

POETRY.

STANZAS

ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

By Mrs. Crawford.

I heard a voice—a breathing sound,
 Unlike the beings round me speaking
 It seemed as though my soul had found
 It, that through life it had been seeking.

“Saul! Saul!” it cried—the echoes round
 From mount to valley rang delighted;
 Ashamed I fell unto the ground,
 As one by sudden lightning blighted.

And when I woke again, my sight
 Was gone, Cimmerian darkness bound me;
 But in my soul there burned a light,
 Which ne'er till then had shone around me.

That voice had rent the veil asunder,
 That passion round my spirit drew;
 For in its deep melodious thunder,
 The Saviour of the world I knew:

I knew the Lamb that bled for all,
 In sacrificial robes of white:
 I felt my heart from human gall
 Washed in that stream of living light.

Be joyful then, my soul, and sing
 Like captive freed from all his chains;
 O'er earth and sea the tidings wing,—
 Messiah! the Redeemer reigns.

Bow, Bow, Judea, in the dust;
 Imperial Rome, thine idols fall;
 There is but ONE, in whom to trust,—
 ONE sinless sacrifice to all.

That Cross, on which the Saviour bled,
 The anchor of our hope shall be;
 They'll rise again—the pulseless dead,
 And “face to face” their Maker see.

When by angelic heralds blown,
 The trumpet sound, the sleepers rise,
 Then God shall bid them claim their own,
 To worship Him in endless skies;—

To worship Him with heart and tongue,
 To hymn the Lamb's eternal praise,
 With golden harps divinely strung:
 And voices tuned, to seraph lays.

Put on—put on, my soul, thy shield,—
 A soldier of the Cross I'll be;
 Though wounded to the death, to yield
 To none but CHRIST the victory!

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Two men were travelling in the far west, one was a sceptic and the other a christian. The former was on every occasion ready to denounce religion as an imposture, and professors as hypocrites. According to his own account of the matter, he always suspected those who made pretences to piety,—felt particularly exposed in the company of Christians,—and took especial care of his horse and pockets when the saints were around him. They had travelled late one evening, and were in the wilderness: they at last drew near to a solitary hut, and rejoiced at the prospect of a shelter however humble. They asked admission and obtained it. But it was almost as dreary and comfortless within as without; and there was coming nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants. These were an elderly man, his wife and two sons—sun-burnt, hardy and rough. They were that

apparently hospitable, and welcomed the strangers to such fare as the forest afforded, but this air of kindness might be assumed to deceive them, and the travellers became seriously apprehensive that evil was intended. It was a lonely place, suited to deed of robbery and blood. No help was at hand. The two friends communicated to each other their apprehensions, and resolved that on retiring to their part of the hut—for there were two apartments in it—they would secure it as well as they could against the entrance of their host—would have their weapons of defence at hand, and would take turns through the night in watching, so that one of them should be constantly on guard while his comrade slept.

Having hastily made their arrangements, they joined the family, partook of their homely fare, and spoke of retiring to rest. The old man said it had been his practice in better times, and he continued it still, before his family went to rest, to commend them to God in prayer, and if the strangers had no objections he would do so now. The Christian rejoiced to find a brother in the wilderness, and even the sceptic could not conceal his satisfaction at the proposition. The old man took a well worn Bible, on which no dust was gathered, though age had marked it, and read with reverence a portion of the sacred Scriptures. He then supplicated the Divine protection, acknowledged the Divine goodness, and prayed for pardon, guidance, grace, and salvation. He prayed too for the strangers; that they might be prospered on their journey, they might have a home in heaven. He was evidently a man of prayer, and that humble cottage was a place where prayer was wont to be made.

The travellers retired to their apartment. According to their previous arrangement, the sceptic was to have the first watch of the night, but instead of priming his pistols and bracing his nerves for an attack, he was for wrapping himself in his great coat, and covering himself in a blanket, as quietly as if he had never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their arrangements, and asked him how he had lost his apprehensions of danger? The sceptic felt the force of the question and of all it implied—and had the frankness to acknowledge that he could not but feel himself as safe as if at a New England fire-side, in any house or in any forest where the Bible was read as the old man read it, and prayer was offered as the old man prayed.—*Exeter News Letter.*

IMPRESSIVE COINCIDENCE.

A correspondent of the Portland Christian Mirror, who was attending an oratorio on the evening of the aurora borealis, thus describes the same:

The first part of the oratorio, followed by a short recess, closed with the following words, set to a magnificent chorus:

“The heavens are telling the glory of God.
 The wonder of his works displays the firmament;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 Night unto night doth knowledge show,
 In all the lands resounds the word,
 Never unperceived, ever understood.”

Immediately upon the commencement of the recess, I observed a general rush toward the door, while others were striving to look at something through the frosted windows. With some difficulty, I made my way to the door. And such a sight! Overhead a perfect centre-piece of crimson and white—from this, like a huge canopy, descended on every side, quite to the horizon, alternate bands or stripes of crimson and white, the blue sky just visible between, and the stars shining undimmed through the whole. The crimson was deep coloured and dense, and the white very brilliant. The atmosphere was light, almost like moonlight, and the snow literally red with the reflection of the crimson-striped canopy.

Truly, the heavens were telling the glory of God, and the crowd that filled the space in front of the church felt it, and showed that they did, either by profound silence, or subdued expressions of astonishment.

Had the oratorio been performing in an open amphitheatre, or could the roof of the house have been lifted off at the moment when that sublime chorus and comfortless within as without; and there was coming nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants. These were an elderly man, his wife and two sons—sun-burnt, hardy and rough. They were that “HE IS VERY GREAT.”

Words cannot describe the feelings with which many of us listened to the remainder of the piece.

PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

How few employ Saturday evening as a preparation for the holy day! “It is a most pleasing sight,” says a New Zealand Missionary, “to see different tribes pouring into the settlement on the Saturday evening, to be ready on the Lord's day, from the distance of four, six, and eight miles. This shows that the word of the Lord is precious to them.—When we first came among them it was far different. No one would seek us out. But we rode sixteen and twenty miles, to preach to a few people.”—Good encouragement this for pastoral perseverance, as well as a good pattern for the piety of the people.—*Missionary.*

WHAT THE GOSPEL CAN DO.

The New Zealanders have long been proverbial for their warlike propensities, for their ferocity, even for cannibalism. And yet the Gospel can change New Zealanders. “This is indicated,” says a Missionary among them, “by a total cessation from war not only, but by a discountenance of those bitter quarrels among themselves which were so frequent.” “We are living in peace with all the natives,” says another, “and they are living at peace with one another. Not one life has been lost by fighting since we lived here”—Christianity “is first pure, then peaceable.”—*Ibid.*

THE GOSPEL A PEACE-MAKER.

A Missionary in New Zealand, writing from Paochia, says, “the gospel has done much for this place. It has united parties that were estranged to each other. It has elevated the female character, making the wife a companion for the husband. And it has awakened a concern in both for the welfare of their children.” Peace and harmony—the elevation of woman to the rightful place as a help-meet for man—the religious training of the young—these are universally among the fruits of the gospel. Where they are not found, the graft has not taken.—*Ibid.*

CHRISTIANITY A GOOD PROTECTOR OF PROPERTY.

“Our neighbours, those not connected with the sea-ports, are civil, courteous, honest and teachable. Locks and bolts are but little used, and are but little needed. Working tools are safe, although lying in all directions. Ten years ago, a person scarcely dared to lay a tool down, as it was almost sure to be stolen; and even outside pockets were dangerous, as things were taken from them.” This is from a New Zealand Missionary. What a pity that the sea-ports are excepted. But the Christians go there.—*Ibid.*

BITS.

Every created thing glorifies God in its place, by fulfilling his will, and the great purpose of his providence: but man alone can give tongue to every creature, and pronounce for all a general doxology.—*Kirby.*

God is too great to be withstood, too just to be wrong, too good to delight in any man's misery. We ought, therefore, quietly to submit to his dispensations as the very best.—*Bp. Wilson.*

We should not have so great a regard to what we do, as to what we really are. For were we good in the inward man, our actions would be likewise good; and if we were righteous at the bottom, our actions would be so too.—*Bishop Jebb.*

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break a world to pieces, to make a stool to sit on.—*Cecil.*

Make religion your business, and it will then be your delight.

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