

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

By Bishop Heber.

Beneath our feet and o'er our heads
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dream of days to come!

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

REST IN HEAVEN.

If ever life should seem
To thee a tedious way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven;
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given;
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.—ANON.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTIONS.—NO. I.

During a visit to England, it matters not when, or for what purpose, I enjoyed the intimacy of the interesting family to whom I am about to introduce your young readers. The father had mingled in the bustling excitements of a life of business, but had retired to a snug quiet retreat in the borders of Suffolk.—His cottage, for his dwelling claims no loftier name, stood half embowered among trees which in England are preserved with prudent care. Stately elms, so old that "none knew ought about their youth," flourished along the whole length of the hawthorn hedge, and the fir which so liberally adorns the forests and fields of this country, were there jealously protected and guarded from injury. At a short distance, beneath a gentle hill, were situated the neat cottages of the tenantry, with tidy garden spots in the front, and well ploughed fields and flourishing pastures around them. How delightful it was quietly to gaze on the lovely scenery around, and occasionally to listen to the music of birds, or to catch the distant sound of the chiming of the church bells, which in that neighbourhood furnished innocent pastime to the parish clerks and their band of ringers. And the venerable church too, near the manor-house! It had been used (so the legend ran) as a castle of defence on the disbanding a detachment of Oliver Cromwell's army, in that part of the kingdom in the year 1656.

The striking appearance of the cathedrals and churches of England, are among the very last features of its delightful and soothing scenery, which the memory can forsake. But S— church is peculiarly interesting in its appearance. Its town is topped with turrets, like those of more ancient cas-

tles—rugged piles of stone supporters strengthen its walls—ponderous but elegant porches project on either side, and the well-built chancel is beautified by painted glass, on which a female devotee is represented as kneeling before her priest. The parchment records in the huge oaken chest at the parsonage, were interesting to me. It recorded with pleasing minuteness (would it not be well if equal care were used in this country also, Messrs. Editors?) when the church has been from time to time repaired by those who have long since mouldered under her aisles—how one rector planted a grove, which another afterwards extended, and in fact furnished authentic data for every important parochial event.

But my enthusiasm outruns my judgment, and I must return to my friend and his family. Well then, that family consisted of himself, his wife, and their two sons. At the time of my visit, the one was seventeen, the other about eighteen months younger. They had just returned from a public school, and their father had determined on becoming himself their anxious tutor. He had imbibed against large boarding schools, prejudices which sometimes vented themselves in the words of Cowper—

"Am I then well content my son should find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs and nouns declined."

Should your indulgence permit, Messrs. Editors, following communications will furnish the substance of the more important and religious instructions which my host bestowed on his attentive pupils.

May that gracious and enlightening spirit, whose aid we should ever humbly and earnestly implore, bless this attempt to diffuse somewhat of sound and religious learning among your readers, especially the younger portion of them!

Feb. 1837.

SIGMA.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

The following is one of a thousand instances of a similar character, illustrating the happy influence of our mode of public worship upon the minds of youth in their tender years.

In the town of S— lived an interesting and respectable family, the parents of which had been for many years exemplary and devoted members of the Congregational Church. Their first serious impressions having been received under the ministrations of that order, together with numerous interesting recollections and early associations, had greatly strengthened and confirmed their attachment to that body of Christians. On a pleasant Sabbath in 1830, this family was seen in the Episcopal congregation, as silent spectators, looking for some interest in the preaching, as is too frequently the case, without any wish or desire to join in the worship. They supposed, as thousands do, that the mode of worship was all a dead form, containing little or no food for the soul. A member of the family, an interesting, lovely boy of bright promise, the hope and joy of his fond father and mother, some seven or eight years old, was much impressed with the solemnity and beauty of the service. After reaching home, the family circle being assembled, with great apparent anxiety and interest, said he to his parents, "Pa, why don't you and ma have books and read at Church? Are you never going to become Christians? His mother replied, "Would you read if you had a book?" "That I would," said he with a most earnest and imploring look. A sum of money sufficient to purchase one was put into his hands and he was shortly after at the house of the clergyman, presenting his money with a most cheerful, smiling countenance, and asking for a prayer book, which was immediately handed to him, accompanied with some expressions of warm approbation for the uncommon and unexpected interest shown for the book. The writer well recollects with what a full heart and lively, glowing countenance beaming with joy, the much desired treasure was received by the little lad. He very soon learned to find the different parts of the service and became as regular in his responses as any member of the Church. The effect upon the parents was most happy. On witnessing the growing delight in the service manifested by an artless youth of such tender years, whom they almost idolized, in connection with the deep impression made upon their minds by the very touching inquiry, "are you never going to become Christians?" the

prejudices of their birth and education at once began to give way. The character and claims of the Church were investigated, and both parents are now not only communicants, but warm admirers of that mode of worship which so much attracted the attention and secured the warm attachment of their little son. No greater distinction do those parents now desire for their son, than that he may become an exemplary and useful minister in the Church, they now so highly esteem and love.—*Gam. Obs.*

INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

The death of this eminent and excellent clergyman is thus announced in the London Record of November 14th:—

"The hopes which were entertained respecting that venerable father of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Simeon, that he might have been raised up from his late illness, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to disappoint. He died in peace soon after two o'clock yesterday (Sunday.) During the last week or more his removal had been daily expected; but he continued sensible, with only occasional suffering, till within a day of his death. His loss, we need not say, will be extensively felt; but never was an instance of a servant of God ending his days in more perfect composure, with his house more completely set in order, his work finished, and his whole soul prepared and waiting for his change. He was in his 78th year, and had been minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge, fifty-four years."

There have been few clergymen of the present day, in any part of the world, whose lives have been so consistent and holy, or whose usefulness has been so great as that of Mr. Simeon. We once had the pleasure of visiting him at Cambridge, and also on a subsequent occasion at another place; circumstances which we mention to assure our readers, so far as our observation and the unvarying attestations of others could enable us, of the justice of the eulogiums applied to his character. As a preacher he was remarkable for solidity, simplicity and impressiveness, if not eloquence. As a writer he has been peculiarly and eminently successful. Without the slightest effort to render them popular by the glitter of a gaudy style, or eccentricities of matter, his sound good sense and scriptural theology have gained for his writings an extensive circulation. Several editions of his various works have been published, the last comprising them all in 21 volumes 8vo. Of this a splendid copy is to be found in the Philadelphia Library, presented by the author.

The following sketch of Mr. Simeon's life and character, is from the second volume of the "British Pulpit," by the Rev. W. Suddards, recently published:

"This eminent clergyman of the Church of England presents an instance of how much good the inventive genius and ardent spirit of real piety may accomplish in a comparatively private station. He was born the heir of a considerable estate; and has resided from his youth—first as a scholar, and then as a fellow—at the university of Cambridge. Having early attained a spiritual knowledge of the truth, he has devoted his life, and influence and wealth to the promotion of the principles of evangelical piety in the English Church. He has now attained the age of near fourscore years; and for more than half a century has occupied the ground on which he still stands, testifying to small and great the great principles of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. When he first commenced his efforts as a preacher in Cambridge, it was in the face of much reproach, for what appeared to many to be new doctrines in the Church. But under the blessing of God, he has seen these holy doctrines spreading their influence around him, until a very large portion of the clergy of the Established Church are united with him; not a few of whom have been influenced in their course by him, in preaching the same faith which was once destroyed. The influence of Mr. Simeon upon young men in the University preparing for orders, has been very great and useful. Many such look up to him as to a father in the Lord, and have reason to bless God for having stationed him thus, as it were, 'a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord.'"