

## POETRY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

EASTERN MAGI—MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS—HEROD'S

DEATH.

4th Matthew, 2d chap.

He sat upon his stately throne,  
 And when he heard that Eastern Magi came  
 Inquiring where the Jewish king was born,  
 Declaring that they saw His glorious star  
 And they had come to do Him reverence,  
 He trembled—his cheek grew pale with terror,  
 And stern dismay sat on his clouded brow.  
 His soul was troubled.—Jerusalem too  
 Was terror stricken,—was oppressed with fear  
 Lest she should witness more of cruel deeds,  
 And bear a part in slaughter—blood, and death.—  
 He that's horn king of the Jews—where is He  
 The Magi ask? And frightened Herod calls  
 Together all the chief Priests and the scribes  
 Demanding where Messiah should be born;  
 And when he heard the place was Bethlehem,  
 His dark designs were formed. But the fell fiend  
 Lay crouched within his bosom, fearing light  
 And played a while the base dissembler's part.  
 With cunning deep and smile of hate he spake  
 "Go search with diligence, and find the child  
 "And bring me word that I may worship Him!"—  
 Forth go these first-fruits of the Gentile world  
 To find, and to adore their infant Lord,  
 Rejoicing greatly with exceeding joy  
 When they beheld again this glorious star.—  
 They go alone—'mongst all Jerusalem's  
 Inhabitants not one, with joyful heart  
 Was found to bear these Gentiles company,  
 And pay their homage to the Prince of Peace.  
 The Magi came—they saw and they adored  
 The meek redeemer of a fallen world,  
 And being warned, in a dream, of God,  
 That they should not return to Herod's court,  
 They homeward bent their steps another way—  
 Behold the monster's rage, when dark suspicion  
 Seized upon his soul, and the fell fiend  
 Whispered "thou art mocked," and bid him seek revenge.  
 Upon his downy couch he lay, but now  
 His fevered brain chased soothing sleep away.  
 His pious subject calmly, sweetly slept,  
 Forgot his daily toils, and on his lip  
 The smile of sweet contentment played—  
 But royal Herod tossed upon his couch  
 From side to side and trembled when he thought  
 Upon his infant rival.—Sin how'er  
 Is pregnant with dark projects, and when  
 She sees her willing captives at a loss,  
 She flies with speedy succour, and then pours  
 The blackest venom o'er the soul that loves her  
 Most. She came, and clothed her favourite son  
 In her best dress, and on his burning brow  
 She placed a wreath of wormwood dipt in blood,  
 And smiled to see her work so well succeed;  
 For now, through every vein the poison ran,  
 It reached the heart, and such a deed was planned  
 As made hell echo with her hero's praise—  
 He called his basest minions to his side,  
 And bade them speed their way to Bethlehem  
 And kill! O heaven hear!—and kill the infant  
 Jesus—nor Him alone, but to make sure  
 The plot, to slaughter every child from one \*  
 Year old and under, to the babe that hung  
 Upon its mother's breast, and spare them not—  
 Like hell hounds, joyous to give pain, they go  
 With hearts like adamant, closed gainst woman's  
 Tears, and infant cries, and mother's earnest

Supplications, and bathe their swords in blood—  
 O what a day for peaceful Bethlehem!  
 O what mourning, what shrieks of agony,  
 What bitter lamentations then were heard—  
 The cry reached Rama, and her daughters wept—  
 The barb'rous deed accomplished, did Herod  
 Gain his object? No—no—Can arm of flesh  
 Wage war successful 'gainst omnipotence?  
 He whom he sought above the rest to kill,  
 Alone escaped—was by his parents brought  
 At God's command, to Egypt's coasts and there  
 Remained till cruel Herod was no more.—  
 He soon filled up the measure of his deeds  
 Of wickedness, and then the dread hour came  
 That he should render his accounts to God.  
 O fearful hour of misery and pain!—  
 His body tortured by a thousand † pangs—  
 The gnawing worm began its work before  
 Death's bidding, and his soul most keenly felt  
 The gnawing of that worm which never dies.  
 He died—at Heaven's tribunal learn the rest.

ALBERT.

\* The words of the original, may be rendered from a year old and under.—Dr. Valpey.

† Not long after the inhuman murder of the children in Bethlehem, Herod died, having suffered the most excruciating pains.—Dr. Valpey.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## HEATHEN BENEVOLENCE.

*Mungo Park in the Desert*—I was obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and rest amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her: whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed, towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labours by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these: "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Chorus, Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c." Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat: the only recompense I could make her.—*Park's Travels in Africa.*

## CONTRIVANCES OF ANTS.

A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, remarked to us the other day, that while in the Island of St. Croix, he instituted several experiments with refer-

ence to ascertaining the truth of what he had been often told, of the ingenuity and apparent reasonings of the ant of that beautiful Island. Having slain a centipede, which had been sent him by a friend, he laid it on the window stool within his apartment, where, though not a single individual of that mischievous race of vermin had been seen, to his great gratification, in the course of a few hours, one solitary ant suddenly made his appearance through a crevice in the casing, attracted probably by the odour of the dead body. Shortly after, having surveyed the premises, it disappeared, but speedily returned with a host of companions, to whom the discovery of the prize had unquestionably been communicated; a more careful survey of the magnitude of the object was evidently instituted. The whole company then disappeared simultaneously through the crack; but an army was put in requisition, for the third appearance was a multitude. Having mounted the carcass, examined minutely its exact position, and satisfied themselves that it was actually bereft of life, and that no danger would be incurred from their premeditated operations, a new and unlooked for series of labours were commenced, bearing such a striking analogy to human reason, as manifested in what is commonly called contrivance, that if there is no intelligence in it,—why the metaphysicians have in reservation an unexplored field of observation. Well, not being able to move the mass entire, they divided themselves into platoons, and cut the body into portions, of about half an inch in length, which was effectually and skillfully done, between a late hour in the afternoon and the following night, and each piece transferred to their citadel through some contiguous aperture, of sufficient diameter to allow the loads to pass. When the observer arose at daylight, every part had been carried away but the head, which was really moving off toward the hole, surrounded by an immense concourse of admiring spectators, probably on the *qui vive*, happy in the delightful anticipation of future feasts and revellings. On farther scrutiny, he found that the decapitated head was mounted on the backs of about a dozen bearers, who, like a Roman phalanx with a testudo upon their shoulders, were marching off in an orderly manner, toward the same orifice through which all the rest had disappeared.—*Scientific Tracts.*

*Industry.*—Exertion is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend the time as if it were given them, not lent; as if the hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for.—*Bishop Hall.*

The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.—*Dr. Johnson.*

## INFLUENCE OF INFANT BAPTISM.

"I cannot but take occasion," says Matthew Henry, "to express my gratitude to God for my infant baptism; not only as it was an early admission into the visible body of Christ, but as it furnished my parents with a good argument, and, I trust, through grace, a prevailing argument, for an early dedication of myself to God in my childhood. If God has wrought any good work upon my soul, I desire, with humble thankfulness, to acknowledge the influence of my infant baptism upon it."

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