



For the Colonial Churchman.

Dear Editors,  
The following beautiful lines I have transcribed for insertion in your very valuable paper, the reading of which has given me much important information, and relieved many a painful hour. I remain your obedient and respectful servant,  
Ovi.

"GOD IS LOVE."

1 John iv. 8.

Dear child of grief! why weepst thou?  
Why droops thy sad and mournful brow?  
Why is thy look so like despair?  
What deep, wild sorrow lingers there?  
How mourn'st perchance, for some one gone,  
A friend—a wife—a little one:  
Yet mourn not, for thou hast above,  
A friend in God, and "God is Love."

Was it remorse that laid thee low?  
Is it for sin thou mournest so?  
Truly thine is a heavy grief,  
Yet, mourner, there is still relief.  
A friend above can pardon give,  
He gave His life that thou might'st live:  
Seek then, for comfort from above,  
Thy friend is God, and "God is Love."

Has cold unkindness wounded thee?  
Does thy lov'd friend now from thee flee?  
O turn thy thoughts from earth to heaven,  
There no such cruel wounds are given.  
In all thy varying scenes of woe,  
The lot of fallen man below,  
Still lift thy fearful eye above,  
And hope in God, for "God is Love."

Sweet is the thought in wretchedness,  
"This earth is not our resting place,"  
And sweet the promise of the Lord,  
To all who love His name and word,  
Then weeping pilgrim dry thy tears,  
Comfort on every side appears;  
An eye beholds thee from above,  
The eye of God, and "God is Love."

For the Colonial Churchman.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.—NO. IV.

Meditation and Prayer should go together—morning prayer is especially our duty. We are then fittest for prayer when we are in the most fresh, lively, and composed frame. We have then most need of prayer, considering the dangers and temptations of the day to which we are exposed.—M. Henry.

THURSDAY.

The light burden.—"My burden is light," said the Redeemer. A light burden indeed, which presses him who bears it.—Bernard.

FRIDAY.

Lord if my hope dare let her anchor fall  
On Thee, the chiefest good, no need to call  
The earth's inferior trash: Thou—Thou art all in all.  
Quarle.

SATURDAY.

Happiness.—O happy heart, where piety affecteth: where humility subjecteth: where repentance reverence perfecteth: where obedience directeth: where perseverance perfecteth: where power protecteth: where devotion projecteth: where Charity connecteth.—Augustine.

SUNDAY.

Blessed Lord, I adore Thy wise and gracious appointments for the edification of Thy church in ho-

liness and love. I thank Thee that Thou hast commanded Thy servants to form themselves into Societies: and I adore my gracious Saviour who hath instituted, as with His dying breath, the holy solemnity of His Supper—to be through all ages a memorial of His dying love, and a bond of union to His people.—Doddridge.

MONDAY.

Our Father.—God is the Father of whom are all things. 1 Cor. 8. 6. 64 Is. 8. and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. 3 Eph. 14. He is our Father in respect to

1. His care in preserving us.
2. His goodness in assisting us.
3. His authority in correcting us.
4. His mercy in forgiving us, and
5. His love in providing for our present and eternal happiness.—Bp. Hobart.

TUESDAY.

Reliance on God.—Believers ought to possess their souls in patience, and to believe that 'not a hair of our heads falls to the ground' without the knowledge of our heavenly Father. And this one truth may compose our spirits against all storms and disasters, and teach us to resign ourselves without struggling to the disposal of heaven. When we are sincerely humbled for our sins, both national and personal, 'He will visit us again in the multitude of his tender mercies;' and therefore it is more our duty to look unto him that smiteth us, than to complain of our oppressors.—Bp. Morton.

WEDNESDAY.

Resignation.—

When are we happiest here? O! when resigned  
To whatsoever our cup of life may brim;  
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,  
Creatures of earth, and trust alone on Him  
Who giveth in his mercy Joy or Pain;  
Oh! we are happiest then.—Browne.

THURSDAY.

Humility.—To obtain and cherish this excellent spirit we should consider that we are—

- 1, Mortal. 2, Dependant—Acts 17. 28. 1 Cor. 5. 7. 3, Ignorant—8 Job, 9. 4, Sinful—3 Rom. 23. 1. 1 John 1. 19.

SIGMA.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

Selections from Addresses delivered at the meeting of members in London, 22d June, 1838.

The Archbishop of Armagh, in moving that the report just read be received, printed, and circulated, said that that document contained a statement of the objects of the Society, of the matters which had attended its progress, and of the claims it had upon the liberality of the meeting for support, to enable it to continue and increase its extension of information in the sacred cause in which it was engaged.—Whatever good had been effected by other societies of a somewhat similar character, their own had taken the precedence, and therefore those others could only boast of having followed a brighter example. That however, which invested the society with the greatest extent of interest in his eye was, that it was directly connected with the church establishment of the country. (Hear, hear.) The right rev. prelate then referred to the fact of a sum of £1000 having been placed at the disposal of the society by a gentleman of the name of Jackson, of the county of Armagh, for the purposes of the propagation of the Gospel in the East (hear, hear) and concluded by dilating on the great importance of the objects of the society, and expressing a conviction that the appeal it was about to make throughout the country would not be made in vain.

Sir J. Graham seconded the resolution with the warmest feelings of satisfaction.

The resolution having been put and carried unanimously—

The Bishop of London rose to move the second resolution. The rev. prelate dwelt at great length on the vast moral benefits which must accrue to mankind, of whom millions in the colonies were at the present moment ignorant even of the existence of a Creator, by the effective carrying out the objects of the society. Look at the almost countless numbers who were in that situation. Why, if it were not for the measures which had been adopted by the society, the whole of these unfortunate individuals would have remained in the same dark ignorance as that with which they were surrounded before they were brought within the range of the British dominions. Through their exertions there had been raised the model of the christian church in North America. It was to that society that that vast empire was indebted for the existence of an episcopal church. (Hear, hear.) So in others parts of their colonial possessions it was with the view of enabling them to go on in the good work, and to extend their operations, that they now sought to be furnished with further measures. He was aware it might be said that it was the duty of the Government to do this work. He was aware it might be said, and he should be one of the foremost to say so, that it was an incumbent duty on the Government of a country professing Christianity to affect this object. (Cheers) He was aware, too, on the other hand, that the policy of economy and other causes might be held up as operating against the proposition issuing from the Government. But it was, nevertheless, a solemn duty which they ought to have performed. (Hear, hear.) He was not, however, altogether without hope that the day would arrive when they would retrace their steps, and by their actions truly give the country a just claim to the declaration that it was a christian country. (Hear, hear.) Let him not be understood to say that the Government had been entirely neglectful. That which he meant to convey was, that they had not fulfilled all their duties in respect to providing religious instruction in the colonies in the manner they ought to have done. (Hear, hear.) The force of argument, he trusted, and the expression of public opinion out of doors, provided that manifestation of opinion were accompanied with a proper observance of temper, by a christian people would evince to the Government, that whatever they themselves might think of the duty of a government on the subject, still that the people were not forgetful of the solemn obligations which religion had imposed upon them. (Hear, hear.)—It was, he asserted, the duty of a Christian Government to take care, that if the state of political opinion, or internal economy, or an over-growing population, were such as to render it necessary, for the maintenance of peace and tranquillity, that a considerable number of the less fortunate individuals should be advised to emigrate to more distant parts of the British possessions, that on their arrival at their destination they should not be destitute of those religious comforts to which they had been accustomed in the mother country. [Hear, hear.] They were entitled to the benefits of the Christian church. [Hear, hear.] Was it an act of charity or of Christianity to expatriate a man or to induce a man to expatriate himself, to quit his native shores, and perhaps every friend he had in the world, and to go to a foreign and distant land, with the certainty that he should be deprived of again having the miseries of this life mitigated by the consolations of a Christian church, of that church in whose ordinances he had been brought up? Could it, he would ask, be doubted that where those instances had occurred, it was the deepest infiction which could be visited on Christian man? [Hear, hear.] It was to lessen

the evil he had pictured, in the absence of the requisite assistance from the Government, that they were that day assembled, and he was glad to remark that he augured much good from their proceedings. [Hear, hear.]

Mr. Justice Coleridge entered into a detail of the lamentable state into which the persons whom in consequence of a violation of the laws of their country, himself and brethren of the bench were compelled to transport, were thrown, from the fact of their not being provided with religious comforts after they arrived at their place of destination, and in support of his statement read an extract from the report of the diocesan of Australia, who described the convicts as having fallen into a condition as dreadful to contemplate as that of a race of heathens. He strongly implored the exercise of activity in the cause in which they had embarked. (Hear, hear.)

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors, (No. 9.)

In support of my opposition to the pretended liberty of conscience now so fashionable, I beg leave to mention a few facts which have lately come under my observation.

In the place where I reside are a few families who choose to say that they do not belong to the church, yet as they have no place of worship of their own, and are not visited, some of their members are often found worshipping among my own people, where, of course, all are welcome. For a long time I could not conceive what was the reason that these people took so much pleasure in calling themselves dissenters, especially as they could not attend any of their meetings, and appeared glad to enjoy all the ordinances of our own communion, such as, baptism, marriage, burial, pastoral visits, and the public services whenever the church was open; but I soon found out the causes, for they were many.

First.—One of the heads of these families had no religion at all, being a drunkard, and never in the habit of attending any place of worship. I have had good reasons to believe that his chief reason for being a dissenter is, that he may pay less to a sect than he would do to the church; for as he is situated he may never have to pay any thing at all towards the support of that religion upon which the present and eternal welfare of the world so much depends, and in which all are concerned, and his numerous family, as well as others. He, however, often called upon me to perform several offices of religion for his family, but never has placed his feet within the Church since I have been in the place, though he lives quite close to it, and his children often attend. If I ask him what is the reason that he never comes to church he says that he is a dissenter; and if I ask him what are his objections to our doctrines or form of worship, he says that he finds no difference at all in our doctrines, but that it merely so happens that he prefers another form of worship.—Is not this a most striking illustration of the practical evils of dissent, and liberty of conscience? Here is a man who is glad to have an excuse for not attending a place of worship, merely because he would have to pay something for the support of religion, or because he has no taste or inclination for it, and he prefers remaining at home, sleeping, smoking his pipe, drinking, or attending to some common business. Yet his excuse is a "conscientious one." He is a dissenter from motives of conscience, he says, and therefore we dare not suppose evil concerning this infallible guide! Liberty of conscience says that he must be right, and it is enough! Dissent has made him suppose that he needs never contribute towards the support of public worship unless he can have it exactly as he likes it, and so he may manage to go on free of expense, as regards religion at least, as long as he lives, for his conscience may grow wiser and wiser, and discover new causes of complaint, according to circumstances, and even in

the very Society to which he professes to belong! So, dissent, and liberty of conscience, are very convenient things indeed for those who like to enjoy all their privileges, and if they continue to prosper only a few years more, we have reason to expect a full indulgence in all that we like, and in all that can please our fancy, or our feelings!

Secondly.—Another of these families plainly told their neighbours that they did not like to say that they belonged to the church because they would then be under the more immediate superintendence of the ministers, &c., &c.; and when some young people were coming to me, some time ago, to receive instructions preparatory to confirmation, having spoken to them before on the subject, they were told by their dissenting neighbours that they might easily have spared themselves all that trouble by doing like them, and saying that they did not belong to the church. (This was the answer which I received from them when I asked them whether they intended to be confirmed.) Here again, it was not the doctrines of the Church to which they objected, but to the trouble which a closer connection with us would bring upon them;—they were afraid of being exhorted a little too much;—they were not too fond of having a spiritual pastor always at their heels;—they thought they could enjoy liberty of conscience, and all the privileges of dissent as well as thousands of others, and they were right indeed!—but not according to God's word—not according to the Apostle's command, "obey them that have the rule over you, and who watch for your souls," and submit yourselves." How then were they right? According to the prevailing notion—the dissenting opinion, and the unscriptural doctrines, that men may follow the kind of preachers which they like best, and that "all creeds are alike!!" In this instance we have another formidable proof of the dangerous effects of dissent. Nothing can be more tempting for young people, without much knowledge of religion, and yet gay and thoughtless, than the thought of being allowed to do just as they please. It is no wonder at all that dissent thrives so well upon earth. It is the best remedy which a person who finds any difficulty with his church can adopt. It upsets the whole Bible, by upsetting the whole fabric of God's institutions; and it does all this enormous mischief by highly extolling some passages of scripture, often misinterpreting them, and always overlooking, or twisting a large portion of revelation.

Thirdly.—It is my custom, when paying a pastoral visit, if there are any children in the house, to call them to me, and to catechise them a little; and this I do especially at a distance from the church. Accordingly, some time ago I called upon a family the father of whom had always told me he was a churchman, but who was well known to have imbibed some of dissenting influence since he had married a dissenting wife. After I had been in the house a short time, I asked them to allow me to catechise their children a little, (whom I saw running about the house like so many wild creatures in the woods,) but the father gave me to understand that he did not like my so doing, by saying that he did it himself every day. Upon this I said that I was glad to hear it, for that is indeed the duty of every parent. "But" added he, "I do not use the Church Catechism!" I was, at least, pleased with his candour, and begged of him to let me know his objections to this catechism, that I might try to satisfy him. He then brought forward a doubt on Infant Baptism, and as I was shewing him the inpropriety of his acting so rashly as to leave the church, because of a doubt on his mind; and while many plain passages of Scripture require us to "be all of one mind," to "speak all the same language," to "be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment," and to "obey them that have the rule over us," his wife was all the time ridiculing what I said, calling it 'popery' and nonsense, and wondering at her husband for listening to such stuff. Then turning to me, she said, "you call us dissenters, that is a nickname you give us, and I have as much right to give you a nickname as you have to give us one, so you are the true dissenters, for you dissented from the Church of Rome." She said so much of the same kind, and in the same unchristian temper, that I saw it was of

no use for me to continue to speak either to her husband or to herself, and I left the house exhorted her to repent, and praying for her conversion. I was told afterwards that she had a mind to get a broom and drive me out of the house. Now what was the cause of all this? I was not attacking her family as dissenters, I was not insulting them in any way, but rather, endeavouring to convey to them (and to their young children, (some of whom I had baptized,) the word of instruction and exhortation, which is always gladly received in every family under my care where the pestilential influence of dissent has not yet made its appearance; but here the melody was evidently taken a deep root—they could not "sound doctrine."—they were "puffed up" with their own knowledge, and fancies, and feelings, and they had "a doubt," and a dislike for any rule or order, and could not "obey them that have the rule over them," and their conscience was sufficiently asleep on this subject to allow them a full indulgence. So that I said—all the passages of Holy Writ—all the plain texts of Scripture which I brought forward requiring unity, love, order, and submission to the union of the Church on all doubtful or indistinct points—all this was called 'popery,' 'nonsense,' 'stuff'!

I intended to mention a few other cases, but this letter is already too long, and I must stop. I would only add, that there are also several families of families in this neighbourhood who never attend any place of worship, and who give no other ties now in existence to follow. They are led to think that religion is nothing but a fable, not being able to understand how it can produce so many such a deal of opposition among its followers.

I remain, Messrs. Editors, Your's, &c.  
Sept. 1838.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS—NO. III.

### A DEATH-BED.

I shall not soon forget a Sabbath in the autumn of 183—, the events of which were of a deep and personal interest. The day had been chilly and wet; I preached thrice in different parts of my mission, whilst sitting alone in my study glad to draw a cheerful fire that formed a pleasing contrast to the whistling blast without, I was musing upon the engagements of the day, remembering with anxiety the many deficiencies which had marked my day, and anxiously inquiring what reason there was for the souls of his people. Many such musings had passed through my mind in the course of my mission, not unmingled with earnest prayer to that great High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, that He would pardon the iniquities of His holy things, and cast over them and us the merits of His all perfect righteousness.

While these thoughts engaged my mind, all around me were wrapt in slumber, I startled by the sound of a horse approaching at a quick pace, which was immediately followed by a hurried rap at the door. This proved to be a summons to proceed as quickly as possible to the side of a young woman at some distance, who was thought to be in great danger. I soon mounted my horse, and with a heavy heart, was making my way in the darkness of the night to obey the call, pondering over the vicissitudes of this changing world. I found a house of lamentation, mourning and weeping where a few days before all was peace and joy. The interesting young woman had evidently passed a few hours to live—the hand of death had already marked her fair countenance for his own. Enduring much pain, and was under the influence of that restlessness which too surely indicates approaching dissolution.

When I made my way through weeping friends on her side, she grasped my hand with convulsive energy, and addressing me by name, said that she was about to die, that she was going to her Saviour, and began immediately to call on the Lord with inces-

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Speakers in Exeter Hall, May 1838,—from the Rev. Mr. Clarke's letters.

**BISHOP OF DERRY.**—It was late before I entered the hall; and there was one at that moment addressing the chair; whose appearance and animated manner particularly interested me. Thin and spare in person, yet tall and graceful in form, and combining with marks of age and hoary venerableness, a dignity of mien, and a physical and intellectual energy, that made his remarks doubly impressive, he was holding the vast audience in breathless attention. It came in his way to pronounce an eulogium upon Wilberforce, whose memoir, just published, is producing a great sensation through the land. This animated and eloquent speaker wished that all the nobility of England were governed by the high and holy principles, and animated with the pure, and elevated, and heavenly spirit of the departed Wilberforce—that his mantle might fall upon every noble lord within the limits of the British empire. There was so much to charm one in his manner of speaking that I could not but ask my next neighbour, who stood at my side, the name of the speaker. The answer was, *the Bishop of Derry*. The Irish are certainly constituted with a peculiar temperament, and their lips seem touched with the fire and the inspiration of a native and most powerful eloquence.

## CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

**BISHOP OF RIPON**—is a fine looking man, with dark eyes and black hair, and is partially bald. He spoke with occasional hesitancy for a word, but with evident good sense and pious feeling. The object of this society, as you are aware, is to furnish the means of sending additional ministers to overgrown parishes, and to supply feeble churches with the ministrations of the Gospel. The report showed that there were parishes in England with thirty thousand people, and only one minister to attend to them. Under such circumstances we cannot much wonder that dissent has hitherto prevailed. This society therefore have undertaken to multiply faithful ministers throughout the land—sending three or four to some parishes where formerly there was but a single individual. Laymen also are employed by this society, to prepare the way for clerical ministration.

The Bishop of Ripon remarked, that at first he felt some scruples in joining this society, on account of its employing lay agency. That he had paused for a while to ascertain the nature of that agency. He was now convinced, that it confined itself solely and exclusively to the province of district visiting, and in no way interfered with the ministerial office. He thought this institution most important, and it had been of essential service in his diocese. The district over which he was called to preside by his spiritual office, numbered a population of 900,000 souls, and for that enormous mass of human beings, there were at the present moment not more than 360 ordained clergymen. And of these clergymen only about 240 were affording pastoral superintendence to the people. These had under their care 700,000 souls.

The next speaker was one "whose praise is in all the churches"—The Bishop of Chester. He is a very mild and amiable looking man—rather thin in appearance, and of a comparatively feeble voice. He said, when this society was formed he did not exercise the caution of his Rt. Rev. brother—he did not pause; he felt its operations could be nothing but good, and he had from the first given to it his heart and his hand. He drew an affecting picture of the wants of the Church, of the inadequacy of the clergy to supply the land with the ministrations of the Gospel, and consequently of the vast utility of this society. The Bishop of Chester, I believe, is a truly spiritual man. He appears on the stand at Exeter Hall as the avowed advocate of most of the objects which Christian benevolence is endeavouring to set forward. He is bold and fearless in the avowal of his sentiments. It was while attending the meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held at Exeter Hall the day before I arrived, that he remarked, that certain modern divines were putting forth views of justification, over which there seemed to be drawn a veil of mysticism and dark uncertainty. 'But,' said

he, 'for my part I thank God, that the Apostle St. Paul, under the guidance of the unerring Spirit of God, has left us a mode of justification, so simple that a child may understand it, and yet so glorious and sublime that angels may well desire to look into it.'

The next speaker that rose on the stand appeared far more stout and robust than the mitred and most worthy dignitary that had preceded him, but still in the outlines of his physiognomy bearing some resemblance to him. It was the younger of the Summers—the worthy bishop of Winchester. His manner was more bold and animated than that of his brother, and accompanied with no lessunction. He remarked that he felt it his duty to postpone every other engagement and avocation in order to come to this meeting to acknowledge, as a diocesan, the benefits which this society had conferred on that part of the country more immediately under his own jurisdiction. The resolution which he had been requested to present referred to the growing desire for spiritual instruction and religious ordinances in the country at large. It was doubtless true that wherever the cross of Christ was lifted up, sinners were drawn to it and those that were dying of their spiritual wounds were, by looking to that cross, made to live. Since he had come down to the meeting he had seen the model of a church by which he thought he might illustrate the point in the resolution just referred to. This model was to be used as a collecting box for the society. The church of which it was a model was the smallest in the kingdom—the Church of St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight. It was only large enough to contain forty individuals, and yet many a time when he had had the pleasure of personally ministering there, he found not only this sanctuary filled, but four times the number it could contain standing around the doors and windows to catch every word of life that was uttered. Holding up the little model in his hand before the audience, he added, 'In that little church, as in many others, I see the truth of my proposition—*there is a growing desire for spiritual instruction.*' 'But,' continued he, 'the resolution also deploras the lamentable deficiency of an adequate supply of the means of grace that still exists in many parts. Some who had visited the wild spot were that little church stands, had been surprised at the number of graves with which the churchyard was filled. This church stands on a cliff that beetles over one of the most dangerous coasts in that part of the kingdom, and many a mariner had perished on this rocky coast in full view of the tower of this little church. There were perils at sea, but no less awful breakers on the land, upon which the mariner bouded for eternity might be wrecked, and we are all called upon to go and lift up a beacon or warning to our fellow men that they perish not. This was the grand object of the society whose cause he now advocated. It was not only in large manufacturing districts, but where was a sparse and scattered population that they were trying to supply with the waters of life. He could tell them of some sixty or seventy rural hamlets in his own diocese, situated on the border of some wild moor, or amid the deep wood of an extended forest, where though there were perhaps only six or seven hundred inhabitants, it was necessary to care for them, for they were sadly destitute of religious privileges: yet had they immortal souls to save—souls that would live for ever, either for good or evil.'

## SELECTIONS.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below; so injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are those who offer them.

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder; nor dare thou to deny thy Creator thy prayers because he chastiseth thee. Thy madness is on thine own head in this; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

I feel disposed to treat carnal men and carnal ministers with tenderness, not to shew them that I am a spiritual-proud man. Let them see that you have some secret in possession, which keeps you quiet, humble, patient, holy, meek, and affectionate, in a turbulent and passionate world.—*Cicero*

ing earnestness—saying, "May the Lord Jesus have mercy on my poor soul!" which she often repeated during the night—her last upon earth. I spent it beside her bed, often praying with her and reading the Scriptures, and pointing her to Jesus the great fountain of redeeming love. She alternately deplored her great sinfulness (though she had lived far more purely than many around her) and expressed her confidence in the Saviour of sinners, who she said she knew would not cast her away from his presence, but receive her to his arms. The beautiful hymn—

"Jesus lover of my soul,  
"Let me to thy bosom fly," &c.

The several times repeated with evident delight.—I find in my journal the following notice of that memorable night:—

"Upon the whole I have seldom had more comfort, and, I trust, edification, than in the dying chamber of this interesting young woman. She had always been mild and amiable and grave, but especially turned to the things of God for the last two years, and in particular since a severe thunder storm in the early part of the summer. Her husband, to whom I had united her scarce two years before, told me that often as he approached the house he heard her engaged in private prayer, and sometimes while at her work in some solitary place. The New Testament and Prayer Book were lovely and pleasant to her in life, and in death were not divided from her, being found that night under her pillow. Her conversation throughout the closing scene was remarkable, and could only have proceeded from that faith which enables its possessor to cast all care upon God, and to feel that 'to die is gain.' While every eye was turned to her alone were dry—while every tongue either faltered or quite refused to do its office, her's was steady and firm, even when taking leave of her friends, to each of whom she addressed a few words of advice of the best kind—to seek the Lord betimes, and to give above all for a place in his kingdom. "Good-bye dear husband—was her moving farewell—you are called to part with your nearest and dearest friend—yes, your dearest friend that you have in the whole world. But weep not for me—I am going to my Lord—to my Jesus.—Only try and meet me in the cradle near her, she said, "O how I wish I could take her in my arms to my Saviour!" It was a most affecting sight to see this babe, after all was over, sit up and smile on all about her, unconscious that she slept she had lost a mother's care forever. After many hours passed in alternate prayer to God and solemn conversation with the mourning attendant, the affecting scene was closed at day-break, by the spirit taking its flight to a better world—as it were saying to the corruptible body, "Let me go the day breaketh"—the everlasting day of peace and joy.—Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salva-

I returned to my house about six o'clock in the evening, penetrated with a sense of the extreme uncertainty of life, and its best enjoyments. A week before, this beloved parishioner was in my chamber—three days before, she was in the presence of all the happiness she could desire. This morning how solemn the change! She stretched beside me as a pallid corpse—her house the house of mourning, and stamped by the solemn sentence—"In the midst of life we are in death!" But I blessed God for the comfortable assurance which came as a cheering light over the scene of gloom and of death, that she had exchanged earth for heaven.

Two days after, it was my endeavour to improve a serious call to the good of some hundreds who were around her early grave, from the animating words of the apostle, "To me to live is Christ, and death is gain." Many good things alas! are forgotten by my unstable mind, but this death-bed scene, that solemn and yet comfortable night of my ministry, not seldom come back upon my thoughts with a holy and refreshing influence.

A MISSIONARY.

September, 1838.

## SELECTED.

"For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."—1 Cor. xv. 52.

Oft doth the earthly trumpet call  
The warrior to the battle plain,  
And oft to joyous festival,  
Summons the gay and peaceful train.  
But there's a trump, whose awful sound  
Shall reach the regions of the dead,  
Shall break up each sepulchral mound,  
And raise each sleeper's heavy head.  
That awful sound shall reach each clime  
When the Archangel's voice shall say,  
"No longer shall be earth or time,"\*  
Mortals to Judgment come away.  
Gladly may I that summons hear,  
Nor fear to meet the Judge's face,  
With joy at His right hand appear,  
Redeemed by love, and saved through grace.

\* Revelations x. 6.

## For the Colonial Churchman.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MISS HANNAH MOORE.

The following extracts from the Diary of that admirable christian character, I forward to you, Messrs. Editors, feeling convinced that their attentive perusal will be calculated to advance the practical piety of your readers.

C.

Sunday, August 10.—Talked earnestly to sweet Mrs. F—: gave her Witherspoon. Have read and conversed for many days with her and lady W—. Lord! enable me with equal prudence and zeal to labour to impress thy great doctrines on her heart, and at the same time let me in all humility copy her resignation. Heard of the death of young Burke. Lord! bless this heavy loss to his broken hearted father. Oh! do thou now show him the vanity of ambition, and the worthlessness of the noblest talents, except as they are used to promote thy glory. Lord Chancellor Bathurst is gone, one of my oldest, kindest friends: I had very many obligations to him. How warnings multiply! this week I have not made the most of my time; vain thoughts and old besetting sins begin to resume their power. Lord! enable me to pray more, to struggle more, to live in closer communion with thee. Spoke boldly to Miss B—, made her promise to read some of the Evidences of Christianity, and the New Testament. O Lord! do thou follow with thy blessing her resolves, and shew her the truth "as it is in Jesus." Open the blind eyes! Spent two mornings with Lord Oxford, for him I offer the same fervent petition. Went to Sandford, Bonwell school, and Church Shipham school. P— read Walker on "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Very impressive. A large and attentive audience. She laboured diligently; expounded Scripture at four schools. She greatly eclipses me. Lord! be thou her exceeding great reward.—Another month has now ended; before it closed, I heard of the death of ten old friends; all taken—I left—will nothing quicken my diligence?—

Heard of the dangerous illness of Mr. Cecil—Lord, I bless thee that thou hast enabled this faithful servant to bear his agonies as a Christian, and that his sufferings have not slackened his faith. Raise him up, if it be thy will, for farther usefulness; but if not, sustain him in his last conflict, and enable him to bear his dying testimony to thy faithfulness and truth; and do thou supply his place so that his people shall not miss his service.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heard to-day of fresh persecution; new attacks from the old quarter, after frequent promises of silence. Lord, grant that I may bear this with a holy resignation to thy will. If reputation be the sacrifice thou requirest, thy will be done. I try daily to look less for human applause, and more to

his favour, which is eternal life. Grant that I may not be content with saying this, do thou enable me to do it.

Altered my will. I have tried to make it conscientiously. Made it a point to leave a legacy to the Bath Hospital, as a mark of my forgiveness to those Governors who received from Spencer the wages of iniquity, with a view to inflict public disgrace on me. Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

## For the Colonial Churchman.

## MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

When the christian missionaries, succeeded in opening a school at Scutary in 1830, Agrin Bay, thus addressed the scholars—

"His Most Sublime Majesty, Sultan Mahmood, desires your good. These Schools are no benefit to him; but he designs them for your benefit. You have come from different parts of the Empire, you are in the morning of life; and it is now in your power to become learned and wise. In the old Mussulman Schools, nothing of any value was learned: men were asses; but here, asses may become men. This badge of rank, which you see on my breast, was given me by my Sovereign, as a token of his regard: tomorrow he can take it away, and then shall I be as undistinguished as any other man: but what Knowledge I acquire, he cannot take away from me. The terrible conflagrations, which you see consume almost every thing else here, cannot burn it; nor can the floods overwhelm it, or tempests sweep it away. Knowledge, therefore, Young Men, Knowledge is the best property which you can possess."

## DEFERRED ITEMS.

## HAY-MAKING ON THE SABBATH.

A man who has spare money, does not fear to put it into his banker's hands, or lend it to a friend. This is done every day in faith; and we are often led to wonder what great trust men place in their fellow-men.

And yet how awful it is to think, that men cannot (or will not) trust their God; cannot trust Him even for a day: but must take the matter into their own hands, and to carry their point, not only shamefully break the Sabbath day themselves, but force the consciences of their unwilling labourers to do the same!

Take no thought for the morrow, says Christ: and then beautifully encourages our confidence in the providence of God by a reference to the lilies and the birds: which without any care or forethought are provided with all that is needful. And yet the Sabbath-breaking hay-maker, in the face of this sweetly alluring call to a life of faith, leaps over the bounds of common decency, and violates the laws both of God and man. Nothing can justify such awful conduct. Whatever may be said of the necessity of housing the corn in bad weather on the sabbath, no sufficient plea can be given for attending to the hay. But oh! what an insult to the God of Heaven, that His poor creatures can trust one another with thousands and tens of thousands of pounds, in spite of bankruptcies and failures on all sides continually occurring, and yet they dare not, and they will not trust the God of providence, even in the matter of a crop of hay!

But the christian loses nothing worth having, by the life of faith.

Better to him is an ill gotten crop, with the favour of God, and an approving conscience, than great riches and prosperity unblest by Him to whom we shall all soon give an account; and in whose favour is life. And even if he lose his employ and his earthly friends by refusing to break the Sabbath, the God of mercies will not suffer his christian principle to go long unbenefitted.

P. S. My friend, you have made it a practice for many years, to mow on Saturday and make hay on the Sabbath. Read the above attentively and reflect seriously.

The new collector of Boston, Mr. Brancroft, has expressed the determination to appoint, or retain in office, no person who habitually uses ardent spirits.—*Epis. Rec.*

## TRIALS.

"The Lord trieth the righteous; but the wicked him that loveth violence His soul hateth."—Ps. xi. 5.

The psalmist beautifully distinguishes between the visitations of the righteous and the wicked. "His eyes behold, His eyelids try the children of men;" for His judgments are all trials in a general sense, both to the evil and the good. But the expressions in its more limited acceptation, will not apply to the wicked, and therefore, David explains himself—"The Lord trieth the righteous; but the wicked, he hateth him that loveth violence His soul hateth." God tried Abraham, because these trials are much more precious than that of gold. They purify and elevate the affections; nor, is this all, they indicate God's presence, and in this light David particularly viewed them. Whilst "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness, and executes too, (for if ye be without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then ye bastards and not sons) His countenance doth behold the upright."

Where has God said that He will dwell? "The Lord said that He would dwell in thick darkness." "He hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet." When He "revenge and is furious," rebuking the sea, drying up the rivers, shaking the mountains, solving the hills, and burning up the earth with His presence, how is His awful advent anticipated by the righteous? Nahum shall tell us, "The Lord is good," is the shout with which He is welcomed. "A STRONG HOLD in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Nahum. I. 7.

William B. Rochester.—There was one incident connected with the melancholy disaster (the loss of the Pulaski,) which closed his career, and which ought not to be lost, although a name is lost which ought to be brightly recorded. Judge Rochester was feebly from protracted indisposition.

A fellow-sufferer from the explosion, an athletic young man, possessing a noble soul, saw his condition, and if left unaided, his inevitable fate. That young man had constructed a float for himself, upon which he was buoyed up while the Judge was without the means of reaching the boat.

The young man generously insisted that the Judge should save himself upon his own raft, while he would endeavour to take care of himself as he otherwise might. The deed was a noble one, but Providence denied that it should be crowned with success. Both the Judge and his benefactor perished—the former among the breakers in attempting to land, the latter amidst the fragments of the wreck.—*N. Y. Com.*

"Amid the numerous notices of the disastrous wreck of the Pulaski, I have seen nothing descriptive of the actions of Captain DAVIS, of the schooner Henry Camerton, who took thirty people from two portions of the wreck. It seems to me scarcely proper that it should go unnoticed. After Capt. D. had taken us on board, he prepared a large quantity of switchel, (molasses and water) and biscuits; these while we were gathered around him, impatiently waiting the much needed refreshment, he sank on his knees, and thanked God that he had heard our prayers, (uttered the day before, when he had seen pieces of the wreck) that he might be the means of rescue of those who might be yet living of the sufferers,—he asked that the sufferings we had endured, and the escape we had made, might impress on our hearts a deep sense of the divine mercy and goodness; he then gave us what he had prepared. His schooner was unprovided with spirits of any kind, he being a temperance man, but we found heated negar answered every purpose in reviving those who were entirely exhausted. That Captain Davis's vessel should have been the only one of all those seen by us, that came to our assistance, that he should have not only prayed but likewise watched for us, are matters not to be forgotten.

*Epis. Rec.* ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

Scripture Knowledge.—Let no man, upon a vain conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain that no man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word; rather let men endeavour an endless progress or proficience therein.—*Bacon.*

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER OF A YOUTH AT SCHOOL.

Another fleeting day is pass'd,  
Once more the peaceful moments come,  
The moments when I seem to cast  
A nearer gaze upon my home.

How sweet the calm of this repose,  
That brings my wonted time to pray;  
Fit time, the stilly hour, when close  
The vain and busy scenes of day.

O Thou that hear'st the humble prayer,  
Bid vain, and busy thoughts depart;  
And listen while I fondly bear  
My absent parents on my heart.

Bless Him who bade me all life through  
To get, and to be doing good;  
Bless her who taught me first to know  
That all need wash in Jesus's blood.

Bless me their much lov'd child, may I  
Ne'er plant a thorn within their breast,  
Ne'er cause the heavy heaving sigh  
That tells the heart is not at rest.

Then, if in midst of early days  
I'm call'd my dying hour to see,  
Thy fond remembrance they will gaze,  
Well pleas'd upon my memory.

Or should it, Lord, thy pleasure be,  
That I their dying eyes should close,  
I shall not feel the misery  
The disobedient bosom knows.

If ever I am left alone,  
The scenes of earth to wander thro';  
In mercy grant me from Thy throne  
A guide to lead and comfort too.

For all thy daily favours past,  
I thank Thee, giver of all good;  
And on Thy grace my soul I cast;  
Oh! wash my soul in Jesu's blood.

C. W. G.

## AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF A PROFANE SWEARER.

Some years ago, two profane wretches at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, undertook to swear against each other for a wager. The man that could utter the greatest number of the most profane oaths was to gain the wager. After having spent considerable time one night in uttering the most horrible and diabolical curses, it was agreed they should renew the infernal work the next night. But mark the result. The patience of God was no longer to be trifled with. Almighty vengeance seized one of these hell-sinners, and sent him in a moment to answer for his horrid conduct before the burning throne of Jehovah. This wretch awoke from his sleep in the night, and told his wife to get up and fetch a besom, for he wanted to go to hell to sweep it out. She refused to obey the profane command; but, shocking to relate, before the besom was brought he was a corpse! Yes! he was instantly driven away in his wickedness—an awful monument of the danger of using the profane language. Reader, art thou a swearer? Take warning.

## MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

## GAMBLING MANIACS.

Among innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling-house in London, he was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to carry him home to his house in

town, he resolved upon having one throw more, to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give one chance of recovery, or fight with him; his proposition was this; that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, except the clothes on his back—should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then conducting the winner to the door, he told his coachman that *there* was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house, home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper at a livery stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognised by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging-house in St Giles's.—*Chambers.*

## A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

A missionary of the Scottish Missionary Society thus described the ravages of cholera, in Astrachan, (Persia) in the year 1831. For 28 days the city had been suffering under this awful messenger of Almighty power.—Reader! is it not of the Lord's mercy alone, that we also were not consumed?

"Such a time the city of Astrachan never saw, in the memory of the present generation at least, as has elapsed since the 30th July, at which date it was ascertained that the Cholera was in the town. The greater part of that period, business was, in a manner, completely suspended, at the Bank, the Bazaar, &c. the shops were almost all of them shut; and a universal gloom sat on the faces of the inhabitants, as they passed through the streets of the city. Out of not more than about 40,000 inhabitants, it is calculated that from 5 to 6000 must have fallen victims to it in the city alone, and that about one-half of the adults have been more or less affected with it. Some were cut off almost instantaneously, and multitudes in the course of six or eight hours; while others, after appearing to be in a state of convalescence, relapsed, and were carried off. It is said, that on one day 500 were interred, and on another 480."

## ON PRIVATE PRAYER.

Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy chamber, and shut the door. And the reason is plain. He who would pray, must first retire: the spirit of the world and the spirit of prayer are contrary the one from the other, and experience will teach any one that he cannot well pray in a crowd. Business, or pleasure, or even common conversation, if it be about the things of this world, and continue for any long time, will strangely indispose the mind for devotion; and the soul, before she can take her flight to heaven, must plume and balance her wings by holy meditation: She must rally her scattered and dissipated thoughts, and fix them on the business she is going about: She must consider the nature of God, to whom she is to pray; of herself, who is to pray to him; and of those things for which she is to pray; she must know the sins she has been guilty of, to confess them; and the graces she stands in need of, to petition for them. All this is not to be done but by deep meditation, which is the mother of devotion, is the daughter of retirement. They who do not meditate, cannot pray; and they who do not retire, can do neither.—*Bishop Horne.*

From the London Visiter.

## OLD HUMPHREY ON ATTENDING THE SICK.

Had I my will, every man and woman, aye, every child too, above seven years old, should be in some measure qualified to wait upon the sick.

The proper end of education is to give us a knowledge of our duty, and to make us useful in our generation. Where then, can we be more useful than at the couch of sickness and pain?

It is not the wish of Old Humphrey that every one should become a nurse, and understand the whole mystery of candle-making and sauce-panny: all that he desires is, that every one should be moderately endowed with the most necessary qualifications to alleviate and comfort the sick.

A cup of cold water to the weary and thirsty traveller is welcome indeed, and the most trifling attention to the sick is oftentimes a cordial to the fainting spirit. When the strength fails; when the grasshopper is a burden; when the silver cord is about to be loosed; when the golden bowl, and the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, are near being broken—when the dust appears ready to return to the earth and the spirit unto the God who gave it, it is then meet that every kindness should be shown to the sufferers.

We are all liable to be dependant on the attentions of others, and we should all therefore be qualified to attend to others. Those who in sickness have felt the relief of a well-timed cup of tea, or a small basin of well-made gruel, wine whey, or barley-water, will not laugh at Old Humphrey for talking about such things; and if they should do so, he would, notwithstanding, gladly make them a cup or basin of any of these comforts, should their situation require it.

How many hundreds of people are there in the world, who would not know how to make these common-place comforts, however urgent might be the necessity that required them at their hands!

Is it difficult to teach even a child to put two spoonfuls of tea into a pot, and pour boiling water over it; to let it stand a few minutes, and then pouring it off, to add to it a little sugar and milk? Certainly not; yet how few children are taught to do this properly.

Nor is it more difficult to boil half a pint or a pint of milk in a saucepan, and then to pour into it a wine glass full of white wine: thus making that wine whey, which only requires to be strained from the curd to be ready for an invalid. How many grown-up persons would not know how to set about this!

I know twenty people, as old as I am, who could not, without some instruction, make a decent basin of gruel; and yet how easily is this performed! While water is boiling in a saucepan, a large spoonful of oatmeal is mixed up in a basin with a little cold water; the hot water is then poured into this, when it is left to settle; it is afterwards poured, leaving the husks at the bottom behind, into the saucepan, and boiled slowly, while being stirred round with a spoon. How is it that every one is not capable of rendering such a service in an extremity, when it may be done with so little trouble? There are many other little comforts that are provided as easily as these, but surely a knowledge of those that I have mentioned is not too much to be required of any one. If you have the right sort of affection for those who are dear to you, you would not willingly let them lack, in a season of affliction, any service you could render them.

Come, Old Humphrey will make a few remarks that will help you, if you are disposed to add to your qualifications, to soothe the afflicted. If ever you are called to attend a sick bed, be sure to manifest kindness; without this quality, others will lose much of their value. Be tender, not only with your hands, but with your tongue: tenderness of heart is quite necessary. Be sure to exercise patience; if you cannot do this, you are not fit to attend the sick. Forbearance, too, is a great virtue. Sick people are often fretful and trying, and require to be borne with. Cleanliness is essential: a dirty cup, a bit of

coal in the toast, is enough to turn the heart of an invalid. Expertness and promptitude are of great value, that the wants of an invalid may be supplied without delay. Thoughtfulness must be practised, that you may anticipate what will be required; and watchfulness, that you may know when to be of service. Be sober, as becometh an attendant on the sick; but be also cheerful. Cheerfulness is as good as medicine to the afflicted. Firmness and prudence are qualities that may at times be put to good account; and if, in addition to those I have mentioned you have sincere and lively piety, ever desiring to keep the eye the heart and the hopes of the sufferer fixed on the Great Physician, the healer of the soul's leprosy, as well as of the body's ailments, why then your intentions may indeed do good; they may be the means of benefiting both body and soul.

And think not that you can benefit the sick without doing a service to yourself. You may learn many a lesson in a sick chamber, that would never have been taught in other places. 'It is better,' on many accounts, 'to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' We learn more of this world's hollowness, in an hour under the roof of sorrow than in a life spent in the habitation of joy.

To witness sanctified affliction is a high privilege, for then we see that 'neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Old Humphrey has attended the sick, both in the noon-tide and the mid-night hour; the desponding sigh, the weary moan and the groan of agony, are familiar to him. He has marked the changes from the first attack of sickness to the death gasp that ended the mortal strife. He has closed the eyelids of youth and of age; and having felt, painfully felt, his own deficiencies as an attendant on the sick, he the more anxiously urges on others, the duty of qualifying themselves to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted, and to smooth the bed of death.

#### A TALE OF THE TOMB.

##### THE INFIDEL.

I had been spending a few hours among the tombs in our village churchyard. The day had gradually worn away.—The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and the shadows of evening began to steal over the landscape, before I was aroused from my musings. The simple eloquence of the rustic epitaphs around me, had brought to my mind many a subject of rich, though melancholy contemplation. My feet trod upon the dust of forgotten generations. All the various incidents and anxieties of life, a thousand times repeated, had sunk into the gloom and stillness of the grave. The mother had brought her tears, and poured them upon the dust of her sleeping child. The husband had groaned to see the beloved of his youth shut up in those silent chambers. The beauty of the rich and delicate was consuming away 'in the sepulchre out of their dwellings;' and the sorrowful sighing of the poor was here heard no more for ever.

Whilst I was wrapped in these contemplations I was somewhat startled by a voice beside me.

'A good evening to you, Sir—for the day's sinking blithely.'

I turned and found that old John Hodges, our parish clerk had approached, without my having perceived him.

'You've chosen an awful spot, Sir,' said he, 'for your evening meditations.'

'How so, John?' said I.

'Why, Sir, look beneath you. We turn a few sheep into the churchyard, to nibble the grass a bit now and then; but ne'er a one of them will feed where you are standing.'

On looking down, the grass did seem to grow rather rankly above the spot to which John had pointed. I could not help smiling at the old man's superstition; but knowing that he was a kind of living

register of this ancient burying place, I endeavoured to hide my smile, for the sake of gratifying my curiosity.

'There's many a story told in the village,' said John, 'of him that's sleeping under that greensward; but none know better than I do, the long and the short of it.'

'Well John,' I replied, drawing nearer to him, and putting on a countenance of as grave a character as the old man's self-important communication allowed of, 'what is the history of this perished child of morality?'

'Aye, perished indeed!' said John, 'you may well say that: perished in body and in soul too, Sir, I fear. He was a good man's son, Sir, and the more's the pity: but you know, it isn't of blood, nor yet of the will of man. 'He will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' But he had his day of grace, and his means of grace notwithstanding; and an awful use did he make of them. He was taught the Scriptures, Sir, from a child. Many a goodly sermon has he heard from the pulpit yonder. At first the neighbours thought that much good would come of him; and often had our old minister laid his hand upon his head, and praised him for the wisdom of his youth.—But it all passed away, Sir, like the early dew, as the Scriptures say. As he grew up, he got connected with some free-thinkers. They used to meet of a night, at the Falkland's Arms, down by the road side; and awful doings they had at those meetings of theirs.—One night, Sir—it was blowing a hurricane, and I wonder the house did'nt topple upon their heads—they had got the Bible fastened to a string and were roasting it before the fire. Well, Sir, they argued all the poor lad's good out of his head. Did you ever hear of a book that's said to be written by Tom Paine, Sir?'

'I have heard of it,' said I, 'and a sad production of blasphemy it is.'

'Well, that they called their Bible, Sir; and they used to read a chapter of it every night, after the first three quarts were done. But to speak of the poor lad that's lying down below there: oft and again did his friends warn him of the danger of such doings, and told him that the 'end of such things was death.' But he only laughed at them, and told them that he had learned to know better—that he was'nt such a fool as to believe in a future state—and that when death came, there was an end of body and soul too. I think he called it 'annihilation,' Sir.

'Poor youth!' said I, 'and was it for this miserable notion that he exchanged his hope of heaven?'

'For nothing better, Sir,' replied the old man, 'and stoutly would he contend for it. Indeed, at last, he seemed given up to believe a lie. Warning came upon warning—affliction upon affliction—but he was none the better for it.'

'Well,' said I, 'and how did it end John?'

'Awfully, Sir,' said the old man, 'It was on a cold winter's night. I remember it well, Sir. The sleet had been coming down all day, and a thick snow-storm had set in at evening: you could hardly see your hand before you, it was so wild and gloomy. Some one knocked at my door. 'Who is there?' said I. 'Oh! John Hodges,' said the man, 'do you think you could get the minister to come to the poor lad that's dying down yonder? He's in a dreadful state, John.' 'Come in, man,' said I, 'and I'll go with you, as soon as I've wrapped my old coat about me.' Well, Sir, off we set to the minister. He was preparing to lie down to rest; but as soon as he knew our errand, 'Go with you!' said he, 'I should be an unworthy servant of my Master, if I shrunk from any of his work. Come John,' said he, 'let us seek this lost sheep.' Off we set, Sir; and many a time did I think we should never find the way to the lady's dwelling. But our minister bore the storm bravely. 'It's but a little thing,' said he, 'to the storm of God's wrath, John.'—When we got to the dying lad's bed-side—I call him a lad, Sir, but he was at that time some two or three and twenty—Oh! the horror that was upon his countenance! He was as pale, Sir, as death itself. His free-thinking companions had all fled away from him: the scene was too horrid for them. As soon as the minister

reached him, he stretched out his poor shrivelled hand, and grasping the minister's arm, with a look that I shall never forget, Sir, to my dying day—'Mercy! mercy! mercy!' cried he, 'tell me, can there be any mercy for me?' good old pastor could hardly speak, Sir, for a few minutes. In the meantime, the dying lad filled the room with his moanings. At length the voice of the minister was heard: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Oh! minister, minister,' said the dying youth; 'I despised Him, I ridiculed Him, I trampled under my feet the blood that he had shed for me; and now—Oh! now I find a place for repentance, though I seek it with tears. Our good minister tried to calm him, but in vain. Those awful passages of Scripture which speak of the everlasting wrath of God upon his enemies, rushed like a torrent upon the dying man's memory. 'He is laughing at me,' said he; 'He is mocking me; cry but he heareth not; He hath a controversy with me; heaven is barred against me; the pit openeth its mouth to swallow me up. Woe, woe, woe upon me for I shall soon make my bed in hell!' The deep, earthly tone in which he spoke these last words, made my blood run cold. We kneeled down to pray, but we had not been long upon our knees, when he started from his pillow, 'It's of no use,' cried he, 'it's of no use. For heaven's sake, pray no more, and save me!' We heard no more, Sir. His voice stilled in his throat, and before we could collect our thoughts, he was gone!—*Cottage Magazine.*

#### For the Colonial Churchman.

##### SUPPORT OF THE FUTURE CLERGY.

Messrs. Editors,

In your paper of August 9th, I proposed a plan which, if adopted, would in my opinion greatly contribute towards the future prosperity of the Church. The small piece of land thus given for the support of religion in different parts, might, at some future period, be sold, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of a suitable glebe and residence for the Rector, and as the present clergy can never expect to derive much benefit from grants of this kind, I think they may very easily, and even boldly, call upon their friends and acquaintances who are possessed of landed property not to forget the house of God in their last moments, or while making their wills. In doing this they would be working for posterity, and for transmitting to the future generations the blessings of the Gospel, and none but unworthy members of the church could ever cause them of any interested motives.

I have, however, thought of another plan, which, if added to the other, I am sure would soon put the church above the precarious and dependant state in which it must be, while her clergy have to depend upon the voluntary principle." This is what I should like to suggest, that the Diocesan Church Society would appropriate a large portion of the funds in procuring glebes, and building houses for the ministers, in all those places which have none. By doing a little every year towards this, they might, in a few years, endow many new parishes, and lay the best foundation for their future welfare. It may be said that land is poor, and requires as much expense in working it as it is worth, but that will not always be the case. The day will no doubt come when fifty acres of cultivable land would be a great blessing to a poor clergyman, and would go far towards supporting both him and his family above beggary. Let the friends of the church, both clerical and lay, consider this; and may they be directed from on high to lay the foundation of a solid and sure maintenance for the successors of the present ministers of our holy altars.

I remain, Messrs. Editors, yours, &c.

A CHURCHMAN.

September, 1838.

## THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LONDON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1838.

**St. MARGARET'S BAY.**—According to previous notice, the Clerical meeting for this district took place at St. Margaret's Bay, on the 22d ult.—As was expected, but few of the members could attend, an account of the great distance, and the wretched condition of the roads about this part of the province, which renders this mission very difficult of access. It is hoped, however, that the meeting was far from being least, in its beneficial effects.

After spending a short time in prayer at the Parsonage, the brethren proceeded to the church at 11 o'clock, A.M., where a very considerable congregation met them. The Rev. Dr. Shreve officiated, and delivered a most excellent discourse, from Jeremiah 6, 16—"Thus saith the Lord, ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." The preacher demonstrated the

necessity for every lover of the truth and of order, to make a strict inquiry into the pretensions of each of the numerous sects which disfigure the christian world; then showed some of the reasons for our hearty belief that the Church of England is the most conformable to the Apostles' discipline and doctrine; after which the congregation was called upon to consider the beneficial tendency of the beautiful service of our Liturgy, shewing how appropriate it is, with the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, to help men in "worshipping Him in spirit and in truth;" concluding by a strong appeal to the members of the church to exert themselves in support of this noble institution, so well adapted to convey to them and to their children, all the religious consolation which they stand in need of in this life and at the hour of death. They were also reminded of the benevolence of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, through whose means their forefathers had been supplied with the means of grace and salvation, at a time when they could not procure them at their own expense. In our opinion, such sermons should be preached by the clergy. If the people are not well informed upon the peculiar tenets, the government, as well as the doctrines of the church, they are not to be depended upon, and may be led away by every novelty, and carried about by every wind of doctrine.

The number of communicants was not large but they were, we hope, from among that "little flock," which is in the light of the world, and the salt of the earth;" and their tears and devout behaviour shewed that they were not quite dead as regards spiritual things, and that they highly valued the present occasion. We trust this small number will increase, and that many of those who call themselves churchmen, (and there are many such in this mission) will no longer be satisfied with the name only, but will seek for a participation in that "inward and spiritual grace" which is the great end of the Church's sacraments and ordinances, and without which we can never enjoy or appreciate our own privileges.

The evening was spent in private reading of the Scriptures and our ordination vows, with meditation and friendly interchange of sentiments—concluding with prayer.

There is something peculiarly affecting and solemn in the assembling of a small number of those who have received so direct and heavenly a commission to "go and preach the Gospel to every creature," as that which we have the honour to bear, for the purpose of strengthening each other's hands by private conversation; by communicating each other's views on different parts of clerical duties, and by uniting with one heart and one mind, in solemn and devout prayer to their Divine Head and Master for his abundant blessing upon themselves, their flocks, their bishop, their absent brethren, and "the whole church militant here on earth." Surely, in the midst of two or three, thus met together, may we expect the pre-

sence of our adorable Redeemer, according to his promise; and we think that this little band of his humble ministers have not been disappointed in this. Our hearts have often "burned within us" while reading and meditating upon his holy word, and more particularly while approaching Him in the holy sacrament of his body and blood. It were greatly to be desired, in these troublous and dangerous times especially, that all the clergy would draw closer together, and do every thing in their power to "be perfectly joined together and nourished by that which every joint supplieth, to the edifying of themselves in love."—Nothing, we are persuaded, is more calculated to promote their own, as well as the church's spiritual welfare.—This might be the means of "increasing amongst us true piety and virtue." We would, therefore, venture to express the hope that before long Clerical Societies will be formed wherever the thing is practicable. And may they all be blessed with the same blessings which we desire for ourselves, and promote God's glory, and the salvation of souls.—*Communicated.*

**MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.**—On the last voyage of the packet Speculator from Halifax to this port, a passenger, Mr. LABAUME of the former place, unfortunately fell overboard and was drowned.—We understand that the vessel was going rapidly through the water at the time, and a heavy sea running, notwithstanding which every exertion was made to save him from a watery grave. Capt. Young and one of the hands immediately put off in the boat to endeavour to pick him up, and nearly perished in the attempt. How forcibly does such an event impress upon us the necessity of continued watchfulness, since we know not the day nor the hour when the solemn call may come. We go forth in the morning in the fulness of health and strength; but how little can we tell where our souls will be before the night sets in. May we have grace to walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long, and not put off a preparation for Eternity to a dying bed, on which we may never lie.

☞ We understand that large and very successful meetings had been held in London and various other parts of England, in behalf of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel, and that they were still in progress. The Bishop was busily engaged in promoting these important objects. The Board had granted £50 for one year for a Curate to the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, (whose voice we regret to hear is not yet restored) and the parish of St. George's at Halifax has met this vote by another of the like sum. This is as it should be. Mr. Uniacke is expected out in October, with the intention of spending the winter in Bermuda,—perfect rest from preaching for one year having been enjoined by his physician.

☞ The Clerical Society of this District will meet (D. V.) at Shelburne, on the 3d of October.

WHITEHALL, July 10.

The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, nominating, presenting, and appointing the Rev James Bowstead, Doctor in Divinity, to the Bishoprick of the Isle of Man and Sodor, void by the death of Doctor William Ward, late Bishop thereof.

**CANADA.**—The Lord Bishop of Montreal held a Visitation of a part of the Clergy of the Province of Lower Canada in Christ Church, Montreal, on Wednesday the 8th August, instant. Twenty-two clergymen were present; comprising, we understand, those who hold charges within the Districts of Montreal, Three Rivers, and St. Francis. An excellent Visitation Sermon from Exodus xxxix. 30—"Holiness to the Lord," was preached by the Rev. George Mackie, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop; after which his Lordship delivered an impressive charge to the assembled Clergy.

A meeting of the Clergy present was subsequently held, and various matters of business, relating chiefly to the temporal prospects of the Church, were discussed both on this and the following day. His Lordship, in the course of these deliberations, took occasion to press upon the Clergy present the value and importance of Clerical Associations, as tending to promote vigour as well as unity of action in the ministerial body, and leading also to good results amongst the lay-members of our communion. His Lordship adverted also with much earnestness to the importance of a vigorous support of the journal established in behalf of the Church in this Diocese, as a vehicle for the advocacy of principles, the more extended dissemination of which in the community at large, and amongst the members of our communion in particular, is much to be desired.

An ordination was held in Christ Church, Montreal, on Sunday the 12th inst., when the Rev R. H. Bourne, Missionary at Rawdon, L. C., was admitted to the order of Priests. The Candidate was presented by the Rev. G. Mackie, and the ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg.

The Lord Bishop proceeded on Monday to Cornwall, where he proposed to hold a confirmation on the following day, and after administering the same rite in several of the intermediate places, to spend Sunday next, the 19th, at Brockville. From thence, he intends to proceed without delay to the western extremity of the Province, and to hold confirmations and consecrate churches (were required), on his return, at the various missions and parishes lying between Sandwich and Kingston—proceeding from the latter place to Perth and other stations in the Bathurst and Ottawa Districts. Visitations of the Clergy will probably be held, on his Lordship's return, both at Toronto and Kingston.—*Church.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, BY HIS SONS.

## "WESLEY'S LAST WORDS."

When about to bring the question of abolition before the house in 1791, he received the following animating charge, traced upon the bed of death by the faltering hand of the venerable Wesley:—

"Feb. 24, 1791.

"My dear sir,—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be as Athanasius *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That he who has guided you from youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant, "JOHN WESLEY."

ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

"Think not that people of this land will long maintain a great church establishment from motives of mere political expediency. For myself, I value our Established Church as the means of preserving for us and for our children the blessings of the true religion; and I well know that to spread such a notion would be to inflict on it a fatal stroke."

MR. PITT'S DEATH.

"Jan. 22, 1805.—Quite unsettled and uneasy about Pitt, so to town. Heard bad account. Called on various friends and on Rose, who was quite overcome. He had been long at Putney, talking to Bishop of Lincoln. Physicians said all was hopeless. Jan. 23.—Heard from Bishop of Lincoln that Pitt had died about half-past four in the morning. Deeply rather than pathetically affected by it. Pitt killed by the enemy as much as Nelson. How do these events tend to illustrate the vanity of worldly greatness! Poor Pitt, I almost believe, died of a broken heart! for it is only due to him to declare, that the love of his country burned in him with as ardent a flame as ever warmed the human bosom, and the accounts from the armies struck a death's blow within."



## P O E T R Y.

## "JESUS WEPT."

Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken hearted,  
Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne,  
Ye, from whose path the light hath all departed,  
And ye, who are left in solitude to mourn:  
Tho' o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,  
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory  
Wept for the woes of those He came to save,  
And angels wondered when they heard the story,  
That He who conquered death wept o'er the grave,  
For 'twas not when His lonely watch he kept,  
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

But with the friends he lov'd whose hope had perish'd  
The Saviour stood; and thro' His bosom rush'd  
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,  
While from His eyes the burning tear-drops gush'd,  
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,  
In agony of spirit "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,  
And wip'd the tear from Sorrow's drooping eye,  
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken,  
"He that believes on me shall never die;"

Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept;  
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."  
U. S. Gazette.

## LETTER OF REV. HENRY VENN,

On the Doubts and Fears of upright Christians.  
Yelling, Nov. 25th, 1777.

It is-nearly a week since I had a momentary interview with your ladyship. Since that time you have been scarcely an hour out of my mind.

Base worm as I am, I yet feel much for every one who has begun the glorious warfare of a Christian. I feel still more, when one is plucked from among the high ones of the earth, as 'a brand out of the fire;'—when there is found in Cæsar's household an honourable lady, bold to confess the faith of Christ crucified; and returning to the ark of God, like Noah's dove, over a vast world of waters, gaping to swallow her up.

Let this be my apology, if your ladyship should think I need one, for sending you, unasked, this short epistle. It comes from an aged servant of that ever-blessed Lord who has revealed himself to you as all your salvation.

From the few words you dropped in the chapel, I at once understood your case to be the same with the greater part of the family of our Saviour: for, strange as it may sound, it is too true, that few, comparatively very few, upright Christians, are free from gloomy doubts and fears! The universal cause, in these excellent persons, is a discovery of manifold sins and corruptions of heart, to which they were once strangers. They now feel prodigious unbelief, and often a brutish stupidity of mind. They often are devoid of the Spirit of prayer, of delightful communion with God, and of any sensible impressions of the love of Christ. They feel pride, and sloth, and self-love, fighting for the mastery, &c. &c. For these things they are sadly cast down.—But we may say, to such upright Christians: How read ye the Scriptures? Is it not written, that the flesh, in God's children, 'lusteth against the Spirit;' and that they even bear about with them what properly deserves the dreadful name of a 'body of death?'

In every age, the most useful and excellent in Christ's Church, even when sure of eternal glory, have been compelled to cry out, 'Oh, wretched man that I am!' Your soul, blessed be God! is athirst to resemble the chief of his saints. It is a Divine ambition;—yet you forget that the very complaints, so bitter to your soul, were found in them all—the same change in their spiritual frames—the same involuntary wanderings in prayer, and manifold deficiencies. On this account even St. Paul concluded himself 'less than the least of all saints,' and had no confidence in himself,

Indeed, were not our case *hæc* thus deplorably defective, what need of atoning blood to cleanse the best—of 'the righteousness of God, which is, by faith, unto all, and upon all, them that believe'—of mercy in its brightest display—of all the wonderful process in the salvation of the church? every part of which supposes, in the hours of glory, defects and stains, which have excited their tears and groans, in all ages. Besides, daily observation proves, that no sooner do we lose a sense of our villainess, than self-preference, or a conceit of our perfection, rises up in the mind. We should therefore be humbled to the dust, from the knowledge of ourselves; but so long as Christ is our only hope and our peace, and the supreme desire of our souls is to serve and please him in newness of life, never let us one moment give place to a doubting temper, whether we are in him, and he in us. This, I can have no doubt, is every day your aim. 'Be, therefore, of good cheer!' is the command of all the Prophets, Apostles, and the Saviour—'which you are to realize, as if addressed to you by name—'thy faith hath saved thee.'

'Still,' you may be ready to reply, 'I am afraid, lest I should be deceived, and at last be found a hypocrite.' Against this ruinous self-deception there is an infallible security. Pray thus: 'Try me, O God! and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts; look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting!' When this prayer is repeatedly offered up, to suppose it possible our most gracious and loving Father should permit us to be imposed on to our ruin, is at once to deny his goodness, and all success in prayer.

Your ladyship fears lest you should be found at last a hypocrite. No child of God but has had this fear; some for a shorter, others for a longer time. It is often of great service, to excite to greater vigilance and diligence, till love casts out this uneasy fear. But I would have you fear, also, and pray against hard thoughts of God;—these are natural to us. Before we are awakened, and believe the word of God, we think, foolishly, that he is such an one as ourselves; and then daringly live in the way of self-indulgence, and conformity to a world which hates him: saying, 'Tush! there shall no harm happen unto us!'—though all the penalties and pains denounced on the children of disobedience stand in full force against us. After the remembrance of this, our wicked way's become grievous to us; and we even loathe ourselves, for what we have been, and what we have done against our glorious God, then we are beset with sad apprehensions, as if he were implacable. Though his nature be love, his mercies over all the works of his hands, his long-suffering—as you and I know—exceedingly great; though he swears by himself, he hath 'no pleasure in the death of the wicked,' we are still apt to fear he will be extreme to mark what is done amiss in us. Though he loved our persons when we were dead in trespasses, and delivered up his Son for us when we were enemies, we fear he does not love us, to save our souls, after we are reconciled.

You should fear denying the tender compassion of our great and merciful high Priest, and calling his most faithful promises into question. You should fear being guilty of entertaining low thoughts of his blood, as if it only cleansed the most advanced in holiness—not Jerusalem sinners, who had execrated his person, and shed his blood, with blasphemous exultation over his agonies. You should fear, also, disobedience to his repeated commands (though he knows all your defilement, and just causes of complaint against yourself) of rejoicing in the Lord, whilst you have no ground of confidence in yourself. You should fear grieving the Spirit of God, who is the Comforter given to make glad the church of God, and vouch the perfection of the sacrifice offered by Christ, and accepted, as the full, perfect, and sufficient payment for their debt who flee to him for refuge.

SCRAPS.—Let him who doeth well beware how he boasteth of it; for rarely is it of his own will.

Who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himself, or thinketh too meanly of others?

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God; he forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.—Selected.

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August 23.

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