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The Berran.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—ACTS XVII. 11.

No. 6.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1844.

[Vol. I.]

Poetry.

JACOB'S STAFF.

"By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff." (Heb. xi. 21.)

Jacob, a pilgrim to the last,
Learned on the staff that bare him home;
While faith her glance prophetic cast,
As life's last sands were ebbing fast,
And hope replied—Lord Jesus, come!

Once with his staff—'twas all he had—
He wandering passed o'er Jordan's tide;
But he who makes the outcast glad,
And pours his brightness o'er the sad,
Two godly companies supplied.

And, now that Jordan's mystic ford
Swolled high, and heaven was near in view,
Still resting on the promised word,
Faith Abraham's faithful God adored,
And grasped that oft-tried staff anew.

Pilgrim! who wendest life's rough road,
Take but the staff which Faith supplies;
From Haran's wild to Jordan's flood
'Twill ease thee under every load,
Nor fail thee till thou reach the skies.

S. C. W.

(From the Christian Observer.)

FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

From the Rev. Dr. Clarke's Walk about Zion.

[The original has the initials O. V. for the Clergyman's name. We have coined the name of Orvin, simply to remove the awkwardness caused by meeting those initials, when a piece is read aloud by one, for others to hear, who are very much hindered by them from entering into the spirit of the narrative.—EDITOR.]

A number of years since, the Rev. Mr. Orvin was settled in a country village, far in the interior. At the time to which I advert, he and the church over which he presided, were suffering under the heavy charge, of favouring gay and worldly amusements. "Such a man," it was said, "could have no piety! such a church could have nothing more than the form of godliness, and hardly that."

The ground of all this denunciation, was, at most, but an act of imprudence on the part of Mr. Orvin, and there were connected with this act several redeeming circumstances.

This Reverend gentleman was young and highly talented. Till the event just adverted to, no one had doubted his piety. His pungent and faithful exhibitions of divine truth, had brought many awakened sinners to the foot of the cross. Among these, was a large number of young persons. They had broken away from their former gay associates, and taken an open stand on the side of the Lord.

Those former associates, however, were constantly devising expedients to draw them back again within the fatal whirlpool of worldly pleasure.

It was during one of the summer months—a season when the country has peculiar charms, and the deep grove, with its cool refreshing shade, seems like another Eden, contrasted with the heat and suffocating air of the town—that several of the persons above alluded to, proposed a walk of some two miles into the country, for the purpose of having a sort of rural entertainment in a shady retreat well known in that neighbourhood. The whole thing was unquestionably got up for the purpose of festive hilarity and enjoyment. This was not, however, the aspect under which the matter was presented to the young members of the church who were invited to join the party. Still, their sense of propriety was such, that they declined the invitation. To overcome this backwardness on the part of those who had united themselves with the people of God, a committee waited upon Rev. Mr. Orvin, and extended to him a pressing invitation to meet the assembled party at the place appointed for rendezvous.

At first, he promptly declined; but when the invitation continued to be pressed, and he received the assurance that every thing would be conducted with the most strict regard to decorum and propriety, he at length yielded to their importunity and consented to go, remarking, however—

"If I go, I must go in the character of a minister of Christ, and you must not be surprised, if I speak to you in reference to my Master's business."

To this they readily assented. The great point was now gained. The news flew through the village like wild-fire, that the Rev. Mr. Orvin was to be one of this party. The invitations were reiterated to the young members of the church, accompanied with the invincible argument, "Surely, there cannot be the slightest impropriety in going, since the minister is to be there." In most instances, the argument was successful.

The company were soon on their way, eager to reach their place of destination, where so much pleasure was anticipated.

The spot selected for this rural recreation, was truly picturesque. An area of several acres had, many years previous, been partially cleared up, so that the earth was covered with thickly matted grass, which appeared like a firm and unbroken carpet of green. There had been left a sufficient number of the ancient giants of the forest, spreading abroad their lofty and leafy branches, to furnish a perfect and delightful shade, to the assembled group.

The scenery around them was uncommonly fine. On the east there stretched away, as far as the eye could extend, a dense, and deepening forest; and on the west, there rose in the immediate vicinity a precipitous mountain, whose top reached to the very clouds. Around its base, separating it from the plot of ground, where the party were assembled,

flowed a beautiful stream, whose gliding waters catching, by reflection, the color of the verdant foliage that overhung the bank of the stream, presented in its course, as far as the eye could follow it, a rippling surface of deep emerald. On the north and south were caught, here and there, through the openings in the trees, views of a rich, and finely cultivated country.

The whole company were now assembled, and began to make preparations for their repast. There was all of the usual quantum of glee, hilarity, and mirth.

To this scene of rural gait, Mr. Orvin was now directing his steps. As he wended his solitary way through grove and field, and was passing along thoughtfully by the side of a bramble, a voice suddenly cried out—

"Ah—ah, I am sorry you are going there!"

Startled from his reverie, he looked up, and saw an old woman of homely appearance, in the act of picking berries. He fixed his eye upon her for a moment, and immediately recognised in her one of his communicants, who was very poor, and supported herself, during the summer months, principally by gathering fruit in this way, and bringing it to market.

When Mr. Orvin was sufficiently recovered from the momentary surprise into which he was thrown, he replied—

"My good friend, is it you?"

Intent on the idea which had taken possession of her mind, the simple hearted woman could neither hear, nor think, of any thing else, and she again uttered her lamentation—

"Ah, I did not think that you would go there!"

"Go where?" said Mr. Orvin.

"Why to meet those frolicsome young folks: a deal of hurt it will do, I am sure, to the church!"

"And what leads you to think so?"

"Because," said she, "I have heard already many lament over it, and say that Mr. Orvin was coming down from the work of the Lord, and beginning to get into worldly amusements."

"They are greatly mistaken, my friend," said he.

"Well, well," she replied, "I heard a lady say, as I came along, how can Mr. Orvin ever preach any more against the pomps and vanities of the world?"

"Indeed, I shall be truly sorry," responded he, "if my consenting to meet our young friends on this occasion will interfere in the slightest manner with my future usefulness."

"Well, you will see," said she.

Mr. Orvin passed on. A new train of thought had been started in his mind. He began to reflect that, perhaps, he had acted unadvisedly. The inquiry suggested itself, "Whether the scene, though fraught with no special evil to himself, might not exert a deleterious influence upon those whom it had, hitherto, been his great object to lead in the way everlasting? They were constantly exposed to influences calculated to destroy and deaden all spirituality of mind. Would not the step he had taken seem to give countenance to those scenes of amusement, where the very excitement is enough to intoxicate the mind, and bring it under the power of error?"

While indulging in this train of thought, the voices of the gay group broke upon his ear: He was soon in the midst of the party, where every face seemed beaming with animation, and every heart bounding with rapture. The rural board was tastefully arranged, and exhibited every description of delicacies. As soon as the repast was finished, Mr. Orvin, desirous to repair the injury that his appearance at this place might have occasioned, begged the privilege of addressing a few words to the company. The whole group immediately clustered around the spot where he stood. Taking a hymn book from his pocket, he remarked:

"The creator of this beautiful scene, is worthy of praise and adoration. Will you join me in singing a hymn?" He then read two or three verses of the following hymn.

"Should nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join;
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine."

The whole company united in singing, and their voices sounded amidst this wild woodland scene, as they were prolonged, and died away in faint echo, not unlike the sweet minstrelsy of heaven.

The hymn being closed, the minister knelt down on the grass, and looked up to the Eternal One in prayer. The solemn and affecting manner in which he supplicated the throne of grace, dissipated every feeling of levity, with which any of the group at first gathered around this man of God.—The prayer being finished, he addressed them in a strain of remarkable something like this:

"When two of your number waited upon me, with an invitation to meet you on the present occasion, I yielded to their importunity, with the express understanding, that I should come here as the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have not come here to frown on your innocent joys, but to say to you in the kind accents of friendship, that you are immortal beings, and that you ought never to lose sight of your high destination, as accountable and undying intelligences. I cannot but hope that there are none in this assemblage,

"Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note."

"My purpose is not to interrupt your enjoyment, but to direct your thoughts to considerations of high and everlasting importance. Look around upon this scene of nature. He who planted these lofty trees under whose shade you are sitting—who reared up that

mountain, whose summit is lost in the clouds—who rolls along that emerald stream that bathes the mountain's base—who planted yonder sun in the firmament of heaven, and covered yonder forest with its foliage, has said, by the mouth of his inspired prophet:

"We'll do fade as a leaf. And again; let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might. Let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness, in the earth."

"To understand and know God, to be the subject of his loving-kindness, and the partaker through Christ of his righteousness, is an attainment infinitely more desirable, than any possession of earth.

"Youthful beauty is regarded by its young possessor, as a gem of inestimable value. And no one, who has ever gazed upon the finely moulded features, the glowing countenance, the sparkling eye, the symmetrical form dignified in its attitude, and graceful in all its movements, can look with indifference on these marks of beauty, which the Creator sometimes impresses upon the human face and form. No one can question, but that this visible loveliness, which stands combined with one's external existence, is in itself desirable. The Creator meant that it should be regarded as a blessing, and like every other earthly blessing, that it should lift the heart of its possessor with increased gratitude to the source, whence it was derived. But this gem has inscribed upon it, these monitory words: Look to heaven, there alone blooms immortal beauty. This earthly possession fades like a leaf. It lasts but an hour. Its existence is as brief and evanescent as the spangled dew drops of morning. The very rays of the bright luminary which impart to those drops their lustre, drink them up.—Disease, death, or continued life itself, shakes blight and mildew upon every opening bud of youthful beauty. Even while we are gazing upon the bright vision, it vanishes away for ever. Who then will be so unwise, as to build his happiness on such a foundation? Who will glory in the possession of this short lived and quickly fading flower, and reject the riches of redeeming grace?"

"We are told that there is in the youthful bosom a redundancy of spirits that seeks to expend itself in all the diversified amusements of the dance and the song, the gay sallies of mirth, and the joyous festivities of the merry meeting. Every benevolent mind must feel a sympathetic throb of delight, in witnessing the happiness of others. But every thing which excites and exhilarates the spirits, does not bring substantial enjoyment.

"Just look into some scene of earthly pleasure, where all is gay and joyous—where every glowing countenance is covered with animation, and every sparkling eye filled with rapture. Will that scene last? Look again: the dance is finished—the song is ended—the company have separated—lassitude and feverish restlessness now sit, like a hateful incubus, upon each individual of that happy group. Disease has fastened upon one of the number: Whether can he now turn for relief? The physician tells him his case is hopeless. Parents and friends gather around his dying couch, and wring their hands in despair: The fell destroyer presses on, regardless of their tears, to overturn and demolish the citadel of life. The shades of evening have gathered around. In the sick chamber, all is lonely, and silent, and noiseless. Then comes over the dying one, like a sickly dream, the recollection of that festive night—of those gay and reckless scenes of vanity, which the children of pleasure are so eager to renew. But O, with what altered feelings are they now viewed! How worthless do they appear, as the veil is lifted up which reveals an untried eternity. How much would that dying one now give for a hope in Christ!"

"Again: there is no period in life more interesting, than that, in which young hearts feel the touch of kindred sympathies, and are held in union by the rosied wreath of love: And there is not on earth a scene more lovely, than that which is exhibited in the domestic circle, where are hourly exchanged, all the kind and endearing offices that are due between husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters. This is a scene upon which the benevolent Creator must look with approbation. Still, he did not design that it should last but a few fleeting days, lest the hearts of the sons of men should be turned away from their future residence in the skies.

"We have seen the bride, who stood before the altar in all the bloom of youth, and with the prospect of many long years of happiness before her, in a few short months, bending with sable weeds over the grave of her wedded lover.

"We have seen vice working worse and wider ruin than death; planting thorns, where hope had seen nothing but flowers; leaving in the heart which, a short time before, had been the happy seat of love and joy, nothing but blighted affection and grim despair.

"We have seen families, happy in each others' society, meeting day after day, beneath the same roof, their minds and feelings all in unison, and enjoying an intercourse, so sweet, affectionate, and heavenly, that their dwelling seemed like another paradise. Only a few years elapsed, and the circle was broken up. The hard necessity of uncontrollable circumstances placed between them a distance, scarcely less than the diameter of the earth. The great destroyer of the human race knocked at the door of their distant and separate dwellings; and the daughter felt not on her forehead, through the lingering sickness that preceded dissolution, the soft and soothing hand of a tender mother—

for that hand was already cold in the grave. The son sank beneath the ravages of mortal disease, but the anxious eye of a father looked not on him—the unwearied affection of a sister tended not around his bed: strangers closed his dying eyes, and his grave is in a foreign land.

"And thus I might go on, and show that transitoriness is written upon every object of human possession—that wealth, and knowledge, and honor, will all pass away like the morning cloud and the early dew. In eternity, the possessor of millions will have no need of his wealth, nor the hero of his laurels, nor the statesman of his political science, nor the scholar of his erudition, nor the jurist of his legal acquirements, nor the physician of his medical skill, nor the agriculturist of his knowledge of soils; but the sinner will have infinite need of Christ and his salvation. Most affectionately, therefore, would I entreat you to build your hopes upon nothing beneath the skies. Seek first—seek early—seek in the May morning of your young being, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other necessary things shall be added thereto."

"Do you shrink away from the thought of assuming the character of a disciple of Christ? Do you imagine that the Christian has a dull and gloomy life? Do you think it will be necessary to mingle in worldly amusements, in order to render life tolerable? Do you suppose that God requires hard things of those whom he calls to be his children? I might ask, in the language of an eloquent author, 'Has the Creator dealt hardly with the papilio because, in consequence of His ordinance, it changes its nature, ceases to crawl on the ground, and mounts aloft in the air, deriving its pleasure from a new source? Has the captive, long a prisoner in the Siberian mines, any reason for accusing his sovereign of barbarity, when his chains are knocked off, and he is restored to the light of day, and to the pleasures of society on the surface of the earth; because he is now separated from those low gratifications to which he was obliged to resort for want of better, while he was confined in subterranean caverns? The objection is built on falsehood; for it supposes the things of the world to be suited to the faculties of an immortal mind, which is made for the enjoyment of God, and which nothing but God, His favor, and friendship can ever satisfy.—But the believer is become, by regeneration, a new creature; old things are passed away, and all things are become new. The aspect of all those things, with which he has hitherto been conversant, is now changed. The follies of the world have lost their power of giving him contentment; if, indeed, they can be said to afford it to any person. His hopes and fears, his desires and aversions, his joys and sorrows, arise from new causes, and are directed to new ends. What he receives in lieu of the bubble which he relinquishes, is sterling gold. Had the prodigal son any cause of complaint, when, in consequence of the gracious reception which his father gave him, he was no longer under a necessity of feeding on husks with the swine which his former master had set him to keep? Let the christian, who is enjoying the privileges of his profession, be asked, whether the requisition of renouncing the world be harsh; and whether God, who makes it, be an Egyptian task-master. He will know how to answer the question, by replying, 'I am dead; and my life is hid with Christ in God.'"

"Rely upon it, the true christian alone, lives an angelic life here below. If you wish for present and eternal happiness, seek it in God."

This thrilling appeal produced a deep sensation. The whole company returned to their several homes, with good and serious impressions on their minds.

Though Mr. Orvin, in his intercourse with this gay young party, certainly acted like a minister of Jesus Christ, I presume that the reader will think, that it would have been prudent for him to have declined the invitation altogether. For taking this step, a load of censure was unsparingly heaped upon him, and the church of which he was the pastor, was denounced as destitute of piety.

In relation to worldly conformity, and indulgence in worldly amusements, ministers and christians, in the view of the Author, cannot use too much caution. The rule is a good one, never to go to any scene, or place, where Jesus Christ would not be a welcome guest.

The idea of mixing with the giddy and frivolous, in all their varied rounds of amusement, to exert a restraining influence upon them, and show them that religion is not gloomy, is abundantly preposterous. They who take this course, are almost always borne along with the current, and led to participate in all the extravagance and worldliness of those who are 'lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' There is not one instance in a hundred, where even the Christian minister, in such a scene, can cause those around him to remember, that his great business is, to win souls to Christ. Were ministers able to do this, and were it considered decorous to speak of eternal things, in those fashionable circles, where their presence is now frequently sought—were they to go with the spirit, and decision, and fearlessness of young Orvin, they would soon cease to be welcome guests in those circles. The reason that their society is now sought, is, that there is a tacit understanding, that they will not open their lips on the subject of Christ, and his salvation.

If worldliness is to be shut out from the church—if Zion is to stand, like a city upon a hill, full of light and glory, then all the professed people of God must be willing to be singular—must be willing to 'come out and

be separate from the world.' We cannot be true disciples of Christ, unless we are willing to take up our cross and follow Him.—And my earnest prayer to God in behalf of Zion is, that there may be among professing Christians, an increased willingness to give up all for Christ, and have, for the one great object for which they live—the glory of God.

REVIVALS.

TESTIMONY BY TWO BISHOPS.

It is now nearly thirteen years since a very remarkable work of grace occurred, in the Military Academy of the United States. During a condition of almost universal indifference to religion and of wide-spread infidelity, against which the efforts of the ministry of one man, set for the defence of the gospel, seemed for a long time to make not the least way; suddenly almost, in a very few days, many minds, without communication with one another, and without personal intercourse with the Minister, appeared deeply, and almost simultaneously interested in the great matters of eternal life. Officers as well as cadets participated in this, and to such an extent, that the minister's study was soon occupied every evening with assemblies, composed of both, for prayer and the exposition of the Word of God; and a serious impression, more or less deep and abiding, was spread over a large part of the whole military community. Several became at that period very decided soldiers of Christ. Many others received impressions then, which God has since ripened into manifest and energetic piety. Many more received the seed of the word, in whom, though it seemed to die, it has since, under the continued influence of the Spirit, sprung up and brought forth fruit. Some are still in military life. Others have been, long since, adorning the Christian profession in the ministry of the gospel.

The very first appearance of this work of grace, so remarkably and singularly the work of God, was the coming of a cadet, alone and most unexpectedly, to introduce himself to the Chaplain, and unburthen the sorrows of a contrite heart. All around him was coldness and scepticism. To speak decidedly in favour of religion, was then so unusual in the Academy that it made one singular. To converse with the Chaplain on that subject, had not yet been ventured by any, except out of opposition to the truth. That any would appear there seriously seeking eternal life, even the Chaplain was afraid to hope. But the darkest of the night is nearest the dawn. A cadet did venture to come, in open day, to the Chaplain's study too deeply concerned to heed what would be said of him. He was personally unknown to the Chaplain. His message he tried to utter but could not. Again he tried, and again; but the heart was too full for speech. At length it was: "tell me what must I do—I have come about my soul. I know not what I want—I am entirely in the dark. What must I seek? where must I go?" Such was the first declaration of one who for some days, had been awakened under the preaching and reading of the truth. A sermon preached on the Scriptures, and a tract, sent at a venture, from the Chaplain's study to whomsoever it might meet, had been blessed to his soul.* Doubts and cavils were all abandoned. Implicit submission seemed his engrossing principle. From that moment, the young man appeared to take up the cross, and to stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side. The singular and very prominent evidence of the hand of God in this case, was very greatly blessed to others. By and by, he professed Christ in the sacrament of Baptism, which was administered to him, with others, recently turned to the Lord, in the chapel of the Military Academy, and in presence of all the corps. After graduating at that institution and leaving the army, he passed through a regular course of study for the holy ministry, and was successively ordained Deacon and Presbyterian. Many years have since elapsed. The Chaplain has since been called to a higher order in the ministry, and more enlarged responsibilities in the church. The Cadet, meanwhile, after many vicitudes of active duty and of disabling ill health, supposed he had settled himself for the rest of his life, as a preacher and pastor to an humble and obscure congregation of negroes, whom he had collected together from neighbouring plantations; to whom, living entirely upon his own pecuniary means, he appropriated a part of his own house for a church, and to whose eternal interests he had chosen cheerfully and happily to devote himself, as their spiritual father, with no emolument but their salvation. But such was just the true spirit for the highest of all vocations in the church. To be a servant of servants, is the very school in which to prepare for the chief ministry under him who took on him the form of a servant. The church needed a Mission-

* The tract was sent by a cadet, who in obedience to the request of a pious father, of whose death he had just heard, had come to introduce himself to the Chaplain. He was not then of a serious mind in religion. A tract was put into his hand for himself; another, as bread upon the waters, with the direction "drop it any where in the barracks; perhaps I shall hear from it." He smiled, promised compliance, and dropped it, it unseen, in the room of his friend, the cadet above named. That day a week, the chaplain heard from it, as related in the discourse. But still he who dropped it was not known to care for his soul. The other, having learned from the Chaplain to what cadet he was so indebted, put a pious book in his way—(Gregory's Letters on the Evidences, Doctrines and Duties of Christianity.) Soon they were in prayer together in private. Soon, he who was first in Christ presented the other, as one seeking the peace of God, at the place where the prayers of cadets were then wont to be made (the Chaplain's study.) One of them is now a Bishop; the other, a most beloved minister of the Gospel, well known as the devoted and successful Pastor of one of the largest flocks of the Diocese of Virginia.

ary Bishop for a vast field, for great self-denial, for untiring patience, for courageous enterprise. Her eye was directed to the self-appointed pastor of that humble congregation. With most impressive unanimity did she call him away, to a work, not indeed of more dignified duty, but of more eminent responsibility; not indeed, of more exquisite satisfaction to a Christian's heart, (for what can give a true Christian heart more exquisite satisfaction, than to lead such of the poor to Christ?) but of severer trials, and vastly greater difficulties and hardships. Counting the cost, he has not dared to decline it. Regarding the call as of God, he has embraced the promised grace, and is now ready to be offered. And thus the Chaplain has here met the beloved Cadet again, seeing and adoring the end of the Lord in that remarkable beginning; and now, with unspeakable thankfulness to God, for what he here witnesses, may he say to this candidate, elect, for labour and sacrifice, in the words of St. Paul to his beloved disciple:

"Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And the things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." I call you Son, in affectionate recollection of the past. I call you Brother now, in affectionate consideration of the present and the future. Dear, beloved brother, I see plainly in prospect the hardness you are to endure. I mean not, hardness to the body. Of this, indeed, you will have no lack in your wide circuits of travel and labour. But this is not the cross I speak of. Hardness to the spirit, I mean; trials of patience, and faith, and love, and meekness; trials of the heart, painful and constant,—such as Jesus knew so acutely, because his spirit was so pure, his heart so tender, his sense of the hateful sin so deep—trials, such as you will feel acutely, in proportion as you attain towards the purity and elevation of the mind of your dear Master. But "God hath not given us the spirit of fear." "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Be ever looking unto him, glorious Captain of your salvation!—ever considering him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself; have in him the simple confidence of a good soldier; show the implicit obedience, the patient watchfulness, the intrepid zeal, the entire devotedness of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Your strength is all in him. It is enough. Use it. It waits your call. Draw upon that right hand of power till you are "Strong in the Lord." Carry the spirit of the pastor of that congregation of slaves, the spirit of a servant of servants, into the highest walks of your office. A ruler by commission, be always the servant of all in spirit and in work. Wash the disciples' feet. Do anything to bring sinners to the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Count all things but loss, that the lost may "win Christ and be found in him." Be yourself an example of the plainest, the most pointed, distinct, earnest and constant preaching of Christ. This, and the raising up and sending out of others to the same work, is the high vocation to which you are called. Strive to surround yourself with a ministry after this pattern; a ministry of men schooled in the experience of the preciousness of Christ; schooled in the mind of Christ: taught of God how to set him forth to the consciences and hearts, to the wants, and fears, and woes of this lost and blinded race. "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Aim indeed at a numerous ministry, because absolutely needed. Aim, infinitely more, at a ministry full of the Holy Ghost; knowing Christ, teaching Christ, following Christ; ready to endure all things for Christ and his kingdom. When difficulties thicken and helpers are few, and the wilderness is dark and dry, remember that you do not minister to others without being ministered unto; you have a "Good Shepherd"—out of sight—but always near; ever holding you with his right hand. Jesus ministereth to you. Let him minister. Open your whole soul to the working of his silent, all-subduing ministry. It will lift up your heart, and fill you with peace, and make your wilderness and solitary place to be glad.

Finally remember, the time is short. The six working days of this short week will soon be over; the everlasting Sabbath will soon begin. Labour hard. The work is great; but what we do, must be done quickly. "We must give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word." We look "for the appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Watch and work! With a Father's heart, I pray for you. With a Brother's heart, I pray for you; commending you to God and the word of his grace. "The God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

SERMON by the Right Revd. C. P. McILVAINE, D. D. Bishop of Ohio, at the Consecration of the Right Revd. L. Polk, D. D., Missionary Bishop.

MEMORY.

Many are discouraged from studying the Scriptures, because, as they say, their memories are so treacherous and unfaithful, they can retain nothing. More pains will supply this defect. Memory is the soul's steward; and if thou findest it unfaithful, call it the offender to account. A vessel set under the fall of a spring, cannot leak faster than it is supplied. A constant dropping of this heavenly doctrine into the memory, will keep it, that, though it be leaky, yet it never shall be empty. If Scripture truths do not enrich the memory, yet they may purify the heart. We must not measure the benefit we receive from the Word according to what it remains, but according to what effect it leaves behind. Lightning, you know, than which nothing sooner vanishes away, often breaks and melts: the hardest and most firm bodies in its sudden passage. Such is the irresistible force of the Word: the Spirit often darts it, through us—it seems but like a flash and gone, and yet it may break and melt down our hard hearts before it, when it leaves no impression at all upon our memories. I have heard of one, who returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some,

and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered, "truly, I remember nothing at all, but only while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better, and so by God's grace I will." To the same purpose I have somewhere read a story of one who complained to an aged holy man, that he was much discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory which he had read. The old hermit (for so as I remember, he was described) bid him take an earthen pitcher and fill it with water; when he had done it, he bid him empty it again and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it, which when the other has done, and wondered to what this tended: "now," saith he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the word thou readest, yet thy heart is the cleaner for its very passage through."—Bishop Hopkins.

AGAINST PREVAILING ERRORS.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,

(C. J. BLOXFIELD, D. D.)

It is lamentable, that any should now be found, not among the enemies of that church, but among her sons and servants, to speak irreverently and disparagingly of those holy men, who proved their sincerity by the test of martyrdom; and whose wisdom and moderation, under circumstances of difficulty to us almost unimaginable, were surely indications that they were guided by that Spirit who had been promised to the Church; and who would not forsake those who loved, and prayed, and suffered for it, in the moment of its fiercest struggle with the adversary.

The clergy of our church must be the light of the world; and if they labour to deserve that character, the powers of darkness will not prevail against them. But let them be faithful to their trust; let them not diffuse any other light than that which beams in the Gospel of their divine Master; which places in the clearest point of view the sinfulness of man, the single sufficiency of the atonement made for all by Christ, our only Mediator, and applied by faith to each particular sinner, penitent, believing, baptized; the necessity and efficacy of God's grace; the office of the Holy Spirit; the true nature and value of the sacraments, as instrumental to a new creation in the inner man; the duty and blessing of prayer, and the study of Holy Scripture. All these, issuing in the forming of Christ within us, and the imitation of him in our lives, are the separate rays of light which, in their complete combination, were that possible in the Church upon earth, would constitute the brightness of her perfect day.

But let not those whose duty and privilege it is to bear forth this light into the outer world, exalt that privilege too highly, irrespectively of their own faithfulness in discharging the duty. Let them not magnify the office of a Christian minister, as though he were to be the lawgiver and ruler of the people, rather than their guide and counsellor. Let them remember that there is only one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. Let them not substitute the church for Christ, the body for the Spirit, the throne for Him that sitteth thereon, the shrine for the Deity who inhabits it. Let them not forget that the Church, in which they bear office, although its origin is divine and its authority indefeasible, is not itself the light; but only the instrument ordained for its diffusion; and that the light itself is the word of God; and that although, as our own Articles declare, the Church "be a witness and keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same; so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation." Nor let them think, nor speak more uncharitably of other national churches, than the fathers of our own have spoken; but contented with, and thankful for their own undoubted privileges, let them present to others, in the faithful use of those privileges, and in the exercise of Christian charity, a proof that our belief is catholic, and our discipline apostolic.—(Sermon before the King of Prussia, at St. Paul's Cathedral, 1841.)

The Berean.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1844.

We have promised our readers some details respecting the periodical press devoted to the interests of the Episcopal Church in the United States.

A variety of ably conducted papers have for a number of years advocated the cause of our Sister-Church in the United States, and materially promoted her interests by the learning, zeal, and piety which their Editors brought to the duties undertaken by them. According to the localities where they were published, they were of course patronized by the body of Episcopalians within their more immediate reach, and gave, in the greatest detail, the ecclesiastical intelligence of that Diocese within which their place of publication lay. Churchmen have also readily and affectionately acknowledged the services of men who, for very slender remuneration, undertook such arduous labours and deep responsibility; and they have been fond of identifying them with the Diocese for which more especially they used their exertions. We remember how in the course of a disagreement between two periodicals, the phraseology was attempted in a kind of taunt on the part of one against the other, whether "its Bishop" recognized it or not; and that attempt brought up the question whether a newspaper owed canonical obedience.

It was little anticipated, at that period, what a serious form this sally (as it seemed at the time) would in the course of a few years assume. In the Diocese of New York, a paper which has assumed the title of "The Church-

man" has for years advocated views liable to great objections, and causing much anxiety to souls solicitous for the peace and spirituality of the Church whose cause the Editor professed to have at heart. While, in respect to ability, its character stood deservedly high, it gave great pain by the exhibition of an intolerant spirit towards all who differ from the principles of Episcopacy, by immoderate censure of Episcopalians who did not coincide with the views advocated by the Churchman, and not unfrequently by the expression of doctrinal sentiments at variance with those of the Church for which it professed such irritable zeal. Some years ago, when we were in the habit of seeing its files, certain postulates were put forth by it, on the salvability of the heathen, which caused such serious alarm that the Editor's position as one of the Instructors in the Theological Seminary was put in great jeopardy. During the last year it made itself remarkable by the patronage it extended to Semi-Romanistic views, of the introduction of which into the ministrations of the Church in the Diocese of New York great alarm was then excited through an event, which we abstain from noticing.

The Churchman, then, while certainly it has a large body of admirers and supporters, is at the same time utterly repudiated by no contemptible number of enlightened and attached Churchmen; and it was with great regret that, in the midst of excited proceedings at the last Diocesan Convention in New York, the Bishop was heard to address to his assembled Clergy and Lay Delegates an official recommendation of the Churchman as a periodical deserving their confidence. Towards the close of that Convention, a Lay-Delegate of high standing, on the behalf of a portion of the assembled body, made an attempt at removing from the Convention all participation in the recommendation which had been given; but the Bishop refused to entertain the motion. It is painful to state that at the present moment an agitation is going on in that Diocese, calculated to draw very sharp the line of demarcation which separates those who entertain the views advocated by the Churchman, and others who disavow them.

It was not to be expected otherwise than that the intemperate course pursued by a periodical commanding an extensive circulation, and feeling secure in the possession of high patronage, would add to the excitement already furnished by alarming events, and cause other periodicals to defend with zeal, and some of them with no inferiority of talent, the interests of the Protestant Church which were considered in danger.

This contest has brought one of the Bishops in our Sister Church, the Right Reverend Dr. Hopkins of Vermont, to bethink himself of some mode by which licentiousness in the Episcopal periodical press might be restrained. By a letter to the Bishop of New York, in which he not obscurely hints that the paper recommended by him to the confidence of the Church is the one whose excesses require above all to be corrected, the Bishop of Vermont announces his intention to propose to the legislative body in the Episcopal Church,—that is the General Convention—at its next meeting, the following Canon framed for that purpose:

"If a bishop shall have a written complaint laid before him, touching the false, malicious, or provoking matter, written or published by any presbyter, or deacon, or candidate for holy orders within his diocese, which would be considered libellous by the municipal or civil law; or touching any sentiment, doctrine, assertion, or opinion, written or published as aforesaid, which is not in accordance with the articles, homilies, and other established standards of the Church, it shall be the duty of such bishop to inquire into it without delay, and administer such censure and direct satisfaction as he may deem just. And if the party offending repeat the offence, he shall, if a candidate for holy orders, be dismissed from the list of candidates; or, if a deacon or a priest, be suspended for one year from the exercise of his ministry."

From Dr. Hopkins' anticipation of success to such an enactment, the eminently pious and judicious Bishop of Virginia, Dr. Meade, expresses his dissent in a letter from which we have great pleasure in presenting the following extract:

"In relation to what may be considered as almost a new order in the Church—an order increasing in numbers and influence—I mean the editors of our religious newspapers, I much doubt whether any plan—such as you hint at—can be devised for restraining them or their contributors from making an ill use, at times, of the power of the press, without introducing greater evil. If the solemn vows taken at their ordination to 'maintain as much as lieth in their quietness, peace and love among all Christian people'—if the fatherly remonstrances of the House of Bishops a few years since, conveyed in the pastoral letter written by the venerable White or sainted Griswold—if their own responsibility to Heaven will not preserve them from bitterness—from violence and misrepresentation, I know not what can avail. So deeply do I feel the injury done to religion by the misconduct of some of them in this respect, that were it for me to decide whether or not every reli-

gious paper of all denominations in our land should cease or not, I should be strongly tempted to conclude that their evil so outweighs their good, that we had better try some other method of circulating intelligence and commending religious truth, than those cheap weekly messengers, the vehicles alike of blessing and cursing, of error and of truth. Such an experiment, however, being impossible, we must try and render the established method as innocent and useful as may be. Let those in which truth is set forth in the best spirit be most encouraged—let the Bishops use their influence in restraining the abuses of the press within their dioceses, let subscribers send in their private protests, and if these be unavailing, withdraw their names; and lastly, if the editors would only follow the example you have set them in your publications, but especially in those for which I thus publicly thank you, we might hope that the press uniting with the pulpit, would be a powerful instrument for making our Church a praise in our land.

I hope I shall not be understood as reflecting unkindly on worthy men who either for an honest support for their families, or for no pecuniary consideration, adopt this method of promoting what they conceive to be right views of religious truth, or that I am unaware of the difficulties of conducting an agent where so many are to be satisfied; and, especially, of excluding from their papers communications containing some sentiments and expressions not approved by the Editors. These difficulties should make them the more resolute in the discharge of duty.—They should let the contributors know that such communications will either be rejected or corrected at the pleasure of the Editors. Unfortunately, however, the spirits of too many of their readers delight most in personal, sarcastic, controversial pieces. Let truth be fearlessly maintained at this time especially, but let it be in love. None have need of more grace to avoid a wrong spirit, than editors of religious papers."

We should be tempted to copy some pleasantries on the subject from the "Episcopal Protestant," but that we should fear to weaken the benign influence of Bishop Mead's words of Christian moderation and wisdom. We will adopt, however, from our cotemporary the hint that, if Clerical writers should be laid under restraint as to what they do openly, with their names well known and the responsibility readily traced, those who have most need of being kept in would probably find no difficulty in giving vent to their irritation through channels which would shelter them under an incognito impenetrable for the judicial eye of the ecclesiastical authority. And we close these details by the simple remark that in the United States the attempt at giving a Diocesan character to the periodical press has resulted in a most perilous division of parties, and alienation of a portion of Clergy and Laity from their Chief Pastor through an element which there never was any occasion to invite in addition to the various sources of discord too naturally springing from human infirmity.

We beg to acknowledge the following subscriptions, received on account of the Berean, since our last publication:—

- From Mrs. Ogden, 12 months; Miss Sinton, 6 months; Messrs. Burnet, 12 months; Davies, 12 months; Delamore, 12 months; Wood, 12 months; Simmons, 12 months; Gale, 6 months; Religious and Commercial News Room, Montreal, 12 months; Rev. R. V. Rogers, 12 months; Captain Fisher, 12 months; Lieut. Hervey, 12 months, double; D. A. C. G. Stanton, 12 months; Messrs. G. Wilgress, 6 months; Windsor, 6 months; John Durnford, 12 months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Received W. D. dear Mr. Simeon—Jewish Claims—L. C.—Sermon upon the Tongue, too long for our paper—S. Muckleston, Esquire—Touchstone advertisement in our next—C. Y. and J. H. Islington. If we seem neglectful of answering letters, will our friends bear with us?—we hope to write soon.

Our friend who refers to certain lectures of ours may rest assured that we entertain none of those carnal views which are combated in the articles he sends. But we are content that Episcopacy should have its share of the censure which the Editor of the Harbinger deals out in every direction: Methodism, both Episcopal and Protestant, New Schoolism, but more especially Dr. John Thomasism—aye, the ism of the man who sets out contrary to the consent of the church!

To the Editor of the Berean.

SIR,—Some time ago a Petition was addressed to the Executive Government, numerously signed by Citizens of all religious persuasions, expressive of their wish that the good old practice of keeping the Post Office closed on Sundays, might be resumed. And a very proper Petition it was! But I am desirous of enquiring why the spirit of it is not more extensively practised by those who signed it? Surely if sincere in deprecating Sabbath desecration, one would not voluntarily incur the guilt of it. But where is the evidence of such sincerity, when the English Mail happens to arrive on the Sabbath-day? What evidence last Sunday,—when eager crowds, fresh in many instances from the ordinances of the Sanctuary, sought, in the existing varieties of political or commercial, or other secularizing news, food for thought and conversation, if not for betting and bargaining, during the remainder of the sacred day?

The man who signed that Petition, and yet goes or sends for his letters to the Post Office which he prayed might be closed, is more than inconsistent. Is he not guilty of forgery in the sight of God and man,—guilty of having put his hand to sentiments which he does not feel, and to a prayer which he does not wish to be answered?

Is the non-signer free then? No, in no wise: only his is not the case that I have now in mind. With regard to him, however, as well as to the other, a little reflection will, I trust, persuade them both, that the road to

commercial success, and national prosperity, is not the kind of high handed violation of the commands of Him whose frown is worse than bankruptcy, but whose favor is wealth and peace.

Should they be thus persuaded, I would suggest an easy mode of attaining the object of the Petition already mentioned, in the face of Official hindrances and Executive indifference:—Leave their letters in the Post Office until Monday morning. If no body opens its door on Sunday, the office will be virtually closed; our authorities may judge that it may just as well be really so; and we shall make the happy discovery that it has been all the while in our power to grant our own Petition, on the simple principle—not of "non-resistance" exactly, but of non-assistance in the disgraceful business of Post Office Sabbath desecration.

1st May 1844.

To the Editor of the Berean.

SIR,—I perceive the remarks you make upon my letter. If there should be any unfavourable impression in your mind, I would desire to remove it, by stating, that I meant nothing personal, or invidious; my object in wishing, to make such a public expression of my views and feelings, (which have been confirmed by five years' attentive observation,) was to excite in the Clergy a greater zeal for the salvation of souls. My prayer is, that they may "stir up the gift of God that is in them." I would desire to put them in remembrance of these things, that they may be "good ministers of Jesus Christ," and that they may be instant in season and out of season, in preaching the word, and study to show themselves approved of God, "workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Then we would see the Lord more glorified in our midst; and souls, many souls would be added to the Church of such as shall be saved and then the fearful heart would be strong, the weak hands strengthened, and the feeble knees confirmed, and this solitary wilderness, would rejoice and blossom as the rose. I sincerely hope you are correct, as regards the extempore preaching to be heard in some parts of this diocese, as I am persuaded it is always to be preferred to written sermons. I always discover an indescribable something which is not to be found in the written sermon. I am sure you know what I mean; it seems as if the preacher had just been to that inexhaustible mine of Divine truth, and dug out something new, to hold up to his hearers, in all its freshness and brilliancy. At such times the heart seems to be swarmed more, and to see "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."—I now take leave with expressing a hope that you will not only maintain upon your pages the name, but in the spirit of your paper the character of Berean. Avoid "perverse disputings," and "strifes of words," but contend manfully for the truth as it is in Jesus; and then you will enjoy his favour, and the light of his countenance, which is a greater blessing than man can bestow,

I am yours faithfully

A LAYMAN.

[We insert very readily this letter of our Correspondent's who acquiesces so kindly in our hesitations about publishing his former communication. We doubt not that he is earnestly desirous of the utmost possible improvement to his own soul from the ordinance of preaching, and becomingly zealous for the profit of his fellow-creatures. We entirely concur with him that it is most desirable all ministers should cultivate the gift of what is generally called extempore preaching, but we do not think there is in written sermons necessarily the deficiency which our Correspondent mentions and laments. With many a preacher it is a deep sense of his weighty responsibility that will not suffer him to dispense with written composition; and with many another it is self-confidence that makes him despise it, when perhaps he does not, all his life-time, preach the matter of a dozen sermons, though he may deliver hundreds of extempore discourses. No general rule can be laid down. And when we adopt the term extempore preaching, we apply it to sermons for which the preacher has generally made as ample preparation as if he had written them all out: which he has prayed over, thought over, searched the Scriptures over, and dived for into his heart's experience. These are the sermons in which our Correspondent finds the indescribable something, and there is nothing to prevent the same from being found in written sermons also, if the mind be teachable and free from preconception.—Editor.]

ON THE NESTORIAN MASSACRE.

My Dear Friend—You ask me to give you some account of the recent events among the Nestorians, and of the causes which led to that awful massacre, of which the heart-rending details have reached your ears. I gladly comply with your request, and the more so because I have been myself most accurately and minutely informed of the whole matter from the beginning. Those brutal murders of innocent Christians which are to you one great and solitary tragedy, standing out in bold relief unconnected with the causes that precede and the consequences that have followed them, are to me but a link in a chain of events which reaches back through a long succession of years. You ask if it be true that they indeed arose from "the jealousies of rival missionaries," as some of the newspapers have reported. Let me tell you the tale as it actually occurred, and you may then judge whether religious strife had any part in the matter. But let me first say whence the report to which you allude arose. A young man regaling himself with the summer air of the Bosphorus, has a weekly task of writing a letter to one of the London Journals. His stock of news is exhausted, and he turns in his mind how he shall accomplish his regular stint. He seeks for some easy subject of speculation, and the Nestorian massacre presents itself. He has already given the details of it, and now he imagines that he may fill his sheet with an ingenious theory as to its cause. He pitches upon the differences which he knows are existing among certain missionaries in Mossoul, a city indeed far removed from the scene of action, but what can distant readers know of that? He frames his theory; in the place of facts he puts surmises, and by means of sundry vague insinuations and one rumor, which to a hasty peruser may pass for a fact, he weaves the web of his story. Is one word

of it true? Does he himself believe it? This is a matter of little importance. He has accomplished his task, and may now enjoy his repose. The letter goes to London, is published in one of the leading papers, and is seized upon by others. It passes to America, and there again runs through the papers. In how many I have seen it I can hardly tell; the self-same letter emanating from the idle brain of a young man on the Bosphorus. How much evil may come from one inconsiderate act! Did he reflect that he was implicating the good names of men to whom in many respects he might well look up for example and instruction? Not for a moment. He was amusing himself with his own ingenuity and performing his task of a letter. He never dreamed of consequences. I brought the matter back to his recollection the other day. He had not a word to say in defence of his theory.

And is it possible, I have asked myself over and over again, that these idle lucubrations of an idle letter-writer are taken by grave and intelligent men as sober truth? When I first saw the said letter in print, its gross absurdity to me, who knew the facts of the case, was so palpable that I pointed it out to one or two others as a most eminent specimen of nonsense.

But a little knowledge of facts and circumstances makes all the difference in the world, and of this story it may at least be said that it is not more enormous than some others that have been told of the East, and believed to. But the subject is a serious one, and I will therefore proceed at once to give you some reasons why this strange speculation of the letter-writer is and must be a false one—a mere fabrication that never had existence out of the writer's brains. No one here at Constantinople ever dreamed of imputing the massacre to such a cause, excepting the author himself; and whether he believes it I seriously question. Every one with whom I have conversed, who is informed of the truth of the matter, attributes it to one single cause—the lust of Mohammedan chiefs for dominion. The Nestorians, you well know, have been an independent people for centuries. Living in the retreats of their snow-clad mountains, they have escaped the action of changes which have swept over their country. They have been unmolested, excepting their occasional quarrels with the Kurds, among whom they dwell for ages; and they still might have been unmolested, if the ambition of the Mussulman rulers had not looked with envy upon their liberty. The Turkish Government has long been anxious to subject them to its sway, for they live within the nominal boundaries of Turkey, although owning no allegiance to its authority.

A powerful Pasha was some years ago sent to subdue all the refractory and lawless tribes of Kurdistan, and bring them into subjection to the Sultan. This he had well nigh accomplished, when he was cut off by death. In the execution of his commission he advanced almost to the borders of the Nestorian country, and if his career had not been so suddenly terminated, that too would doubtless have yielded to his arms and intrigues, as did most of Kurdistan to the west of it. But though arrested, the Turkish authorities did not abandon their purpose, and unfortunately they soon found an ally within the country itself. Nourouh Bey, the chief of the powerful tribe of Hakkari Kurds, had long looked with a jealous eye on the power of the Nestorian Patriarch, who was a civil as well as spiritual ruler, and as head of the Christians was first chief of the mountains. Nourouh Bey wished at once to break the strength of the Patriarch, and make himself a sort of Pasha over the whole country. For this purpose he courted alliance with some of the Turkish Pashas, promising, if they would aid him to subdue the country, he would rule as a subject of the Sultan. They listened to his suggestions and helped him with means, and I believe also with men. With their assistance he gradually acquired strength, and in 1841 had an open rupture with the Patriarch. He even deceived some of the Patriarch's own people, and attached them to his interests. All this happened before there was a missionary in the land. In 1841 the Patriarch fled for refuge to another part of the country (the Tiyari district) where, among his own people, he was safe at least from the Bey's designs upon his person. The Bey sought to get him into his toils by stratagem, and sent him messages of peace, proposing to heal all their strifes by friendly conference. But the Patriarch would not listen to his proposals. Last winter Nourouh Bey sent two messages to the Patriarch, inviting him to come to a certain village, and settle all the differences in a fraternal interview. The Patriarch was warned by his own people that a snare was laid for him, and civilly declined the invitation. Nourouh Bey seeing that all hope of accomplishing his purpose by intrigue was cut off, sent to Bedi Khan Bey, another powerful Kurdish chief on the borders of Kurdistan, and proposed a joint expedition for invading the Nestorian country. Bedi Khan Bey, as eager for power as the other, readily accepted it. The plan was formed, their forces joined, and they suddenly made an irruption into the Tiyari district, burning, slaughtering, and leading captive, as you have heard. This was the Nestorian massacre. And now, in all this, where is there any appearance of missionaries or religious discord? The events were in progress before there was a missionary in the country. When Nourouh Bey sent his last message to the Patriarch, the English missionary, who has had so much of the blame to bear, had just reached Mossoul, and whatever contentions arose between him and the American missionaries arose afterwards. Neither Nourouh Bey or Bedi Khan Bey probably ever heard of rival missionaries, or could now tell, if the question were put to them, that the missionaries in Mossoul are not all one body.

It is idle to say that such men, wild, barbarous Kurds who know no more of western christianity than of the religion of the South Sea Islands, could be governed by such a motive to make war upon the Nestorian christians. These men were I presume never in Mossoul. Certainly they have not been there for years. They are Kurdish chiefs who are as ignorant of most things beyond their own territories as of the region of the moon. There is one little incident that may serve to show you how little idea they have of rival missionaries or any thing of the kind. It was necessary, before commencing their invasion, to give some pretext for it to the Pasha of Mossoul,

whose country lay close upon that of the Nestorians and whose sanction, or at least indifference, it was most important for them to secure. Dr. Grant, one of the American missionaries, has erected a spacious building on the mountains which was intended for the use of his prospective mission. He had erected it with the knowledge and sanction of Nourouh Bey, who was under special obligations to him for medical aid, and who well knew that his purpose was to educate the Nestorians and do good. But a pretext for the war was necessary, and a report was sent to the Pasha of Mossoul, that the "English" were building a fort in the mountains and might afterwards come and possess the land. The Kurds did not know enough to distinguish between English and Americans, but confounded them, as all ignorant people do in this country. How little this looks like being moved by the jealousies of rival missionaries you will at once see. They did not even know that there were different bodies of foreigners at Mossoul. English as well as Americans were involved in this pretext, and I happen to know that it gave the English missionary no small trouble. How I like then and I must say, how wicked the insinuation, half conveyed, half withheld, that the English missionary himself was the author of the report to the Pasha! I cannot away with such dreadful trifling with truth and men's characters. It deserves the severest reprehension. The statement which I have given of the real and only cause of the massacre is drawn chiefly from documents which have recently been before me from the Patriarch himself; and he, we must allow, ought to know the real origin of his troubles better than others. The history of the thing has been familiar to me for years. I was the first American who ever resided in Mossoul, and I believe I was the first Protestant traveller who made enquiries among the Nestorians in that quarter. I knew of the state of things then or soon after, and more than a year ago (before the English mission had reached Mossoul) I was making efforts here to arrest the evils that were coming upon the Nestorians. How futile then to say that that mission, contending with the Americans, brought about those evils.

I trust I have said enough to show you that missionary operations or missionary jealousies had nothing to do with the Nestorian massacre. You remark that the course of the Rev. Mr. B. the English missionary, has been much condemned. I agree with you in thinking that his hostile bearing towards the American missionaries is deserving of censure. No one regrets it more than I. No good, but much evil, must come of such contentions. But I should not do justice to the man, if I were not to say, that he is a true friend to the Nestorians, and has been indefatigable in his efforts for their welfare. He has now with him three Nestorian priests and their families, who have fled from their ravaged country, and are dependent upon him for support. He has spared neither time nor labor to secure to the Nestorians their violated rights, and to procure the restoration of the prisoners, and the re-establishment of the Patriarch in his own land. He is the last man to be suspected of injuring the Nestorians. He has shown himself, throughout his troubles, their unwearied benefactor; and of this all must give him the praise, however much his line of policy with regard to the other missionaries, is liable to exception. You already know that I have no partialities which would lead me to speak better of him than he deserves, but I would render all their due.

Believe me truly yours,
Constantinople, Dec. 6th, 1843. H. S.

[The above letter, written by the Rev. Horatio Southgate, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was, we believe, first published by an Editor belonging to that Church, but we take it with pleasure from the columns of the New York Observer, a Non-episcopalian paper, because its appearance there, is an additional voucher for the credit attributed to the statements it contains. The Observer, indeed, mentions expressly that Mr. Southgate's view of the origin of the Nestorian invasion is substantially the same with that assigned by Dr. Grant, missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions. It is satisfactory in two respects, namely, as it removes the heavy charge which had been advanced against missionaries, and as it exhibits the moderation and judgement of the writer in a light highly creditable to his christian and ministerial character.—EDITOR.]

Political and Local Intelligence.

SPAIN.—Of all the countries of the known world, perhaps there is none which presents stronger claims upon the attention and sympathy of the Christian than Spain; and as her internal distractions have of late years given her affairs an unhappy prominence in the events of Christendom, the remarks which follow may not be inappropriate.

In point of antiquity, Spain holds a high rank among the nations of Europe. She was also one of the first where the Christian religion was proclaimed, for it is generally supposed that the Apostle St. Paul visited her soil in person. The History of Spain presents many remarkable extremes: at one period we see her in the power of the Mohammedan Moors, at another, the most zealous protector of Christianity; at one time the most flourishing of states, extending her possessions even to new worlds and holding the first rank among the nations of the earth, but now alas! a prey to civil discord and contention, and scarcely advancing in the arts of civilization.

The period which followed the expulsion of the Moors from the Spanish soil was that of her greatest grandeur. The Sovereigns who then occupied the throne, by their wise and successful administration of the Government, increased the prosperity of the country; and the discovery of the continent of America, while it opened out new avenues to the ambition and daring of the adventurous portion of the population, and gave employment to many restless spirits; added greatly to the resources of the Kingdom and threw an imperishable lustre over the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Another remarkable event of that reign was the establishment of the dreaded Inquisition by a Papal Bull in the year 1478, for the purpose of detecting and suppressing heresy. The atrocities committed by this tribunal, during three centuries, in the language of a modern historian "have contributed more than any

other cause to depress the lofty character of the ancient Spaniard, and have thrown the gloom of fanaticism over those lovely regions which seem to be the natural abode of festivity and pleasure."

Spain has excited great interest since the commencement of the present century on account of the French invasion of that country and the subsequent revolutions. Napoleon under the pretence of attacking Portugal, obtained the right of a free passage for his men through Spain. Having thus succeeded in introducing a large body of his troops into the Spanish territory, he soon compelled the royal family to sign a renunciation of the crown in his favor, and placed his brother Joseph Buonaparte upon the throne. This atrocious act excited the greatest indignation: the people rose en masse, appointed a supreme Junta of Government, and declared war against the invaders. After a long and bloody struggle in which the Spaniards were materially assisted by the treasure and the forces of England and gallantly led on by Lord Wellington, the French were at last dispossessed of the country, and the crown restored to its legitimate owner Ferdinand VII.

The Spanish people were but ill rewarded for their acts of heroism and self denial, but this will be the subject of a future article.

IMPORTANT FROM HAYTI.—Advices received at Charleston, S. C. by way of St. Thomas, state that the negroes have broken into Aux Cayes and murdered the whites and colored—and the President, Herard, is killed. Four hundred persons have taken refuge in Jamaica. In Port au Prince a similar attempt as at Aux Cayes was hourly apprehended.

From a letter dated Dec 25, it appears that Marquesas and Tahiti have been proclaimed open ports for the commerce of all nations—no duties being charged. Munitions of war and spirituous liquors are, however, declared contraband.

EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.—A severe shock of an earthquake was experienced at St. Thomas at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 7th ult. It created great excitement throughout the town for some hours. A number of persons quitted their dwellings for fear of accidents. We are happy to say that no damage occurred. It was supposed from the direction of the roaring, that had news may be expected from the Windward Islands.—(Charleston Mercury.)

HALIFAX, April 25th.—THE APOLLO.—H. M. Troopship Apollo arrived yesterday in 20 days from Port Royal, Jamaica. This ship has on board the second battalion of the 60th Regt. (the King's Royal Rifle Corps.) According to the rotation system, this gallant corps have now come to North America to finish their period of foreign service previous to their return home. It is, we believe, about twenty years since the 60th left this garrison. They will remain here until the navigation of the St. Lawrence is completely open, when both the Apollo and Resistance (the latter with the drafts for Canada,) will take their departure for Quebec.

FARE OF THE UNICORN.—The statement which has found its way into several of the Colonial papers from the Charlotte-Town Islander, to the effect that the fare of the Steamer Unicorn had been reduced from £5 to £3, is contradicted. The passage is the same as formerly.

The 7th Regiment arrived in town on Tuesday morning by the steamer Queen, and marched to the Jesuit Barracks.

At a special meeting of the City Council on Friday last, petitions against the Market House in process of erection in Garden street, were presented from the following:— From the respective officers of Ordnance. From a large number of citizens. From the Trustees of St. Andrew's Church. From the Select Vestry of the Cathedral. They were referred to the Market Committee to report thereon.

FREE CHURCH DEPUTATION.—Dr. Burns of the Free Church of Scotland had a meeting at the Court of Appeal's room on Friday last, when a subscription was opened in aid of the Church building fund in Scotland. We understand that two individuals of this city subscribed £100 each, the other contributions were not considerable.

Dr. Burns preached at the Congregational Church on Friday evening, and at the Wesleyan, on Saturday; yesterday, at St. John's and St. Andrew's Churches, and collections were made at all of them.

This morning a public breakfast was given to the Reverend gentleman at PAYNE'S HOTEL, and further liberal subscriptions obtained.

There are differences of opinion on the subject of the late disruption in the Church of Scotland, and a disposition to "non interference," in many. Those who have heard Dr. Burns, all agree as to his talents and the zeal with which he acquires himself of his mission.—Gazette of Monday.

CLERICAL:—The Rev. Mr. Adamson has been appointed assistant minister of Christ Church, Montreal.

MONTREAL, May 4.—MORE TROUBLES ON THE CANALS.—We learn from Beauharnois that the whole of the men employed on the Canal struck for wages on the 1st instant. It appears that at the time of the strike the men were working for 2s. 6d. a day—the hours being from half past 5 o'clock to seven. Their demand was for 2s. 9d. a day, which the contractors, on deliberation agreed to give them, and it was then supposed that all would go on well. Instead of this being the case, they immediately afterwards demanded 3s. which the contractors refused to give, and the consequence is that the works have been suspended till the 1st June.—Transcript.

The St. Lawrence and Rideau Canals are open. Steamers arrived from Montreal via the Rideau on Monday night, and the mail steamer Highlander, came up to this port yesterday, by the St. Lawrence.—Kingston Chronicle.

CORNWALL, May 2nd.—The little steamer "Pioneer" braved the Rapids on the north side of the Long Sault, (commonly called the "Lost Channel") last week, with the greatest ease imaginable.—This is the first steamer that ever attempted to descend this channel before, and now that it is found practicable, it will be the future thoroughfare of boats similar in size to that of the Pioneer. The fine boats Gildersleeve and Canada,

Captains Bowen and Lawless, run alternately in conjunction with the Highlander through the canal.—Id.

The Quebec Forwarding Company's barge Decezon, Antoine Charbonneau, master, arrived here yesterday morning in 67 hours from Kingston, with 1050 barrels of flour for P. Langlois & Son. This passage, we may remark, is one of almost unprecedented quickness.

Postscript.

9 o'clock.—The Steamer Queen has just arrived from Montreal, and gives us the gratifying intelligence of the arrival at Boston, on Sunday last, of the Mail Steamer Hibernia. The Unicorn has not yet appeared. We are able to give only a few items of the news, compiled from Wilmer and Smith's European Times. The abstract of the quarter's revenue is gratifying, as it shows a considerable increase on the quarter and year. The three per cent Consols are at par, the first time for many years. The motion which was brought forward in the House of Commons by Sir Andrew Leith Hay, to reward the surviving Officers of the Peninsular war, was withdrawn after some discussion.

Prince Albert has returned from Germany. Lord Abinger, one of the first English Lawyers, died on the 7th ult. at the age of 67 years.

It is reported that Sir James Graham is to retire from the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The sentence upon Mr. O'Connell and his associates had not yet been delivered, but it was supposed that Government intended to imprison him. Mr. O'Connell had attended a great Repeal dinner at Cork, at which more than 800 persons were present.

The Lords of the Admiralty have lately issued instructions positively forbidding officers of the Navy from giving or accepting challenges, or being in any way concerned in duelling.

The intelligence from China and our Indian possessions is highly satisfactory. Peace and tranquillity prevailed. Messrs. G. B. Symes and Roberts are among the passengers by the Hibernia.

Port of Quebec.

ARRIVED.
May 3d—Ship Great Britain, Swinburn, London, 19th March, P. McGill & Co. general cargo, 2 cabin passengers.
—4th—Ship Caledonia, Allan, 30th March, Glasgow, G. B. Symes, general cargo, 17 cabin passengers.
—7th—Bark City of Rochester, Campbell, 19th March, Toulon, T. Froste & Co. ballast.
— " —Bark Mahaica, Jump, 29th March, Liverpool, Armour & Whitford, gen. cargo, 1 cabin passenger.

CLEARED.
May 3d—Bark Universe, Meredith, Liverpool, T. C. Lee.
—4th—Sch. Coquette, Levey, Miramichi, A. Gilmour & Co.
—7th—Sch. St. Laurent, Bernier, Bathurst, G. B. Symes.
—8th—Sch. Julie, Marguerite, Blais, Miramichi, do.

ENTERED FOR LOADING.
May 2d—Cromwell, 1026, Liverpool, J. Munn; Munn's Wharf.
— Prince Charlie, 733, do. do. do.
— Calm, 43, Miramichi, Deau, Rodger & Co. Morrison's Wharf.
— Sea Gull, 47, Dalhousie, do. do.
— 6th—Amity, 183, Liverpool, M. J. Wilson, Diamond Harbour.
— 7th—Gaspé Packet, 74, Miramichi, H. J. Noud, Budden's Wharf.
— Caroline, 38, do. do. do.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

The Great Britain and Caledonia left for Montreal on the 4th instant. The latter vessel met with a great deal of heavy ice near the Banks. The Mahaica left for Montreal on the 7th inst. 8th, 4 p. m.—A light Brig reported as coming up.

QUEBEC MARKETS.

Corrected by the Clerks of the Markets up to Tuesday, 7th May, 1844.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, s. d., s. d., s. d. Includes items like Beef, Mutton, Ditto, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese, Fish, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Potatoes, Turnips, Maple Sugar, Peas, Flour, Oats, Hay, Straw, Fire-wood.

W. HOSSACK, JUNR.

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened an Establishment for the sale of Groceries, Wines, Liquors &c. in the premises, corner of St. Ann and Garden Streets. UPRER TOWN MARKET PLACE, where he will have always on hand a choice assortment of goods in the line, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. Quebec, 8th May, 1844.

M. PIERCE,

TO LET, THREE OFFICES on Arthur Street, opposite the Exchange. Apply to CHRISTIAN WHITELE, St. Paul's St. Quebec, 4th April, 1844.

FOR SALE, FORTY BAGS COFFEE, AND A FEW TONS LIGNUMVITE. R. PENISTON, India Wharf. Quebec, 1st April, 1844.

NEW GOODS, PER "GREAT BRITAIN."

CLOVER & FRY

Will show this day, the 9th instant, THEIR SPRING STOCK OF STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, SILKS, &c. OF THE LATEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS, PERSONALLY SELECTED BY MR. FRY, To which they respectfully invite the attention of the public.

THE remainder of their SPRING IMPORTATIONS, consisting of a large and complete Stock of FANCY and STAPLE GOODS of all descriptions will be received by the "ZEALOUS," from London; the "ALEXANDER WISE," from Liverpool, and other vessels, on the arrival of which, their Store will be closed for 5 or 6 days, and further notice given. May 8, 1844.

ARRIVAL OF RICH FANCY GOODS,

Per Ships Great Britain, Pearl, Zealous, & Lady Selton, SELECTED IN LONDON, PARIS, MANCHESTER, AND GLASGOW MARKETS,

THE Subscribers beg respectfully to announce, that in the course of a few days, they will submit for inspection their NEW STORES, facing John Street and foot of Fabrique Street, A VERY ELEGANT AND FASHIONABLE ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS, Recently selected by one of their firm, which consist in part of,

- Queen's Paisley and Satin Shawls and Scarfs in every style; Watered Satin Mantillas, Cardinal Capes, &c. &c.; Rich Watered Silks for Dresses, in every shade and colour. Striped and Worsted Figured Balzarine's Muslins and Swiss Muslins. Rich French Satins, for Dresses, French Boots and Shoes, Gloves, &c. Lunetta, Cashmere, Parametta Lyons Cloth and Lustras for Dresses. Black Buge Berthas, Collars, Girdles, &c. &c. Rich Striped Silk Tabanets and Damasks, for curtains, chair and sofa coverings. The newest style of Fashionable Bonnets and Ribbons. Brussels, Imperial and Kidderminster Carpetings, Floor Oil Cloths, &c. Superfine Cloths, Fancy and Plain Kerseymeres.

The above assortment will be found, on inspection, to be the most superior qualities, and of the latest fashions, the greater part having been purchased in London and Paris last month.

BENJAMIN & BROTHERS.

Quebec, 8th May, 1844. HATS, EXPRESSLY MADE IN BRITAIN FOR THE QUEBEC BRANCH OF THE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LONDON HAT WAREHOUSE.

W. S. HENDERSON & CO. PROPRIETORS,

HAVE just unpacked the largest and most splendid Stock of Goods in the above line they have ever had in their power to offer to the public, consisting of Gentlemen's best Velvet Nap Beavor and Paris Hats, Ladies' Riding and Children's Hats of every description, with Youths, Men's Stuff, Waterproof and Silk Hats, in all their varied shapes and textures. From the immense quantity of Goods in the above line which annually disposes of, the Proprietors are thereby enabled to take an exceedingly small profit on every article.

MILITARY AND FANCY CLOTH CAPS MADE TO ORDER.

All goods returnable after sale, if not approved of.

Quebec, 19th April, 1844. NO SECOND PRICE.

Fourth's Corner.

**POCAHONTAS,
THE INDIAN GIRL.**

Compiled from the *Berean* from Hale's *United States, Sparks' American Biography, and Bancroft's United States.*

When you look down upon the river, some one of these days, from the Platform, you will see two Steamers there with black sides and red funnels, looking very much alike, only the one large and the other small. You could almost fancy that the one was an old, large sea-monster, and the other its young one. But perhaps you know already that the large Steamer is the *Unicorn*; its name is taken from the fabulous animal formed like a horse with one horn on its forehead. The little Steamer has, I think, been built to resemble her, but she is called the *Pocahontas*, and has her name from a very dear Indian girl, of whom I am going to give you an account this time.

In the country which is now called Virginia, some five or six hundred miles from Quebec, there is a small stream called York River, on the banks of which Powhatan, a powerful Indian Chief, bore rule at the time when the English began to make settlements on that coast. A very bold and daring man among those settlers was Captain John Smith, who many times went up the river to see the country and get provisions, and had severe encounters with the Indians. On one occasion, in the year 1607, he visited Powhatan's country, and while he was shooting game at a distance, his boat-people were surprised and killed by the Indians, and Smith himself was discovered and taken prisoner, because he sank up to his middle in a swamp, where he could not do any thing for his defence. He was marched through the country in triumph and with many threatenings for six weeks, and at last he was presented before Powhatan, for him to decide what was to be done with the prisoner.

The Chief was seated on his sort of throne, and by his side sat his little daughter, about twelve years old. In all the accounts which we have of her, she is called Pocahontas, for that is the name by which she became known to the English; but her real name was Matoaka, and it is thought the Indians were afraid of some evil befalling her, if the English were informed how she was really called, hence they told them another name of her.

A long and solemn consultation now took place between the old Chief and his warriors; and the end was, that the prisoner must be put to death. Two large stones were brought, Smith was dragged near and his head placed upon them, that his brains might be beaten out. One man on each side raised his club, and each waited only for a nod from Powhatan to execute his savage command.

At this moment, Pocahontas rushed forward, clasped the helpless man's head in her arms, and laid her own head upon his as a defence. Her tender heart had melted with compassion for the unfortunate prisoner; she took this way of either saving Smith's life or dying with him. The Indian's iron heart was touched by this instance of tenderness, and he said to his warriors, as the prisoner seemed to be a cunning man, he might as well be spared to make hatchets for their Chief, and bells and beads for his little daughter. But the altered mind of the Chief did not stop at simply sparing the prisoner's life. After two days, he declared that they should thenceforth be friends, and the white man should be safely escorted back to his settlement. He kept his word. Twelve of his men accompanied Captain Smith as guides and guards to Jamestown, and returned with a variety of presents for Powhatan and his family.

From this time, we hear of Pocahontas now and then as the steady friend of the white settlers. At different times, when they were in great distress, she procured for them supplies of provisions, coming with a wild train of girls loaded with baskets of corn to relieve their wants. In the year 1609, she hastened through the woods in a dark and dreary night, at the peril of her own life if she were detected by her people, to tell Smith of a plot for the destruction of all the English by the Indians. The year after, she saved the life of a boy named Henry Spelman, who spent many years afterwards among the Indians. But it may be she became disheartened at the frequent occurrence of bloody wars and acts of cruelty which she had to witness and which she could not always prevent; for in the year 1612, we find that she had retired from her father's dominions to stay near the dwelling of another Chief, where one Captain Argall discovered her on a trading voyage which he made up the river. Now he concluded that it would be a great thing gained, if the English could get possession of her person, because as long as she was in their power, her old father would be kept at peace with them; and could be required to render them every help they might be in want of. He then promised presents to the Chief of the country and his wife, if they would help him to get Pocahontas on board his vessel and to carry her off to Jamestown. This wicked couple agreed to his dishonest proposal. The woman allured Pocahontas to go with her and her husband to the ship, and

when they got on board, the open-hearted girl found that she was a captive. She wept bitterly at this treachery of the white man, to whose people she had all along been so true a friend; yet she was not long in getting over this trouble, for she could expect no unkind treatment from the English at the settlement. And in this, she was not disappointed.

Captain Smith was not any longer on the coast at this time. Messengers were sent to Powhatan to tell him that his daughter was in the power of the English, and to demand that he should give up all the captives and arms that he had ever taken from them. The old Chief became very angry; it was three months before he gave an answer, making some offers, but when he found that the English would not lessen their demands, he broke off again all communications with them.

In the year 1613, the English went up armed to Powhatan's country, to try if they could frighten the Chief. They took Pocahontas with them. Two of her brothers came to see her, and found her well and contented. The English also sent one John Rolfe and another settler as messengers to treat with Powhatan; but they did not see him, and no satisfaction was obtained by this attempt. In the mean time, however, John Rolfe and Pocahontas had become very fond of each other, and the young man had an earnest desire, not only that she should become his wife, but also that she should be a partaker with him of the hopes of the gospel. He was almost distracted on the one hand by the dread of marrying a heathen, and on the other by his desire of making her his companion for life. There was a minister of the Church of England at the settlement, and a little church, wild in appearance as every thing was at the time, the roof resting on rough pine-posts, fresh from the forest, and the sides just hewn to fit into each other at the ends; and in it there was a font hewn hollow out of the trunk of a tree, to hold the water for baptism. John Rolfe's struggle of mind was at last relieved and his zeal rewarded; for Pocahontas renounced her country's idolatry, embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized at that simple font in the little church in the wilderness. Her lover's honourable proposals were kindly received by her, and cheerfully approved by her father and relatives. Her uncle Opachisco and two of her brothers were present, in the month of April 1613, when she was given in marriage to John Rolfe, and peace was concluded between the English and all the Indians who stood in awe of Powhatan's power.

John Rolfe and his wife had lived three years happily together, and she had born him a little son, when they decided upon a visit to England. They landed there on the 12th of June, and Pocahontas was received with great marks of distinction, of which she showed herself every way deserving, her natural good sense and true kindness of heart having brought her soon to adopt gentle manners. She had been told Captain Smith was dead; now when she saw him alive in England, she seemed overcome with feeling; and when she recovered herself, she insisted upon calling him father, and that she must be his child, as long as she should be in England.

After seeing the magnificence of England, she prepared, without any feelings of regret, to leave it again and return to the freedom of the western forests, and to gladden once more the eyes of her father whose race of life was nearly run. But God had determined otherwise. Early in the year 1617, she was taken sick at Gravesend, and died, her firmness and resignation in the trying hour bearing witness to the sincerity of the profession which she made at her baptism in the wilderness. The hand of mercy saved her from beholding the wasting of her tribe by that savage warfare which she had been the blessed means of restraining. She was taken from the evil to come, being only about twenty two years old, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory endued with perpetual youth.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are understanding to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down.—*Leighton.*

THE WHITE PLUMES.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Walking slowly on a sultry day along the high path that skirted a public road, my attention was roused by the sudden question of a little child, "What is coming behind us? See, it is all black and white." I turned and saw a mourning coach, through the side windows of which projected the ends of a small coffin with its velvet pall; followed by a similar carriage, containing three or four gentlemen in black cloaks. The usual attendants, with their long staves, walked with measured

steps on either side the coaches, their hand-bands being of white silk, as were those of the drivers. But what had chiefly attracted the observation of my little companion, was the stately plume of white feathers waving on the heads of noble horses, whose glossy coats of jet black, velvet housings, long flowing manes and tails, and majestic bearing, as they paced along with restrained animation, could derive no additional grace from what, nevertheless, gave a striking finish to the spectacle.

"It is a baby's funeral," said I.

"But why are the feathers white? I thought all funerals went in mourning, and white is no mourning, you know."

I explained to the little enquirer the custom of substituting white for black on such an occasion; and then gratified his wish by accompanying, or rather following, the procession to the church, which was not far distant.

Why are the plumes white? I mentally repeated, and looked again at those waving crests. In point of fact they were not white, for the dusty road had imparted to them enough of its own substance to disguise their snowy aspect. Belonging, as they certainly did, to the pomps and vanities of this world, they wore its livery—defilement. Still, as distinguished from customary black, they were white plumes; and, with the other admixtures of that hue, shed light upon the darksome accompaniments, like sunshine breaking into smiles the cloudy shadows on some distant hill. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was the text that occurred to my mind; and I dwelt upon the "sure and certain hope" that, in the case of an infant taken away, as infants undoubtedly are, from the evil to come, cannot fail to mingle a beam of gladness even with the first deep sorrow of a bereaved parent. Again I looked; and again the proud tread of those stately horses, the waving of their bright crests, and the fluttering of the white-edged pall, as a current of air passed occasionally through the windows, bespoke a character less of mourning than of triumph. I thought of the little inmate, riding there in solitary state, as of one who had conquered in the battle without striking a blow, succeeded in the race without moving a foot; and who now was crowned with glory incorruptible, never to fade away. It seemed almost a privilege to follow in such a train, to assist at such an ovation. But when the procession had reached its appointed place, and the pageantry, withdrawing, left the coffin, to be laid upon its tressels in the aisle of the church, and David's touching lament over frail mortality was poured forth, the joyousness of the preceding moments gave place to feelings sad and solemn, as the mind reverted to what man was at his bright creation, and what he is become through the entrance of sin and death. Scarcely could a handful of earth be selected from the ground whereon we stood, when the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place, which had not once been instinct with rational life, capable of glorifying God, whose is the body no less than the soul; and, O, among the multitude who had there become dust, how few might I dare to hope, had so glorified him! Dark, indeed, is the history of man, as written on earth's surface in characters formed by its rising mounds; and again I rejoiced that another had been rescued ere he could lift a hand, or form a thought, in rebellion against his God. Still, rebellion was his inheritance; and the taint would have speedily showed itself in open acts of presumptuous sin, proving his natural claim to a rebel's doom; a portion of which, the penalty of bodily death, had already been awarded, in token that he was liable to the whole infliction; but the short history of that babe was beautifully summed up in one line of the well known epitaph:

"He died, for Adam sinned; he lives, for Jesus [died]."

As I passed where the carriage waited to convey the mourners back to their distant residence, I looked for the white plumes; but they were gone. It was well, for what had he farther to do with any of this world's idle show? The earth had enclosed him, to open no more that portal, till she shall be called to yield up her dead, and to restore, in power and incorruption, what had been sown in weakness and dishonour. The white plumes, wherewith parental love had done honour to the baby's obsequies, could honour him no longer; but white robes had glittered in heaven, and palms had waved, and harps of gold had been tuned, to welcome a lamb, from among the lost sheep, to the soft green pastures and fountains of living waters, where the good Shepherd tends his happy flock for ever. O that we could realize these things more feelingly! We live in a shadowy world, and grasp at those shadows, as though they were the only real substance: while on that which endureth for ever we cast but now and then a transient thought, or stretch forth a wishful hand, without any real and vigorous effort to lay hold on eternal life. The trappings of woe are soon laid aside, and with them, too readily, the lesson that they perchance had brought to our reluctant minds. May the Holy Spirit, helping our infirmities, put life and meaning into the prayer too often mechanically uttered, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

PROSPECTS FOR AFRICA.

(From the *Friend of the Africans.*)

Extract from a Letter of Lieutenant Raymond, of Her Majesty's Brigantine "Spy," to Captain Foote; dated Prince's, December 11, 1812.

"At 8 p. m. of the 1st instant, I received the letters from the respective Chiefs, and upon the turn of the tide (then flood) I dropt down the river, and went to sea, for the purpose of rejoining you.

"With regard to the degree of power possessed by the two Chiefs, Eyamba, of Calabar, and Eyo, of Creek Town, Calabar, I am of opinion, from all the information I have been able to obtain, that they are entirely independent of each other, and possess sole power in their respective dominions, which are very extensive; they wish to become planters of cotton and coffee, to give employment to the immense number of Slaves they have by them; and, above all, to have a Missionary sent out to teach them; they are more disposed to be civilised here than at any other place I have yet been to."

Old Calabar, December 1, 1812.

"Now we have settled Treaty for not buying Slaves, I must tell you something I want your Queen to do for us; now we can't sell Slaves again, we must have too many man for country, and want something for make work and trade. And if we could have some seed for cotton and coffee, we could make trade; plenty sugar-cane live here, and if some man could come to teach way for do it, we get plenty sugar too; and then some man must come for teach book proper, and make all man serve God for white man; and then we go on by same fashion; we thank you too much for do what thing you have, and coming to keep thing right; long time we no look man of war; all same Mr. Blount promise, and one Frenchman been for make plenty palaver for Slave side when he can't have them: you been do very proper for us, and now we want to keep proper mouth, I hope some man of war must come sometimes with proper captain. All same you to look out for us, and help us to keep word. I hope Queen Victoria, and young Prince, will live long time, and we shall get good friend.

"I am your best friend,
(Signed,) "KING EYAMBA,
(The King of all Blackman.)"

Creek Town, December 1, 1812.

"I have too much man now, I can't sell Slaves, and don't know what for do for them; but if I can catch some small cotton here, and coffee to grow, and man to teach me, and to make all sugar-cane live for country come up proper, and sell for trade side, I very glad. Mr. Blyth tell me England glad for send man to teach for understand God all same white man; if Queen do so, I glad too much.

(Signed,) "KING EYO HONESTY."

WOMAN'S BEST TREASURE.

In the year 1140, the castle of Weinsberg in Suabia, into which Duke Guelf of Bavaria had thrown himself, was besieged by the Emperor Conrad III. of Germany. Being reduced to great distress, and knowing that his powerful enemy had sworn to give quarter to none of the seditious garrison within, the duke opened negotiations for the safety of the guiltless females at least; and no difficulty was experienced in obtaining the Emperor's consent that they all should leave the castle with as much as each of them could carry of what was dearest to her. As soon as these terms had been secured, the castle-gates opened, and forth came the fair prisoners—the Duchess and all the other ladies, each with her husband upon her back: they had nothing dearer to them than these. The Emperor was exceedingly affected, and confessed himself fairly taken in.

A benevolent Society now exists in that part of Germany, having for its object the relief of distressed women who have distinguished themselves by conjugal faithfulness under circumstances requiring painful sacrifice—for instance, by devoted attendance upon a husband under protracted sickness.—From a *German's note book.*

RESPONSE TO PREACHING.

Father Rocco, a popular preacher in Sicily, was one day delivering a penitential sermon at which his audience manifested uncommon feeling. When he thought them sufficiently impressed with a sense of their guilt in the sight of God, he suddenly addressed them in these words: "Whoever amongst you feels self-condemned and sincerely penitent, let him lift up his hand." Instantly all hands before him were raised high up. He then exclaimed with great solemnity: "And if any hand is now raised hypocritically, O Archangel Michael, who holdest the adamant sword of divine vengeance, cut it off!" At which with equal promptitude every hand was dropped.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

It is not present to every English Teacher's mind, that in teaching his scholar letters, he requires him to learn a number of names quite arbitrary and not a little puzzling to his little brains. Why should he be called *aitch*? why should z be called *izzard*, as we often hear it, and q be called *kw*? Some years ago, a Gentleman in Gloucestershire appeared as a witness in court. He was asked his name, "Ottiwel Wood" was the answer. "How do you spell it?" He had to reply as follows:

"O double tea
I double you
E double ell
Double you
Double O
D."

It is much to be wondered at, when such is the first entrance upon development of the faculties at school, that the number of puzzle-heads is not far greater than we find it.

Principle, rectitude, a firm holding on in consistency, will at length command respect, though at particular periods you may have to go through much evil report.

Try to raise man to Christianity; do not lower Christianity to man.

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Ps. cxix. 57.—Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I would keep thy word: 1st Samuel, iii. 10.—Speak, Lord: for thy servant heareth!
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