

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

THE MISSIONARY'S DEATH.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky—
Weep not for the seraph that bends,
With the worshipping chorus on high.
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given—
O weep not for him—he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

But weep for their sorrows who stand,
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave—
Who sigh when they think of the strife,
And the toil and the perils before them
Must fill up the moments of life,
Till the anguish of death shall come o'er them.

And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
O weep!—for the herald that came
To proclaim in their dwellings the story—
Of Jesus; and life through his name,
Has been summoned away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends,
To partake of the joys of the sky—
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high.
But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in sadness;
And weep for the heathen whose land
Still must wait for the day-spring of gladness.

Anon.

For the Colonial Churchman.

PASSING THOUGHTS ON LOCAL MATTERS.—No. 3.

The Bishop—Duty of Prayer for Religious Societies, &c.

However much we may feel the separation from our respected Diocesan, and however anxiously we may desire his return, yet when we see what his presence and active operations in England have been the means of doing for the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,—and its funds have been, I believe, doubled in a short time, and thus, from the many permanent subscriptions secured, its future usefulness in these colonies elsewhere, greatly advanced; and, moreover, when we think of the good feeling which the amiable manners, and commanding abilities of the bishop of Nova Scotia must have raised in all parts of Great Britain towards this British colony and its destitute and long-neglected settlements, and proofs of which are found in the reports of the Society as well as in our English newspapers which come to us,—when we consider all this, we ought gladly to put up with the present privation of the Episcopal presence and to rejoice that a good Providence has kept so distinguished and so able a personage so long in the place, and at the very time, when and where his talents and zeal could shine most in defence of a for a season, depressed and threatened Zion.

Yes! the Bishop's absence from us will, I am sure

be over-ruled by an all-wise God for the good of His Church in this Diocese. And that this may be the case, and that we ourselves may, during our lifetime, enjoy some of its anticipated fruits—fruits which, we trust, will not be lost upon our children and posterity,—may we, may all our clergy and pious laity, offer up to Heaven the most heartfelt and humble and sincere prayers. Our Bishop, useful as he is, would still be much more so, were his benevolent efforts supported by the devout daily prayers of every individual under his Episcopal jurisdiction.—And so also it would be with the charitable and highly benevolent exertions of the good Societies at home, from whose liberal hands these provinces are overspread with the most precious gifts; and through whose kindness the wilderness, in hundreds of places, now blossoms as the rose. But let only our prayers be more earnest, more general, and more persevering, both for our beloved Diocesan and these truly primitive Christian institutions, as well as for all our Clergy and our own local plans and attempts to second and promote their heavenly intentions,—and then, I doubt not, I am sure, the church will go indeed "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" —a fearless of danger, and confident of success. But above all let the love of CHRIST—the chief among ten thousands"—the "all-lovely"—the "Head corner stone"—be the cause and origin of all our actions, and the life of all our prayers,—and thus endowed, and thus supported, who shall intimidate us? Will not the best concerted designs—the most skillful "disguising of Satan into an angel of light"—the most reckless and numerous hosts, fall to the ground before our well-united phalanx? Yes, the flame in our "carthen pitchers" alone, even though the latter should break, like those of Gideon's army, will surely put to flight all the enemies of Israel!

A CHURCHMAN.

April 1st, 1840.

For the Colonial Churchman.

AN UNSAFE BRIDGE—GOOD ADVICE REJECTED—THE CONSEQUENCE, &c.

It was on a Lord's day morning in the early part of the year 1839, in a retired parish of Nova Scotia, while nature was still wrapped up in its gloomy winter's cloak, and before the reviving rays of the Sun had cheered the minister in his solitary walks and rides by the renewing and flourishing of the woods and fields around him, or by the sweet warbling of the feathered tribe—the only earthly beings whose praises ascend up, pure and sinless, to the throne of God,—that a group of people was seen on their way to the "House of prayer," as if going to the most pleasant and useful pastime, an occupation which, however important it may be at all times, becomes doubly more interesting to many a pious heart which has hardly any thing else to break the general monotony of the woods and rocks among which he dwells, who gladly lays by his axe, his lever, or the mending of his nets, to repair to the public worship of his Creator, and to listen with an humble and willing mind to the voice of him who has been appointed to feed his soul with "the glad tidings of the gospel of peace," and to lead his steps into the ever-green pastures of God's promises to his obedient people.

And if it be pleasant and profitable to the flock to meet around the heavenly board, it is surely no less cheering to the faithful shepherd to see all his sheep knowing his voice so well as to be allured away by no strange sound, and always regular and attentive in their usual seats. No other comfort is so great and so consoling to a "watchman in the house of Israel," to a father in the christian fold, as to see

all "his children walking in the truth." And especially, in many of our secluded and poor parishes, where few worldly comforts or little temporal excitement can lead the mind from better and holier joys and hopes,—what can be more cheering and more enlivening to the christian minister, on the Sunday morning, than to see his parishioners, young and old, issuing from all parts of the forests, fearless of difficulties and with hearts too warm with the love of God to feel the glowing breeze, and too anxious to obey the sound of the church-going bell—the voice of the church of God—to think of the icy roads, or of the snow-banks before them? Such were, it is hoped, the feelings with which the writer was proceeding to his holy work on the day alluded to above: and, what was still more pleasing, he saw, among the group near him, a young man on whom he had, as his spiritual pastor, during a long time, bestowed many attentions, and to whom he had, in vain given many affectionate admonitions and counsels. He rejoiced, then, to see him on that morning, coming "to the temple at the hour of prayer" for the first time during many months; and he could not but offer up an inward prayer that it might not be in vain—that a word in season might strike his hitherto hardened heart, and that the seed sown in his ears might take root and fructify in his soul. But, alas! the enemy's tares grew faster than we walked onward, and the forwardness and impetuosity of our young friend's disposition soon deprived us of the pleasure of his company to the end of our journey, and, indeed, very nearly cost him his life,—very nearly sent him, unprepared, before the God whose commands he so wickedly and so openly violated.

The road we were in lay around the harbour, on the other side of which stands the neatly-looking church with its beautiful spire directing our thoughts and affections upwards, and inviting us "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is:" but a part of the sea was still bridged with weak ice, over which none would venture except our gay and thoughtless companion. He, notwithstanding all our warnings and remonstrances, and notwithstanding the bending of the ice under his feet, cared for nothing. Neither the parental prayers of his master who was with us, nor the consideration of the danger he ran of falling through, and of being drowned before our eyes, without our being able to save him, nor the thought—if he ever thought of this!—of his own immortal soul's going to hell at the very time, and on the very day, when he ought to have been most anxious to "obey them that had the rule over him," and was in this instance particularly, watched for his soul—seemed to avail. Indeed, we were forced to behold him awhile with the utmost dread of seeing him, in a moment, precipitated into the opening gulf beneath, and of rising no more till the great and awful day when "the sea shall give up her dead!" A merciful Providence, however, "not desiring the death of the sinner," spared his life, and permitted him to approach the shore near enough to be out of immediate danger if he sunk.—But he was not allowed to go any further without receiving a gentle check to his temerity. At the very moment he thought he was safe, he suddenly sank, up to his shoulders, into the water! We saw him fall; we heard him gasping for his breath, such was the coldness of the water; and it was even then with difficulty that he could disentangle himself from the heavy broken pieces of ice about him! And I wish I could say that here ended all his trouble, but no!—The cold which he took (no doubt as a chastisement of the Lord for disobeying the voice of his best friends and of his own reason) stretched him two long months upon his bed, in the greatest sufferings and misery. He had time; indeed, given him to consider his past conduct, and to meditate upon his fu-