



# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

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

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From the Forget-me-not, for 1838.

PARTING WORDS.

*And he said, let me go, for the day breaketh.*—Gen. 30. 26.

Let me go, the day is breaking,  
Dear companions, let me go;  
We have spent a night of waking  
In the wilderness below;  
Upward now I bend my way,  
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,  
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;  
Angels wait my soul to carry  
Where my risen Lord appears;  
Friends and kindred, weep not so,  
If ye love me let me go.

We have travell'd long together,  
Hand in hand, and heart and heart,  
Both through fair and stormy weather,  
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part,  
While I sigh Farewell to you,  
Answer, one and all, Adieu!

'Tis not darkness gathering round me  
That withdraws me from your sight;  
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,  
But, translated into light,  
Like the lark on mounting wing,  
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,  
Far beyond earth's span of sky;  
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,  
Know that I have ceased to die,  
Would you solve mystery,  
Come up hither, come and see.

J. MONTGOMERY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Editors,  
The following letter from the Rev. Philip Henry to a young friend, may prove the means of assisting beginners in the christian life, it is transcribed for them, to be inserted, at your discretion, in the columns of the Colonial Churchman. L.

*My dear friend,*  
I am glad to hear that God hath been of late at work with your soul; and I hope it will prove the work, which, where He once begins, He will perform until the day of Jesus Christ.— Now I send these few lines to you from my affectionate love, and from the true desire which I have of your spiritual and everlasting welfare, to be your encourager, that you be sure, by all means, to lay a good foundation, for want of which multitudes perish and come to nothing. Now, that foundation must be laid in sound convictions of, and hearty contrition for, sin;—you must bethink yourself of the error of your way, in how many things you have offended; and who can tell, in how many? You must lay before you the pure, and holy, and spiritual law of God; and if the commandment came to you by the Spirit of God working with it, as it came to Paul, Rom. 7. 9, it will make sin to revive;

and the reviving of sin, in that manner, will be the death of all your vain hopes and carnal confidences. You will change your note, and from the Pharisee's, God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, you will cry out with the poor publican, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* Oh! the numberless numbers of vain thoughts, idle words, unprofitable communications that have past you in any one day, the best of your days! the multitudes of omissions of duty to God, to man in general, in particular relations! the multitudes of commissions, whereby from time to time you have transgressed and turned aside, in the several ages and stages of your life, through which you have passed: though you are but young, and therefore free from much of that guilt which others lie under, yet conclude, I say conclude, you have enough and enough again, if God should enter into judgment with you, to sink you into the bottomless pit of hell; and therefore you must enter into judgment with yourself, and condemn yourself, and if you do it aright, you shall not be judged of the Lord, nor be condemned with the world. Be free and full in your confessions, and after all you must close with David's—"who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults"—Ps. 19. 12. Let the streams lead you to the fountain; you see a root, a root of bitterness in your nature, bearing gall and wormwood in your life and actions; and be sure lay the axe to that, and bewail that, and see an absolute necessity of a change, for except ye be born again, and become a new creature; that is, except a contrary principle of grace be wrought in you to work out that naughty principle of corruption by degrees, you cannot enter into the kingdom of God. And here all the creatures in Heaven and earth cannot help you; they must each of them say, it is not in me, it is not in me; they have neither a righteousness for you wherein to stand before God for justification, nor a power to give for the mortifying of one vicious habit, or for the performing of any one act of acceptable obedience; but, blessed be God, help is laid for us upon One that is mighty, able to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him, the only Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus: and therefore by Him you must go to God. I say *must*, or you are undone; for there is none other name under Heaven by which we can be saved:—you must in the sight and sense of your own lost and undone condition in yourself, by reason of the guilt which lies upon you, resolve to cast yourself upon the free grace of the Gospel, making this your only plea at the bar of His offended justice, I have sinned, but Christ Jesus hath died, yea rather, is risen again, and in Him mercy is promised to the penitent, and therefore to me. Do not suffer the tempter, nor your own unbelief, to beat you from this plea. These will tell you, you are a great sinner, it may be a backslider after convictions, and that often, and therefore it is to no purpose; but do not hearken to them: say, "faithful is He that hath promised:" and hold fast there; say, the worse I am, the more need I have of a Saviour,

the more His mercy will be magnified in saving me; remember David's argument, Ps. 25. 11—"For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity: for it is great." And when you have in this manner by faith applied Christ crucified to your soul, you are bound to believe that God doth accept you, that your sins are pardoned, and that you shall not come into condemnation. And then your next work must be to study what you shall render, to love Him that hath loved you first, and out of love to Him to forsake all sin, and to set about all duty, to read, hear, and meditate in the Word of God, that you may know what the will of God is concerning you, and what you ought to do: and when you know it, resolve to do it. You will say, I cannot. I know you cannot: but in this also help is laid up for you in Jesus Christ. If you come to Him daily as you have occasion, in the sense of your own impotency, He will strengthen you with all might by His Spirit in the inner man. He will plant grace, and water His own planting, and make it to grow and bring forth fruit. "I can do all things," saith St. Paul, "through Christ strengthening me;" and, "without Him we can do nothing." The terms of that blessed covenant that we are under, are, that we endeavour in the strength of Christ to do as well as we can, aiming at perfection; and wherein we come short, that we may be humbled for it but not discouraged, as if there were no hope—for—"we are not under the law, but under grace."—Seek acquaintance with the servants of the Lord, and prize at a very high rate an interest in their love and prayers. If you have not joined in the fellowship of the Holy Supper, I would you should not by any means delay to do it. It is not privilege only, but duty, commanded duty: and if you love the Lord Jesus, how can you answer for your neglect so long of such a gracious appointment of His, when you have an opportunity for it? Behold, He calls you. It is one thing to be unworthy to come, and another thing to come unworthily. He that is not fit to day will be less fit to-morrow. I know those that can witness that though there were treaties before between their souls and the Lord Jesus, in order to that blessed match, yet the matter was never consummated, nor the knot fully tied till they came to that ordinance: it is a sealing ordinance: God is there sealing to us, and we sealing to Him in a precious Mediator. You cannot imagine the benefits of it, and therefore put not off. So commending you to God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, I rest your friend,  
PHILIP HENRY.

As it was said of Naaman, he was a great man, an honourable man, a mighty man of war, but he was a leper; so whatever other ornaments a man hath, sin stains them with the foulest "but" that can be brought to deprave the fairest endowments—a learned man, a wealthy man, a wise man, an honourable man, but a wicked man. This makes all those other good things tributary unto Satan.—Bp. Reynolds.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers ! wherefore do ye bloom ?  
 —We strew thy pathway to the tomb.  
 Stars ! wherefore do ye rise ?  
 —To light thy spirit to the skies.  
 Fair moon ! why dost thou wane ?  
 —That I may wax again.  
 O Sun ! what makes thy beams so bright ?  
 —The word that said " Let there be light."  
 Planets ! what guides you in your course ?  
 —Unseen, unfelt, unailing source.  
 Nature ! whence sprang thy glorious frame ?  
 —My Maker called me and I came.  
 O Light ! thy subtle essence who may know ?  
 —Ask not ; for all things but myself I show.  
 What is yon arch which every where I see ?  
 —The sign of omnipresent Deity.  
 Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone ?  
 —Where earth God's footstool touches heaven his throne.  
 Ye Clouds ! what bring ye in your train ?  
 —God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail or rain.  
 Winds ! whence and whither do ye blow ?  
 —Thou must be born again to know.  
 Bow in the cloud ! what token dost thou bear ?  
 —That Justice still cries 'strike', and Mercy 'spare.'  
 Dews of the morning ! wherefore were ye given ?  
 —To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.  
 Rise, glitter, break ; yet, Bubble ! tell me why ?  
 —To show the course of all beneath the sky.  
 Stay Meteor ! stay thy falling fire ?  
 —No : thus shall all the host of heaven expire.  
 Ocean ! what law thy chainless waves confined ?  
 —That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.  
 Time ! whither dost thou flee ?  
 —I travel to Eternity.  
 Eternity ! what art thou ?—say.  
 —Time past, time present, time to come to-day.  
 Ye Dead ! where can your dwelling be ?  
 —The house for all the living ;—come and see.  
 O life ! what is this breath ?  
 —A vapour lost in death.  
 O Death ! how ends thy strife ?  
 —In everlasting life.  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 Ask Him who rose again for me.—*Selected.*

## For the Colonial Churchman.

## BEAUTIES OF COLERIDGE.—NO. I.

"Various—"

That the mind of desultory man,  
 Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,  
 May be indulged."

I have risen from a perusal of 'Coleridge's Table Talk,' and as I proceeded selected and classified, with some care, such passages as appeared, in my humble judgment, calculated to instruct and interest your readers. I need not remind you, Messrs. Editors, that in addition to the enduring fame acquired by Coleridge, (one of the "master-lights" of our day) as a poet and philosopher, that his conversational powers—of which 'Table Talk' is an exhibition—were of a transcendent order. But above all in his later years he displayed the infinitely more valuable graces of the Christian character. Within but a few years the earth has been heaped on his grave, for he died in London in the year 1834, aged 63.

The selection which I now "cast upon the waters" commences with *Characters of the Scriptures.*

SIGMA.

Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says :—"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." And in the next chapter, he repeats the nar-

native:—And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then he adds these words,—'and man came a living soul.'—Materialism will never explain these last words.

St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel, while St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

Think of sublimity, I would rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

The Epistle to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of what might be called St. Paul's diocese. It is the divinest composition of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity; first, those doctrines peculiar to Christianity, and then those precepts common to it with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.

## For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

As you are in the habit of publishing the proceedings of the Church Society, you will no doubt be glad to hear that the friends of the Church in Parrsborough determined to form in their township a Parrsborough District Committee of the Church Society, and a commencement was made by the appointment of the Rev. N. A. Coster, Rector, as President; the Hon. James Ratchford and Walter Maynard, Esq. Vice Presidents; Jesse Lewis, Esq. Treasurer; — Whidden, Esq. Acting Secretary.

A sufficient number of persons not having enrolled themselves members, the appointment of the committee was postponed; but with God's blessings upon the exertions of zealous officers, the little spring now opened beneath our altar, will spread, and as it flows, produce fertility.

T. O.

## From Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Vol. ii. p. 58.—The roads, in many places, were so destroyed by the heavy rains and floods, that it was impossible to travel without sending precursors to see that the hills of sand and mud were levelled, and the chasms and ravines filled up, before a wheel carriage could pass. This, by the custom of the country, is performed gratuitously for governors and persons in office. On the halcarra or harbinger, arriving at a village with an intimation that a man of consequence is on his way thither a proclamation is issued to repair the roads as far as the next village, and so in continuance. In a light soil it is a work of no great expense, and soon accomplished. This established custom elucidates a beautiful passage in the evangelical prophecy respecting the coming of the Messiah, preceded by John the Baptist, as a harbinger in the spirit and power of Elias, to prepare the way of the Lord, and make his path-strait, *Matt. iii. 3*; when every valley was to be exalted, and every mountain and hill to be made low: and the crooked to be made straight, and the rough places plain. *Isa. xl. 4.*

Vol. ii. p. 97.—On a sultry day, having rode faster than my attendants, while waiting their arrival under a tamarind tree, a young woman came to the well; I asked for a little water, but neither of us having a drinking vessel, she lastly left me, as I imagined to bring an earthen cup for the purpose, as I should have polluted a vessel of metal; but as Jael, when Sisera asked for water, gave him milk, and brought forth butter in a lordly dish, *Judges v. 25.* so did this village damsel, with more sincerity than Heber's wife, bring me a pot of milk, and a lump of butter on the delicate leaf of the banana, the 'lordly

dish' of the Hindoos. The former I gladly accepted on my declining the latter, she immediately made up into two balls, and gave one to each of the oxen and drew my hackery. Butter is a luxury to these animals, and enables them to bear additional fatigue.

Vol. ii. p. 100.—Sbaik Edroes at first waited table, and performed little offices about our person but on the appearance of some spot of leprosy, excused him from that part of his employment. The spots increasing, his motley skin grew so disgusting that we dispensed with his attendance at table, at length procured him a situation where the disorder did not interfere with his duty; for, although he was not suddenly smitten like Gehazi, yet his skin gradually experienced the same effect, until, like him, became 'a leper as white as snow.' The whiteness of the Indians afflicted with this disorder is so extremely disagreeable as to render the complexion of blackest Ethiopian beautiful in the comparison.

Vol. ii. p. 241.—Respecting the kind of bed mentioned in *Sol. Song iii. 7-10*, I think there can be no doubt that it means the palanquin of Hindostan, something very similar; in which the prince not only reclines, or sits in state in paying visits of ceremony, but the traveller also reposes during a journey, as were his own bed.

Vol. ii. 243.—Gibbon the historian, although a friend to Christianity, has candidly acknowledged that 'if the Sacred Writings be considered but human productions, they deserve to be studied, one of the most curious and original monuments of the east.—(*London*) *Tract Mag.*

## DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of Right Rev. William Ward, the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. His Lordship died at the rectory House of Great Horkesley, in this county, at two o'clock on Friday night, the 26th ult. The Bishop who was in his 76th year, had been failing for some time in bodily strength, and about ten days previous to his death had been confined to his room; his weakness increased rapidly, but wholly unattended with pain. On the Monday he partook, with his family, the Holy Eucharist, and from that hour seemed to forget all his worldly cares; even his Diocese, which was the last object of solicitude spoken of by him on that occasion, he seemed to have left in humble confidence to the protecting mercies of Almighty God, declaring his firm belief that those measures now taken for the preservation of that, the Church of his diocese, would be prospered in the hands of those whom he had entrusted the charge of advocating rights in Parliament. Though conscious to the last he remained in a state of perfect tranquility both body and mind; and this state was only exchanged for one expressive of greater and more lively happiness, which in his last moments was stamped upon his countenance in a most remarkable manner, so remarkable indeed that no one could look upon the dead body of that good man and pious Bishop, and not feel that 'the seal of the living God' was set upon his forehead. The history of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man, is that of a man blessed with quiet unvarying prosperity from first to last. His first profession was under the patronage of Bishop Porteus, who ordained him Priest and who to the end of his own life, was his warm and attached friend. The Bishop appointed Mr. Ward Reader and alternate Preacher at Curzon Chapel, and soon afterwards he was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of St. Alban's. About this time Lord Grantham died and left Bishop Porteus the guardian of his three sons, two of whom, the Earl de Grey and the Earl of Devon, are now living. The Bishop immediately appointed his young friend to be their tutor. After a few years of faithful discharge of this trust, the Duke offered him the Rectory of Myland, near Colchester, and after a diligent ministry of twenty-years in that parish, the more lucrative benefice of Great Horkesley. In the meanwhile, through the interest of other friends, he had obtained from the Lord Chancellor, the Rectory of Althamstone, in this county, from his own friend, Bishop Fisher, of Salisbury, a stall in that Cathedral. In the year 1827, the Earl of Ripon (then Viscount Goderich) being first

REMINISCENCES OF DR. PAYSON.

The following illustration was used in a familiar conversation with a friend: 'God deals somewhat with us as we do with our children. When I am in my study, engaged in writing or meditation, if I hear one of my children cry, I do not go to it immediately. The occasion of its tears may be a mere momentary trouble, capable of being removed by others or from which it may be diverted by some toy. But if its cries continue, and I find that nothing but my presence will pacify it, I leave everything and go to it. So when the children of God begin to cry for his presence, he does not answer them immediately, but waits to see whether the cry is repeated; and if he finds that his child will be satisfied with nothing but his Father's presence, this blessing will not long be withheld.'

During his last illness a friend coming into his room, remarked familiarly, 'Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back.'

'Do you not know what God puts us on our backs for?' said Dr. P. smiling.

'No,' was the answer.

'In order that we may look upward.'

His friends said to him, 'I am not come to condole, but to rejoice with you, for it seems to me that this is no time for mourning.'

'Well, I am glad to hear that,' was the reply; 'for it is not often that I am addressed in such a way. The fact is, I never had less need of condolence, and yet every body persists in offering it; whereas, when I was prosperous and well, and a successful preacher, and really needed condolence, they flattered and congratulated me.'—*Religious Mag.*

The Red River Gazette states that a fire at that place destroyed five or six valuable buildings including the beautiful Roman Catholic Church. Loss \$100,000.

*District Libraries.*—The legislature of New York assign \$55,000 of the surplus revenue to the school districts of the State,—the trustees of each district to determine whether their portion shall go to purchase a library or to pay a teacher.

*The Rev. Mr. Kirk*, of Albany now in Europe, writes that there are entire villages in France, deserting the Romish superstitions, and demanding a purer and simpler religion. And it is remarkable, that this has occurred without the presence of Protestant pastors, and solely by the Bible and Tracts explaining its doctrines.

The late Earl of Egremont distributed in acts of charity and benevolence, during sixty years, upwards of 1,000,200l. sterling!—or about \$100,000 per annum.

It was the answer of a brave and virtuous man to a person who challenged him for some fancied injury—"Though I fear not your sword, yet I do the anger of my God. I dare to venture my life in a good cause, but cannot venture my soul in a bad one. I'll charge up to the cannon's mouth for the good of my country, but want courage to storm Hell."

*Religious Gossip.*—Do not enter into the list of religious gossips, who may not only puzzle you about hard points of doctrine, but may lead you to waste your time to no purpose, in going from house to house talking, instead of getting into the spirit of unity. There are too many of this sort, whose chief religion lies in going from church to church to hear, and from house to house to *prate*; but who are too seldom in their closets, too seldom in close converse with God. *Retired Christianity is the truest.* It is easy to fill the head with notions, but to sit still like Mary at Christ's feet, and be a learner, is far better. Always be afraid of a specious religion.—*Cecil.*

*Kneelings.*—"We shall have (said the Rev. Dr. Hood, in a late speech in England,) 1200 more kneelings. I use the word in preference to sittings, that persons may remember that they come to church, not to sit and hear a sermon, but to kneel before their God, in prayer; of these fresh kneelings, 700 will be for the poor, for to them we are commanded in the place, to preach the gospel."

Lord of the Treasury, wished to recommend his old tutor to His Majesty to fill the vacant See of Sodor and Man; but at first he declined to undertake the charge, not desiring to leave his retirement of Horkeley for a distant Island; till one day calling upon a friend, he told him of the offer he had received, upon hearing which his friend exclaimed, 'I would rather be Bishop of Sodor and Man than of any Diocese in the Church, for I should there learn my duties at the very tomb of the sainted Wilson.' These few words determined Dr. Ward not to shrink from the task, to which he seemed so especially called. How he learn to perform his duty, and how his labours have been blessed, that island, formerly so miserably poor in its consecrated buildings, but now adorned with beautiful and even stately Churches, can best tell. By an Act of last Session, the Diocese of Sodor and Man is to be now merged in that of Carlisle, should the Bishop of Carlisle accept the charge; but there is a bill at the present moment before the House of Lords, brought in by the Earl of Ripon, to repeal that Act of the British Parliament, which Bill, to use the lamented Bishop's own words, frequently repeated within the last month of his life, 'It will be impossible for Parliament to reject.'

For the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at least it will be impossible to forget the warning which (again to use his own words at the close of his memorial to the whole Church is now witness to him, he did not cease to repeat with the greater earnestness as the approach of his death hastened the accomplishment of this measure; and by an Order in Council the Commissioners may now wipe out from among the Churches of Christendom, the time-hallowed and independent Bishopric of Man; but will they, while these words of the last Bishop, with the seal of his death upon them, are present to their consciences?—I believe most solemnly, that in a very few years after the removal of the Bishop, the name only of a Church will be left to her, and her empty walls will stand as sad memorials of an arrangement, needless and recalled for in itself, burdensome to Carlisle, and destructive to her own best interests. But it shall never be said that the last of this long line of Bishops stood by with unfolded arms, without an effort, in the name of God, to arrest the stroke before it fell. While then my many years give serious warning that I must speak as a dying man, and when I tell you that, after all other earthly cares are forgotten, my fears for this the Church of my affections add a pang to my dying hour, I have good hope that my words will not pass unheeded, but that the Church of Man may even yet be spared, as a memorial of happier days that are past, and as an earnest of brighter days to come.'—*Essex Standard.*

THE CHURCH IN BARBADOES.

From Sir Andrew's Halliday's work on the W. Indies.)

Of the excellent and pious Bishop of Barbadoes and the Islands, I know not well how to write,—for whether we regard him as a man, a minister of the Gospel, or as the guide and guardian of a Christian Church, he is in all respects above praise. With patience, and much forbearance, but at the same time with firmness, he has overcome many difficulties. He has nearly succeeded in removing from the Church his minister of the old leaven, and has filled their places with men of sound learning and sound doctrine, men of whom it may truly be said, that they are well calculated to adorn the doctrine of Christ our Saviour, and well qualified to minister in holy things.

Churches and chapels are now rising in every Colony, and from the attention which the Bishop has bestowed on the characters and qualifications of the candidates for livings, such only have been selected as distinguished for zeal in the good cause, and whose learning and sound piety are certain of securing them that respect and consideration which their character so necessarily demands. Already the number of the Barbadoes bishopric will bear a comparison with those of England itself, and more of the pious labourers are not to be found in any part of the Christian world.

The hurricane of 1831 destroyed and levelled almost every Church and Chapel in Barbadoes; but

such have been the indefatigable exertions of the Bishop and his excellent clergy, that not only all that previously existed have been rebuilt, but several new charges have been established. The want of church accommodation has been long felt, and loudly complained of, in Great Britain and Ireland; but it was nothing in comparison with what the colonies suffered, when Dr. Coleridge was appointed to the See; in fact, it had never entered into the imagination of those who first planted the churches in our colonies, and divided these colonies into parishes, that the black population were of any account in such an arrangement. They were looked upon us altogether without the pale of the Church; consequently, provision was only made for the few planters and their families that resided in the district, together with their white overseers and servants.

No black or coloured persons were allowed to enter the consecrated temples of the Living God. The good Bishop, however, soon made it known, that he should consider every class, and all colours, of professing Christians (equal as they were in the sight of God,) equally entitled to share in the blessings and benefits of Christ's Holy Gospel:—that the house of God was open to all, and that every one was invited, nay, commanded, to come and hear that Gospel preached. The Clergy throughout the diocese were peremptorily commanded to make these sentiments fully known to all classes of their communities, and to take care that no authority whatever might contravene them without its being reported. A few, and I believe but a very few, felt alarmed at what they considered worse than high treason itself, or even a hurricane; but after a very short time, when they found that the canes still continued to grow, and that sugar and rum might still be made from them, their terrors seemed to subside, and even some of these alarmists are not ashamed now to occupy a pew with their black servants.

More crowded or more devout congregations I never witnessed in any country than in Barbadoes and in others of the colonies; and it is gratifying to observe the progress which many grown-up people have made in the knowledge of the great truths of religion. As to the rising generation, they will be as well, if not better, educated than the children of the lower classes in England. The ministers of all denominations of Christians are not less improved in their manners and conduct, than are the members of the Establishment; and indiscreet zeal, and inflammatory mysticism, have given place to a pure devotion, and the steady inculcation and plain explanation of the great and practical truths of Christianity. There is a rivalry, no doubt, kept up, but it is a rivalry of love; and that mutual harmony, that peace and goodwill, which now exist, amongst all the Christian Ministers of the West Indies, clearly indicate that the Spirit of all grace is with them; and that their labours are blessed.

DEFERRED ITEMS.

FACTS ABOUT IRELAND.

I. *Increased demand for Church room.*—By returns lately made by ecclesiastical commissioners for Ireland, it appears 1st, that there are sixty places in which public worship is celebrated in unconsecrated buildings for want of Churches: 2dly., that there are 120 churches known to the commissioners as standing in urgent need of enlargement.

II. Since the Union of 1808, no less than 700 new churches have been built in Ireland.

III. *Increase of Protestantism.*—In the year 1792, the number of Protestants in Ireland was (according to Wakefield) 522,023; of Roman Catholics, 3,211,097. In 1835, the numbers are returned, Roman Catholics 6,427,712; Protestants, 1,516,228, the latter being known to be considerably below the truth. Thus while the Romanists have doubled since 1792, the Protestants have become, at least, three times as numerous.

IV. The following nine priests have lately renounced the errors of the Romish Church:—1. Mr. Nolan 2. Mr. Croly. 3. and 4. Michael and William Crotty. 5. Mr. Delany. 6. Mr. Godkin of Armagh. 7. Mr. Burke of Westport. 8. Mr. Tankard. 9. Mr. Malvanny.—*Cambridge Chronicle*, 1837.

From the Friendly Visitor.

THE FLOOD;  
Or, an Alarming Dream.

A short time since, little else was talked of, but the late destructive flood. When two friends happened to meet, instead of usual remarks upon the mildness or roughness of the weather, the first observation was, that the river was still rising or was beginning to subside.

I happened to be in company at a friend's house, when the waters were still out; and questions, and anecdotes, and arguments, and exclamations of wonder and pity, were echoing from all corners of the room. While the rest of the party were busy talking, I found myself attacked with a drowsiness, which at length quite overpowered me, and I dropt asleep.

I then began to dream: and it will not be thought surprising, that my dream took its form and colour from those sad events, of which I had been hearing the instant before. I saw before me an ancient man, who hardly looked like an inhabitant of this world. The undressed skin of some wild animal was his only garment; while his shaggy beard and locks were so drenched and dripping, that he might well be taken for a type of those departed ones, whom the sea will deliver up, at the sound of the last trumpet. His countenance was not pleasing; and there was a ghastly expression in his sunken eye, that looked like the index to some fearful tale of guilt and punishment. As he gazed upon the waters, which had now overspread the low country, and were risen nearly to a level with the tops of several houses, I observed a slight convulsion of his frame; and could distinguish a suppressed groan, which seemed to imply that some terrible recollections were brought up by the sight. My curiosity now overcame the alarm, which I had felt at the first appearance of this strange visitor, and I ventured to ask who he was. Fixing upon me a look which chilled my very soul, he began to speak as follows:

"I am one of those unhappy beings, who perished above four thousand years ago, in the general deluge. Of the cause of that deluge, and the principal circumstances attending it, those who have read the Bible cannot be ignorant. You are doubtless aware that the wickedness of man was become so great, that the Lord repented of having made him, and resolved to destroy him from the earth. Only pious Noah was excepted from the sentence of destruction. I hardly need remind you, that he was commanded to build an ark, a sort of large covered boat which had rooms in it, in which he and his family were to be preserved, when the flood was upon the earth. He was employed a hundred years in the making of this vessel; and during all that time, he never ceased declaring to us the purpose for which it was building and beseeching us, even with tears, to 'flee from the wrath to come.' You will readily suppose that so strange an undertaking could not but engage our attention. Indeed, numbers of us were hired to assist in the work. Yet, instead of giving heed to the good man's counsel, and forsaking our evil ways, we reckoned him no better than a crack-brained enthusiast, and laughed at the idea of a flood. Time stole on, and the ark which had been so long in hand, was now finished. I can well remember going up to the venerable prophet, along with a troop of roaring reprobates like myself, begging him, with an insolent sneer, to fix an early day for launching his ark, as I was tired of waiting. 'Alas,' (he replied, with a look of serious compassion that abashed me, hardened as I was,) 'the day will come *too soon*, as you will discover *too late*.' We returned home, and spent the evening in riotous feasting, making game of the crazy preacher, and thanking our stars that we were not going to be cooped up in this dismal ark."

"About the middle of that very night, a heavy rain came on, but we thought nothing of it. It continued through the next day, pouring down in torrents. The rivers were already swollen almost to overflowing, and some uneasy suspicions forced themselves into my mind. But I was ashamed to own them even to myself; and rallied my wife with some tartness, when she exclaimed with an affrighted look, as if anxious to get my thoughts; 'What, if the

threatened Flood be indeed coming?' Nevertheless, when the rain continued with unabated violence; when the channels of the rivers were no longer to be seen and the very sea seemed rolling itself from out of its deep bed upon the land, my heart sunk within me. Our dwelling stood on high ground, and by that advantage continued dry, long after a number of houses about me were under water. Yet, I could mark the progress of the deluge, as it gained upon us foot after foot, and felt an anguish which it was no longer in my power to conceal. Every minute, our ears were assailed with the groans and shrieks of drowning neighbours, or their corpses were seen floating before our door. At length, the increasing waters washed us out of our house, and, followed by my weeping family, I mounted the hill, near the top of which our house was built. There I stood, one while with eyes fixed and hands clasped, motionless as the dead; the next moment, crying like a child, or raving like a madman. Then again I tried to persuade myself that the waters would retreat, before they had overflowed my last shelter. Wretch that I was, not to spend this last remnant of my days, in imploring grace and mercy of that God, who can give repentance at the latest hour! Before another morning, my wife and children had been swept away, one after another, and perished before my eyes. As a last effort for life, (for though I no longer valued life, yet I feared to die,) I climbed a lofty tree. And now, as I gazed wildly on the waters, there caught my eye something of an uncommon shape, floating upon them at a distance. It glided gently on, and as it came full in sight, I perceived it to be that very ark, upon which I had so often profanely jested. Oh! what would I now have given for a place within it! It continued to approach, and I beckoned, and shouted, and wrung my hands, conjuring Noah to open the door and receive me in. Alas! I knew not that the door had been shut by God himself, and could be opened by him only. The ark was now within a few yards of the tree on which I was, and I could distinguish the venerable prophet at the window, pointing upward with his finger. The agony of my soul would not allow me to understand these signs, and I ventured a desperate leap, in hopes of gaining the top of the ark; but failing in the attempt, I sank into the great deep, never to rise again. And then, oh! then I remembered *too late*!"

As the old man uttered these words, "*too late*," such a dismal groan seemed to break from him, as woke me with a sudden start, and I found myself again among the living. I was greatly agitated by my dream, and somewhat uneasy lest my ill manners in falling asleep should have been noticed. From this uneasiness, however, I was quickly relieved, by observing the whole party so eagerly debating whether or not the rise of the rivers should be charged on the canal, assatisfied me that they had eyes and ears for nothing else. Taking advantage of their being so engaged, I slept away unperceived; and as I walked homewards, in serious mood, with the overflowing Avon\* under my eyes, some reflections presented themselves to my mind, when I hope by God's blessing, it may be neither waste of time in me to write down, nor in my poor neighbours to read.

And did God indeed destroy the inhabitants of the old world, (I said within myself,) and that too for sins which are daily committed by persons, who call themselves Christians? Does his holy soul abhor violence and lewdness to such a degree, that, rather than endure them, he would sweep away the whole creation with a flood? Alas! then, (I exclaimed—and my eye glanced on the Quay, and the streets leading to it, those strong-holds of debauchery and profaneness)—alas, what a terrible vengeance must hang over these miserable sinners! For in what else are they busied, day after day, and night after night, but in working "all uncleanness with greediness?" Oh, that they could understand that sin is the abominable thing that God hateth; and that every sinner must be cleansed from iniquity in this world, or bear its dreadful punishment in the next! Either sin, or the sinner, must be rooted out. God is just, as well as merciful; and if, for his mercies' sake, he shew favour to the righteous, yet, for his justice sake, he will destroy the ungodly with an everlasting destruction.

\* The river near Bath.

Again, I thought what an instance of long suffering and patience do we perceive in God's dealing with those obstinate transgressors, who perished in flood! For a hundred years, he strove by the preaching of Noah, to bring them to repentance. But vain; for they "set at nought all his counsel; they despised all his reproof." What hearts of stone and iron must these sinners have had! yet, (I thought again,) are they greater sinners than those poor headstrong creatures around me? Surely not; for although the old world repeated the preaching of Noah, yet a greater than Noah preaches to us. The Lord Jesus Christ, by the ministry of the Gospel, is constantly urging us to repent and believe. And what more can he do, than what he has already done, to convert the sinner? If his words could convince us, we should be persuaded; if his threatenings could terrify us, we should be alarmed; if his plain doctrine could teach us, we should be instructed; if his glorious promises could allure us, we should be won over; if tender entreaties could affect us, we should be melted. By his agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion, he conjures us to accept of his mercy, before mercy is swallowed up in judgment. And yet he is neglected in his word, and insulted by his ministers; and all his offers of salvation are trampled under foot by daring sinners. Still they are spared. The Saviour still waits, and knocks, and calls. He still stretches out his hand, and opens his bosom, as if his patience increased with their perverseness. Oh! that they would be prevailed upon to hearken, before it be *too late*!

Too Late.—Yes, there is a limit even to the mercies of the most merciful God.—And I should have been ed, as the groan which the old man in my dream had uttered these fearful words, "*too late*," seemed to sound more to sound in my ears—Surely that, which is claimed, is the cry of despair, which peals through the regions of the damned. The groans, in my dream, were mere fancy; but, in Hell, they are a dreadful reality. Would to God, my poor neighbours, could make you alive to the folly of putting off your repentance to a distant day! Can it ever be too late to give over those wicked ways, by which Almighty God is so highly provoked? Can it be too late to make ready for death, since you cannot tell how death may surprise you? Suppose you had been drowned in the flood, which so lately drove you out of their habitations were you prepared to see your God? Were you living in "temperance, sobriety, and chastity," in godliness and brotherly love? Are none of you, who were sufferers under the temptation of the flood, or drunkards, or fornicators, or profane swearers, or gamblers, or sabbath-breakers? On the night in which the waters rose, had you been to bed with prayer on your lips, and the peace of God in your hearts; or were not your last thoughts thoughts of dishonesty, malice, or uncleanness? Had your last words, either frightful blasphemies, or filthy revilings, or filthy talking? Oh, think on these things, before it be *too late*. Another flood may come, in which those lives may be cut off, which have now been so graciously spread. Before it be *too late*, seek pardon of God through the blood of his Son Jesus Christ; and beseech him to change the sinful hearts by the grace of his Holy Spirit. Do not off the great business of saving your souls till the next day, or hour; lest, before that day or hour is ended, it should be *too late*.

Once more, it struck me very forcibly, what a wisdom it was for Noah, that God had provided an ark to protect him from the deluge. Nothing else could have preserved him, when the waters had risen several yards above the tops of the highest mountains. And, surely, I said within myself, there is an ark, into which poor sinners may run, and be preserved—an ark, that will be a sufficient hiding-place in that day, when the flood of Almighty wrath shall overflow the earth. Yes, Jesus is that Ark; and blessed thrice blessed are all who take shelter in Him. The door of that Ark is still open; and the vilest sinners are still permitted, invited, and even entreated to enter in. They have only to cast themselves upon repentance and faith, on the promises of the Gospel, and they shall obtain a place in the loving-kindness of the Lord, whence no raging storms, nor swelling floods, neither "height nor depth, nor any other creature," shall be able to dislodge them. No, no,

never shall the hand, which clasps about the Saviour, though with ever so feeble and trembling an embrace, be shaken from its hold. In Him there is pardon for the guiltiest, strength for the weakest, grace for the vilest, a cure for the most diseased in soul, and comfort for the most afflicted in spirit. Oh! that God would constrain those wretched sinners among ourselves, who have never yet been shaken by his mercies, nor softened by his mercies, to take refuge in Christ, the true ark of our covenant! From being "a seed of evil-doers" "and children of wrath," they will then become "a holy seed" and "heirs of salvation." And, in that tremendous day, when the earth is dissolving in floods of fire, they shall be found above the reach of the "overflowing scourge," for the Lord their Redeemer will "set them up on high," and be their everlasting habitation.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

THE SHOWER.

It was a fine afternoon in September, when a physician of Edinburgh left home on foot, for the purpose of visiting a patient at some distance from town. He was one of those members of the medical profession (and blessed be God, they are increasing in number) who, having tasted and felt that the Lord is gracious, are anxious, as opportunity occurs, to benefit the souls as well as the bodies of their fellow-creatures. He had not quite reached the place of his destination, when he was overtaken by a shower of rain, so heavy and unexpected, that he sought shelter under the first roof that presented itself, which was that of a little cottage by the way side. In this abode of poverty the most perfect neatness prevailed, and the stranger received a cordial welcome. He sat down at the window to watch the termination of the shower, when one or two moans as of a person in pain, attracted his attention to a concealed bed, which had previously escaped his notice.—Humanity mingled with a still better feeling, induced him to approach it; and he beheld on it the emaciated body of a female, apparently about fifty years of age, who had been, as he was told upon inquiry, very long under the rod of affliction.

"You are ill," said he, "very ill, I perceive, in what manner?" but I trust you know something of the conditions of that Gospel which can make even a sick bed comfortable?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am ill; but it is the hand of the Lord, and let him do what seemeth him good. I have been sixteen years in this situation, but I can still say of my dear Saviour, that he is all my salvation and all my desire."

"Thank God, then," said the physician, "and take courage. Be assured that your light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall, by the good and gracious intercession of the Holy Spirit, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Sixteen years of confinement and suffering may indeed seem long to you now, but hereafter it will appear as nothing when absorbed in an eternity of bliss."

"Of that," replied the invalid, "I desire to feel assured; for, like the apostle, I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed."

"And I have no doubt," said the physician, "that every day brings you fresh proofs that your God and Redeemer is faithfulness itself; and that every want is supplied, whether temporal or spiritual."

"O yes!" she said, and her eyes glistened as she spoke; "my God has proved himself a present help in time of trouble. Kind friends have been raised up to provide me food and medicine, and what I value more than either, to speak to me about my soul. For two or three days, indeed, I have been almost alone, and I was beginning to long for some Christian conversation when you entered the house."

"In that too," observed her visitor, "mark the hand of your heavenly Father. You longed for the visit of a Christian friend, and you see how he has brought it about. Had not that shower fallen, you had it overtaken me a little earlier, or a little later than it did, I should not now have been conversing with you."

"I thank God for that shower," said the invalid, emphatically.

"And I too," rejoined the physician; "for I rejoice

to meet, even on a sick-bed, with a fellow-traveller on the way to Zion."

She pressed his hand. "A traveller to Zion," said she, after a moment's pause; "O that I could always keep in view that glorious termination of my journey." "The spirit," she added, after another short pause, "I hope and think is willing, but the flesh is weak."

"Cling the closer, my friend, on that account, to Him, who has himself experienced the weakness of humanity; and is thus enabled the more tenderly to sympathize with those who feel the pressure of its many infirmities. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; and though now exalted above all principalities and powers, he retains our human nature in union with his own."

The conversation was now interrupted for a time by a paroxysm of her disorder. As it subsided, she remarked, "That pain is severe, but I bless God that he gives me patience and resignation to his will."

"Bless him, too, my friend, that you can say, as a good man once said in similar circumstances, 'I have pain, but it is not everlasting; I am tormented, but not in this flame.'"

The rain had been gradually diminishing, and the bright beams of the declining sun now shone across the little apartment. The stranger rose to depart.

"You will pray with me, I hope, sir, before you go."

"And for what blessings, my friend?"

"That my sins may be forgiven—"

"And an entrance ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"

She clasped his hands in hers. The physician prayed; and He, who has said that wherever two or three are met together in His name, there he will be in the midst of them, was faithful to his promise; for the invalid was comforted and refreshed, and her visitor resumed his walk with an elevation of soul and of spirit, which constrained him to say, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; yea, blessed are the people whose God is the Lord."

From the New-Hampshire Repository.

ON ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

In answer to the inquiry, "In what way is prayer answered?" it may be sufficient to say, that God bestows the very blessing asked, or something, which, in the view of the suppliant, is a full equivalent. The promise is—'He will fulfil the desires of them that fear him.' But every acceptable prayer is offered with an ultimate reference to the divine will. The heart of the petitioner resigns itself to God's good pleasure. The Bible does not require him to believe that a particular blessing will be bestowed at the time, and in the manner which his ignorance or his wants might dictate. He feels that God knows what is best; that if the favour which he desires at any time will conduce to his spiritual good, he will receive it—if not, that he will obtain some other blessing which will be a full equivalent for that withheld.

This view of the subject accords with Scripture and with facts. With Scripture, because, though some of its promises are unlimited, and seem to warrant the belief that the specific blessing sought for will be bestowed; yet they show with what restriction and what spirit every petition should be offered. It agrees with fact: for many a humble believer, conscious of breathing out sincere desires for specific blessings, has received an answer in a manner entirely unexpected, yet so as to make him feel that the blessings conferred are fully equivalent to those desired.

I have heard the voice of prayer rising from the closet of a broken-hearted penitent. It was interrupted often by groaning which could not be uttered. "O Lord, lift thou up on my soul the light of thy countenance. My soul is cast down within me; my heart faileth. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." I heard that voice in the morning; it was reiterated at noon-day, and in the evening. Day after day I heard it, and every time more deep, more solemn, more fervent. From the same closet I heard another voice, even the voice of thanksgiving for the abundance of the mercy that could pour light and joy into a soul so unworthy, and so sinful.

I have seen a widowed mother weeping and kneel-

ing by the death-bed of her only son. I heard her plead that he might be spared, to be the support of her declining years, for the sake of Jesus, to whose cause she had dedicated him. But that petition was not answered. A few days afterwards, she closed his eyes in death; and then she kneeled down by his bed-side, and, in the unruffled accents of resignation, said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

This view of prayer guards against the extreme of presumption on the one hand, and of indifference on the other. We maintain that it is a general principle in God's moral kingdom, that the prayers of his people shall be answered; that every holy desire which they breathe forth, shall be the means of procuring some blessing. If the prayer be for the increase of holiness in their own hearts, holiness will be increased; if for a temporal blessing, or the conversion of an individual, that prayer will be answered by the bestowal of the favour sought, or by inducing a state of moral feeling which will find a full equivalent in the purer contemplation of the divine glory.

ANTIQUITY OF THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH.

By Rev. T. H. Horne.

Let us advert to the sacramental rites of the Protestant Churches generally, and of our own Church in particular: they are two in number, viz. Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

It was reserved for the dark ages, more than twelve centuries after the time of Jesus Christ, to enlarge the number of the Sacraments: nor, until the fifteenth century, did papal arrogance venture or presume to define them to be seven in number. Baptism instead of being metamorphosed into a charm, is with us administered simply, according to Christ's holy institution, with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. (Matt. xxviii 19.) And in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the duly authorised ministers of the Church consecrated bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received: and they distributed both to all the communicants. Although, therefore, these two Sacraments, which were instituted by Christ himself, have subsisted only eighteen hundred years, and are different from those observed by the ancient Jews, yet a mutual relation exists between them. The object of both is the same. The ceremonies and mysteries of the Mosaic Dispensation respected the Messiah who was to come: those of the Gospel dispensation represent him as having already come. The former shadowed out of the truth which was promised: the latter shew the truth actually fulfilled. Under each dispensation we behold one God as its author; one only Mediator; one only means of redemption; one faith one sole object of worship; one and the same pure and moral code. Although, in the lapse of ages, merely external ceremonies have necessarily been changed, yet our faith remains the same: and though believers in former ages, and we who live under the Gospel Dispensation, have not come into existence at the same time, yet are we irradiated with the same light but in different degrees. The advantage however, is infinitely in our favour: for we possess that which is ardently expected; we have the good things that were promised and foretold, of which they had only the shadow. We have the body and substance of that, of which they had only the figure or type: but it has ever been the same Religion in principle, though now more spiritual and more clearly unfolded, than it was under the Patriarchal and Mosaic Dispensations. Nor has this pure and holy religion, which commenced with the infancy of the world, at

any time totally disappeared from the earth. The pages of ecclesiastical history, which record the progressive corruptions of this pure Religion in the fourth and succeeding centuries, as well as the persecutions to which its professors were exposed, also record the fulfilment of our Redeemer's promise:—The gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church. Nor shall the Faith and Religion of the Gospel ever cease; until, at the time appointed in the Divine Councils, it shall pass from earth to heaven, where the spirits of the just made perfect shall unite in the ascribing "Blessing and honor, and glory and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

And thus, after the way which some call heresy, do we worship the God of our Fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law, and in the prophets, and in the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to the utter exclusion of all subsequent unauthorised traditions, and legends, and inventions of men.

### THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1838.

**CLERICAL MEETING AT LIVERPOOL.**—It is with gratitude to Almighty God as for many undeserved mercies, so particularly for his preservation of us during a tedious winter—a period when the country clergy are much exposed in the discharge of their various duties—that we record the proceedings of the first Clerical Meeting for the present year, held at Liverpool, according to previous notice, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th inst.

The Society for this district—which it must be remembered is a voluntary association, though sanctioned by the Bishop, and perfectly subject to him—is composed of the clergymen of St. Margaret's Bay, Chester, Lunenburg, New Dublin, Liverpool, and Shelburne;—all of whom were present except Rev. Mr. Stannage of St. Margaret's Bay,—the cause of whose absence, we much fear, was indisposition, united, perhaps, to the length of the journey, which would almost render it impossible for him to return to his Sunday duties—a point with regard to which the members of the Society are particularly scrupulous.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Brethren who had been hospitably received the evening previous, by several kind friends of themselves and the Church,—assembled at the Parsonage, where they passed the forenoon in prayer and interesting conversation. At four o'clock they proceeded to the parish church, where they met as large a congregation as could reasonably be expected:—Evening Prayers were read by Rev. Dr. Shreve, the lessons by Rev. Mr. Weeks; and the Rev. Mr. White preached an excellent discourse from Eph. 5. 32—"I speak concerning Christ and the Church"—a subject quite in unison with the objects of the Society.

On Thursday morning the Society again assembled at the Parsonage, from whence, after the usual duties, they proceeded to church, where the Morning Service was performed by Rev. Messrs. Shreve and Weeks. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cochran, from Rev. 19. 9—a most faithful discourse on the subject of the Lord's Supper, which was administered to a number of communicants, who, we hope, will not soon forget the solemn and affectionate exhortations of the preacher. All the clergy present assisted at the sacred feast. A collection was made for the Sunday schools of the parish.

After a short intermission, the services were renewed. The Rev. Mr. Cochran took the desk, and the sermon was preached by Dr. Shreve from Josh. 24. latter part of 11th verse, which formed a happy conclusion to the public services of the Society. The evening, (in accordance

with standing rules) was occupied in reading and commenting on the ordination service of our church, and after prayer to God for more of the Spirit which pervades that solemn office, and which doubtless animated the breasts of the holy men who prepared it, the Brethren separated to meet again (with God's blessing) at Lunenburg, on Wednesday 20th day of June—(Communicated.)

**GUYSBOROUGH.**—It affords us satisfaction to give insertion to the following evidence of zeal in the cause of the Church Society, lately manifested in this flourishing parish:—

Messrs. Editors,

I have much pleasure in forwarding to you an account of the first annual meeting of the Church Society, held in this place on Wednesday the 2d of May, according to the rules adopted by the Committee of this Parish, the meeting should have taken place on the first Monday in April: but as the roads were blocked up with snow at that time, it was postponed until the evening of the 9th April. This evening proved very unfavourable, and the hour named being a late one (7 o'clock, P. M.) many of the members from the country could not attend. About 60 persons assembled, although at this time the storm had greatly increased. Resolutions were moved by several of the gentlemen present, who appeared to take a lively interest in the Society, and addressed the meeting at some length. The meeting was then adjourned till Wednesday the 2d of May:—this day also proved very unfavourable, the wind being high accompanied by rain; and many in consequence were prevented from attending. Mr. John Marshall, who was to have moved one of the resolutions, was unable to cross the river from Manchester. We had however an interesting meeting:—about £10 were subscribed, and more will probably be added to the list. The following resolutions were put and agreed to unanimously:—

Moved by Mr. Stewart Campbell, and seconded by Mr. E. Franchville—

Resolved, That while the supporters of Paganism and Infidelity are making efforts to strengthen their cause, professing christians should be more than anxious to spread throughout the world truths of the Gospel.

Moved by Charles F. Harrington, Esq. seconded by Mr. S. Russell—

Resolved, That the duty of contributing for the spread of the gospel, which is so strongly inculcated in the sacred Scriptures, and was so eminently practised by the early christians, so far from being neglected, should be encouraged by all, proportionate to the knowledge and light which they possess, and the esteem in which true religion is held.

Moved by Rev. T. C. Leaver, seconded by R. Hartshorne, Esq.—

Resolved, That while it is the duty and happiness of christians, according to the several opportunities presented to them by Divine Providence, to assist to the utmost of their power, in disseminating the glad tidings of salvation throughout the world, it is from the blessing of God only upon their exertions, that they can be crowned with desired success.

The Officers of the last year were continued—Mr. Franchville being chosen a member of the Committee in the place of Mr. Isaac Wilde, deceased. Our Society is yet in its infant state: but if the Divine blessing attend our persevering labours and efforts, the apathy and indifference which are too manifest in a professedly religious community will, we trust, give place to better feeling; and the call for benevolence and charity will yet meet with a response in every heart—unless men feel the importance and real value of religion themselves, they will not be truly anxious to impart its blessings to others. However, we must persevere. Our motto must be "Onward," and although some may meet us with a frown, who should greet us with a smile, we must heed them not, but press onward. Yours,

**THE WESLEYAN.**—We have received the 2d, 3d and 6th Nos. of a semi-monthly publication under this title, devoted to the interests of the respectable denomination whose name it bears. It is neatly executed in the form, and appears thus far to be conducted in a

promising manner. We shall be happy to exchange, to receive the missing numbers.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We have received a communication signed a "Friend to Truth," remarking on the comments made in this paper of the 5th April, respecting the religious destitution of the inhabitants of the western part of St. Margaret's Bay. We feel persuaded that the intentions of the writer of those statements are quite understood by the "Friend to Truth," and that he attributes motives to him which he did not entertain. His object evidently was to do good to that settlement, by pointing out the necessity of more frequent visits from a clergyman than they now enjoy. And if in doing this he used language rather stronger than the circumstances would justify, language applicable to some only of the people rather than to all, it ought to be set down to his anxiety for their welfare, which led him to place the case in a light so strong as to arrest the attention, and enlist the sympathies of those who have it in their power to better it. We are convinced that our correspondent will rejoice to hear of the influence of the school which has some years been in operation there, and is now under the faithful care of Mr. Wood, who reads the service of Church every Sunday to from 30 to 50 persons who attend as the "Friend of Truth" states, "with much discretion, and propriety of conduct." But still, this is far from being an efficient substitute for the more frequent services of a clergyman, which, as we before observed, it was the evident object of the writer in our paper of 5th April to secure for the destitute settlements on these shores.

Other communications have been received.

**LETTERS received.**—Lord Bishop of Montreal, Rev. A. Coster, Rev. H. N. Arnold, Rev. T. C. Leaver, Rev. C. Ingles, Rev. J. Robertson, with remit.; Rev. J. H. son, with ditto. H. G. Farish, Esq. with ditto.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

The present is an age of pretended liberality, pretended I say, because while all classes of dissenters are striving for power, are anxious to secure a large share of this world's goods for themselves, they are uniting their forces to spoil the Church, and deprive her of that which she has justly obtained, and are unwilling that she should have a full share in the privileges which they are so truly desirous of enjoying. A genuine spirit of liberality cannot be separate and distinct from strict justice. The cry of intolerance has been raised against the Church; she has been styled in the public prints a dominant Church. How has she evinced such a spirit? Does she deserve such a character? If these things cannot be proved against her, is it not shameful injustice to make such charges? Have the members of the Church endeavoured to deprive the dissenters of the privileges which they profess? Have they not left them to enjoy all which the Government and the laws gave them? Is the Church to be called intolerant because she does not see fit to have all things in common with them?—because she will not divide with them all that she has openly and justly obtained? Is she to be styled dominant because to preserve the purity of her doctrines unstained, and the scriptural order of her ministry clear and distinct, she hedges up her way by rules which must be observed,—which cannot be broken? These charges have so often been made, and allowed to pass unnoticed, that every stripling in theology thinks that he is privileged to rail against and abuse the Established Church; he makes it the most prominent part of his creed, and many dissenters imagine that they may indulge in the same strain of invective with impunity. Nay, will boast of what they have done, and uncharitably declare, that the silence of Churchmen is a proof of their being in error. Churchmen! will ye any longer be silent? Will ye still wrap yourselves up in your apathy and slumber on regardless of all the efforts which are made against you? The reli-

son of Jesus does not bid you to revile when reviled. No, here you must be silent, but as members of the Church you have a character to sustain, and if that character is unjustly and unfairly dealt with you are criminal unless you come forward openly and fairly in the spirit of meekness and firmness to vindicate it. If the foul stain of reproach be cast upon it, it is your duty to remove that stain. If, as a Church, you profess to be the followers of Christ, it is a duty which you owe to God and to His people to shew that your profession is not an empty one. Churchmen! make yourselves acquainted with the history—the doctrines and character of the Church, and let every child amongst dissenters know more of their own peculiar tenets, than you do of the scriptural doctrines of the Church. In this they are to be commended, and their example is worthy of imitation.—Churchmen! be united like a band of christian brothers, and be not ashamed to own and acknowledge yourselves as members of that Church which has been admired by every charitable and intelligent dissenter, and which by some who are not with us, has been called (as a christian Church) “the mother of us all.” Let us know our own, and our own who are real friends, and who are not, who are the enemies within the camp, and the drones within the hive. Better far would it be for us to have a faithful little band like that of Gideon to contend against the enemies of the Lord, than to have thousands who would assemble under our banners, but when their services are required, would prove weak and faint-hearted.—I would now Messrs. Editors, bring to the notice of churchmen, through the medium of your useful paper, an act of the legislature of this province, which no truly honourable man can justify, I mean the desire to take the schools from the Church to which they unquestionably belong by right, and authorize individuals to dispose of them for the purposes of education in general. It is the principle which we must condemn. If such an act can be made legal, can be justified, what confidence can we any longer place in the acts of those in power. In an abstract of the proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, A. D. 1748-9 will be found a notice of a communication from the Lord’s commissioners for Trade and Plantations, to the Society, in which it is stated that a portion of land should be set apart in every Township for a Church, and that lands should be granted to ministers and schoolmasters, and sent out by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel. The Society received this information with pleasure, and cheerfully came to a resolution to propose to the Clergymen and Schoolmasters. Now, to every honest, upright, and conscientious dissenter I appeal, would he not think if such a communication were addressed to the members of his own creed, that this land was to be exclusively for their benefit? Would they not (if they sent any) send ministers and schoolmasters of their own denomination?—Surely they would. And would they not think it unjust, if, after they had complied with the wishes of government, these lands should be taken from them, served, from the time they were granted, or even believed to belong to them? I would be ashamed of the churchman that would presume, under such circumstances, to raise his voice against their just title. In vain would such a man boast of his honest principles, he could have none. Dissenters have been called upon to apply for a quantity of land equal to that which the Church justly claims; but this they will not do, plainly proving that it is not their desire to procure land which prompts them to urge on this measure, but their desire to take from the Church what is really and bona fide her own. The legislators who were the strenuous supporters of this measure are “liberals,” and liberal they truly appear to be in giving away that which does not belong to them. Touch an acre of land claimed by any of these liberals for the furtherance of any good cause, and you will discover their liberal spirit, then you will see them in their true characters. Do to others as you would they should do to you, is a plain and comprehensive rule, which these liberals are not disposed to follow, if we may judge of their doings. To refuse obedience to the laws of his country is no part of a churchman’s creed. A true churchman

must be loyal. He cannot be like those would-be patriots who pretend to labour for the redress of a nation’s grievances, while they can hold secret conference with those who could delight to sap and to destroy the happy Constitution under which we live. Would it not then I ask be reasonable and proper, to lay at the foot of the throne, a fair statement of our grievances. I presume these honest liberals—these worthy patriots—and these conscientious dissenters, will admit the reasonableness of such a measure; they surely will not call the poor persecuted Churchman intolerant and dominant if he seeks to retain what is justly his own. I would say to every churchman—lay aside every thing like apathy and indifference, and engage in the cause of our apostolic Church with diligence and zeal, with a firm, decided, and christian spirit. Yours, &c.

A LOVER OF JUSTICE AND HONOUR.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors, (No. 1.)

There is one thing in this world which is a source of much grief to me, and I cannot but hope that every well-wisher to true religion feels the same sorrow. I allude to the many divisions which exist among christians, and which are still daily increasing. I say that every true and enlightened christian must see something wrong in this, and cannot but deplore the many evils which must be the consequence; and the hope that I shall find many of my views, encourages me to write a few essays on the evil of dissent, and to offer them for publication in your columns. My only object, I trust, is to do all in my power to revive the true christian love and charity among the followers of Jesus Christ which the present state of the christian world tends so much to cool and relax. What is the religion of the Gospel but a religion of love? Is it not then the duty of all those who feel any interest in this noble principle to do all in their power to promote unity, and peace, and concord, among all those that profess the name of Christ? I should think so; nay, I am sure they will. There can be no true christian love in a heart which will allow small differences of opinion to divide and separate the disciples of the same God and Saviour from each other. They ought to “be one as Christ is one with the Father;” and this is the particular mark by which the Lord has been pleased to distinguish them in the world, that they may be known as his, and that the glory of God may, by that means, be promoted and established.

But it may be asked:—may we not be one in Spirit, and yet be divided on small points?—What a pity that so many good men have fallen into this delusion! This is indeed one of the greatest errors of the present day; and it is so subtle and plausible an argument, that it is not surprising if it has some effect with many who may be very sincere. Let us then examine this question a little more minutely, and let us see first of all, whether we have the least permission in the Word of God to follow this principle.

The question is:—may we not be one in spirit, and yet be divided on small points? I grant that christians in different countries, who live by faith in the Saviour, and who love him above all things—in short, who worship God in Spirit and in truth, are one and the same people of God. And I grant also that there may be some such in each of the different christian sects now in existence, but I cannot allow that while christians living in the same country, in the same town or parish, and often at each other’s door, are not able to join together in the same form of public worship, or to partake together of the same “one bread,” at the table of the Lord’s Supper, I say I cannot think that such christians are one in spirit in a full sense as they ought to be. Can we say that we are “perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment,” while there are “divisions”—broad and open divisions among us? I must say that I wish I could indulge such a hope. But if the Scriptures be indeed true, and if we are to be guided in all things by this rule, I do not believe that our Lord ever intended that his followers should be thus divided and split into parties. If I understand the word of truth, it seems to me that the Spirit of Christ, wherever he is, must produce all love, and peace, and joy in believing. Love and peace

are among the first fruits of the Spirit; therefore contentions, emulations, strifes, divisions, and variance, cannot proceed from this pure source. They are termed by St. Paul as the works of the flesh. How then can we retain a proper christian spirit while we indulge in any sectarian or party feeling? What does St. Paul tell us on this head?—“Now I beseech you, Brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfectly joined together, in the same mind, and in the same judgment.” (1 Cor. ch. 1. v. 10.) And this is not the only passage which shews that christians have no right whatever to form different sects and different societies; but when we read attentively from the beginning to the end of the Bible we find the strictest cautions and commands on this subject, given by most of the sacred writers. This has often been a source of abundant consolation to me when meditating upon the sad state of divisions, in which we live; that however abused and misinterpreted the Bible may be, it will never, when well understood, sanction or countenance any thing averse to harmony and peace. Many who are little acquainted with Revelation, may not be able to account for the various opinions which exist, and which are said to be taken from the Word of God, but if they would only read it attentively and without prejudice they would soon be found to attribute all this confusion, not to a God of order, but to the selfishness and corruption of the human heart. Where is the man who, after perusing the verse which I have just now quoted, will be able to support the notion that we may be one in Spirit, and yet be divided on small points? If we are called upon “to speak all the same thing, to allow no divisions among us, and to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment,” do we do so by following each his own way of thinking, and by setting up sect against sect, and altar against altar? Do christians of the present day “speak all the same thing?” Are they “perfectly joined in the same mind and in the same judgment?” Are there “no divisions among us,” while the number of sects is so great that it is difficult to count them? For my part, Messrs. Editors, I cannot but see a great evil in this—a great want of the Spirit of Christ among those who call themselves his disciples,—and a great disregard for the instructions and precepts of the sacred volume. I grieve day and night when I think of the evils which the fashionable principle of dissent is producing among the followers of the same Lord, and the partakers of the same faith;—my heart bleeds when I see many of my neighbours, who might be the means of helping me in my holy warfare, and with whom I should like to hold some holy converse, now and then, upon the grand and cheering doctrines of salvation; remaining in the distance, and looking upon me, and my communion, as one of them told me the other day, as the Church of Anti-Christ, and therefore upon us all, as walking the dark ways of death, and as the “blind leaders of the blind.” Oh! when shall christians learn to love one another? When shall they banish from among them every thing that is opposed to peace and unity? When shall there be but one fold under one Shepherd Jesus Christ the great Bishop of souls?

I remain Messrs. Editors,  
Your’s, &c.

April, 1833.

S.

THE SAVIOUR’S PASSION.

All creatures in heaven and in earth are moved at our Saviour’s passion. The sun in heaven shrinking in his light, the earth trembling under it, the very stones cleaving in sunder, as if they had sense and sympathy in it, shall sinful men alone be unmoved by it; they to whom it appertained, and for whom it procured unspeakable blessings?—  
Bishop Andrews.

THE COLLECTS.

Our collects, with some exceptions, have been used in the church of England for twelve hundred years, and in the church at large for fourteen hundred years; and their origin lies in the distant glory of primitive christianity.—  
Palmer’s Origines Liturgicæ.

## P O E T R Y.

## R E L I G I O N.

By James Montgomery.

Through shades and solitudes profound  
The fainting traveller winds his way;  
Bewildering meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies through the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below  
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain,  
The world's a wilderness of woe,  
And life a pilgrimage of pain,—

Till mild religion, from above,  
Descends, a sweet engaging form—  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,  
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;  
Religion's yoke is soft and light,  
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,  
And folly flies her chastening rod;  
She makes the humble contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the Grave appears  
The Gate of Paradise restored;  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain,  
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,  
And reign with God, for ever reign.

## D R. C A R E Y.

DR. CAREY was a most remarkable man. He was the son of a village schoolmaster, and was born in Paulersbury, England, August 17, 1761. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Hackleton, became a shoemaker himself, acquired his first knowledge of Hebrew on his shoemaker's bench, and while a shoemaker, began preaching to a small congregation of Disserters. He was miserably poor, had a sick and nervous wife, and a fast coming family of children. This indigent, burdened, preaching shoemaker, conceived the design of making known the Gospel to British India,\* to a vast and rich country, the selfish merchant princes of which needed it as much as the natives, and were as strongly set against it. To British India no vessel would take him. He sailed in a Danish ship, and on declaring his purpose, sometime after his arrival, was obliged

\* It should be remembered, however, that the Gospel was made known to portions of British India through the instrumentality of Church Missionaries nearly a century before Dr. Carey arrived there.—Ed. G. C.

to quit the British possessions, and live in a territory held by the Danish government. By means of his indomitable perseverance, blessed by Divine Providence, he at last succeeded. Prejudice and self-interest were overcome, and favour was conciliated. He acquired the languages of the natives; translated the Bible into those languages; was made professor of Oriental Literature in the College of Fort William; gave a religious impetus to his countrymen, which resulted in the establishment of bishopricks, churches, schools, and other means of improvement in India; gained, by way of recreation merely, a knowledge of botany, which ranked him among the first natural historians of the day; and after disbursing large sums which were confided to him in the prosecution of his labours, died, owing no man, honestly and honourably poor. We know not how some may be affected at the view of such a man, but to us, a whole row of common kings and potentates looks very mean by the side of him.

The example of Dr. Carey, is an especially useful one to those who feel that they have not what is called genius, as it may shew them that they can accomplish important objects without genius. 'In Dr. Carey's mind,' says his biographer, 'there is nothing of the marvellous to describe. There was no great and original transcendence of intellect; no enthusiasm and impetuosity of feeling; there was nothing in his mental character to dazzle, or even to surprise. Whatever of usefulness, and of consequent reputation he attained to, it was the result of an unreserved and patient devotion, of a plain intelligence, and a single heart to some great, yet well defined and withal practicable object.' 'Eustace,' said he once to his nephew, the author of the present memoir, 'if after my removal any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit for being a plodder, he will describe me justly. Any thing beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe every thing.'—*Dublin Chr. Examiner.*

## S L A V E R Y.—T H E A P P R E N T I C E S H I P S Y S T E M.

Extracts from a Letter written by the undersigned Missionaries, in Jamaica, to Joseph Sturge, Esq. of Birmingham, dated Savanna la Mar, March. 1837.

'We cannot refrain expressing our deliberate opinion of the total unfitness of the apprenticeship system as an act of preparation for freedom, and that it is to the unparalleled patience of the apprentices, and not to its tolerant spirit, that the present peaceful and prosperous state of the island is attributable.

'To you we unhesitatingly declare our belief, that this mockery of freedom is worthless as a preparation for that state to which it can have no possible affinity; that while it represses the energy of the negro, it has rendered him distrustful of the British public, by whom he considers himself to have been cheated by a name; that it has entailed, and is still entailing, excessive suffering, especially on the mother, and her helpless and unavoidably neglected offspring; and that to secure its termination no effort can be considered too great. We do, therefore, most earnestly entreat you, on your return to your native land, to exert your influence to effect the total abandonment of this system in 1838.

'Your own observations in this colony must, we

think, have convinced you, that the costly apparatus by which it was intended to secure a measure of protection to the negro, is, in many instances, made instrumental in carrying on a system of coercion and oppression as odious as that from which he was intended to be freed.

'We cannot but express our regret at the manifested of late, by some of those friends in the land, who so long and so zealously exerted themselves on behalf of the injured sons and daughters of Africa, and must consider that the responsibility on them who have the power to obtain justice for these still injured people, for many consequences may take place.'

This document is signed by Joshua Tinson, M. Phillippo, Thomas Burchell, William Knibb, C. Taylor, John Clarke, Francis Gardner, W. Whitehome, Thos. F. Abbott, Walter Denby, Kingdom, Benjamin Hall Dexter, John Hall, John Clark, S. Cughton, Missionaries.

Keep your temper in dispute or quarrel. As your opponent warms, do you cool down. The cold hammer fashions the red hot iron into any shape.

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May 5, 1838. C. H. BELCHER

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