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THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN

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

VOLUME III.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1838.

NUMBER 18

For the Colonial Churchman.

PASTORAL CONVERSATIONS.

No. 5.

THE COMMON PRAYER.

There are but few things connected with the ritual of our Church that appear to be less attended to than the reasons or arguments on which the practice of reading public prayers is founded. In some instances this is true of those who admire and spiritually profit by these prayers: but more especially, is it the case with dissenters, who consider the practice in question to be, not only unscriptural, but even directly opposed to every sentiment of devotion and true piety. The other day I had an opportunity of perceiving how deeply this prejudice—for I can call it nothing else—influences the conduct and religious opinions of some who think themselves shrewd and rational people, in a short conversation with a respectable acquaintance who is a dissenter.

Riding along the road, he came up with me and said—

'Good day, Parson.'

'Good day, Mr. M. I hope I see you well to-day?'

'Quite well, thank you.' After a pause I asked him—

'Excuse me, Mr. M. but how is it that I never see you at Church now? You used to come occasionally, although you belong, as I understand, to another denomination.'

'It is true I used to go sometimes. But I often thought that I had as well stay away.'

'I am very sorry to hear you say so. May I ask the reason?'

'It is nothing against you, Sir.'

'I should have thought so. But what is it? Although I have not the satisfaction of being your pastor, Mr. M. yet believe me I should be greatly pleased if you were to deal plainly with me in these matters. Perhaps mutual confidence may lead to explanations that will smooth down, if not entirely remove, your scruples.'

'Well then, I will be plain with you, Sir. The principal reason that I do not frequent your Church oftener, is simply this: your prayers, being read, are too formal and ceremonious for me: they do not give full scope to the spirit of prayer.'

'Any thing else?'

'They cramp and keep down the devout aspirations of the heart—are cold, and without energy enough to keep one from sleeping. The sermon I like well enough: only I think it would sound better without the paper.'

'Then you prefer, Mr. M. extempore praying, and extempore preaching.'

'Yes, I do, infinitely.'

'You have your reasons no doubt for the choice you have made, and for the opinions you entertain. But has it ever occurred to you that I may have reasons for my opinions likewise?'

'Perhaps so—certainly.'

'Well then. If you are in no particular hurry, and wish to hear some of them, I will tell you why the Church Clergy read their prayers.'

'I am always willing to be instructed, Sir.'

'Well listen. First of all, the practice of reading prayers has prevailed in the Church from the earliest times: even at the present day it prevails more extensively and universally than any other. The worshippers of Bramah, the Mahometans, the Jews, the leading denominations among christians—all have their written prayers, or Prayer Books—

'Are you sure of that?'

'Perfectly certain: but don't interrupt me if you please, till I bring my argument to a point. The but what is reverent, and devotional, and suited to different worshippers just specified have their prayer books. Now I dare say that you have heard a preacher occasionally urge the universal consent and opinion of mankind against the atheists, as a proof

of the existence of a Deity: if this argument then be conclusive, when applied to the first and greatest article of religion, I mean the existence of God, it cannot surely be less so with respect to the best and fittest way of worshipping him. I am of opinion therefore that the general consent of mankind is in favour of a set form of prayer.'

'Well: I don't know but it is.'

'Besides: our Lord himself, whilst in the flesh commanded—actually commanded—his disciples to use a form of prayer. For I suppose you will admit that the Lord's prayer, as it is commonly called is not only a pattern for prayer, but is in itself a most comprehensive prayer.'

'I do admit that: but I see no reason for repeating it so often as you do.'

'Have patience and you shall hear why we do so. At present permit me to ask, if you have ever thought of the great responsibility which a preacher takes upon himself by praying extempore?'

'No: I cannot say that I have.'

'And yet, Mr. M. is a remarkable circumstance. I will explain it in a familiar way. Should the ablest member of our House of Assembly propose to offer our address to her Majesty, in the name of the House, without communicating it to the other members, the impropriety of such a proceeding would be immediately perceived. Supposing he should address them in the following words—'Pray, Gentlemen, give yourselves no trouble about the matter, I will address her Majesty for you. I know very well what you want, and you will have nothing to do but to approve of what I shall say; and next year you will perhaps have an opportunity of ascertaining whether you like it or not.' Would the other members, think you, accept of the kind offer of their talented associate?'

'No: I am very certain, Parson, they would do no such thing.'

'I agree with you. For their address of last session was amended, and re-amended, scratched, and patched in a manner which did infinite credit to their industry, before they could agree about it. Every person present seemed to have something to say in the matter; and even a great many persons who were not present thought they could improve it, if they had an opportunity—'

'Ah! you may well say that Sir.'

'We are all very scrupulous you see about any thing we have to address to her Majesty. And yet the addresses or petitions which many denominations of Christians offer from week to week to One, whose Majesty is infinite, are left to the care or judgment of any one, who chooses to undertake the trouble of uttering them extempore in a public congregation. They never trouble themselves much about the matter. Such is the inconsistency of human nature.'

'I did not think you would come upon me with that side-wind, Parson.'

'Whatever side the wind blows from, Mr. M. it will fill the sails, and a seaman likes it best on the quarter: but the reasoning is good and correct, you may depend upon it.'

'It appears to be so.'

'Hence, you perceive the necessity of knowing before-hand what the minister is going to address to the Father of Spirits in our behalf. In the use of written prayers or petitions, we merely act as common sense and a correct judgment enable us to act, in the most important relations of life. We study the matter of our request, and ascertain whether we can enter heart and soul into the truth and consequence of each separate petition. And when a pe-

riusal of the form to be used satisfies us that nothing, more comfort, more satisfaction, and more consolation, will approach the throne of grace with more comfort, more satisfaction, and more consolation,

tion, than he could possibly feel under other circumstances.'

'I understand.'

'It appears then from the practice and precept of our adorable Redeemer, from the universal practice of the religious world, and from analogy, that written prayers are preferable, and most suited to wants and condition of such a Being as man. I nothing, you observe, of their great usefulness in cementing the bonds of union among all the members of the Church,—of the stability and permanency which they impart to the "doctrine and the testimony, or of the decency and order which they conduce to preserve in the public worship of God. The advantages must be obvious to every person of reflection.'

'Yes, I am aware the apostle has said—"Let things be done decently and in order."'

'Most certainly he has written so to the Corinthians. It follows then that if we have a form of prayer that combines a true devotional feeling, with the general expression of our various wants and requirements,—a spirit of love and reverence to Heavenly Father with the choicest and purest diction,—we have all that appears necessary to constitute a Common Prayer. And I do think that the Liturgy comes as near to this standard as any Prayer Book in christendom. Its terms are not so general expressed as to preclude their application to individuals: and they are not so narrow or particular to render them unfit to be used in the largest congregations: and this I consider a point of high excellence.'

'But there are repetitions in it, which I must say, Parson, seem to me to be unnecessary.'

'I remember: you mentioned that before. The repetitions, as you call them, arise, not from any defect or oversight in the composition of the Prayer Book, but from the modern manner of using it. The compilers intended that the service which is now read on a Sunday morning in most churches should be divided into three parts,—the Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Communion Service, and if each of these parts should be read at different times of the morning—say at six, nine, and eleven o'clock. But custom, which is generally the result of public convenience, has rendered it a matter of standing practice that the congregation should meet only once in the forenoon of each Lord's day. Hence the three services are thrown into one,—a circumstance which fully accounts for the repetitions you complete.'

'Yes: it accounts for them certainly. Still I do not see the use of them.'

'You cannot surely, Mr. M. perceive any harm in them. Did not our blessed Saviour himself pray three times in the Garden of Gethsemane, using the same words? And with such an example before us can we possibly err in repeating the sacred form words which He hath taught and commanded us to use? Certainly not. And if those, who take up their prejudice against the ritual and mode of worship observed in our Church, were carefully to examine the grounds of their objection, I am very sure that the most important scruples would speedily vanish, or that they would receive much comfort and spiritual nourishment from joining in a form of Prayer, which is the guide of our language, and the admiration of the christian world.'

GRACE AND SIN.

These two, grace and sin, are like two buckets, a well; when one is up, the other is down. The more grace thrives in the soul, the more sin dries up.—Brooks.

Wisdom prepares for the worst; but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.

I was not long since called to visit a poor gentleman, erewhile of the most robust body and gayest temper I ever knew: but when I visited him, oh! how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly vivacious son of joy he used to be, but pining away under the chastising hand of God! His limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance ghastly, and the little breath he had left ebbed out in sighs! His body hastening to the dust, his soul just going to God who gave it. When he came up into his chamber, and had seated myself in his bed, he first cast a wishful look upon me, and then began as he was able to speak,—"Oh! that I had been wise, that I had understood this, that I had considered my latter end!" Ah! Mr. Hervey, death is knocking at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp, and then judgment, the tremendous Judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God! How shall I endure the day of His coming!" When I mentioned among other things, that *strict holiness* which he had formerly so lightly esteemed, "O that holiness," he replied, "is the only thing I now long for! I have not words to tell you how highly I value it! I would gladly part with my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there but God, to be desired in the place whither I am going? Or what is there to be desired upon earth, but religion?" But if this God should restore you to health, I said, think you that you would alter your former course?—"I call heaven and earth to witness," said he, "I would endeavour to labour for holiness, as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures and the applause of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. Oh! if the righteous Judge would try me a little longer, in what spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness: whatever contributed to that, every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver! But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations! the best resolutions are no more than air, because they are too late: the day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. Heretofore, (wo is me!) when God called, I refused; when He invited, I was one of those who made excuse; now therefore, I receive the reward of my deeds, fearfulness and trembling are come upon me: I smart, I am in sore anguish already, yet this is but the beginning of sorrows! It doth not yet appear what I shall be: but am sure I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction!" This sad scene I saw with my eyes! these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with any ears: and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to the tomb.

The above narration, Messrs. Editors, is copied from the life of the Rev. James Hervey, which is now for sale at a very low price at the Book-store of Mr. BELCHER in Halifax. The work is an Octavo volume of 540 pages, at the price of five shillings. Every Christian, especially every Christian minister, would do well to read that work: it contains a full exhibition and defence of that grand doctrine of Scripture—the free justification of a sinner by faith in Jesus Christ. I cannot forbear making an especial reference to the Appendix of the above work, comprising as it does a rich treasury indeed of Gospel grace and truth. And the young minister who would desire to have his views enlarged and established on this essential doctrine, will not, I think, fail of that end, by the study of the work referred to. He will also find in pages 112 and 103, a list of religious authors, that will greatly contribute to aid the minister and the Christian in pious enquires after gospel truth.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A JEW.

At the last meeting of the London Society for promoting christianity among the Jews, the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe, the author of the delightful memoir of Legh Richmond, made the following remarkable statement:—

He related a touching incident in reference to the conversion of a Jew, calculated to incite Christian ministers to effort, and to urge them on in exertions to do good under the most discouraging circumstances.

In some town in England, which Mr. G. used frequently to visit, he almost always met some of the members of a Jewish family resident there. This family was highly respectable, and exerted no small influence in that community. Among its members was a son of bright hopes, proud spirit, and of high cultivation. As Mr. G. met this young man from time to time, he on one occasion said to him:—"I hope the study of the Jewish sacred writings will bring to your notice such an amount of irrefragable testimony in favor of Jesus as to convince you that he was indeed the Christ, the Messiah of Israel." The young Hebrew with a degree of scorn and bitterness replied, "No, sir! depend upon it, I shall never become a Christian."

"But," replied Mr. G., "the mighty Spirit of God may change your views. That power which enlightened and completely changed the views of the zealous but misguided Saul of Tarsus can remove the scales from your eyes, and constrain you to look upon him whom your ancestors pierced, with the exclamation, *my Lord and my God!*"

With an air of unmeasured scorn the proud Israelite exclaimed, "Never, never! whatever else I do, I shall never acknowledge Jesus as the king of the Jews."

On another occasion Mr. Grimshawe met this young man, and as they were on very pleasant and affable terms with each other, in the course of the conversation he plied his young Hebrew friend with several arguments drawn from the prophecies. At length the young Jew wound up the conversation by this startling and awful remark: "You know what my ancestors thought of Jesus of Nazareth. You know what they did to him. Were he here now on the earth I would be one of the first to tread in their footsteps, and to put an end to his imposture by helping to nail him to the cross."

"When I heard this," said Mr. Grimshawe, "my blood ran cold through my veins, my mouth was stopped, but I lifted up my prayer to the great Intercessor in behalf of this blinded Israelite." Mr. Grimshawe was not discouraged. He still hoped that the light of divine truth might shine upon this young man's mind. At a subsequent interview, he spoke to him again about Christ. They sat down and read over several of the prophecies together which relate to the Messiah. On one occasion there seemed some symptoms of a more chastened and softened spirit in young J—. Before they parted, Mr. Grimshawe ventured to propose that they should bow down together before the God of truth, and ask his guidance and direction.—To this proposition the young Hebrew objected, and said with some violence of manner, "I can never pray with a Christian." "Whether Jew, Mohammedan or Christian," rejoined Mr. Grimshawe, "all men are bound to pray to God, and if you refuse to join in prayer, upon you rests the guilt and the responsibility of having deliberately refused to call upon God that he may lead you in the way of everlasting life."

Mr. Grimshawe met this young Hebrew again. Again they read the prophecies together—and again Mr. Grimshawe proposed prayer. It was just after they had been reading the 53d chapter of Isaiah. The heart of the Israelite seemed touched with the power of that testimony. He no longer objected to prayer. They knelt together before their Father's throne. Grace and mercy were sought in the name of Him who died on Calvary—who was "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." At the conclusion of their devotion, the softened Hebrew, with eyes streaming with tears, seized Mr. Grimshawe by the hand, and said, "We will always pray together when we discuss this subject."

I am sure you will not be surprised at the sequel. It was but a short time before this young man came to Mr. Grimshawe with no ordinary emotion, and said,

"Sir, I have found Christ—I have become a Christian." Young J— was baptized, studied for the ministry in the Established Church, was ordained about two years since, from which time he has been in the employ of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. In conclusion, Mr. Grimshawe remarked—"the person to whom I allude is your missionary at Liverpool, the Rev. Mr. J—, of whose labors your report gives such a cheering account, stating that he has been instrumental, within a few months, in bringing twenty Jews to the saving knowledge of the truth."

From the Cottager's Monthly Visiter.

PLAIN HINTS TO PARENTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR CHILDREN.

If a family is to be well brought up, it is necessary in the first place, that the parents should act together, not thwart or contradict each other in the treatment of their children. If, for example, when a father is correcting his son, the mother will take his part, and cry out, "Why cannot you let the child alone? come to another Johnny." Or, when the mother is finding fault, the father will say, "I wish you would hold your tongue, you are always at them, poor things! and they are no worse, that I see, than other people's children,—how can they expect that the children will be dutiful and obedient to them? Let the father insist upon his children obeying their mother; and let her teach them, on all occasions, to love and respect their father; and, thus assisting each other, they may hope to keep up their just authority.

You can hardly begin too early the great work of subduing the will and temper of your children; for if you once allow them to get the mastery over you it will be much more difficult; and the more a child is humored, when young, the more trouble it will give as it grows older. Therefore, when your infant is crying for any thing it sees, such as a doll, or a cake, do not give it him directly; be quiet and gentle yourself, wait a little till his passion is over, try to turn his attention to something else; then, when he is quiet give him what he wants, if it is proper for him, but not otherwise.

Every child has by nature a strong and selfish will, which, if not subdued, may prove his ruin. It is your business, and your duty, to subdue this unruly will. But think not this good work can be done by harshness and anger. No! "All patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules." You must indeed, be steady and firm; but you must, at the same time, strive to be quiet, and gentle, and kind.

Never allow yourself to favor one child above another; for this will bring envy and jealousy into your family.

In ruling our families, we should seldom go very far wrong, were we to consider and keep in mind the manner in which our heavenly Father deals with us as his children. For example,—God hates sin, shall we then make light of that which God hateth? Shall we, from a blind affection to our children, dare to call evil good, and to indulge them in those sins which we ought to correct?

But God is also the God of love, patient, long-suffering, and of tender mercy, ready to receive and forgive the weakest and most sinful of his children who repent and turn to him. And shall parents be angry at every trifling offence, and backward to forgive? God daily poureth his benefits upon us, giving us all things richly to enjoy; he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; but at the same time he withholdeth from us those things which he knows would be hurtful to us, though, in our blindness and ignorance, we may desire them. So let your children find you always ready to satisfy their wants; and make them happy as far as you can; but yet firm in refusing them what is unreasonable or improper.

If you thus bear in mind the example of your heavenly Father, and endeavor to behave toward your children according to the spirit and the precept of Scripture, you may humbly hope that, by his blessing your government of them will prepare them to become his dutiful and obedient children, and that their affection and respect to yourselves will lead them on to love and dread him, and to keep his commandments.—*Extracted from No. 327 of the Religious Tract Society.*

From the Church of England Magazine.

EARLY INSTRUCTION.

Mother, watching o'er thy child,
 Father, fill'd with anxious care;
 In the soil by sin defil'd,
 Sow the seed, and sow with prayer:
 Though through many an anxious year,
 Neither fruit no flower appear;
 Though the winter o'er it spread,
 Hard and frozen, and the seed
 Seem forever lost and dead,
 Only seen the noxious weed,
 Yet refrain not in despair;
 Though in sleep, the seed is there,
 And the spring of grace will shine
 With the Spirit's sun and shower,
 And the heart in warmth divine
 Feel its vivifying power;
 Haply late, yet surely so;
 Though thou see not, yet it shall be;
 Though thou live not, it shall grow,
 Certainly and fruitfully:
 Sacred lessons thou hast taught,
 Burst the ground, and wake to life,
 One by one each word and thought,
 Springing vigorous and rise:
 First the blade and then the ear;
 And last the ripen'd corn appear,
 Till the golden harvest stand
 Ready for the mower's hand;
 Though perhaps it meet thine eyes
 Only when 'tis gathered in:
 Hous'd and garner'd in the skies,
 Safe from every blight and sin.
 Parent,—friend,—the soil prepare:
 Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.

JAMES EDMESTON.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

—O—

"Begin and end every day with God. In the morning when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, and let him have your first awaking thoughts. Lift up your heart reverently and thankfully to God for rest during the night past. Spend the time which must necessarily be allowed in dressing yourself in fruitful meditation."—Burkit.

Although, Messrs. Editors, numerous and powerful reasons might be adduced in favor of the duty of devoting specially to God, the first fruits of our thoughts, yet too many of us neglect or slight this solemn and important employment. Some, perhaps, pass it by from not having immediately before them some guide for meditation, although the blessed word of life is at the same time the most proper and most fruitful help to Devotion.—With a view of assisting your readers and myself in arriving at that blessed state which enabled the Psalmist to exclaim—"When I awake, O God, I am still with thee," 139 Ps. 18, I have prepared the following selections from Scripture, and from the writings of holy men,—and with your leave, shall continue them for periodical publication. Who knoweth but that God may vouchsafe somewhat of His blessing on these our "Morning Meditations?" SIGMA.

July, 1838.

THURSDAY.

Repentance.—Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish—13 Luke 5. Each is to look upon this solemn warning as spoken to himself, and to conclude from it the indispensable necessity of his own individual repentance. So in all the precepts of a holy life, we are to think ourselves as particularly concerned as if we had been among Christ's hearers on the mount.—Burkit. A. D. 1693.

FRIDAY.

Holy Fear.—The fear of the Lord endureth for

ever—19 Ps. 9. St. Bernard calls fear the most vigilant porter of the soul. It diligently watcheth that no evil thing do enter at which our great Master might be offended. Nor is this fear inconsistent with the love of God.—Comber 1684.

SATURDAY.

Love or Charity—1 Cor. 13. Charity never faileth.

Love still shall hold an endless reign,
 In earth and heaven above,
 Where tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
 And every gift, but Love.

SUNDAY.

Peace.—Seek peace—1 Pet. 3. 11 v. Bring me, O Lord, of Thy great mercy to those regions of bliss and glory, where no contentions or animosities shall have any place—but where love and harmony—peace and concord, shall reign for ever and ever.—Waldo.

MONDAY.

Meekness.—Read 7 c. Josh. 19. Some hot spirit would have said—Thou wretched traitor, how hast thou pilfered from thy God, &c. But like the disciple of Him whose servant he was, Joshua meekly entreats that which he might have obtained by violence—"My son—I beseech Thee, give glory to God."—Bp. Hall. 1650.

TUESDAY.

Christ is the head, and believers are his members: He is the root, and they are the branches that grow upon Him: He is the husband, and they are the spouse and bride: God is the Father, and they are His children. Christ is their elder brother—their Advocate—their King.—E. Erskine.

WEDNESDAY.

Resignation.—1 Job 20. Then Job fell down upon the ground and worshipped.

Oh! will vain man complain and murmur still,
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
 Shall dust arraign the Providence of Heaven!

THURSDAY.

The Resurrection.—He must rise again from the dead—20 John 9.

Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
 The germ of immortality shall keep:
 While safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
 Shall, to the Judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
 And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

From the (London) Weekly Visiter.

DANGER OF TRIFLING WITH CONVICTIONS.

Perhaps there is no minister of the Gospel who could not furnish some most affecting illustrations of the sentiment, that impressions and convictions do not always end in conversion. I began my own religious course with three companions, one of whom was materially serviceable, in some particulars, to myself; but he soon proved that his religion was nothing more than mere transient devotion. A second returned to his sin, "like a dog to his vomit, and a sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire." The third, who was for some time my intimate friend, imbibed the principles of infidelity; and so great was his zeal for his new creed, that he sat up at night to copy out Paine's "Age of Reason." After awhile he was seized with a dangerous disease; his conscience awoke; the convictions of his mind were agonizing; his remorse was horrible. He ordered all his infidel extracts, that had cost him so many nights to copy out, to be burned before his face; and if not in words, yet in spirit—

"Burn, burn," he cried, "in sacred rage,
 Hell is the due of ev'ry page."

His infidel companions and his infidel principles forsook him at once, and in the hearing of a pious friend, who visited him, and to whom he confessed, with tears and lamentations, his backsliding, he uttered his confessions of sin, and his vows of repentance. He recovered; but, painful to relate, only to relapse again, if not into infidelity, yet into an utter disregard of religion.—James.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the Christian Witness.

LOSS OF THE STEAM-PACKET PULASKI, with a crew of thirty seven, and one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty passengers.—On Thursday, the 14th instant, the steamer Pulaski, Capt. Dubois, left Charleston for Baltimore, with about 150 passengers, of whom about 50 were ladies.

At about 11 o'clock on the same night, while off the North Carolina coast, say thirty miles from land, weather moderate, and night dark, the starboard boiler exploded and the vessel was lost.

We think it highly important to state in the first place, that gentlemen of unquestionable character and judgment concur in saying the fatal explosion was caused by gross negligence on the part of those who had the direction of the machinery. Solomon, a black waiter on board; who had once been a fireman,—states, that a little after 11 o'clock, as he turned from the fire-room, he heard the 2d engineer, who was on duty, turn the water-cock, and from the shrill whistle which ensued, he knew that the water had gotten too low, and that there was imminent danger. Mr. Couper, Mr. Lovejoy and others gave it as their opinion, that the blow-cock had been negligently left open—that the boilers had been emptied—which alarmed the engineer, and caused him in his fright to fill them suddenly with fresh water. The boiler being heated to redness, this body of water was instantly converted into steam, with an expansive force which the sides of the boilers were too feeble to resist.

In the breaking up, the whole boat went under water, but upon the separation of the keel from the upper part of the boat the bow and stern emerged again. Very shortly after the forward portion of the stern was depressed beneath the water, and the hinder portions elevated into the air, upon the highest portion of which were from 50 to 60 persons, more than two thirds of whom were ladies and children. This continued within view of those passengers, upon the bow of the boat, (from whom this statement is made,) about one hour, when it entirely disappeared.

Fifty-nine souls in all have escaped a watery grave.

Major Heath states, that he had just retired to his state-room, about 11 o'clock on Thursday night, but had not yet gone to bed, when the explosion took place, and was followed by a scene of the utmost noise and confusion. The passengers rushed immediately on deck, where, all the lights being extinguished, they could form no accurate idea of the extent of the injury. Our informant having been in the forward cabin, found his way to the bow of the boat, and stood there with some forty or fifty others in the most intense anxiety, the vessel tossing violently to and fro, and the air filled with the agonizing shrieks of the wounded and the dying, mingled with the fruitless appeals of those in the water asking for help.

In less than an hour after the explosion, the boat parted in two, and the larger portion of it, to which the machinery was attached, immediately sunk, carrying with it many passengers, particularly the ladies who were in the cabin. It was subsequently ascertained that four portions of the wreck continued to float, all of them supporting a greater or less number of sufferers. On that part of the wreck on which our informant was, there were about thirty. The portions of the steamboat remained for some time near each other, but were finally separated by the waves, and were not afterwards seen.

Of Capt. Dubois nothing was seen after the explosion of the boiler, and the supposition is, that he was immediately killed.

Whilst they were on the wreck, several died of fatigue and hunger, and at one period a proposition was made to draw lots who should be killed, for the sustenance of the rest, but it was at once rejected, and never afterwards renewed.

When they arrived at Wilmington, the inhabitants of that city extended towards them every possible kindness that it was in their power to bestow. Medical advice, which was much needed, was immediately afforded them. Their houses were thrown open, and their wardrobes and purses freely tendered to

them. The hospitality of the people of Wilmington is spoken of in terms of the warmest gratitude.—Nor was this all. An order was passed along the line of stages and steamboats, North and South, to allow them to travel free of expense and to receive nothing from them.

No baggage of any kind was saved. All the passengers had money, which was in their trunks, and it is estimated that at least \$150,000 in bank notes and specie have been lost, and upwards of \$10,000 worth in watches and Jewelry.

In reference to the melancholy event above related, the editor of the Christian Witness remarks—

Among those who were lost in the destruction of the steamer Pulaski, we record with deep regret the name of the Rev. J. Loring Woart, rector of the Church in Tallahassee. Mr. W., his wife and child, were on their way to make their annual visit to his relatives in Newburyport. It is reported by one of the passengers who has escaped, that after the awful disaster had occurred, which rendered it certain that this Christian family were destined to a watery grave, with his wife and child by his side, he knelt down and offered a most fervent prayer to God—that they then embraced each other, and sank together in the yawning sea. To his relatives, who were anticipating with much pleasure his speedy arrival among them, the reverse which has befallen them must prove a most trying affliction.—They are deprived of one eminently fitted to secure to himself the affections of a domestic circle, and whose talents, piety, and courtesy might be a just occasion of pride to those who claimed kindred with him. The Church has lost a 'burning and a shining light;' and that part of our Zion in which he labored so faithfully and successfully my well regard itself as 'chastened of the Lord.'

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors, (No. 5.)

The more I consider the manifold and truly alarming fruits of *dissent*, the more I meditate upon the subject under all its points of view, the more I am astonished that such a principle is so well received among men, and so extensively entertained by those who very often consider themselves among the most pious and religious christians! Here is a sin,—a most heinous sin,—become so prevalent, so cherished, so fashionable, that it is even in honour among the generality of the inhabitants of these countries! During the primitive ages, it was thought necessary to join the church in order to be saved, and whoever was cast out of the church was considered as given over to Satan, but in our days it is quite the reverse. If a man wishes to be saved, he is told that he must leave the church—that he must separate from the Catholic and Apostolic Communion, and unite with a *sect*!!! Now, Messrs. Editors, is not this indeed the world up-side-down? Is not this a very strange doctrine? But what is still more strange to my views is, that this state of things does not arouse our clergy into a more active opposition to these new and dangerous opinions. They seem to think that, either their cause is too just and too good to be injured by the craft and subtlety of men, or else that they have no power, or no argument to resist and stem the flood of error which seems ready soon to cover the earth!—If schism be an error, nay, a sin as much as any other sin, why not point it out? Why not by a gentle and affectionate course of instruction, direct the attention of our flocks against it, as well as against any other danger which may threaten either their individual or their general welfare? Our cause may be a good one indeed, but that is the very reason why we should hold it up to the world, and explain it to the misguided multitude. Is it not an avowed fact that "men love darkness rather than light?" Is it then because *schism* is become fashionable that we must also call it good, or at least, withdraw our opposition to it? I grant that there is one great danger attending a zealous attack upon *dissent*; it is an easy thing for us, poor imperfect creatures as we are, to become partisans, and to fight more for the sake of party purposes than

for the sake of the truth. Men are always apt to go into extremes, even in the best of causes. Great care, therefore, should be taken, and indeed we should never undertake to assail an opponent, unless we can do it in a christian spirit of love and true charity. But if we are to let so dangerous a principle as that which has already caused such havoc of the churches, grow and prevail, undisturbed and unchecked, on account of our own infirmities, then we must do the same with all other errors, or with all other sins. For where is the clergyman that is truly perfect? Does not sin mix itself into our most religious acts of devotion, and is not all that we do polluted by our imperfections? May we not also mix a good deal of our own in attacking drunkenness, or any other gross vice? Alas! Alas! it is very true, we have no reason to exalt ourselves, but we must "confess that we are utterly unclean." This acquaintance with our own heart should therefore lead us to declare an eternal war against whatever is opposed to the Word of God, both within and without—both in us, and in the world. Since notwithstanding our many defects, it has pleased Almighty God to appoint us over his people, to be faithful watchmen, let us then do our duty to the best of our abilities; and like good shepherds, let us raise the cry of alarm, whenever we see the flock in danger.

Now, I look upon *dissent* as one of the most dangerous wolves which ever crept into the christian world. It is a thousand-headed monster, daily becoming more formidable, and threatening to devour both the shepherds and the flocks. Yet this monster goes about under the cloak of religion; he affects the most imposing, and seducing, and pious looks; he uses the most plausible, and, apparently, for "the simple," the most incontrovertible arguments; his "good words and fair speeches" are so many, so well, and so dexterously applied; and he delights his followers with such a variety of new ideas, new opinions, and new forms of worship, that thousands and tens of thousands are in his train, feeding their fancies upon his novelties, and always ready to adopt new ones whenever it will please his majesty King *Dissent* to invent them. And let us not suppose that he will stop here in his career of division. All the powers of darkness, no doubt, are still at work in forming new plans, and new schemes for the total subjugation of the world, by sowing the seed of *schism* where *schism* has already so well thrived. "Our own dissent," says an eminent writer among dissenters, "is itself fraught with dissent, and breaks, and breaks again, as often as any excitement, local, or general, puts the body in motion!"

Mr. James, the author of the preceding quotation, never said any thing more true, and better calculated to prove the bad effects of the evil system of *dissent*. And have we not abundant proofs in our own province, and under our daily observation, of the instability of religious opinions in dissenting bodies, and of the division and subdivision of each sect? Infidelity itself, pure and rank Infidelity, is now boldly raising its head over the ruins of Unity, and its pestilential effects,—its poisonous breath,—its withering influence are already felt within the borders of our hitherto comparatively happy parishes, and very soon they may wound and destroy the most promising of our members, or the most affectionate of our children, or relatives. I tremble at the thought of what must soon take place upon earth, if christians will not open their eyes! *Dissent* has paved the way for *universalism* and *socinianism*. The more we are divided, the better these heresies will prosper; nay, I believe I may truly say, that these are the true daughters of division. And do pious dissenters need any more than this to make them drop all their petty differences, and return into the bosom of the Catholic and Apostolic Church? Shall they continue, in the face of all that is clear and positive, to attach more importance to their own private views upon doubtful or unimportant points, than to the necessity for the disciples of Christ to love one another,— "to speak all the same language"—to "stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, with one mind, and one mouth, glorifying God?"

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

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1838.

CLERICAL SOCIETY, CHESTER.—Situating as the Clergy of the Established Church are in this Province—at a distance from each other, with extensive parishes, and much to occupy their time, it is but seldom that even two or three would meet together to share each others joys and sorrows in living language, were it not for the formation of Clerical Societies in different districts. The experience of a few years has tended strongly to convince the little band of Brethren thus connected in this western district, that not many duties connected with the church, are more pleasant and profitable to themselves (and they humbly trust, to the people under their care) than that which unites them in the above capacity. A social intercourse, which ought ever to exist among the ministering servants of Jesus Christ, among fellow labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, is thus cultivated and established—each in his turn is encouraged and strengthened to persevere with patience in the arduous duties which ever devolve upon the faithful ambassador for Christ; and the members of the church (who by their ready attendance have always shewn that they were far from being uninterested) are exhorted from others than their own particular pastor, to "continue steadfast" in the doctrine and discipline of the faith once delivered to the saints, and not in these dangerous days to be tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine, as also to "fight the good fight of faith, to lay hold on eternal life," and thus here and hereafter have "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

On Wednesday and Thursday the 18th and 19th instants the above Society assembled at Chester according to previous notice;—some of the brethren were prevented from a personal attendance, but from letters received and read at the meeting they expressed the deep interest they felt in the welfare and prosperity of the objects of the Society. After prayer to Almighty God for a blessing upon, and assistance in their ministerial duties, for the people of their charge, their Bishop, the Clergy, and the Church, the brethren read together a portion of the Holy Scriptures, a part of the ordination service, with practical reflections by the Rev. J. Brewster, A. M. and had some interesting conversation: they then proceeded at 5 o'clock from the Parsonage to the Parish Church of St. Stephen, where they met a respectable congregation. Prayers were read by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, A. M. Rector of Lunenburg, and the sermon by the Rev. J. Stanuage, Missionary at St. Margaret's Bay, from 1st Timothy 6th chap. and part of 12th verse—"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

On Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, after prayer at the Parsonage, the members of the Society again proceeded to the church. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Stanuage, and a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Cochran, to a large and attentive congregation, from Romans 5th chap. and 1st verse—"Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Holy Communion was then administered to the clergy, and forty of the laity joined in partaking of those "Holy mysteries which Jesus Christ instituted and ordained as pledges of His love, and for a continual remembrance of His death, to our great and endless comfort!"

The meeting was closed at the parsonage with appropriate selections from the collects, and from the private devotions of eminent divines of the church, which have been by them sent up, like incense, to the throne of grace, and breathe all the sweetness of the sanctuary.

The next meeting is to be held (D. V.) at St. Margaret's Bay on Wednesday the 22d of August. That every such meeting may tend to the advancement of God's glory and the good of His church, should be the constant and earnest prayer of both clergy and people. "Keep, we be-

Heed thee, O Lord, thy church with thy perpetual mercy. And because the frailty of man without Thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable for our salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—(Communicated.)

THE FIRST BORN OF HALIFAX.—We have just seen the first male that was born at Halifax after its settlement in the year 1749. His name is CORNWALLIS MOREAU and he now resides at Petite Riviere in this county. He was born on Christmas day of the year above mentioned, and consequently will enter upon his 90th year if spared until Christmas next, of which there is every probability. His eye is not dim, nor his natural force too much abated to prevent his conversing with animation, and shewing a memory yet but little impaired. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Moreau, who came out with Governor Cornwallis, and was the first clergyman that officiated in Lunenburg. He states that the Governor, before his birth, directed that he should bear his name, and afterwards spoke of a pension to be given him, as being the first male child born in Halifax. The former distinction he has worn to this day, but with the latter he has not been burdened, and he is now left, the last of his race, to struggle on in dependant and indigent circumstances, until the hour comes when the body will want no more. Should any that read this feel inclined to minister to his necessities, their bounty (post paid) will be received by us and faithfully applied.—Being the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and one of the first that ever ministered in the country, perhaps our brethren may feel especially interested in his case.

We have read in the Christian Messenger of the 13th, a letter from the Rev. W. Cogswell to the Editors of that paper, (which they kept back about a month) remarking in very proper terms upon the offensive article of theirs which called forth the notice in our last.—We are sorry to perceive by the voluminous commentary which the Editors have appended to Mr. Cogswell's letter, that they are by no means sensible of the impropriety and the incorrectness of their statements, but even appear resolved to brave it out at whatever cost, and to persevere in their course of bitterness and hostility.

We shall for the present leave Mr. Cogswell to settle the matter with them if he thinks it worth while, and we add no more than our hope, that we shall not find it necessary very soon to come forward on the defensive against such uncalled for attacks upon the church as have lately aroused us.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—We find the following gratifying intelligence in a late No. of the Gospel Messenger, (Utica, N. Y.) in which the Editor says—

"It is from a letter just received from a valuable and prominent Clergyman of that Church, with whose correspondence we have been honored for a number of years, and to whose letters we have before alluded. In reference to the increase of zeal and bounty in the advancement of the church, our friend remarks: 'Churches and chapels are rapidly springing up, not only in the metropolis, but in all parts of the kingdom,—and provision has been made for the support of an additional number of parochial ministers. I will give you one instance. In the parish of Islington, near London, of which I am a native, and wherein I continue to reside, contained within my remembrance a population of about 7000 souls; and it had one handsome parish church and a small chapel, a vicar, a lecturer, and one curate. The population now amounts to nearly 50,000 souls; and since the year 1817 there have been erected no fewer than five large, and two smaller chapels of ease, (the former of these being capable of accommodating 2000, 1800, 1500, &c. persons,) and the parishoners are now engaged in erecting 3 additional chapels of ease, each capable of holding from 1100 to 1300 persons; and what is truly gratifying, the pa-

rish is supported with quite a band of able, pious, and devoted clergymen. The present vicar is the son of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta.'

RECOLLECTIONS of Rev. R. Cecil, &c. from letters from the Rev. J. A. Clark in London, May 26, 1838.

I must not forget the promise I made at the close of my last communication. One of the incidents to which I there referred, was the delightful interview I was privileged to have with the former curate of Mr. Richard Cecil, and a visit I made to the spot where Mr. Cecil lived in the bosom of his happy family. You know the *Remains* of Cecil were edited by the Rev. Josiah Pratt. This worthy Clergyman was Mr. Cecil's curate for more than twenty years. He is now the Rector of a church near Moore's Fields. A friend took me to introduce me to this now aged and venerable servant of God. In going to his place we passed through Smithfield: and saw the very spot where the martyrs of the Reformation were burned. I cannot now stop to tell you what emotions thronged my bosom as I gazed on that spot where so much Protestant blood had been spilt to secure to us the blessings of an unadulterated Gospel. I found in Mr. Pratt a most delightful specimen of true primitive evangelical piety. His appearance is very venerable. An hour passed quickly away while I listened to the interesting account he gave of the church in the times, and since the death of Mr. Cecil. He is one of those simple-hearted men, who like Newton, and Cecil, and Scott, has stood by his principles without varying a hair's breadth to court popular applause. He told me some interesting facts in connection with Cecil. An association of Clergymen composed of such men as Newton, Basil Wood, Thomas Scott, Venn, &c., used to meet every fortnight at the vestry room of St. John's Chapel. The object of this association was the spiritual and intellectual improvement of its members. A portion of the time while they were together was spent in social prayer, and the residue in discussing some theological subject previously agreed upon. Mr. Pratt was admitted as a member of this body, and he told me that most of the remarks contained in *Cecil's Remains* he heard in the vestry room of St. John's, and wrote down in his memorandum book at the very time Mr. Cecil was speaking.

'Had Mr. Cecil,' said Mr. Pratt, 'known that I was setting down his remarks, such was his lowliness of mind and deep humility, he would have forbidden me to do it. I kept this secret to myself, and as we all had our memorandum books, my object of preserving as accurate a transcript as possible of his most wise sayings was never suspected. Oh, such bursts of eloquence, such views of the deep things of God, such lively apprehensions of the divine character as I have heard expressed by Mr. Cecil in that room,' continued Mr. Pratt, 'I never expect to hear again this side of heaven.'

I have had the high satisfaction not only of meeting Miss Cecil, but of spending an evening with her and her sister in the very dwelling in *Little James street*, where Mr. Cecil lived, and laboured and died. I cannot tell you my feelings when they led me into the study where were the books, and pictures, and all the objects which Mr. Cecil used to have around him forty years ago, when from this hallowed spot this place where we held such constant intercourse with heaven, he brought forth things new and old for the instruction and edification of his people. I felt that I wished to fall down on my knees, and pour out my heart before God in this place where the sainted Cecil had so often prayed. Before me hung his portrait which his friends tell me is a perfect likeness. This painting gives his face far more character, and a more brilliant and seraphic expression than the engraved likeness which we have seen. On the back side of a picture which represented his children in the form of cherubs ascending to heaven, I found in Cecil's hand-writing an extract from some older author, who, speaking of the death of children, says, 'Surrounded with goodly trees which are laden with

*His family resided in this house at the time of his death but he was at Belle-vue House, Hampstead, when seized with his last fatal attack of apoplexy.

precious fruit, if the owner comes into the orchard and picks an apple or two for himself before they are fully ripe, shall I complain and find fault? Has he not a right to do it?' Mr. Cecil had just lost two children when he brought home this picture, and wrote these remarks on the back of it, and presented it to Mrs. Cecil. There were many other things in the study that deeply interested me. But already the hour of 10 P. M. had arrived. There was a little circle of Christian friends present, and of course we felt we could not leave such a house as this without prayer. Miss Cecil brought out the Bible which Mr. Cecil always took with him into the pulpit, and which bore on its pages a thousand marks that had been made by his pen or pencil. Dr. Steinkoff, a most devoted and distinguished minister of the Lutheran Church, who was present, read a portion of the word from that precious book, following it with appropriate and deeply affecting remarks. I was then requested to conduct the devotions of the evening. Truly I never felt more sensible that I was treading on holy ground. I felt it was a privilege to offer prayer to God on the very spot where Richard Cecil had so often kneeled—a privilege to lead the family devotions at that domestic altar where the voice of this great and good man had been so often heard. I trust the evening was profitably as well as pleasantly spent. I am sure I shall long remember it with great delight.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We beg leave to return our best thanks to Captain RICHARD BINNEY, of Ireland, for his repeated attentions in forwarding to us religious papers published in that country.

LETTERS RECEIVED—Rev. Dr. McCawley, with remit.; Rev. Mr. Black, with ditto; Rev. Chas. Elliott, with ditto; Rev. Chas. J. Shreve, with ditto; Charles Desbrisay, Esq. with ditto; Mr. B. K. Dodge, with ditto.

AN EVENING IN VENICE.

The following is the account given by an American traveller, of an evening spent in the family of the British Consul at Venice. How gratifying is it to find such bright gleams penetrating even the dark glooms of Venice—the licentious queen of revelry and dissipation.

"The British consul has his chaplain, a sound evangelical man. This evening I drank tea with them all. Admiral Douglas, of the royal navy, was present, with his family, and some other company. The evening was passed in singing a hymn, and in reading several chapters in the Bible, each one reading a verse in turn, and any of the company making such remarks as were thought proper. After reading, the chaplain closed with prayer. There was no stiffness, no formality, Christian love seemed to prevail throughout, and spread a charm over the exercises of the evening such as I have not experienced since I have been in Italy. I felt that it was good to be there, for it seemed a foretaste of heaven, where distinction of sect and nation will be unknown, and all shall own but one bond of union; where all shall be one in Christ, where Christ shall be all, and in all.

A REPROOF.

The late Rev. Richard Watson would sometimes step out of his way to administer merited reproof.

One Sabbath morning in Wakefield, he had not proceeded far in his discourse, when he observed an individual in a pew just before him rise from his seat, and turn round to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as if the service were a weariness to him. The unseemly act called forth the following rebuke: 'A remarkable change,' said the speaker, 'has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in the service. A sad and ominous change!'—*Jackson's Memoirs of Watson.*

PERFECT FREEDOM.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight;
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd and built, and still upholds a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes; ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth,
Of no mean city; plann'd ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeable life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body round, but knows not what a course
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Couper.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE DYING GIRL.

'Twas at the close of a bright autumnal day, that sweetest, yet saddest season of the year, a lone mother was weeping over the couch of her dying child. The last rays of the setting sun shone bright and joyous across the little apartment, and gleamed with mellow lustre on the pale face of the beautiful invalid, upon whose brow and lip death had stamped his signet. The whispering breeze stole gently through the open casement, bearing upon its wings the odor of a thousand wild flowers, sportively playing with the many fragrant blossoms which the kind hand of an affectionate mother had placed in the little window to soothe and comfort her departing child. As it fanned the fevered brow of the lovely one, a sweet smile played across her placid features. "Mother, dear mother!" In an instant she was by her side. "Ah! the calm evening breeze has revived me. Come nearer—nearer to me." One look told that sad mother it was vain to hope for life longer. "Take my hand, Mother; now press thy cheek to mine. Do not, do not weep, Mother—I am better; I am well now. I will soon be happy—I am going to Jesus Mother. Dear Mother, why dost thou still weep,—wouldst thou wish to keep me here? I do not fear to die—I am not afraid of death: I feel that Jesus will receive my spirit. Last night I dreamed I was in heaven—oh! it was so lovely there. I heard such sweet tones of music—deep-toned and holy. There

were flowers that never fade; and brooks and rivers of living water, whose course was never dry. There were thousands of angels dressed in white. One approached me with a spotless robe, and told me that was mine. I saw my name written in the book of everlasting life. Oh! I was happy there. Mother, I long to go to that heaven. Thou wilt be lonesome, Mother; but think that I am happy there, and that thou ere long wilt join me. Pray for me, Mother! I am—going—going! Kiss me, now—dear, dear, Mother—farewell! I go to Jesus, to heaven—fare— The disembodied spirit soared to the God she had loved and obeyed—to that heaven she so long had hoped to dwell in.—*Youth's Mag.*

"WORDS OF A BELIEVER."

Two men were neighbors, and each of them had a wife and many small children, and they lived by their labor alone. And one of the two men disquieted himself, saying, If I die, or am taken sick, what shall befall my wife and children? And this thought never left him, and it gnawed upon his heart, as the hidden worm feedeth on the heart of the fruit.

But when the same thought came alike to the other father, it perplexed him not; for, said he, God, who knoweth all his creatures, and watcheth over them will also watch over me, and my wife, and my children. And this man lived in peace, while the first tasted not an instant of repose nor of inward joy.

One day as he labored in the fields, sad and cast down because of his fear, he saw some birds enter into a thicket, leave it, and then quickly return again. And having approached nearer, he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each of them many young, newly hatched, and as yet unfledged. And when he had returned to his work, from time to time he raised his eyes, and watched the birds which went and came, carrying nourishment to their little ones. But, lo! just at the moment when one of the mothers returned, with her bill full, a vulture seized her, bore her away, and the poor mother struggling vainly under his talons, raised piercing cries. At this sight the man who was at work felt his soul more troubled than before; for, said he, the death of the mother is the death of the children. Mine have me and me only. What shall become of them if I fail them. And all that day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not.

On the morrow, upon his return to the field, he said: I will see the little ones of this poor mother; without doubt most of them have already perished. And he turned his steps toward the thicket. And looking in, he saw the young ones doing well; not one of them seemed to have suffered. And being much astonished at this, he concealed himself to observe what would take place. And after a short time he heard a slight cry, and he saw the second mother bringing in haste the food which she had gathered, and she gave it to all without distinction, and there was enough for all; and the orphans were not deserting in their misery.

And the father who had distrusted Providence, related that evening, to the other father, that which he had seen. And the other said unto him: Why art thou disquieted? God never abandoneth his own. His love hath secrets which we know not. Let us believe, let us hope, let us love, and pursue our journey in peace. If I die before you, you shall be the father of my children; if you die before me, I will be the father of yours. And if both of us should die before they are old enough to provide for their own necessities, they shall have for a father, the Father who is in heaven.—*De la Meunais.*

From the (London) Weekly Visitor.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

'My brethren,' remarks Bishop Heber, in a discourse delivered in India, 'it has pleased the Almighty to give that great, valiant, and understanding nation to which we ourselves belong; an empire in which the sun never sets, a commerce by which the remotest nations of the earth are become our allies, our tributaries, I had almost said our neighbors, and by means (when regarded as human means, and distinct from his own mysterious providence) so inadequate,

as to excite our alarm as well as wonder,—the sovereignty over these wide and populous heathen lands. But is it for our sakes that he has given these good gifts, and wrought these great marvels for our favor? Are we not rather set up on high in the earth, that we may show forth the light by which we are guided, and be the honoured instruments of diffusing these blessings which we ourselves enjoy throughout every land, and in every distant isle which our winged vessels visit? If we value, then, (as who does not value?) our renown among mankind; if we exult (as who can help exulting?) in the privileges which Providence has conferred on the British nation; if we are thankful (and God forbid that we should be otherwise!) for the means of usefulness to our power; and if we love (as who does not love?) our native land, its greatness and prosperity, let us see that we, each of us in our station, are promoting the best of our power, by example, by exertion, by liberality, by the practice of every Christian virtue, the extension of God's truth among men, and the honor of that holy name whereby we are called. There have been realms as famous as our own, and (in relation to the then extent and riches of the civilized world) as powerful and as wealthy, of which the traveller sees nothing now but ruins in the midst of a wilderness, or where the mariner only finds a rock fit for finners to spread their nets upon. Nineveh once reigned over the East; but where is Nineveh now? Tyre had once the commerce; but what has become of Tyre? But if the repentance of Nineveh had persevered in, her towers would have stood to this day. Had the daughter of Tyre brought her gifts to the temple of God, she would have continued a queen for ever."

DRY-ROT IN CONGREGATIONS.

I arrived in Mobile on the Tuesday of the week when the Episcopal church in that city was to be taken down. It had become unsafe as a place in which to assemble for public worship, in consequence of the 'dry rot,' having affected it. This generally occurs, our readers are aware, when the 'foundation' is not properly laid, and 'the air' cannot circulate under the floor. While looking at it, as the workmen were engaged in removing the different parts, and observing how the timbers that once were regarded as the 'principal supporters' of the building were decayed, I could not avoid saying to myself,—May not a people sometimes be affected with 'dry-rot.' If Jesus, as the Christ, the Son of the Living God, be not the corner-stone of the foundation of our spiritual or ecclesiastical edifice,—or if this truth, so nobly confessed by St. Peter, be not properly 'laid' before the people,—if 'the foundation' of our faith be not based on this important article, or if we be not rightly 'built up' in it, so that Jesus Christ in His divine character, possessing 'all the fulness of the Godhead' be not exhibited as the alone foundation of our hope, and trust, and acceptance,—and if the Holy Ghost, who, in his operations is likened to the wind, to 'air,' be not in his personal character, his divine offices, his sanctifying agency, proclaimed to the people as the One who alone can make them 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light,' much do we fear there will take place indifference, apathy, decay—in other words, the 'dry-rot.' The influences of the divine Spirit must be invoked upon our assemblies; the people must be taught to realize their need of them, and to pray for them, and to use all other proper means to obtain them; religion is to flourish among them, or the life of grace is to go on with a vigorous and healthy action in their own souls. I care not how elegant, how polished be the language of a sermon, or with how much of eloquence its delivery be characterized, let Christ not be its burden, let the necessity of the renewing power of the Holy Ghost not be seen in it, and the effect will be like that produced by the apparently well constructed and the beautifully painted building, but within which the 'air' is prevented from entering and circulating.—*Rev. F. H. Cuming.*

ATHEISM

Is a characteristic of our day. On the sentiments, manners, pursuits, amusements and dealings of the great body of mankind, there is written in broad characters—*without God in the world!*

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

SAMUEL, who became a Prophet and a Judge in Israel, was early brought to the Sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God, by a *Praying Mother*.

TIMOTHY, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the holy Scriptures; was brought with both a *Praying Mother* and *Praying Grandmother*.

JOHN THE BAPTIST, who was filled with the Holy Ghost even from his very birth, and a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a *Praying Mother*.

The pious and excellent **DODDRIDGE** had, long before he could read, enduring impressions made upon his heart by means of some scripture prints on the walls in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a *Praying Mother*.

The **REV. JOHN NEWTON**, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminently useful men, the Rev. **ANDRÉAS BUCHANAN**, and the Rev. **THOMAS SCOTT**, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth which had been taught him in early life by a *Praying Mother*.

I recently read of a *whole family of Children* in America, who were all in a remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the caresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction, of a *Praying Mother*.

A few years ago, the Students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their number had been favoured with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of one hundred and twenty students, who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than a hundred were the offspring of *Praying Mothers*.

And—to mention but one instance more—**ST. AUGUSTINE**, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, was till his 20th year only 'a bitterness to her that bore him.'

From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amid scenes of base-ness and corruption. But, in all his wanderings, that *praying young man* was followed by a *Weeping Praying Mother*. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God.

'It is not possible,'—said a certain Bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavour to reclaim her son.—'Good woman, it is not possible, that a child of such tears should perish.' And at length the son himself carried to his *Praying Mother* the news of his conversion, and she received 'the oil of joy for mourning,' and 'the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, 'My Son, what have I to do here any longer? The only object for which I wished to live, was your conversion; and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner.'—Five days after, she was seized with a fever; and on the ninth her tears were forever wiped away.

And wherever the name and writings of Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo, have been known, there has been 'told for a memorial of her' the story of the *Praying Mother*.

A word, then, to you, who are *mothers*.

It is not likely, that you will leave your children large estates, or great titles; but it is in your power to leave them what is infinitely more to be desired, viz. *The rich legacy of a mother's prayers*. Your children are born under the curse of a broken covenant; and they must be born again, or they can never be heirs to Christ's blessed kingdom. You cannot bear to think, that one of these little ones, whom you so tenderly love, should be 'the hold of every foul spirit,' and never become the 'habitation of God through the Spirit'—the *Holy Spirit*. Go, then, to the *Messiah*, that Almighty Redeemer, and tell him of their state.

Go, like the woman of Canaan, and plead in humility and faith, and with an importunity which can take no denial. Go, and you will find, as she did, that the Lord 'is rich unto all,

that call upon him.' Though, like her, ye be poor, and feeble, and obscure; yet, like her, ye may exert an influence which shall 'spoil principalities and powers,' and save the soul of your child.

The tie which binds mothers to their children, is inexpressibly tender; and compared with it most others are feeble. There is something, too, in the relation you sustain with them, which is more interesting and solemn, than words can adequately express; for it is something, which takes fast hold on *eternity itself*.—From you they receive their first impressions; and, by you, are their first thoughts, desires, actions, and motions, regulated. Ordinarily, you are the first, to whom they learn to make known their wants; you are the first, towards whom they stretch forth their little hands; your name is the first they learn to speak; your countenance and voice the first they learn to recognize; and your smiles and frowns, your feelings and passions, the first in which they feel a sympathy. It is to you, that their first inquiries are generally directed, it is from your lips, that their first ideas of God and Christ and Heaven are generally gained; and it is in your ear, as you bend over their lovely forms, and smooth their little pillows for the night, that they lip their first accents of prayer too 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Your lessons are, or should be, the first that they ever learn; your cradle hymns, the first that rock them to sleep; your spirit the first, that they imbibe; your influence the first, that they feel; and your image the first, that is stamped upon them. Indeed it is not too much to say, that to your hands, more than to those of any other human being, is committed the momentous work of moulding their intellect and heart in the *very earliest stage of rational existence*; and that it is from you, *pre-eminently*, they receive the *first and grand outlines of their future character*.

O what spot is there on earth, which, for training up little children for heaven, is to be at all compared to the home—the '*Sweet Home*'—of the *Praying Mother*! Where in the whole universe does pity begin to burn so early and so brightly in little children, as it does around the altar, where they have worshipped with their *Praying Mother*! Who, like her, has the power of fixing a grasp upon them, which neither the wiles of infidelity, nor the headstrong passions of youth may ever be able to throw off! Who, like her can entwine about their spirits such fine cords of truth and affection, as God's blessed Spirit can make use of in binding them to Messial's throne and kingdom forever!

To your hands, then, ye mothers, is the everlasting happiness of your precious babes confided, as it is confided to no other hands on earth. When you would give them to feel the refreshings of cleanliness, you can (like the good mother of that family of children in America just mentioned) raise your heart to God for those effusions of the Spirit, which shall cleanse and gladden their souls forever. When you put on their clothes in the morning, you can ask your Heavenly Father to grant unto them to 'be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white,' which 'is the righteousness of Saints.' When you prepare their daily food, you can pray, that they may have a heart to come to that least, to which they are especially invited; and may gladly avail themselves of those abundant provisions, which Heaven has made for their everlasting felicity. As you lead them to the Sanctuary, you can lift up a prayer, that they may so go to the Upper Sanctuary, and 'dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

Should they leave you to go to school, you can still follow their infant foot steps with a prayer, that their path through life may be like that of the 'just,' which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And, as you lay them down on their little couch, you can kneel down before Him, who seeth in secret, and let the silent breathings of your heart go up to heaven for a blessing on your sleeping babes. Your infant daughter may be a 'mother in Israel,' when you are dead. Your little son, who now prattles on your knee, and begins to ask about his soul and about his Saviour, may tell the story of redeeming love, amidst the fests of Lapland, or on the burning sands of Africa. Ten thousand hearts may welcome the glad tidings; and twice ten thousand blessings be poured upon the head of your son. Amen.—(*Southern Churchman*.)

The London Anniversaries.—The anniversary of the *Wesleyan Missionary Society* was held at Exeter Hall, April 30th. The receipts of the year amounted to £83,648, of which Ireland contributed £3,795; and Upper Canada, £1,090. The regular income, however, of the Society amounted to £73,000, an increase of more than £6,000 over the income of 1837. But the expenditure of the past year had exceeded considerably the regular income. At the different missions of the Society in various parts of the world, there is an aggregate of 49,000 children in the schools, being an increase of 2,000 within the year.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the *Church Missionary Society* was held on the 1st May at Exeter Hall. The funds at present amount to £83,000, being an increase of £11,000 since last year.

The thirtieth anniversary of the *Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews* was held May 4, in Exeter Hall. The labours of the society had been very successful; there was an increase of upwards of £4,000 in the contributions of the present year over those of the past. The great room was crowded; and, among the friends and supporters of the Society on the platform, was the celebrated missionary, Joseph Wolff.

The annual meeting of the *British and Foreign Bible Society* was held at Exeter Hall, May 4. The American Ambassador was present on the platform, Lord Bexley took the chair. The report contained details of the most encouraging circumstances attending the efforts of the Society in all parts of the world. The receipts of the Society from all sources during the past year were £97,237 1s. 11d. The issue of copies of the Scripture for the past year is 590,338, and the total number since the formation of the Society 10,888,043. The amount of receipts was larger than on any previous year since the formation of the Society.—*Epis. Rec.*

Murder of a Missionary Family.—The Southern Christian Advocate publishes the following letter, giving a moving description of a massacre by the Florida Indians. [The massacre occurred several weeks since, and the news of it was published at the time.] The writer is superintendent of the Alachua mission on the Tallahassee district.

"Dear Brother Capres—I am ruined! While engaged in my labours in the Alachua mission, I received a letter bearing awful tidings. It informed me that the Indians had murdered my family! I set out for home, hoping that it might not prove as bad as the letter stated; but O my God, it is, if not even worse! My precious children, Lorick, Pierce, and Elizabeth, were killed and burnt up in the same house—My dear wife was shot, stabbed, and stamped upon, seemingly to death, in the yard. But after the wretches went to jack up their plunder, she revived and crawled off from the scene of death, to suffer a thousand deaths during the dreadful night which she spent alone by the side of a pond, bleeding at four bullet holes and more than half a dozen stabs—three deep gashes to the bone on her head and three stabs through the ribs, besides a number of smaller cuts and bruises. She is yet living—and O help me to pray that she may still live. My negroes lay dead all about the yard and woods, and my every thing else burned to ashes. Pray for me.

My family was on a short visit to my father-in-law, for the purpose of having some supplies sent up from our plantation to our temporary residence in the mission, and during this brief period the awful catastrophe took place." "T. D. PEURIFOY."

Liberality.—A most noble instance of liberality has been exhibited by two wealthy citizens of New York city, namely Mr. Astor and Mr. Stuyvesant. The latter gentleman has given a suitable spot of land for the purpose of erecting an asylum for respectable, aged, indigent males. Mr. Astor has made a donation of \$5000 provided a further sum \$20,000 shall be raised by subscription. This condition has been complied with, and the building is nearly finished. It will accommodate 100 persons and has every requisite convenience.—*Zion's Herald*.

POETRY.

THE COMPASS.

The following chaste and beautiful lines are from the London Evangelical Magazine.

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crests the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared
Through all the vault of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where, poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass meets his eye.

Thence taught his darksome course to steer
He breathed no wish for day;
But braved the whirlwind's headlong might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian life
But storm as dark and drear,
Through which, without one blithesome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer!

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self-illuminated greets his view
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar;
And soon, his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EPITAPHS.

Many a beautiful epitaph have I read, as well as many an absurd one, both in verse and in prose; but it has ever appeared to me that texts from the Scriptures are the most suitable inscriptions for the monuments of the dead. If there be any thing in the character of a fellow-sinner, whose dust has been laid in the grave, likely to do good by way of example, it may be well to record it in a simple manner; but I like to see a text on a tombstone, and though I have read inscribed there a hundred times over, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' yet the words affect my mind more profitably, and send me away with a deeper and more abiding sense of the realities of an eternal world, than the finest inscription on the finest monument in Westminster Abbey.

I once read, on a tablet raised over the remains of a faithful minister of the Gospel, a glorious epitaph. It described the man to the life, and the sanctified effect of his labors, in the following words, taken from the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:—'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.'

MUSIC IN FAMILIES.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing; and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.' Such a use of this accomplishment may serve to fit a fa-

mily for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion, are a sweet and touching accompaniment!—*M. L. Sigourney.*

From the Missionary.

WHAT ANOTHER PRAYER-BOOK HAS DONE.

A young man, a graduate of one of our southern colleges, was elected to a tutorship. As tutor, it was his duty to conduct the morning devotions of the chapel. He was not then a religious man. As he himself told me, he did not know how to pray. It was a most irksome, and it must be feared, an unprofitable task. A friend had compassion on him, and gave him a Prayer-book. It was the first that he had ever seen, and it rendered that easy, which before was difficult and unsatisfactory. I know not how long after this it was that he attached himself to the Episcopal Church: but I know that this young man is now Bishop of Tennessee.—*Bishop Doane.*

INCONSISTENCY OF UNBELIEF.

We often hear it said, that no man need believe that which he cannot understand. Hence, by some, several of the doctrines of Scripture, confessedly mysterious, are doubted or denied. But every one must allow, who chooses to consider, that there are many facts, the truth of which is evident, though the reasons of them pass our comprehension. It is a fact, for instance, that if you plant an acorn it will grow, put forth branches, be adorned with leaves, and become in process of time a mighty and magnificent tree. You would laugh at the folly of the person who told you this could not be. Yet, where is the philosopher who can explain this fact? He may say, indeed, that it draws nourishment from the ground, from the rain, from the atmosphere, but can he tell us how the various parts of the oak, so different from each other in form and substance, and colour, are produced? Can he show us by what means the simple materials are moulded, and make us understand all the curious work? Can he tell us why the leaves upon the oak are all alike, of one particular shape, quite different from the leaves of any other tree, though planted in the same soil, watered by the same showers, warmed by the same sun? No; he cannot tell us all this; yet he never strives to make us disbelieve our senses, and deny the growth of the oak from the acorn. It is just so with regard to the truths of revelation. As God is infinitely superior to man, is it not likely that what he is, and what he does, can ever be comprehended by our imperfect faculties. Many truths, therefore, must be higher than our thoughts, as the heavens are higher than the earth. Yet this does not render them doubtful. We may easily be sure of a fact, even though we are ignorant of the motives which prompted it, and the instruments which effected it. So that, if any thing above our comprehension comes upon sufficient evidence, whether that be the evidence of our senses, or the testimony of credible witnesses, we are bound to admit it. He who doubts the truth of a doctrine revealed in Scripture because he cannot explain it, ought also to disbelieve the growth of trees and plants from seed. In fact, if he were consistent, there would be no limit to his unbelief. He ought to doubt his own being, because he can as little understand how the reasonable soul and flesh are one man. But there are few indeed who do not receive the mysteries of the natural world, allowing there a thousand facts which defy the utmost powers of their mind to understand: why do they not act on the same principle with regard to the spiritual world? There is a great analogy between God's dealings in providence and in grace. He never, indeed, asks us to credit that which is against reason; nor does he propound any thing to us without sufficient evidence of its truth. Let us, therefore, if the evidence of the fact be clear, learn to admit this testimony, even though we cannot, for our infirmity, see clearly how that fact is brought about.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

The only wisdom which shall survive the grave, is that which cometh down from Heaven, and is to be found in the pages of revelation; and all who, ne-

glecting that, are not wise towards God, are children under the elements of the world. with all his knowledge, does not know himself, nor before God; and he who, ignorant of the God in Jesus Christ, has not repented, not the Gospel, is, after all, only a child, and about childish things: things which will be as in eternity as the toys of infancy are now in hood.—*Rev. F. Close.*

Jews' Sunday School.—A School of several pupils is taught every Sunday in Philadelphia, by Jewish ladies of known philanthropy and intelligence. The children belong to the Jewish Congregation under Mr. Leaser's care. Of course the Old Testament only is used.—*Sunday School Journal.*

FARMERS IN 1737 AND 1837.

"*Tempora mutantur; et nos mutantur in illis.*"
1737. 1837.

Man, to the Plough.	Mr. to Tally-ho!
Wife, to the Cow.	Miss, to Piano.
Girl, to the Sow.	Mrs. to silk and Satin.
Boy, to the Mow.	Master to Greek and Latin.
And their rents were all netted!	And they'll be in the Gazette!

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— the Lord's Supper
— the Scripture Help
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— Varieties of Female Piety
— Development of Female Character
The Morning and Evening Sacrifice
Readings for Sunday Evenings
Combe on Digestion and Dietetics
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