—*Western Luminary.*

Essex.—Her Majesty has been pleased to honour Rev. R. R. Faulkner, vicar of Havering-atte-Bower, Essex, and formerly of St. Sepulchre's church, Cambridge, with a gracious letter, containing 20*l.* towards rebuilding the ancient charity school in that parish. Havering-atte-Bower was formerly a royal town. Edward the Confessor had his palace there, and Henry VIII. & Queen Elizabeth are said to have visited it.—*Essex Standard.*

The Rev. E. R. Benyon, of Downham Rectory, Essex, laid the first stone of an intended new church on the Beauvoir estate, at Hackney, on the 23rd of Oct. 1837.—*Standard.*

Lincolnshire.—A few days since, the Lord Bishop of Lincoln delivered a charge to the clergy, which ended in remarks upon the various recent enactments relating to the established church; he also appealed with much force to his rev. brethren for a greater assiduity in the discharge of their ministerial duty. Dr. Gifford, the bishop's chancellor, was present, and

gave an able exposition of the law of church-rates, and stated it as his opinion, that where a vestry summoned by legal notice refused to grant a rate for the necessary expenses of the church, the churchwarden of himself was competent to assess the same.

The churchwardens having represented 'that several parishioners had made application for pews, with which the churchwardens had much difficulty in complying, owing to a considerable number of pews being claimed as private property, and bought and sold as such,' a long conversation ensued on this subject, in the course of which both the bishop and chancellor expressed their surprise that such a system should have existed, and declared that the sale or letting of pews was altogether illegal.—*Lincoln Chron.*

Middlesex.—Mr. Richard Thornton, master of the Leather Seller's Company, after laying the first stone of the new almshouse about to be erected by the company at Barnet, generously gave the sum of 1,200*l.* being the amount contracted for the building.—*Times.*

Church Notices Act.—This measure, which was passed at the close of the last session, and whose object it is to put an end to the practice of reading parochial notices &c. during the period of divine service, will not come into operation until the 1st of January next.—*Brit. Mag.*

Church of England in Hamburg.—The British residents in Hamburg, whose former chapel was destroyed, together with the factory, during the occupation of the city by the French, have at length, after a series of difficulties, erected a new church for the performance of their religious rites. This has been effected by subscriptions raised among themselves, aided by a grant from the British Government. But the sums collected have been already expended in the building, the exterior of which only is finished, and the interior fittings-up remain to be provided for, which will occasion a further outlay of 800*l.* or 900*l.* The building committee in Hamburg are now compelled to solicit the assistance of merchants connected with the place, and of the friends of the church generally, to enable them to complete the work now suspended, and which the spiritual interests of numerous resident families, and a large body of sailors who frequent the port, have so long and urgently required.

Shropshire.—The Duke of Sutherland has contributed the sum of 1,000*l.* to the new church, now rapidly advancing towards completion, at Ketley, near his grace's seat at Lilliass.—*Salopian Journal.*

Somersetshire.—The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells terminated his triennial visitation and confirmation throughout the diocese on the 15th July. The number of persons receiving at his lordship's hands the rite of confirmation during the last few weeks, has been, male 2943, female 5772—total 8715.—*Western Luminary.*

Barbadoes.—The following address was presented, with a piece of plate, to Archdeacon Eliot, on retiring from the arduous office of Archdeacon of Barbadoes, &c. The piece of plate came from the free coloured and black population of the island; but it is only justice to Archdeacon Eliot to say, that the late numbers of that excellent paper, 'The Barbadian,' which have been forwarded to the office of this Magazine, are filled with similar tributes from almost every class of persons with whom his office could bring him into connexion. It would be impossible to insert them at length, and perhaps this is the most characteristic that could be selected.

To the Venerable Edward Eliot, B. D., Archdeacon of Barbadoes, and Ecclesiastical Commissary of British Guiana, &c. &c. &c.

Venerable Sir,—The coloured and black population of this island, having heard with pain and regret of your intended resignation of your archdeaconry, have deputed us to wait on you with this address, expressive of their feelings on the occasion.

We have witnessed, with sentiments of gratitude, your unwearied and consistent efforts to advance us, as citizens and as Christians, in the scale of political and of moral and religious respectability. We have

for nearly twelve years contemplated, with increased affection and veneration, your varied labours, both in the pulpit and from the press, by precept and by example, to impress on our minds, and on the minds of all classes of the community, our high responsibilities as professed followers of Christ, to inculcate the faith of the gospel, and the cheerful and unhesitating performance of our moral and religious duties, as the best evidence of that faith in us. We have invariably seen you, both in your preaching and in your practice, the impartial and uncompromising minister of that gospel which, like its Author, is no respecter of persons. Can it therefore be wondered at, reverend sir, that we present to you this farewell address with feelings of no ordinary kind?

You came amongst us an entire stranger, unacquainted with our character and habits; and from your exalted station, and the construction of our society, you might but for your condescending Christian liberality, have remained so to the day of your departure. But for this you would, in all probability, have seen us, and we you, only through the unfavourable medium which custom had interposed between us. And if we have not throughout benefited by this liberality, and learned from you, in every respect, 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' the fault has not been yours, but entirely and exclusively our own.

You leave us, reverend sir, with our best wishes and most fervent prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare. May God prosper you with all grace necessary 'to make your calling and election sure!' And may the benefit of your evangelical preaching, and of all your labours of love, continue to be felt by us and by our children 'through all the changes and chances of this mortal life!' May the valuable instruction which we have received from you, prepare us to take our parts in those changes which may ensue in our social polity with the moderation and spirit of Christians.

The many substantial evidences which you will have left with us of your deep interest in our temporal and eternal welfare, the improvements which you have assisted to effect in our social relations, and the charitable institutions of the country which you have aided, fostered, and supported will always be present to our recollection, and serve as so many memorials of your ministry, which will ever live in our fondest affections.—And that you, too, may not be without some visible memorial of us, we have been desired by our brethren to present you the enclosed bill for 100*l.* sterling, of which they most humbly and respectfully solicit your acceptance, for the purchase of a piece of ornamental plate, to be chosen by yourself, and to be inscribed as below.

Again, reverend sir, we pray, may God, for Christ's sake, bless and preserve you, and conduct you safely, and with joy, to the arms of your expecting family; and may you and they be 'both here and ever preserved in body and soul through His most mighty protection, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

We have the honour to be, venerable sir, your most obedient, humble, and obliged servants, Andrew Fillan, chairman; Samuel J. Presod, secretary and fifteen others.

THE POWER OF THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connexions. A minister, with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room, he said, 'Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?' 'Who are you,' said the Bishop. 'Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner—'Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?'—'Who are you?' said he. 'Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bedside, and asked him if he knew her. 'Who are you?' said he. 'Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. 'Well,' said one of them, 'Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'Jesus Christ?' said he, reviving, as if the name had produced in him the influence of a charm, 'O! yes, I have known him these forty years; precious Saviour he is my only hope!'

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