

## POETRY.

From the (London) Christian Observer.

## THE HOME OF HEAVEN.

From a poem entitled 'Home,' by the author of Emmanuel.

The eye of man hath never seen,  
Nor his ear-heard, nor heart conceived,  
The blessedness in heaven reserved,  
For all that have believed;  
And felt their utter sinfulness,  
And laid their idols down;  
Accounting losses gain for CHRIST,  
His kingdom, and his crown.  
Oh! could we ever murmur here,  
Or groan beneath our load;  
Or deem the path too rough, which leads  
To His divine abode.

Did we but love Him—who for us  
The way of suffering trod;  
Endured death's sharpest pang, as man,  
And yet was very GOD!  
Did we but love him, as we love  
Some erring mortal here;  
Who seem as light unto our eye,  
And as our being dear;  
Who in our vain idolatry,  
We fondly deem our own;  
'Till he is summon'd to the grave,  
And we are left alone!

Oh, then, the awful question comes,  
Where is thine idol now?  
Where is the being before whom  
Thou didst in spirit bow;  
Whom thou had'st chose—and set up,  
Thy soul's adored to be;  
The shadow of whose image pass'd  
Between thy GOD and thee?

Oh, that such voices, from the tombs  
Of those we loved, might rise,  
And wean us from our thralldom here,  
And win us to the skies.  
The soul—the immortal soul—hath fled,  
In other realms to dwell;  
It may not now to earth return,  
Of weal or wo to tell.  
The oak hath fallen, where it stood,  
Unalter'd to remain;  
No breath of spring shall e'er renew  
Its leafy pride again.

Oh, happy, were its branches found  
Engrafted on that Tree  
Whose healing boughs are widely spread,  
The nation's shield to be;  
The woodman's axe may strike it down,  
But it shall rise above,  
Amid the plants of Paradise,  
Around the throne of love!

From the Boston Recorder.

## A CASE OF AFFLICTION.

I am a man of sorrows, belonging to a class of sufferers of which the members are not small in these days. Few of us have laid our griefs before the public. But I think we should no longer smother them. I will tell you mine, in the simplicity of my heart, not doubting your sympathies will take the right direction. I belong to a certain church and parish, and the top-stone of my sorrows is, that I cannot manage my minister. Here are several sorrowful topics.

In the first place, he will have opinions of his own in spite of me. There were once blessed days in this parish. A puff from me would put the Rev. Mr. Weathercock, our former pastor, into any position I thought desirable. I do not think he had a theological opinion, which I had not trimmed into the shape I thought it should sustain. When he first came among us, there were many points on which he was given to understand there was a difference between him and the present complainant; and that it was not becoming in him to be at variance with a person of such influence in community. As I soon had the happiness of discovering that we exactly agreed, though my ship had not swung the breadth of a barley-corn from her moorings. And why should it not be so? Is not a minister, by the highest authority, called "the servant of all?" Now a man serves me, if he straitens his theology into a parallel line with mine. And my former pastor was certainly a servant of this description.

But alas! the change! My present pastor has not a particle of the weathercock about him. As to his theological opinions, he has the hardihood to have a mind of his own. He appears so settled in his views, that I should as soon think of upheaving the Andes as to change them. I bluntly told him once, he was wrong on certain points, supposing it would shake him some to find himself differing from me. But I did not perceive the slightest change of countenance on the discovery of so important a fact. Indeed, he was presumptuous enough to make some advances toward setting me right. And in fact, he did set things in such a plausible light as to give him credit for his good sense, to say nothing of the uneasiness he occasioned my own mind. But instead of being the servant of us all, and whiffing about to our several opinions, I honestly fear we shall yet be the servants, and he will bring us all to his own mind. He has had the art to do this already in the cases of so many, that I am alarmed, and if the thing is not stopped, I fear there will not be a scape-goat from his opinions among us. I almost fear that I shall not be such a goat myself as to escape.

And I am sorrowful also, that I cannot manage him any better in regard to various measures for promoting religion in the parish. To the honor of his predecessor I affirm, that he never made any movement till he had given me an inquiry look; and my opinions filled the sails or blew up the ship, just as in my sovereignty it was judged best. I was consulted with the most complimentary and gratifying deference. If there were any failures in this due respect to my skill in taking care of Zion, the community had not long to wait for some impressive tokens of my sense of injury. How precious, Sir, to stand at the helm in these matters, and to have the prerogative of saying, "this will not do," and "that will not do," and to have one's conscious wisdom and power honored in the obsequiousness of all concerned.

But my present pastor is a ruthless robber of my happiness in this respect. He pursues his own course very much as if I were an utter nonentity. Instead of crouching before me submissively, as the "servant of all" is duly bound, in asking my decision, in nine out of ten of his plans he passes me utterly by. I seem to be no more seen than the stars after sunrise; whereas I seemed once to be the principal luminous point in the firmament. And when he does consult me, and finds a non-concurrence, he insists upon a fair statement of the reasons of my dissent, which in many cases is a downright provocation. Just as though a man ought always to have reasons for his dislike, or was bound to tell them if he had!

And sorrow upon sorrow compels me to say, I cannot manage him any better in the matter of preaching.

Peace to the memory of the former pastor. He was perfectly docile here. I have known him, when about uttering some peculiar sentiment, to cast a glance of inquiry toward my pew, and shape what followed by the gloom or splendor of the horizon in that direction.

But if you were to see our present pastor in the pulpit, you would not think he cared a herring what any mortal thought of him. He will drive at a point with the most presumptuous earnestness, in spite of the known dislike of a score of us. He sends all sorts of missiles against all sorts of sins, without its seeming any concern of his whom he hits or how deep the wound. He seems to act on the principle, that

the truth is a sort of piece of artillery, upon which it is his business to lay the match, and if any man stands in the way of the shot, that is his own responsibility. Now this way of doing things just upsets a dish here and another there, which have stood on their own bottoms during the whole reign of our former pastor. Men that had enjoyed an unbroken skin, during that whole period, are now from time to time most sorely wounded. And I myself am among that unhappy number. And this too notwithstanding all former exemption, and my high standing in society. I verily believe the preacher would as soon level his rebukes at my sins as at those of the greatest villain in the parish. The former pastor used to cut up the wicked of the lower classes grandly. And well was I pleased at every shot thrown in that direction. But the present pastor, while he does the same, spreads his net also for other fish. He has adopted the principle of giving "to every man a portion," and therefore there is not a soul of us who is not reached from time to time by his arrows. Now I like sharp-shooting in the direction I might prescribe; but the matter of being a target myself is what I cannot brook.

I told him lately my mind about his preaching.—There was no little wrath in my heart, with no little of a hurricane in my countenance and voice. I thought he would palliate and paddle away like a frightened duck. But there was not the slightest appearance of costernation about him. I hoped, too, if he was not to be frightened, he would at least grow hot under the excitement of my assault. But he cruelly disappointed me here also. He was as cool as a "Lapland idol carved in ice." He treated me with so much kindness and politeness, that my special wonder was excited that a man who could cut one all to pieces so in the pulpit, could be so benevolent a sort of being as I found him. But yet, as if to show that he would not heal any of my wounds, he pressed me in this very interview with several questions, which were as bad as the pressure of as many bayonets.—For instance: "were the painful things uttered true? did they strike at any thing but sin? could you have been 'hit of the archer' if there had not been in you something," &c. &c. Who could fail of being scandalized at such questions, who had any of that nobleness of soul which conscious wealth and influence in community inspire? Who wants to be teased with difficult questions, when he expects rather to find humiliation and retraction in him who has the impudence to ask them? Instead of there being confusion of face, as the result of that interview, where I had anticipated seeing it, I have the sorrow of believing it must have been seen in precisely the opposite direction.

There are various other trials of a similar kind; but I will trespass no longer upon your patience at present. That you may have my case at a glance, I would say in a word, my whole trouble is, that I cannot manage my pastor. He will have his own opinions—he will take his own measures—he will preach in such a manner as he is pleased to think best. And as to my being able to control him in any of these things, I seem to have no more influence than I have over the fixed stars. How precious the memory of the past! The Rev. Mr. Weathercock flew round to any point, under the breath of my influence. I had only to hint my good pleasure, to have every thing crooked straightened at once. Opinions, measures, preaching, all swung from their moorings in the gale, and found their resting place in the precise line of my own desires. But the former things are passed away. My sceptre is broken! My throne is demolished. I am as weak as other men. Any sympathy or aid in your power, Mr. Editor, would be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by

Yours in much affliction,

SIMON.

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