

POETRY.

From the British Magazine.

A CHURCHMAN'S PRIVATE MEDITATIONS.

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

SICKNESS.

Blest sickness, with thy silent chain,
And intervals of pain,
Sitting in thy still corridor,
We seem to Heaven's calm shore
Brought near, and your sweet thoughts of peace
Seem gales from lands where sorrows cease,
And hope have nought to crave,

And pains that shake this shed of clay—
Storn searchers of decay!
Full welcome are the thoughts ye bring,
To seek a sheltering wing,
Until be past life's tyranny;
And of a frame from suffering free,
Whose cradle is the grave.

And deep heart-crossings, sternly kind,
Like leaves on Autumn's wind,
My hopes have gone to make their bed,
By your keen breathing shed
I watch them die, and not unblest
Turn to the winter of my rest,
Beside Death's silent cave.

Then what if I no love can own
To mark my going down,
If I may sit by sun of light,
Bidding the world good night;
And while calm thoughts my soul engage,
Look from my evening hermitage,
Upon the stormy wave—

Like the pale star of evening mild;
What if nor friend, nor child,
To watch my last less intervene
To hide that Friend unseen,
'Neath whose enfolding wing at last,
The shadowy valley must be past,
In pity strong to save.

Most favour'd they beneath the heav'n
To whom Christ's pledge is given—
"Blest are the mourners; whom I love
With sorrow I reprove."
High heritage, to share the pain
With thee, with thee the blessing gain,
Steel'd the rude world to brave!

Teach me to know no worldly choice,
Save in thee to rejoice,
And in thy beams on others shewn—
They so become mine own,
Till joying in thy love's sweet shower,
I make their gladness mine own dower,
In all thy goodness gave.

So ev' shall to me be good,
And my heart's solitude
Best company; my music meet
Shall be the winds that beat
My crazy hut, and the rude storm,
The robe that wraps my Saviour's form,
Walking upon the wave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PIOUS MAN IN THE NAVY.

Let me give you a short account of a circumstance which I witnessed a few years ago, at a Bethel meeting, in Bristol, England. A minister of the gospel addressed the chairman of the meeting as follows: 'I am one of the instances of divine grace exhibited during the last war. I was converted from the error of my ways on board of a King's ship. In 1802, I was sent on board the Tonnant, commanded by Lord Exmouth, then Sir Edward Pellew; as careless as ever was a sailor of my age, which was then 17, and while serving my country, it pleased God by the instrumentality of one good man whom his provi-

dence sent to the ship, to raise up some for the glory of his name there. It was in the Mediterranean, cruising off the port of Cathagena, that God was first pleased by the teaching of some of these converts, to show me that Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This was two or three months before the battle of Trafalgar, in which Nelson fell, and I proved the blessedness of religion under the horrors of war on that dreadful day. — Those who have been in similar situations, know what an affecting sight it is to see the sailors shake hands with each other, when they are going to their guns at the commencement of an action; it is as much as to signify, if I fall in this action, you will have the goodness to inform my family of the circumstance. There were several of us who had formed this resolution, and I could not help adding to the one I last shook hands with, this information to be sent to my friends, 'tell them their son is gone to be with God through Jesus Christ.' This seemed to make a deep impression on my shipmate, 'Ah,' said he, 'that is more than I can say, but if God spares my life I will become a different man.' God did spare his life, but I am very sorry to add, the poor man *delayed his promise, and has since then fallen into a wretched state.* — Our persevering shipmates on board, (for we had such,) greatly opposed us: — though thanks be to God, our superior officers kindly protected us, and it was not in the power of subalterns or wicked men before the mast, to do us any real injury, they could only spatter us with lingo and tongue abuse; they said while we were blockading the French and Spanish fleets at Cadiz, those Methodists will be praying when the French come out, instead of fighting; but we prayed to God to endue us with courage for the scene before us, and our officers very kindly expressed their satisfaction with our conduct in the engagement. — *Bell's Flag.*

WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

F. Grummet, M. P., relates the following incident, which occurred while he was passing through a small village near Rochfort, as a prisoner under a military escort. It will show, to those acquainted only with modern customs, the value of the kindness formerly practised, in washing the feet of strangers. St. Paul, in enumerating the deeds of kindness, which especially recommended aged widows to the kindness of the church, says, 'If she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, &c.'

'I had obtained a fresh supply of canvass for my feet, which were much blistered, and extremely sore; but this was soon worn out, and I suffered dreadfully. About noon we halted in the market place of a small town, bearing every mark of antiquity—I think it was Melle—to rest and refresh. To escape the sun, I took my seat on an old tea chest, standing in front of the huckster's shop, and removed my tattered moccasins. Whilst doing this an elderly lady came out of the shop, accompanied by a young girl very prettily dressed, and 'Pauvre garcon!' 'Pauvre prisonnier!' were uttered by both. The girl, with tears in her eyes, looked at my lacerated feet, and then, without saying a word, returned to the house. In a few minutes she re-appeared; but her finery had been taken off, and she carried a large bowl of warm water in her hands. In a moment the bowl was placed before me, she motioned me to put in my feet, which I did, and down she went upon her knees, and washed them in the most tender manner. Oh! what luxury was that half hour! The elder female brought me food, while the younger, having performed her office, wrapped up my feet in soft linen, and then fitted on a pair of her mother's shoes.

"Hail, Woman, hail! last form'd in Eden's bowers,
'Midst humming streams, and fragrance-breathing flowers;
Thou art, 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory—man's chief blessing still.
Thou calmest our thoughts, as haleyon's calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress, when servile minions flee;
And, oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of woe!"

'During the process above mentioned, numbers had collected round, and stood silently witnessing so angelic an act of charity. 'Eulalie' heed them not; but when her task was finished, she raised her head,

and a sweet smile of gratified pleasure beamed from her face.' — *Epis. Rec.*

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE.

CLERICAL INTREPIDITY.

Deuteronomy, xxxi. 6 — "Be strong and of courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them."

Dr. Hackett is recorded as the last man in the land who persisted to read the Liturgy after it had been proscribed by the Parliament; and the following anecdote is given by his biographer, of both his attachment to the church, and his courage. One Sunday, while he was reading the Common Prayer in his church, a soldier of Essex came and clapped a pistol to his head, and commanded him to read no further. The doctor, not at all terrified, replied, "I will do what is a divine, and you may do what becomes you." The tumult was quieted for a time, and the service permitted to proceed.

JUSTIFICATION.

Job, xxxv. 4. — "How then can a man be justified by God?"

About the year 1100, amidst the almost total darkness of popery, there was a form of prayer to the dying said to be written by Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury; and in the year 1475, printed in Germany. It was in the following words: — "then, as long as thou art in life, put all thy trust in the death of Christ alone, — confide in nothing but — commit thyself wholly to it, — mix thyself with it, — roll thyself wholly on it; and if thou art not satisfied, say, 'Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and thy justice, otherwise I contend not with thee;' and if thou art a sinner, reply, 'Put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins;' — and if thou art a saint, say, 'Thou hast deserved damnation,' let the answer be, 'Lord, I spread the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my demerits; I offer thee up the merits I should have had and lost.' If he still insist that he is angry at thee, reply, 'Lord, I put the death of the Lord Jesus Christ between me and thine anger.'

YOUTHFUL LOYALTY.

Proverbs, xxiv. 21. — "My son, fear thou the Lord, the King."

'Not unworthy of mention' says a writer in the Penny Sunday Reader, 'is the case of the late minister scholars, who are stated by Dr. S. being one of them and present at the time, offered up public prayers in the school of Charles I. within an hour or two before the king's being beheaded. Of this disinterestedness, those times dangerous demonstration of charity, the Doctor, in his quaint manner, — that they were not only called, but real King's Scholars.'

Beware of the critical hearing of sermons made by good men. It is an awful thing to be engaged in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of demerits of yourself. — *Rev. Legh Richmond.*

The history of all the great characters of the world is summed up in this one sentence: — "They who have acquainted themselves with God, and acquiesced in his will in all things. — *Cecil.*

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