

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

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

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

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

A TALE OF THE TOMB.

THE INFIDEL.

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

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

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

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

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

'How so, John?' said I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Well, that they called their Bible, Sir; and they used to read a chapter of it every night, after the first three quarts were done. But to speak of the poor lad that's lying down below there: oft and again did his friends warn him of the danger of such doings, and told him that the 'end of such things was death.' But he only laughed at them, and told them that he had learned to know better—that he wasn't such a fool as to believe in a future state—and that when death came, there was an end of body and soul too. I think he called it 'annihilation,' Sir.

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

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

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

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

reached him, he stretched out his poor shivering hand, and grasping the minister's arm, with a look that I shall never forget, Sir, to my dying day—'Mercy! mercy! mercy!' cried he, 'tell me, can there be any mercy for me?' The good old pastor could hardly speak, Sir, for a few minutes. In the meantime, the dying lad filled the room with his moanings. At length the voice of the minister was heard: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Oh! minister, Him not,' said the dying youth; 'I despised Him. I ridiculed Him, I trampled under my feet the blood that he had shed for me; and now—Oh! now I find a place for repentance, though I seek it with tears. Our good minister tried to calm him, but in vain. Those awful passages of Scripture which speak of the everlasting wrath of God upon his enemies, rushed like a torrent upon the dying man's memory. He is laughing at me,' said he; 'He is mocking me; cry but he heareth not; He hath a controversy with me; heaven is barred against me; the pit openeth its mouth to swallow me up. Woe, woe, woe upon me for I shall soon make my bed in hell!' The deep, earthly tone in which he spoke these last words, made my blood run cold. We kneeled down to pray, but we had not been long upon our knees, when he started from his pillow, 'It's of no use,' cried he, 'it's of no use. For heaven's sake, pray no more, it only makes me worse. I am going—none can save me!' We heard no more, Sir. His voice stilled in his throat, and before we could collect our thoughts, he was gone!—*Collage Magazine.*

For the Colonial Churchman.

SUPPORT OF THE FUTURE CLERGY.

Messrs. Editors,

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

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

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

A CHURCHMAN.

September, 1838.