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THE HARBINGER,

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER 15, 1842.

No. 11.

CONTENTS,—Congregational Union of England and Wales—Journal of Rev. H. Wilkes—E. Canada, Ordination—French Canadian Missionary Society—Congregational Institute of Eastern Canada—Congregational Union of England and Wales—Sudden Death—The Relation and Duty of the Christian Church—Boast not thyself of Tomorrow—MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE—Moffatt's Africa, Portrait of Dr. Vanderkemp—Moffatt's first Home in the Desert—The Lion Doing Homage to Peace Principles—The Missionary's Fare—A Child's Sacrifice—Anecdote of George III.—A Rebuke to Christians—POETRY—Prayer of the Dying Christian—Value of a Moment.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

(From the *Liverpool Times*.)

The adjourned meetings of the Twelfth Annual Assembly of this important association, which were held in London in May, commenced in this town on Tuesday evening last, and were numerously attended.

The Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, of Leeds, preached the introductory sermon on that evening, in Crescent Chapel. The subject was, the Invercommunity of Churches, and was designed to bring out the advantages which may reasonably be anticipated from the Union, when the great principles upon which it is founded shall be better understood and more generally acted upon. The marked attention which was paid by a large and respectable audience must have been very gratifying to the preacher, who acquitted himself with his usual eloquence and power.

On the two following days meetings of the committee, delegates, and visitors, were held in the Lecture-room of Great George-street Chapel, under the able presidency of the Rev. Dr. Leifehlid, of London. At both of these meetings, subjects of the highest importance to the Associated Churches were discussed, and plans of operation determined upon, which involve the present condition of our home population; their destitution but for the labours of the Home Missionary Society connected with the union; of the pure gospel of the word of God; the spread of evangelical truth in Ireland; and the spiritual necessities of the Colonial dependencies of Great Britain, which have as yet received a far too limited measure of the attention of British philanthropists.

The growing confidence which is felt in the union, and the importance which is attached to its proceedings at the present crisis, brought together a large number of ministers and others, many of them from a great distance. Upwards of one hundred of the former, and about an equal number of laymen attended the meetings for business each day, which commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued until about three in the afternoon, when refreshment was provided by the hospitality of the Liverpool churches in the adjoining school-house.

Among the ministers present were the three secretaries of the union—the Rev. Algernon Wells, the Rev. John Blackburne, and the Rev. William Stern Palmer. The other London ministers present were the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Rev. Dr. Matheson, Rev. Thomas Binney, Rev. Thomas James, and Rev. George Smith. From the country—the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham; Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Nottingham; Rev. Richard Elliott, of Devizes; the Rev. Richard Fletcher, and the Rev. Dr. Halley, of Manchester; our esteemed townsmen, Dr. Raffles, and the Rev. John Kelly, &c. &c.

The principle subject which engaged the attention of the meeting on the first day, was a statement of the principles of Congregational Churches, which had been drawn up with great care by the Rev. A. Wells, and which, after the corrections determined upon by the meeting shall have been made, is intended for extensive circulation in the different congregations throughout the United Kingdom. On the second day, a long and animated conversation took place on a proposal for a comprehensive union of all denominations of Christians, which are agreed upon the leading doctrines of the word of God. The proposal, we understand, originated with the Rev. J. A. James, and is in perfect harmony with the spirit of that gifted and excellent man. Although no steps were determined upon by the meeting with a view to bring the subject under the notice of the churches, yet its desirableness was acknowledged by all. Doubtless, a subject of such vast importance will not be suffered to sleep, but will be brought under consideration at a future meeting of the union, and may lead to the most pleasing results.

On the evening of each of these days, a public meeting was held in great George-street Chapel, Sir John Bickerton Williams in the chair. We never remember to have attended a meeting in which a deeper interest appeared to be excited than in that of Wednesday. The powerful and luminous exposition of the principles of the Congregational Churches, and of their duties at the present important period, which was given by the different speakers, will be long remembered. The meeting of Thursday evening was little, if at all, inferior either in interest or importance to the previous one; while the papers which were read and the addresses delivered

cred were listened to, in almost every instance, with profound attention. Both meetings were attended by large and respectable audiences, and the spirit which characterised them even to the end was of the most gratifying character.

The Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, of London, moved the first resolution, the opening sentence of which was as follows:—"That this meeting declares its steadfast adherence to the great principles distinctive of the Congregational Churches." The Rev. gentlemen said—The autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in Liverpool, on the 12th of October, 1842. I am happy, Sir John, that I have lived to see this day. It would have been pleasing to look forward, as in a vision, to such a scene as is before me. The reality is more acceptable than the vision; the certainty is better than the bare probability; the scene before me is more refreshing than it could have been as an anticipation amongst those things which might be. But, sir, this is a theme which has occupied all our minds and interested all our hearts, and in proportion as the mind and heart of man become interested in topics of this kind, so should he be prepared to treat upon them, for it is from the abundance of that heart that the mouth should be enabled to speak. Congregationalism, then—all those principles distinctive of the Churches bearing the name of congregational—constitute objects of our peculiar regard on occasions like the present. What do we understand by this name of "congregationalism?" I should say that by it I understand a church, consisting, so far as human wisdom and knowledge can realize it, of a body of faithful men, and that I regard it as consisting, further, in the fact that the church so constituted deems its own inalienable responsibility to be the preservation of itself in that character as a body or congregation of faithful men, and that these two ideas will be found really to embrace all that is properly distinctive of our principles as Congregational Christians—that the first places us in grand distinction from all persons who admit of indiscriminate communion, embracing the devout and ind devout, and that the second places us in distinction from all classes of professing Christians who endeavour to secure the character of their communion by the exercise of an individual or of a delegated authority. The preservation of the character of the church is to be embodied in its Christian fellowship, being a matter vested, in our case, not in one man nor in a delegation of men, but in the congregation of brotherhood, so delegated by Christ himself. Now, wherever these things are recognized—and we think they are so clearly recognized in the Scriptures, that whatever follows from other things, these are certain—they embrace every thing distinctive of what we are in the public eye, and of what our brethren have been from the beginning. As surely as responsibility attaches to this church, she can never be brought into connection with the state, as a recipient of her bounty. Wherever the State bestows her bounty, she does and ought to exercise her authority. We cannot receive her bounty, so as to permit her to exercise authority, for we cannot become her servants in that sense. (Cheers.) We have an allegiance for our country, and if the time should come when it will be needful to put it forth, I think we can put it forth; but we have an allegiance also for God, and we cannot be brought—no, by none of the blandishments of endowment, none of the influences of this world's authority or terror, to forego what we owe to Him who has constituted us a church, as we believe, on the principles that we

uphold. (Applause.) Then it will be accounted from this what we are as a constituted church, and that we are attached to these principles, not as being of men, but of God. We are attached to them, feeling confident that there is a beautiful affinity between them and the nature of the Christian religion; and in proportion as the spirit of Christianity is found in the world to be that which is breathed in the Christian Scriptures, the external portion of the church, the machinery of its constitution, every thing belonging to its polity and worship, will be found, we think, to participate, in the main, of that which is seen in connection with our own body. Whether the name Congregational or Independent is to be perpetuated or not, I care little. Names are little with me; principles are every thing. Let the name of Congregationalism give place to any thing; but my conviction is that the principles of Congregationalism will become brighter, more sublime and beautiful in the mind, imagination, and heart of man, in proportion as the truth of God shall wax brighter and brighter in its influence on this darkened and unenlightened world. (Cheers.)

The Rev. RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, of Leeds, proposed a resolution, to the effect that the British colonists had a strong claim on the Christian sympathy and regards of that meeting. He said it had been objected to this union that it was altogether a moral and intellectual picturesque—that they spoke of their love of their country and of their church. But what did they do? There was a river which made glad the city of our God. Bright and glassy were its waves; how gently they glided along! But what was borne on its bosom? That river, so calm, so beautiful, reflecting the very cerulean of heaven and all the choicest imagery of its banks, no longer seemed to sleep, no longer forgot its tidal law. There was a rapid flow, and it was bearing on it intelligence, civilization, and, best of all, Christianity, to the remotest nations, to the most distant empires of the world. Let it not be said, then, that their union was an intellectual and moral picturesque, or that they, Narcissus-like, were merely looking down into the river to reflect themselves. They often thought of their country as if it had an infeasible title to the Gospel. Time was when some native river was first sanctified to the newest Christian convert's baptism; time was when some native forest first yielded a roof-tree for the recently converted band of Christian-worshippers; time was when some native corn-field first provided the bread which was broken in the blessed communion, for the then but lately formed Christian Church. Since that time, what had God done! What then, could He not do for others? What was the empire He had put into our hands? It was a colonial empire such as had never before existed; and in saying this, he (the speaker) did not forget the empire of Charlemagne, extending from the Ebro to the Vistula, from the Apennines to the German shores, nor did he overlook the monarchy of Charles of Austria. But what had we done as to our colonial dependencies? He thought that we might see a representation of our conduct to those distant and tributary countries in the dark shadow cast by our own globe upon the moon: we had done very little to enlighten, and much to darken and destroy. The speaker then referred to the great columns of emigration continually pushing to the ends of the earth, and impressed upon the audience the necessity of providing for the spiritual wants of the colonists—infant settlements, which would one day be gigantic kingdoms, speaking our language, reverencing our laws and

institutions and literature, and, he hoped, through the exertions of British Christians, worshipping the same God and the same Christ Jesus.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, Sept. 5, 1842-

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will try to condense the remainder of my observations on Nova Scotia and New Brunswick within the limits of this sheet, lest your readers, accustomed to so much better food from your own pen, should become weary with what will be but an "old story," by the time it is published.

I was drawing near to Halifax at the close of my last letter. That city, as most of your readers have doubtless heard, enjoys natural advantages of no common order. The very first of these is, that it lies nearer to good old England, than any other port on this continent. Amongst the remainder may be enumerated the fact that the harbour is never closed by frost—always open to ingress from the Ocean; the safety, excellent anchorage, and peerless beauty of scenery in said harbour; and lastly, the splendid basin in which the harbour terminates. Suppose yourself entering from the sea. You pass an Island (I think it is called M'Nab's Island) which lies in the midst of the inlet, and at the mouth of the harbour. Turn your eye to the right, and there lie a series of hills clothed to their very summit, with luxuriant foliage, except where the country seat of some wealthy merchant presents an opening, adorned with works of art; and then at a point, beyond lies the little village of Dartmouth, with its two or three ships lying at the wharf, and two or three spires rising from its churches. Turn to the left, and the city, rising apparently in a series of terraces upwards from the edge of the water to the Citadel, which crowns the height in the rear, meets your view; and upward, the Admiral's house and his flag ship it may be, or, at all events, other vessels of war lying under it;—onward still are "the narrows," and then opens one of the most magnificent basins in the world. This "Bedford Basin," thus directly connected with the ocean, subject to the ebb and flow of the tides, is a sheet of water about twenty miles in circumference, perfectly land-locked,—having throughout excellent anchorage, and therefore capable of accommodating not only the Royal Navy, but all other Navies, royal or republican. Nor are the Narrows dangerous—vessels may sail from sea directly into the Basin.

Because of the admirable position of the city, presenting all its parts to view and leaving the spectator to imagine that as in other cities there are portions not seen, it appears larger than it really is. It has been represented, recently in England as containing 30,000; whereas, I ascertained from good authority, that 18,000 inhabitants is a somewhat full calculation. Of course my entrance was effected not from sea, but by and from the interior. I no-

ticed with some surprise that the houses, the churches, the Barracks, are constructed of wood; in short, with some exceptions, it is a wooden city; and this surprise increased, when it became manifest that it is built upon rock, and that excellent granite is found in the immediate neighbourhood. The inhabitants generally, I found, preferred houses built of wood, as more comfortable than others, withal more economical. Still it appeared to me that they were behind most wooden towns, at least in the matter of paint; Halifax sadly needs the paint-brush.

If, however, you pass from the outside of things, after admiring the Province building, a small, but very elegant structure—Dalhousie College,—Government House,—and perhaps the Roman Catholic Church,—and enter within the houses, mingling with the society therein found, a high opinion of the hospitality, intelligence and refinement of the inhabitants of this city will be speedily created. I should think it an extremely desirable place in which to reside, for, after all, the state of the society in which we live is infinitely more important to one's happiness, than are manifold other advantages, which, in this Commercial age, are more highly estimated. In the course of my wanderings, I have often been in places where I was an entire stranger, as was the case at Halifax, but no where have I been more courteously and kindly treated; I shall always remember that spot with pleasure.

I enjoyed some admirable facilities for obtaining statistical information, one or two items of which will doubtless be interesting to you. This Province bears the impress of New England prior to the American Revolution. At the close of that war upwards of 20,000 Loyalists settled in Nova Scotia. Probably because of political predilections, the leaders of this multitude desired to introduce Episcopacy amongst the people, and forthwith a number of genteel clergymen from Oxford and Cambridge, made their appearance, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. But the masses had been too long accustomed to something more scripturally enlightened and spiritually animated than these men were able to produce, to remain satisfied with their tame correctness, and cold essay style of preaching and acting. As a consequence, some of them, plain men, of good understanding, and filled with love to Christ and the souls of men, arose and preached the gospel to their fellow sinners, in the woods or wherever they could be assembled. "The Lord gave testimony to the word of his grace," and churches of the converts were speedily gathered and organized. But I regret to say that this good was much marred by running to extremes on the subject of Church Government, Church Ordinances, and the Christian ministry. In the first they became too democratic, forgetful of the Scriptural authority of the Christian Pastor, or Bishop—in the second they went sadly wrong in

renouncing the scriptural practice of infant baptism—and in the last, they formed prejudices against an *educated* ministry. Some of these evils are in process of correction, meanwhile they are quite the largest denomination of Christians in Nova Scotia. Probably, the Methodists are numerically the next in importance, unless the Kirk of Scotland and the United Secession Churches be placed together as Presbyterian Churches, in which case they would probably outnumber the Methodists. Roman Catholics are not numerous out of the towns. The Episcopal Church has not, even nominally connected with it, more than one fifth of the population; this statement I had from one of the officers of Government of no mean standing—himself trained an Episcopalian. There should be added to the Roman Catholics two or three settlements of Acadians, namely descendants of the original French settlers; they are very similar in character to our French Canadians. The population of Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, scarcely reaches 190,000 souls. The several bodies of professing Christians are represented in Halifax by three Scotch Churches, two Methodist Chapels, two Episcopal Churches, one Baptist Church, one Roman Catholic, and one or two minor and unimportant places. It is remarkable that Dr. Watt's version of the Psalms is used in the Scotch Churches, which, together with some other peculiarities, confirm the impression I received from hints and facts that these Churches were once either associated with the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, or were Congregational. Our Apostolic body is not represented there now; it ought to be; and I trust that as the result of communications I have made to the Colonial Missionary Society, the reproach will be soon wiped away by the introduction of an enlightened and faithful ministry of our denomination. Various intelligent parties urged it upon me, as important to the interests of pure and undefiled religion.

The Colleges are sufficiently numerous for the amount of population. That at Windsor was the first established; it was liberally endowed, and has turned out some well educated men. But, owing to the insane policy pursued by rabid high Churchmen who obtained influence there, some of the most antichristian and illiberal Statutes of Oxford became the laws of Windsor. As a natural consequence, the country was aroused to opposition, and the Legislature established another College at Halifax. Here again the Executive made the egregious blunder of placing the administration solely in the hands of Clergymen of the Church of Scotland; thus practically nullifying a liberal charter, precisely as McGill College at Montreal, which was designed by its founder to proceed on the broadest scale of liberality, and which possesses a charter equally catholic, has, by some process of which I confess my ignorance, had its management placed in the hands

of a sect which has no shadow of exclusive right; and thus its administration is made to stand in opposition to its avowed principles. This blunder was committed at Halifax, and hence, with three Professors, it has some seven or eight students. Next comes Acadia College, a Baptist Institution, which has also arisen because of the illiberal management of the others; and it has a larger number of students than any one of them, and yet they do not exceed 28; these are exclusive of the youth in the Academy, or Grammar School. A fourth institution, having the several attributes of a College, exists at Pictou. I believe its predominant influence is that of the United Secession Church. The Roman Catholics are also creating one. All these, I understand, receive an equal grant of £100 per annum from the Legislature; but all put together do not contain 100 students—I mean exclusive of the Grammar Schools attached to them. But for the aforesaid insane policy pursued by high Churchmen, who endeavored to ride rough-shod over the community, there might have existed one really efficient College, which would have been in all respects an ornament to the province. And yet, with this lesson, and some half dozen others before them, I have my fears that the stiff-necked friends of exclusiveness in Canada will not learn.

During my stay at Halifax I corresponded with the Bishop of the Congregational Church at St. Johns, Newfoundland, which I learn is in a flourishing condition; also, with a Brother occupying the same position over a sister Church at Liverpool, on the Coast of Nova Scotia, whom I could not visit. Should communications come from these Brethren in reply, you shall have the advantage of them.

After spending a week at Halifax—preaching twice—and obtaining all the information requisite to fulfil the purposes of my mission, I returned to Windsor in order to proceed by steam boat through the Basin of Mines and the Bay of Fundy—to St. John. During my stay of some hours at Windsor, I had the opportunity of attending a meeting of the Temperance Society, and [odd association though it be] of seeing the house, grounds, and gypsum quarries of "Sam Slick," or in other and more polite terms of Mr. Justice Halliburton, the author of "Sam Slick." Windsor is a pretty little place, whilst the country around it is beautiful. It is a remarkable exemplification of the influence of the tide in these inlets from the Bay of Fundy, that at low water the bed of the river Avon, on which Windsor stands, is quite dry, or rather is nothing but mud, while at high water ships of any size sail up to the wharves. I say nothing of our brief voyage; except that the moment we left the Basin of Mines, and entered the Bay of Fundy, we entered into a dense fog, and so continued till we reached the harbour of St. John. Verily, that Bay is the region of

Fog.—Our boat was strong, and a good sea boat, but much lacked neatness and cleanliness. I have already described the position of St. John, in a former communication, and have told you that it contains no fewer than 30,000 souls, nearly the whole of British origin. It is an active, enterprising, commercial city, having always in its Port a considerable amount of shipping, of the largest class. Its growth has been very rapid, and though unfortunate in its losses by fire, which, together with the general commercial embarrassment on this continent, affecting also St. John, have produced a temporary prostration, it is destined unquestionably to become a yet much greater city. The settlement of the boundary question must prove of immense advantage to St. John. The Americans have the free navigation of the river, for all their timber and produce, which must be shipped at this port. Already have they appeared on the ground, enquiring for wharves, and places of business suitable for the Timber Trade, so that I have no doubt, though expectations are high, they will not be disappointed. The places of worship are as follows: Two Scotch Churches, Two Methodist Chapels, Two Baptist Churches, One Covenanter, One Episcopalian and One Roman Catholic Church, in St. John proper— together with a building only partly finished, so far erected by an adventurer who formerly belonged to the Reformed Dutch Church in the U. S. and who, to serve a purpose, announced himself an Independent, at St. John, and which building was advertised for sale last week;—One Methodist, One Episcopalian, One Independent, and I believe one Baptist at Carlton;—and at Portland a Methodist and an Episcopalian. I write from memory concerning these latter places, somewhat defectively impressed, as I passed through Carlton and Portland only once, and that hurriedly. I should explain that the little building called "Independent" is private property, and has never had a regular Pastor; though I trust some spiritually minded Christians assemble there regularly for mutual edification.

I reached the hospitable home of Alfred Smithers, Esq., manager of the Bank of British North America, who, with his lady, and her sister, were members of a Congregational Church in London, and afterwards, with the exception of Miss C., were parts of the nucleus that constituted the Church at Quebec, under the Pastorate of the Rev. Timothy Atkinson. I have found it truly a home during my temporary sojourn at St. John. On Sunday the 28th ult, I supplied the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Wishart, St. Stephen's Scotch Church, both morning and evening— excellent and very attentive Congregations. On Monday I received a kind intimation from the Trustees of the second Baptist Church, that the neat building under their charge was at my service on that evening. I had engaged a school room in connexion with it from its lessee, and called, by

advertisement, a public meeting there, in order to state the object of my visit. The generous offer of the Trustees was accepted, which proved quite providential, for there assembled a Congregation in the evening— stormy through it was, treble the size which the School Room would have accommodated. The history and objects of the Colonial Missionary Society were stated, and its movements in Canada, and Australasia, were described, and were received with much kind interest. I received from numerous intelligent and highly respectable parties, many of whom belonged to other branches of the Church of Christ, urgent requests that a minister of suitable qualifications might be sent from our Society.

On Wednesday morning last I left for Fredericton. When the tide is low passengers drive to Indian Town, a sort of prolongation of Portland, and lying above those falls by which the River St. John plunges into the port of St. John; or, in other words, into that inlet from the Bay of Fundy. These falls, be it observed, do not exist at high water; on the contrary— the tide makes up the river; but *there* probably, it never exceeds two or three feet rise, while in the Port it rises *thirty* feet. This beautiful arrangement of nature prevents the River St. John from becoming, like the River Avon at low water, a mere bed of rock or mud. The former continues navigable in all states of the tide. The sail up the St. John is very delightful,—only the boats are little miserable conveyances. I will not attempt to describe the scenery; it is not my vocation. For a few miles, the river winds its way amongst perpendicular rocks of great height; afterwards, the scenery becomes less rugged, but still bold, and then one passes amid lovely island, and rich and highly cultivated farms, until, after a sail of ninety miles, Fredericton appears in view. And here one is struck with the commanding position occupied by the College, on high ground in rear of the Town, and with the elegance of the building. Alas! the curse of mal-administration rests, also on this, a Provincial Institution. Churchism has here entered, and instead of 50 students, which it is designed to accommodate, it has only about 15; while the methodists have been compelled to commence the erection of one of their own, in the County of Westmoreland.

On landing, I was kindly received by J. Taylor, Esq., M. P. P., who welcomed me to his house. The bell of the Scotch Church was rung for an hour, to give notice, and I had an excellent Congregation, considering the shortness of the time allowed, to which I endeavoured to preach the word of life. About 200 were present. The building is large and handsome. This was Wednesday evening, and I was much pressed to remain and preach again on Thursday evening; this, however, on account of the arrangement of the boats, I could not do.

This town is the seat of the Provincial Govern-

ment; it contains about 4000 inhabitants, exclusive of the military. Though eminently loyal, this Province, as well as Nova Scotia, by immense majorities, is identified with "reform," or "liberal" principles in politics. Moreover, in relation to denominations, religious parties are divided somewhat similarly; only I suppose the Methodists and Church of Scotland to be somewhat stronger proportionately than in Nova Scotia. The population of New Brunswick is about 170,000. I throw out these details incidentally, as naturally suggested by Frederickton, of which I am now writing, being the seat of Government. This town has, said large Scotch Church—a Baptist—Methodist—Episcopalian and Roman Catholic Church, namely five; I am unaware of any others. Mr. Taylor very kindly furnished me with his horse and gig, and a friend of his drove me down to Sheffield, 18 miles towards St. John, on Thursday afternoon. Here is a very old and highly interesting Independent Church, having a few branches, of which your readers must have more information than I can crowd into this epistle. I will endeavour to prepare a history of these enlightened and excellent people for the pages of the "Harbinger." A brief notice brought out a good congregation in their new and very neat Church, to whom I preached. Soon after concluding, I was taken out in a small boat (it was very dark) and picked up by the descending steamboat, which, the next morning, Friday, passing through "the Falls" it being nearly high water, placed me on the wharf not many yards from my friend's house. That evening I crossed the port to Carlton, and preached to a Congregation of about 150, in the neatly fitted up room already alluded to. The proprietor has imported a little organ, which is appropriately used to aid the singing. I wish all our Churches had this aid; in many it is very much needed, and in all it would prove a valuable addition, if judiciously managed.

Yesterday, Sabbath, my poor services were publicly rendered in the morning at the Methodist Chapel, a large and venerable looking building, with a Congregation of from 800 to 1000; in the afternoon at the St. Andrew's Scotch Church—an extremely large building, and very well filled; in the evening at the First Baptist Church, another large building which was literally crammed—the aisles and every spot rounded. May the Lord give testimony to the word of His grace, and make my visit useful to many souls, as well as the precursor of other and greater things for St. John and New Brunswick. This Epistle is dated the 5th September, on which day, I leave by Steamer "Huntress," for Portsmouth, Boston, and then onwards to my home—always "sweet home," and thus endeth these "incidents of travel."

Yours cordially,

H. WILKES.

P. S. Nov. 10th. I have recently received interesting communications from St. Johns, Newfound-

land, and from Sheffield, New Brunswick, of which your readers shall receive information another time.
H. W.

EASTERN CANADA—BROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER.

L'ORIGINAL, November 7, 1842.

DEAR SIR.—On Wednesday morning, the 19th ult. the Rev. H. Wilkes and myself left Montreal with a view to engage in the religious services connected with the ordination of the Rev. D. Connell of Brome, one of the Eastern Townships. After the incessant rain of the previous day we found the roads heavy and unpleasant, but cheered by the object before us we persevered, and by travelling all night we reached our destination about noon of the following day, when we found several persons waiting our arrival. After some conversation with our beloved young brother, we proceeded to the school house which was shortly filled, and then engaged in the solemn services of the day with pleasure and profit.

The Rev. J. T. Byrne commenced the introductory service by reading an appropriate portion of Scripture, and engaging in prayer; after which he delivered a discourse from the words: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," 1 Corinthians, 3. 11. After some observations from the Rev. H. Wilkes, Mr. B. proposed the usual questions, which were answered by Mr. Connell with much feeling and propriety, especially the question relating his own Christian experience, which afforded a proof of the benefit of parental solicitude and effort. Mr. W. then offered the ordination prayer with great fullness and earnestness, while both of us laid our hands on the young Evangelist and Pastor; and at the close extended to him the right hand of fellowship.

Our brother being thus solemnly recognized, Mr. W. proceeded to address a charge to the young minister, based on Ezra 7. 10. "For Ezra had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments." This was succeeded by appropriate counsels to the people, some of which might well be introduced into the Harbinger as suitable to other congregations.

At the close of these interesting services we dined with Mr. C. and his amiable lady, and then hastened homewards, where we arrived, much fatigued, on Friday evening. As we proceeded through Brome we noticed Mr. Connell's Chapel, which is shortly to be opened for public worship. Its size and neatness afforded us satisfaction; but we were especially delighted with the field of labour and usefulness which is opening to our brother. The incidents of the way, and cheerful and brotherly intercourse, were a relief to the dreariness of travelling at this season of the year; but especially the work in which we had engaged, so weighty and cheering in its character.

May our beloved brother be eminently useful in his station; and may all that are engaged in the work of the ministry, however various their talents and stations, be owned as the agents of augmented good in Zion!

J. T. B.

As an appendix to the above, we insert the following extract from a communication recently received from our dear brother, Mr. Connell:—

A Church of Christ of the Congregational order, was formed at Brome Corner, Township of Brome, Eastern Canada, on Sabbath, the 23d October. Fifteen persons, including the pastor, having agreed to unite themselves as brethren in the Lord, were formed into a Church of Christ, in the customary manner. Upon the church being regularly constituted, two of their number, Mr. Nelson Jackson and Mr. John Howie, (late a member of the Secession Church,) were chosen, and, by special prayer and laying on of hands, were set apart to the office of Deacons. An appropriate discourse was afterwards delivered by the pastor, from our Lord's command to his Apostles, Luke xxii. 19—"This do in remembrance of me." After which, the Church came together to commemorate the Saviour's death in the ordinance of the Lord's supper. The sight of a regularly constituted Church was entirely new in this place. A few of the Lord's people have lived here for many years; but until now, the earnest desire of their hearts and their prayers has been withheld. This first opportunity of remembering Christ in the ordinance of the supper was one of peculiar comfort and delight to the members of this Church, who, for a long time, have mourned over their religious privations, but of late have been cheered and encouraged by the pleasing changes which have taken place as regards their spiritual privileges.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DEPUTATION TO CANADA WEST.

The Committee, in view of the serious deficiency of funds, have resolved to send a deputation to the principal towns in Canada West, to solicit that aid and co-operation which are so much needed. The deputation will be composed of one of the Secretaries, with the Rev. Mr. TANNER, the Society's ordained Missionary; who purpose proceeding immediately. In taking this step in the face of the commercial difficulties which exist, the Committee have to plead the absolute necessity of making every exertion to enable them to meet their liabilities, and carry on the mission. They know that there are ample means in the land for this purpose, and that it requires only the Divine blessing to crown the attempt with the fullest success. It is in this hope, and with entire dependence on the aid of the Head of the Church,

whose work they carry on, that this step is taken, (and the Committee confidently hope that their faith will not be in vain.) And as a further ground of anticipated success, the Committee feel that they are in a degree warranted by the consideration that, as fellow subjects of the French Canadians, the people of Western Canada share largely in the responsibility of promoting their evangelization, and consequently (as many of the friends of the Saviour have acknowledged by their contributions,) are called upon to bear a proportionate part of the pecuniary burden. The deputation, when practicable, will form Auxiliary Committees, and open correspondence in the different places they visit with a view to permanent aid.

The Harbinger.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 15, 1842.

CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE.—We trust that the following appeal will not be without its due effect on the infant Churches of Eastern Canada. The time is come, beyond which it would be unwise to look for any large accession of Congregational Ministers from Britain, and many and weighty are the reasons that might be assigned for the industrious preparation, within the colony itself, of suitable agents for carrying forward the momentous work of evangelizing our constantly increasing population. Hitherto, the divine blessing has been signally vouchsafed to the incipient operations of our Canadian Churches, and we cannot doubt that the response given to this appeal, will amply justify the confidence felt in their attachment to those great principles with which Congregationalism is identified, and which, in proportion as they are diffused and embraced, must infallibly advance the best and highest interests of the community.

THE CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EASTERN CANADA.

TO THE CHURCHES OF THE CONGREGATIONAL ORDER, IN EASTERN CANADA.

CHRISTIAN BROTHEREN,—From the minutes of the late Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union of Eastern Canada,—as published in *The Harbinger* of last month, we extract the following statement:—

"The preliminary transactions by the Committee to which was confided, at the last Annual Meeting, the duty of forming an Academical or Collegiate Institution, in connection with the Union, engaged, from its high importance, and extended consideration. The Institution was then duly organized, and denominated: 'The Congregational Institute of

Eastern Canada,' and the Rev. J. J. Garruthers and the Rev. H. Wilkes were appointed Professors."—Messrs. J. Dougall, J. Keller, J. Savage, S. Foster, H. Vennor, F. Blackader and H. Lyman, were appointed a Committee to manage, for the ensuing year, the secular concerns of the Institute.

Christian Brethren,—we congratulate you and ourselves on the auspicious commencement of this important undertaking. The Congregational body has ever maintained the indispensable necessity of a liberal and enlightened education, as a prerequisite to the occupation and discharge of the office of the Christian ministry; and whilst they have required, in the candidates for this office, the unequivocal evidences of personal piety, they have also required and liberally provided for the additional qualifications of sound learning, and the habit of intellectual application to the different branches of classical, philosophical, and theological study. To this wise and provident economy they owe under the Divine blessing, the high standing of their Ministers in past ages and in the present, as expositors of God's word, as preachers of the gospel, as pastors of the churches, and as, in many instances, the authors of volumes justly numbered amongst the sacred classics of our fatherland. To the same economy do we owe, under God, the preservation of our Congregational Ministry from those erroneous principles of biblical interpretation, and those false or fanciful theories, which have, at different times, distracted other sections of the Christian Church, obscured the lustre of divine truth, and impeded the progress of evangelical religion in the world.

We cannot desire for this Colony a greater blessing than the perpetuation, by means of such institutions as that now formed, in this part of our extended Province, of an enlightened Christian Ministry. Our denominational principles,—the interests of true religion,—the preservation of the sacred right of religious freedom,—all equally forbid our soliciting for these institutions either the patronage or support of civil legislators or rulers, and require that we should recognize it as at once our duty and our privilege to supply, by voluntary offerings, the necessary pecuniary funds. Whilst we are encouraged to hope that the Congregational Union of England and Wales will, for a time, partially aid us in the support of our infant institution, yet this support must now and hereafter be mainly derived from the free-will offerings of our Colonial Churches. In the full confidence that these will not be withheld, four pious and devoted young men have been already received into the seminary; and we fondly hope that the liberality of our Churches will soon justify a large accession to their number. By such means alone, can we adequately meet the spiritual exigencies of our colonial population, and provide, as a denomination, for the multiplication of Christian Churches and the promulgation of the everlasting Gospel in our land.

Christian Brethren,—the privileges we enjoy,—the principles we profess,—the position we occupy,—above all, the claims of divine authority and love, and the superadded claim presented by the known spiritual destitution of multitudes of our kinsmen according to the flesh."—commend "The Congregational Institute of Eastern Canada" to our liberal and vigorous support. Let this support be afforded, and we cannot doubt that, by the divine blessing, we shall ere long reap an abundant recompense. The "truth as it is in Jesus" will thus be committed to "faithful men who shall be able to teach others also," and by whose honoured instrumentality, many shall be saved. The cords of Zion

will thus be lengthened and her stakes strengthened and, in common with other Evangelical Christian communities, we shall realize the blessedness of contributing, by our humble efforts, to the glory of our Lord, and the ultimate evangelization of the world.

In the name of the Secular Committee.

HENRY LYMAN,
Secretary.

The Treasurer of the E. Canadian Theological Institute, gratefully acknowledges a donation of £4, (\$16), from J. Payson Williston, Esq., of Northampton, Massachusetts.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.—We doubt not that the extracts which we give from the reported proceedings of the Autumnal Meeting of this important body—held recently in Liverpool—will deeply interest our readers. At a time when infidelity and irreligion on the one hand, and Popish and semi-popish superstition on the other, are putting forth all their unhallowed energies, it is truly refreshing to contemplate the moral dignity, the sacred unction, the evangelical piety and the enlightened zeal which pervaded this assembly of Christian Ministers and Laymen. The speeches delivered on this occasion, were throughout distinguished by that catholicity of spirit, that pure and hallowed benevolence, which so strongly contrast with the rancorous revilings of an exclusive bigotry, and which are at once the evidence of true religion and the augury of its future progress and prosperity. We unfeignedly exult in this practical exhibition of Christian unity—a unity secured by the unaided, unobstructed operation of evangelical principle and sentiment. The abundant success which has, through the divine blessing, crowned the labours of the Union, in the different departments of its benevolent exertion, furnishes the best confutation of those aspersions which a jealous and overweening spirit of ecclesiastical tyranny has thrown on this section of the Church of Christ, and must stand in lieu of a thousand arguments in justification of the truly apostolic course adopted, for what the illustrious Dr. Owen has described as the great design of the constitution of the Church—"the conservation and propagation" of the truth.—It is well, in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, to mark how the well tried principles of evangelical truth, maintain their position, and display their moral power, without any of those adventitious accompaniments by which their

energy has often been counteracted and their beauty been defaced. It is well to feel that we need fear the loss of nothing by the fullest and widest possible diffusion of "the glorious gospel of the Blessed God."

SUDDEN DEATH.—We had intended to notice more at length, under the head of "Obituary," the decease of Mrs. Jane Ross, the wife of Mr. James Barnard, one of the Deacons of the Congregational Church in Montreal, who was called suddenly to her rest on the 20th October. This design has been frustrated by the press of other matter, and rendered less needful in regard to our readers in Montreal by the funeral sermon delivered on the evening of the 30th ult. by her Pastor. We gladly pay this brief tribute of regard to the memory of one, for whom to live was Christ, and to die was gain.

THE RELATION AND DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE RE-OPENING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 18, 1842.

(Continued.)

It would betray, my brethren, the basest ingratitude to God, and would be but ill consistent with the spirit of enlightened zeal for His glory, were we not duly and deeply sensible of the great advances which Christianity, in the hands of its genuine professors, has already made. The survey of the last half century, and of the mighty changes which, during that period, have passed on many a once dark and degraded community, would supply to every devout and reflective mind, motives and materials for thankful acknowledgment and praise. Even were you to confine your survey to one country, such as Canada, or to one city, such as that in which you live, I apprehend that the revision of a much shorter period than that of half a century, would furnish sufficient cause for thankful acknowledgment and praise. Within a narrower circle still—both of time and place—the *Members of this Church* must see abundant reason for gratitude and adoration. God has blessed you with prosperity; and the circumstances and occasion of our present assemblage, are mainly interesting as they furnish an index of a state of things, over which every devout mind must unfeignedly rejoice. Accept, my beloved brethren, my fraternal congratulations, on account of those unquestionable tokens of divine approval, with which you have been, and continue to be favoured,—nor let me be supposed in the least unmindful of what the Lord has done for you and by you, if I now ask you—in the spirit of my text—to look over

the limits of your own favoured spot—to recognize in common with your fellow Christians of other churches, the claims of the world around—and practically to remember that, in the name of Jesus, and in the use of the means he has appointed—you and they are yet to take possession of this wide domain.

Assuming then, the fact, which, without any further argument or illustration, will be readily conceded by the present audience,—*first*, that a very large portion of the world is yet to be evangelized—and, *second*, that the work of the world's evangelization devolves upon the Church of Christ,—I would, in dependence on the divine blessing, devote the remainder of this discourse to an enquiry as to the *duty of the Church*, in relation to this great and pre-eminently glorious enterprize. Let me just premise, that nothing will be said, and nothing indeed can be said on this subject, which does not affect the position, and ought not to affect the practice of each individual Christian. The prowess of an army is the result of that bravery which animates the bosoms of its component veterans—and the Church, collectively, will be strong or weak—courageous or timid—enterprising or inactive—according to the spirit and temper and conduct of its constituent members. Beware, then, my dear hearers, of separating your own responsibilities from those of the Church at large, and losing sight of your *personal* concern in those momentous obligations, under which the whole Church is laid, in reference to the evangelization of the world.

1. If then the tribes of our Christian Israel would realize the great object and design of their constitution and appointment, it is all essential that they should practically attend to their *purity of communion*.

It may seem strange to some, that this should be placed first in the catalogue of indispensable prerequisites for the conversion of the world—but Scripture amply warrants the arrangement, and the present circumstances of the church and of the world, loudly call for the distinct specification of *ecclesiastical purity, as the primary element of ecclesiastical efficiency*. The Israelites had scarcely entered on the conquest of Canaan, before the ignominious defeat of a well appointed army, led to the detection of a crime, known as yet only to God and to the criminal, but the result of which was so signally disastrous. It is impossible to read the subsequent history of God's ancient people, without perceiving that very much of their national weakness, and very many of their national calamities, were owing to their criminal association with the surrounding idolaters—their too frequent imitation of *their practices*, and their practical disregard of those wise and holy laws, by which their divine Ruler and Governor sought to guard them against the manifold evils of moral contamination. To this, there is a melancholy parallel in the history of the Christian Church. The power

of the primitive church, my brethren, consisted in its piety—in the vigour of holy principle—the intensity of holy emotion—the consistency of holy practice. None were admitted into its communion who were not believed to have abandoned the communion of the world—to be Christians indeed—born again—renewed—sanctified—separated by an act of sincere, and spontaneous self consecration to the service of their God and Saviour. The line of demarcation betwixt the spiritual and the carnal—the holy and the unholy—was then distinctly visible. The disciples of Christ were then a peculiar people—*peculiar*, not on account of the puerilities of *tone* or *gesture*, or *diet*, or *dress*—not on account of their criminal abandonment of secular business, and their self incarceration in the cloister and the cell; but on account of their steady and decided abstinence from what was evil, though the world might call it good—and their steadfast adherence to what was good, although the world might call it evil.

They were crucified to the world—to the fear of the world's censure—to the love of the world's commendation. Their *treasure* was in heaven, and their *hearts* were there also—and out of the abundance of the heart, their mouth spake. In one word, their piety was practical,—their lives furnished to mankind an exemplification and an exposition of their principles. *Each Christian was Christianity embodied*—a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men. That was the time—and these the elements of her moral power. Her power gave place to weakness, when she lost her first love and made shipwreck of her faith,—when she admitted into her communion the carnal and ungodly, and endeavoured to secure her stability by courting the countenance, and conciliating the favour, and welcoming the outward fellowship of such as knew not God, nor obeyed the Gospel of his Son. Then, the Church—hitherto the victor—was, in its turn, ignominiously vanquished by the world; and the pomp of secular greatness—and the pageantry and patronage of secular authority—and the gaudy trappings of pagan superstition, obscured her lustre,—marred her beauty, corrupted the very source of her spiritual vitality, paralysed her moral energies, and left her with a name to live whilst she was dead. So has it ever been, my hearers, so will it ever be, when—from whatever cause, or under whatever pretext, it is sought to remove the well-defined boundary which separates those “who walk after the spirit from those who walk after the flesh.” The efficiency of the Church depends upon its purity. Let no *human* terms of communion be admitted—but let those which the spirit of God has defined, be strictly and sedulously observed. It is of the very essence of true charity, to deal faithfully with those who seek admission to the fellowship of the church. An enlightened regard to their own spiritual interests will prevent a too hasty recognition of their Christian character—

a recognition which may operate as a *quietus* to the conscience, and induce a plausible assumption, that, *because thus recognized*, they may dismiss all doubt and hesitation as to the reality of their spiritual change. The church can never gain—nay must ever lose, in moral power and energy, by the accession of such as are destitute of vital godliness. Such a combination—or rather *conjunction*—resembles the juxtaposition of the living and the dead, and cannot fail of producing a disastrous influence even on those who know the truth. The standard of personal and social piety will thus be inevitably lowered—the tone and tenor of daily conversation and conduct will bear less and less visibly the impression of sanctity—there will be a rapid assimilation to the world, and this course of practical concession, will effectually neutralize any convulsive effort that may be made for the spiritual benefit of men. Our expectation of the church's return to her primitive energy in the evangelization of the world, rests on the hope of her return to the purity of her primitive communion. Let her receive into her fellowship all “whom Christ has received,” to the glory of God, at the very earliest stage of their spiritual life—and with whatever imperfections their *Christian profession* may be combined,—but let her know that to admit those who are yet in their sins, is cruelty to them, and to herself is scarcely less than suicide. We exult in the assurance that this subject is gaining some due measure of attention from different sections of the Church of Christ, and we hail this, as an augury and earnest of greatly augmented efficiency in the conversion of the world.

2. Another element of ecclesiastical efficiency, in the fulfilment of the mighty enterprise committed to the Church, is found in the exercise of *importunate and earnest prayer*. On this subject, I need not, in this presence, dwell at any length. And yet, my brethren, although all now present are probably able to anticipate whatever could be said in reference to prayer, as an essential prerequisite to Christian energy and usefulness, it may be doubted whether we *practically* recognize its vast importance. Do we always feel, for example, when we pray for the world's conversion, that the answer to the prayer, if ever it be answered, will be found in the augmentation of Christian zeal, and the infusion of additional life and energy into the moral mechanism designed and constructed for that glorious object? Are we sufficiently impressed with the fact, that the world for which we pray is not something distant, far removed, inaccessible,—that the subjects of such an intercession are dwelling with us under the same roof, mingling with us in the common walks of life, associated with us by casual or more permanent relationship, and that the spirit of such a prayer would lead to instant and earnest practical solicitude for their conversion? Do we not need, my brethren, constantly to remind ourselves of the momen-

tous interests involved in their experience or non-experience of this momentous change? O! when do we feel as we ought to feel for those who, however excellent and amiable, and worthy of all commendation, are yet destitute of all that can justify the hope of their salvation? When do we pray, as we would pray were the dread realities of eternity present to our view,—and these our neighbours, our associates, and, at the least, *our fellow-creatures*, transfixed by the sword of justice, and writhing in the lake of fire. And, extending our view to the world at large, do we see no cause for self-accusation in the conscious disproportion betwixt the fervour of our intercessions and the fact that, whilst we are thus interceding, thousands and tens of thousands, all immortal as ourselves, are passing away for ever from the land of hope, and plunging into the gulph of dark despair? The habitual revolving of thoughts like these would doubtless augment the ardour of Christian sympathy, and the earnestness of Christian supplication; and this, my brethren, would be one of the most decided, and therefore the most gladdening precursors of triumph to the Church. As often as Israel of old cried unto the Lord, he raised up and qualified men to lead them to the field of battle. He himself went forth with their armies; the weak became strong—the timid, courageous—and the enemies, before whom they quailed in ignominious and slavish apprehension, betook themselves to flight, or fell ingloriously in the field. So was it also in the early triumphs of the Church. So will it be in the triumphs which yet await her, as the destined conqueror and benefactress of the world. O! when the tribes of the Christian Israel shall be seen clothed in their appointed panoply—bending the knee in lowliest prostration at the throne of mercy, and then rising, in the strength of God, and rushing to the combat, the mightiest hosts will fall before their onset—the loftiest citadels of Satan's empire will crumble into dust—and the banner of the Cross will wave on every shore—and the shout of victory, ascending from the field of conflict, will be answered by the angelic acclamation, "The kingdoms of the world are become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ."

3. A third requisite to the successful and ultimately triumphant prosecution of the mighty enterprise committed to the Church, is the spirit and practical manifestation of *Christian unity*. It was the wise and gracious appointment of the God of Israel, that its various tribes were taught, as well by experience as by precept, that their strength consisted in the union and concentration of their forces. Whilst the land of Canaan was divided amongst them by lot, they were solemnly charged to cooperate with each other, and aid each other in their respective settlement. They were never suffered to forget that the work of no one tribe was accomplished, until all the rest had taken possession of

their destined inheritance. The most signal punishments followed the refusal to comply with this divine arrangement; the stigma of dishonour and disgrace rested on the tribe which would not listen to the trumpet that summoned them to arms. Brethren, this recognized fraternity of the tribes of Israel, was not more consonant with the will of God, nor more conducive to their conquest of the promised land, than is the practical recognition of Christian brotherhood essential to the fulfilment of God's merciful designs in regard to the conversion of the world. We cannot but hail as an unequivocal earnest of augmented energy to the Christian Church, and proportionable benefit to men, that so many evangelical denominations are beginning to discern the lineaments of Christian character in others; and, on account of this, to hold out the hand of fellowship, and give utterance to the language of glad and grateful recognition—and not of recognition only, but of sympathy. We exult in the assurance that the spirit of fraternal love is spreading amongst all who "hold the truth in righteousness"—and who have learned to *distinguish betwixt the essentials of their common faith, and the circumstances of individual preference and choice*. If, in one quarter, there be too manifest symptoms of another spirit, it is our consolation, that arrogance and exclusiveness, are, as usual, attended by such forms of error as must eventually issue in their own discomfiture. It is too late now, in the history of the Church and the world, for any sect, however endowed or patronized, to gain extensive credence to the vainglorious assumption, "the temple of the Lord are we;" and it is in the nature of things, and most beautifully harmonizes with the general arrangements of Divine Providence, that those who set at nought "the fruits of the Spirit," the first of which is "love," should, for their own punishment, and a beacon to others, be left to "strong delusion to believe a lie." Can any milder appellation be given to dogmas, which would deny the right to occupy and exercise the ministerial office, to men on whose labours, in all ages and in every part of the world, God has affixed the unequivocal sanction of his effectual benediction!—which teach the *efficacy of sacraments* to take away sins and sanctify the soul!—which would, if consistent, condemn Paul for preaching on the Acropolis of Athens, before an act of consecration had been performed, and convict of arrogant presumption an Aquila and Priscilla, because they ventured to teach Apollos the way of God more perfectly!—which would denounce as "*schismatics*" and "*pretenders*," those five thousand brethren who, in the simplicity of their hearts, "went every where preaching the Gospel!"—and which, in effect, condemns the great Apostle for contemning his lineal descent, his Pharisaic righteousness, his persecuting zeal, and counting all things but loss for the excellency of the

knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord!" With such unscriptural and dangerous conceptions, the truth as it is in Jesus can never coalesce; and without any effort of their own, the holders of these opinions will *anà mus'* be left to their own desired separateness and solitude. We rejoice to know that many, nominally associated with these, are far from being like-minded with them,—and it is, indeed, refreshing to find such a man as the Bishop of Calcutta—and he speaks for many more—warning his deluded brethren that they are "ON THE VERGE OF AN APOSTASY FROM CHRIST." Brethren, let us hail, with gratitude and joy, the manifestation of a purer and a better spirit, in all the evangelical communities of the present day. Let us anticipate with devout acknowledgment, to "the Author of Peace and Giver of Concord," the probable coalition, at no distant period, of those whose differences are scarcely more important, and whose common relations are certainly more endearing, and more enduring too, than those of the tribes of Israel. Already they are united in spirit and in aim—and the world is beginning to reap the blessed fruits of this fraternal harmony.

Turning again to you, my brethren, the members of this church and congregation, let me exhort you to continue steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. You have yet much to do as a Christian Church. May the Spirit of wisdom and truth and love be poured out abundantly upon you; and may the future developments of Divine Providence show that God has declared concerning you—"From this time I will bless you." Amen.

J. J. C.

"BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TOMORROW."

"What elegant woman is that before us?" said I to my friend Lucy, as we were walking the busy streets of the town of C—, in England.

"Ah! let us join her," exclaimed my companion; "it is Julia Moressan, a beautiful Jewess—her elder sister, you have heard me mention, as one who had recently renounced her dependence on the Abrahamic covenant, and who was last Sabbath baptized by our Rector, preparatory to receiving confirmation. Julia is still an unbeliever in the Messiah." We hastened onward, and soon overtook the object of our pursuit; as her animated face glowed with pleasure at the unexpected sight of my friend, I thought I had never beheld so lovely a being.

She was very tall, but perfectly formed—and

moved with a grace I have never seen equalled her complexion was fair, and her skin had an uncommon transparency and brilliancy.

Her closed lips were tinted like the delicate pencilling of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek, the timid blood had faintly welbed through, like something that was half afraid of light. Her features were finely chiselled, and her soft blue eye, with its long lashes, was a study for a painter. But beyond the elements of beauty, there was writ a something that the wounded roe might trust for shelter from its hunter.

Our walk together was long, and I was delighted to find that the mind within was as lovely as the casket that enshrined it. The conversation ran upon different literary topics. Miss Moressan sustained her part in a manner that showed her well read, and also denoted that she was accustomed to exercise her mind upon her reading. A good German scholar, she was versed in the Rabbinical lore, and her poetic temperament exhibited itself in the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the glory that rested as a halo around the faith of her fathers. I remarked that the halo being caused usually by some vapours, or mists, was to my mind, a very apt emblem of the glory of the Mosaic dispensation, while, in the coming of Messiah, these mists being driven away, the clear unsullied light from Heaven beamed forth upon us.

Her eye kindled indignantly as she exclaimed: "Call you the overpowering manifestations of the Divine Presence on Sinai's top, mists and vapours? Show me anything in your New Testament to compare to it." Very long was our discussion continued, until, as we reached a retired spot, we proposed sitting down on a fallen tree, that we might carry on our controversy more undisturbed.

"Nay, nay, interposed Lucy, "you shall no longer discuss your differences. You will both be with me in the country this summer, and then we will try by the blessing of God to lead dear Julia to Jesus."

The month of August found me at the door of my friend's country seat—and one of my first enquiries was, if Miss Moressan had arrived. Lucy's eye filled in a moment. "Is it possible you have not heard?" Heard what?" I replied; "has any thing happened to her?" "Sit down, and I will tell you the sad story."

"You perhaps, are not aware that Julia was this autumn to be married to a very superior young man, gifted intellectually and physically. He deserved to be loved, and Julia had given him her whole heart—she had that perfect confidence in his judgment—that respect for his opinions—and that devoted affection, which give promise of great happiness. The future to our dear girl was all brightness. One night last month, a ball was given to celebrate the birthday of her cousin, and Julia was the life of the party. Never was she so exquisitely beautiful—never so *very* gay. At a late hour she returned home, and after describing to the aunt with whom she resided, the enchantment of the evening—sank quietly to rest. As Mrs. Moressan went down to breakfast, she stopped at her niece's door and waked her. Julia threw her arms around her aunt's neck and said in her low, sweet tones—oh! dear aunt Rebecca, you disturbed such a sweet sweet dream,—is it morning?"

"Yes, dear, shall I send up your breakfast?"

"Oh! no, aunt, I will, dress directly," said she, springing up.

The breakfast hour passed, and no Julia appearing, Mrs. M. sent her maid to see what could be the cause. A loud shriek which echoed through the spacious mansion brought the breakfast party to Miss Moressan's dressing room. There lay the lovely girl upon the floor—her fair hair had been unbound, and floated around her head and neck in rich profusion. The gorgeous colours of the dressing gown which was thrown around her, contrasted with the marble paleness of her visage. The physicians were sent for, but it was *too late*. Julia was no more. She had evidently commenced dressing, and, intending to apply to her tooth some Kreosate, had, by mistake, taken a drop of Prussic acid, which she had, by her Aunt's request, purchased at an Apothecary's the preceding day. The cotton was in her tooth—the vial of poison unstoppered, while the Kreosite vial stood closed beside it. In the midst of the confusion her lover called. Oh! the anguish of that moment, who can tell?

"Had I allowed you to continue your discussion," added my friend, "Julia might have been convinced; for, after you left us, she remarked that one of the arguments you used, had great weight in her mind, and she should have pleasure in renewing the subject when you met here. I could only reply "whatso-

ever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Congregational Magazine.

Our dear brother, Robert Moffatt, has presented the Christian Church with a delightful book—full of savage man, full of aboriginal life, full of the most romantic incidents, full of missionary toil, struggles, and dangers, full of the triumphs of the Gospel;—and all related with simplicity the most witching, and with poetical touches truly Ossianic. Indeed, these pages have often suggested to us, that had Mr. Moffatt attended to poetry instead of minding his great business, he would have been the Ossian of Africa. But he has done better things than writing Epics—he has saved souls from death.

He introduces his book into the world with the same modesty that he steps forward on a platform. Our readers shall hear him speak for himself:

"The writer has indulged but slightly in philosophical disquisition, as he deemed it his province principally to supply facts. He leaves it with men of leisure and reflecting habits, to analyze, compare, and deduce from those facts such doctrines as they supply. Indeed, little in this way can be added to the luminous works of Drs. Campbell and Harris, and Messrs. Hamilton, Noel, and others, by whom the subject of missions has been so learnedly and eloquently illustrated. He hopes no apology will be deemed necessary for any imperfections which may appear in the preparation of his narrative. The collocation of terms, and the polish of periods, have made but a small part of his studies. Such pursuits, he conceives, were not the objects for which he was sent to Africa; and they would have but ill comported with the circumstances in which he spent a large portion of his arduous life on that benighted continent. He feels confident that lettered men will look into the pages of an African evangelist for things far more substantial and important than the graces of composition—an accomplishment which the author much admires, but to which he makes no pretension. He makes his present appearance before the British public less in the capacity of an author than of a witness, who most earnestly desires to establish and to enforce the claims of perishing, and helpless, and all but friendless millions, for whom he has hitherto lived and laboured—whom he ardently loves, and with whom—all black, barbarous, and benighted as they are—he hopes to live, labour, and die"—pp. 5, 6.

PORTRAIT OF DR. VANDERKEMP.—The doctor in his cheerless abode was instant all season and out of season, eagerly embracing every opportunity of recommending the Gospel, and catching each little ray of light that beamed on his devious path. He was a man of exalted genius and learning. He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an inmate of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in all the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign, in connexion with which he rose to be captain of horse, and lieutenant of the dragoon guards. Yet this man, constrained by the 'love of Christ,' could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers and contumely, condescend to serve the meanest of his

troublesome guests—take the axe, the sickle, the spade, and the mattock—lie down on the place where dogs repose, and spend nights with his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his fragile house about his ears. Though annoyed by the nightly visits of hungry hyenas, sometimes destroying his sheep and travelling apparitions, and even seizing the leg of beef at his tent-door,—though compelled to wander about in quest of lost cattle, and exposed to the perplexing and humbling caprice of those whose characters were stains on human nature—whisperings occasionally reaching his ears that murderous plans were in progress for his destruction—he calmly proceeded with his benevolent efforts, and to secure his object, would stoop with ‘the meekness of wisdom’ to please and propitiate the rude and wayward children of the desert whom he sought to bless.”

“He was the first public defender of the rights of the Hottentot. He counted not his own life dear to himself; for when advised, for his own safety, to leave the Hottentots for a season, his reply was, ‘If I knew that I should save my own life by leaving them, I should not fear to offer that life for the last child among them.’”—pp. 27, 28, 41.

MOFFAT'S FIRST HOME IN THE DESERT.—After remaining an hour or more in this situation (of suspense and alarm) Christian Africaner made his appearance; and, after the usual salutation, inquired if I was the missionary appointed by the directors in London; to which I replied in the affirmative. This seemed to afford him much pleasure; and he added that, as I was young, he hoped that I should live long with him and his people. He then ordered a number of women to come; I was rather puzzled to know what he intended by sending for women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native mats, and long sticks like fishing rods, Africaner, pointing to a spot of ground, said, ‘There you must build a house for the missionary.’ A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. * * * I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and, in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night’s lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all the contingencies of such a dwelling; for, as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

“But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past—the home and friends I had left, perhaps for ever, the mighty ocean which rolled between—the desert country through which I had passed to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night’s repose, I often involuntarily said and sung:

‘Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I’m come.’—pp. 103-105.

“**THE LION DOING HONOR TO ‘PRAXIS’ PRINCIPLES.**—A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen’s congregation at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course, in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and, opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised his head and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt; but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

“His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot, that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose, and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as he went, lest the man should move, and, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was at the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank and returning, lay down at the edge of the rock. Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but, on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his ‘toes roasted’ and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion’s return, when he resolved to send the contents of the gun through his head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes and was a cripple for life.”—pp. 139, 140.

“**THE MISSIONARY’S FARE.**—I had neither bread nor vegetables. Mr. Bartlet, of Pella, once sent me a bag containing a few pounds of salt; but on examining it, I could scarcely tell whether there was most sand or salt; and having become accustomed to do without it, I hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. My food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as I had either; but sometimes they both failed, and there were no shops in the country, where I could have purchased; and had

there been any, I must have bought on credit, for money I had none.

"I had purchased some ewes from Elnor when he left the country, which I spared, hoping to get now and then a lamb. My meals consisted frequently of a draught of milk in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night, either sweet, sour, or curdled. I had frequently pretty long fasts, and have had recourse to the 'fasting girdle,' as it is called. On more than one occasion after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun, and gone to the plain or the mountain-brow in search of something to eat, and, when unsuccessful, have returned, laid down my piece, taken the word of life, and addressed my congregation. I never liked begging, and have frequently been hard put to; but many a time has an unknown friend placed in my hut a portion of food, on which I have looked with feeling, better conceived than described."—pp. 146, 147.

A CHILD'S SACRIFICE.

FROM A FEMALE MISSIONARY.

In Dr. Leischild's interesting speech at Exeter Hall, in February last, he proposed a plan, which I could not but at once approve and admire. It was, to form an Auxiliary Society, in which the names of children, as soon as they could understand, were to be enrolled, and to continue until their majority. He said, "I believe there are thousands of little ones, throughout the country, of both sexes, who would be glad to be enrolled for some amount." Now, I could not help thinking at the time I read it, that in this respect the poor deluded idolaters here afford a striking example, worthy of the imitation of Christians. I scarcely ever remember meeting a procession for idolatrous worship that there was not a number of children bearing some part in it. On one occasion I met a man and woman, with three children, on their way to Amoor's Temple. I asked them where they were going.—They said, "To make pooja," or worship. I asked, "Why?" They said "One child had been sick; it did make vow, and were going to pray." I said, "Why, for such a little child?" They smiled, and said, "Why not?"

The man carried in one hand a fowl, for sacrifice; and with the other led a little boy about six years old, who had in his hand three sweet potatoes. On his shoulder the man carried a little girl, about three years old, who had in her hand a cocoa nut. The woman carried a brass plate, with a little rice, some saffron, a little sugar, and some flowers. She had an infant about twelve months old; and O, ye Christian mothers, think with compassion on this little one, who also had its sacrifice for the devil. *In its little hand it carried a plantain.* I asked "What it was for?" They replied, "It is for sacrifice!" They looked satisfied with themselves. They thought by doing this, they should so far secure the favour of the demon, that no evil should befall them. Oh, how I longed to lead them to Him who is the friend, and not the foe, of our little ones; who, though the mighty God, has said, Suffer little children to come unto me and

forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Christian mothers, will you not teach your little ones to do something for the cause of Him who has died for them? If it is worth no more than a plantain, you may teach them, as did this heathen mother—"It is for sacrifice." Endeavour to sow in their young warm hearts the seeds of benevolence, and teach them, as one of their earliest lessons, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

And oh, my beloved children and young friends, will you allow me to appeal to your benevolent feelings on behalf of these poor, neglected, and destitute little girls and boys, whose souls you know, are worth more than a world! Perhaps you will say, "Well, but I cannot save their souls." No more can I; but, we can direct them to Him who can; and will if they seek him. Many of these poor children have been rescued from scenes of the greatest misery and distress. Great are the cruelties and sufferings that some of them have endured. Many were brought to us during the famine, almost dead; it was some time before they recovered, but now most of them are tolerably well. We have a large school-room for them, in which they are taught, and sleep, for in this country they do not require beds, as they do in England, but they sleep upon a little mat. They take their meals in the verandah, without knives or forks, which curry and rice do not require. They eat out of a little earthen catty, or dish, and if you could see some of their little merry faces, you would say they were quite as happy as many young ladies in a boarding-school in England.—*London Missionary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—It is related of George III. that when hunting near Windsor, once, with his characteristic tenderness of feeling, he relinquished the enjoyment of the chase, out of compassion to his exhausted horse, and gently riding along through an avenue of the forest, was led by the cry of distress to an open space, where, under a branching oak, on a little pallet of straw, lay a dying gipsy woman. Dismounting and hastening to the spot, his majesty anxiously inquired of a girl who was weeping over the sufferer, "What, my dear child, can be done for you?" "Oh, sir, my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died! I ran all the way, before it was light this morning, to Windsor, and asked for a minister, but no one could I find to come and pray with my mother." The dying woman's agitated countenance bore witness that she understood and felt the cruel disappointment. The king.—O lovely lesson for kings!—exclaimed, "I am a minister, and God has sent me, to instruct and comfort your mother." Then seating himself in a pack, he took the hand of the gipsy woman, showed the nature and demerit of sin, and pointed her to Jesus,

the one all-sufficient Saviour. His words appeared to sink deep into her heart; her eyes brightened up; she smiled; and, while an expression of peace stole over her pallid features, her spirit fled away, to bear a precious testimony before the King of kings of that MINISTER'S faithfulness to his awful charge. When the party, who had missed their sovereign, and were anxiously searching the wood for him, rode up, they found him seated by the corpse, speaking comfort to the weeping children. The sequel is not less beautiful: I quote the words of the narrative. "He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L.— was going to speak: but his majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse and the weeping girls, said with strong emotion, 'Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto these?'"—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

A REBUKE TO CHRISTIANS.—At the celebration of one heathen festival a native has been known to offer 80,000 pounds of sweetmeats, 80,000 pounds of sugar, 1000 cloth garments, 1000 suits of silk, 1000 offerings of rice, plantains and other fruits. Another has been known to expend \$147,000 upon a single festival, and \$48,000 a year ever afterwards to the close of his life! In the city of Calcutta alone it is estimated that \$2,400,000 are annually expended on the celebration of Durga Pujah festivals. The raja of Nudiya, in the north of Bengal, offered on the first day of a festival, a large number of sheep and goats, and buffaloes, and vowed to double the offering on each succeeding day; the number in all amounted to 65,000. The heathen of a single city contributed almost as much to support one religious festival, as all Protestant denominations of Christians in the world gave last year to send their religion to the heathen! What a rebuke to the followers of Christ.—*Dayspring.*

POETRY.

PRAYER OF THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. ROWLAND HILL.

GENTLY, my Saviour, Let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last expiring breath.

Death's dreadful sting hath lost its power;
A ransomed sinner, saved by grace,
Lives but to die, and die no more,
Unveiled to see thy blissful face.

Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest,
Then shall I live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, forever blest.

Dear Saviour, let thy will be done;
Like yielding clay I humbly lie;
May every murmuring thought be gone,
Most peacefully resigned to die,

Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

Yes, and a brighter heaven still,
Awaits my soul, thro' his rich grace;
Who shall his word of truth reveal,
Till called to sing his endless praise?

Hasten thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of wo;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

There shall my raptured spirit rise,
Still louder notes than angels sing;
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King.

VALUE OF A MOMENT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,—
A taper's flame that upward turns
While downward to the dust it burns.
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last;
'Tis that (long fled) which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
This is that moment,—who shall tell
Whether it leads, to heaven or hell?
This is that moment,—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.
Time past and time to come are not;
Time present is our only lot.
Oh God! henceforth our hearts incline.
To seek no other love than thine.

MONTREAL.

Printed for the Committee, by Lovell & Gibson.

All the Ministers and Deacons of Congregational Churches throughout Canada, will kindly act as Agents.

It is particularly requested that our friends throughout the country will afford information, at the earliest possible moment, how many numbers they require at their respective localities. Promptitude on this point, will prevent much loss to the projectors of the work, and disappointment to subscribers.