

was immediately evinced, in a very considerable increase of the congregation. Between this and the year 1832, a suitable bell was furnished; the pulpit, desks, and communion place, were supplied with appropriate hangings, and a new set of communion plate was procured from England. In 1833, an organ, which cost in all nearly 150*l.*, was purchased by subscription, and in the same year side galleries were erected, chiefly by subscription, and at the expense of more than 100*l.*, which furnished twenty-six new pews.

I am happy to recount these instances of christian liberality in the congregation amongst whom it is my happiness to minister; but I have another evidence of the same spirit to relate, which personally affects myself. In December, 1833, when it was intimated that a reduction of 30 per cent, had taken place upon our salaries from the 1st of July preceding, my congregation voluntarily subscribed about 100*l.* to cover the deficiency in the twelve month ending July, 1834; and I have the gratification to say, that lately a similar meeting decided upon an annual subscription for covering the fullest extent of the future reductions that may take place.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Some time since I met with the following lines suggested, I suppose, by reading the verses which are quoted from the book of Job. As they appear to me to be very deficient in a point of great importance to the christian, I have ventured to write something like a reply to the question in the last line of the last stanza, "What remaineth?"—Should it meet with your approbation, by inserting it in your valuable and useful paper you will oblige yours,

ALBERT.

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, but man dieth, and wasteth away, yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he?"—Job 14. c. 7 & 10.

Born in anguish, nursed in sorrow,
Journeying thro' a shadowy span,
Fresh with health to-day—to-morrow
Cold and lifeless;—such is man.
Scarce produced to light ere dying,
Like the fancied vision flying;
Scarcely budding forth when blighted;
Dust to dust again united.

Richly shines the rainbow glowing,
Lightly laughs the morning beam;
Sweetly smells the flowret blowing,
Deeply rolls the mountain stream.
But the heavenly bow hath faded,
And the morning beam is shaded,
And to earth the flower has hasted,
And the mounted stream is wasted.

Yet tho' passed awhile—these lie not
Ever in distinction's chain;
Though the flowers may fade, they die not,
Spring shall wake their buds again.
Morning's smile again shall brighten,
And the storm the rainbow lighten,
And the torrent (summer finished)
Rolls its waters undiminished.

Man alone when Death hath bound him,
Moulders in the silent grave;
Of the friends who once were round him,
None to succour—none to save!
Then when night and gloom assail thee
And thy boasted beauty wane,
And thy strength and glory fail thee,
Cold in darkness—what remaineth?

"I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—John 11 c. 25 & 26.

Hark! a heavenly voice I hear
Calling from the upper skies,
Child of sorrow, dry that tear,
On thy Saviour fix thine eyes.
Hope in Him tho' sin assail thee,
Tho' thy boasted strength will fail thee;
Tho' the grave looks dark and dreary,
Hope in Jesus—he can cheer thee.

Hark! I hear the sacred word,
Sweetly sounding in my ear,—
Death is vanquished by the Lord,
And the grave you need not fear.

All who are in Christ believing,
And the bread of life receiving,
Singing loud Redemption's story,
From the grave shall rise in glory.

Flowrets bloom and fade each year,
Rainbow hues they pass away,
Streamlets flow and disappear,
Night succeeds each shining day.
These may pass away forever,
But the grave shall hold thee—never—
Immortal, rising from the tomb;
In life eternal thou shalt bloom.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Among the institutions which abound in England, having for their objects the promotion of Religion and Education, the London Hibernian Society occupies an high place. It was instituted in 1806, for establishing schools, and circulating the Holy Scriptures in Ireland; and in 1834 it reported 799 schools, containing 105,000 scholars under its care, and mainly supported by its funds. *Scripture reading* is the predominant, and almost sole object of instruction. The following humble and interesting letter is from one of the scholars (who had gone to India as a soldier) to his teacher. If this letter do not evince learning, its spirit might well be desired and coveted, Messrs. Editors, by those who have acquired merely human lore.

Mahebourg, July 31, 1833.

My dear Sir—There is nothing would give me greater happiness in this land of misery and woe, (as I can describe it in no other light,) than to receive from you some instructions; with advice, how to go on in a *spiritual* sphere of life; as the only object I have of a future happiness, is in seeking now, while I have health and strength, for the salvation of my immortal soul, that may soon be required of me; and I bless the Lord for the tender mercy that he has treated me with, in giving me so great a desire in searching the Holy Scriptures, and praising and glorifying his holy name, and giving me strength and power to resist against the devil, and all his adversaries; for, notwithstanding all the wickedness that is surrounding me on either side, I have still that sweet hope and belief that the Lord will preserve me in the midst of all, from falling into any error, and bring me at last into the kingdom of everlasting happiness, where all my troubles shall be over, and where I shall join the blessed choir of angels in singing praise and glory to the King that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb that was slain for my sins, who died not to bring the righteous, but sinners to repentance. And I know that I am a vile wretch, but still I am lifted up by the sweet promises that are declared unto mankind, and in particular where he says, "Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they were red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" and I am told that whatsoever I ask in prayer and believing, I shall receive. Such promises as these are very encouraging to me; for I have been a very wicked sinner, and daily trampling the blood of my dear Saviour under my feet; but, notwithstanding all this, he was tenderly and lovingly waiting to receive me the moment I called upon him,—blessed be his holy name for ever.

I would be glad you would have a watchful eye over my little brothers and endeavour to imprint the love and fear of the Almighty God into their little hearts while they are under your charge. May God bless you, and be your guide and protector now, and for evermore. Amen.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

SELECTED PASSAGES.

Instead of publishing in this number of the Colonial Churchman, a communication on one particular subject, it was thought that its youthful readers might be more gratified by selections from instructive authors. Perhaps, indeed, some of those who seek benefit from its pages, may commit to memory, one or more of the following extracts, and repeat it to their Sunday-school teacher, or some other friend.
Lunenburg, June, 1836. SIGMA.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

Watch well yourselves—this is the christian's task
The cherish'd sin by each must be assailed,
New efforts added, where the past have failed;
The darling error checked, the will subdued,
The heart by penitence and prayer renewed.

Nor hope for perfect happiness below;
Celestial plants on earth reluctant grow;
He who our frail mortality did bear,
Though free from sin, was not exempt from care.

Hannah More.

HABITUAL HOLINESS.

The christian's character should savour of holiness. The promise is, "I will be as the dew upon Israel;" and how sweet is the fragrance of the flower, after the gentle falling of the dew—So must the true believer be, under the soft distilment of the drops of Heaven on his heart.—*Rev. Rowland Hill.*

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Oh man! thy privilege revere,
That thou may'st wing thy flight
With humble hope and holy fear,
To realms of cloudless light.

There to take up that glorious strain,
In courts by angels trod,
"Worthy the Lamb! for He was slain
To bring our souls to God."

B. Bar on.

A CHINESE CONVERT.

Among the most pious and useful native missionaries in China, is Lung Kung Teh. Dr. Milne baptized him in November 1816. The convert selected that name, because it meant 'Student of Virtue,' indicating that he hoped to have nothing more to do with vice. He wished to be baptized exactly at 12 o'clock, 'when,' (to use his own words) 'the shadow inclines neither one way nor the other.' Should not some of our young readers blush when they learn that the desire of this young man to know the whole counsel of God was so great, and his application in the holy search so unremitting, that on one occasion he read through the whole Bible in a fortnight! He translated many parts of the Bible, and wrote a number of tracts in the Chinese language. In the midst of his persecutions, his regret at them was infinitely less than for his fellow-countrymen's blindness to the truth. Can we learn no wholesome lesson from this?

DIVINE GRACE.

O mighty Saviour! we can look to THEE,
Author and finisher of faith most true:
Thy grace alone is our sufficiency,
And with that grace we must be conquerors too.

Edmerson.

A CONVERTED INFIDEL.

One of the members of an infidel club, came on a Sunday evening to Surry Chapel, either to gratify mere curiosity, or to ridicule what he might hear. He returned home however, after service, anxious for mercy and pardon. In a few days after he visited Mr. Hill, to inquire the way of Salvation. Although engaged in a laborious business, he ever after dedicated his few leisure hours to God, and it is supposed that his benevolent exertions brought him to a premature, though happy termination of his days.
Stanley's Life of Rowland Hill.

THE CHRISTIAN'S OFFERING.

Give Christ your heart—
Your heart entire. He will not have a part;
For evil render good; your foes forgive;
Your neighbour's interest cherish as your own;
And by your actions let your faith be shewn.

Pringle.

HUMILITY.

Many a poor man makes a bright christian. God keeps him humble, that He may dwell in his heart, and that the beams of His grace may shine in his life. See yon evening star how brightly it shines, how pure and gentle are its rays—but look! it is lower in the heavens than those that sparkle with a restless twinkling in the higher regions of the sky! God keeps you low, that you may shine bright.
Rowland Hill.

The Sabbath.—One of our earliest and most serious exercises on the Lord's Day, should be faithful and minute self-examination.—*Wilberforce.*