

I muse and listen all alone,
When stormy winds are high,
And think I hear his tender tone,
And call, but no reply;
And so I've done these four long years,
Within a lonely home,
Yet every dream of hope is vain—
Why don't my father come?

Father,—dear father, are you sick,—
Upon a stranger shore?
Grandmother says it must be so,—
O write to us once more;
And let your little daughter come,
To smooth your restless bed,
And hold the cordial to your lips,
And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear that he is dead;—
Who will my trouble share?
Or tell me where his form is laid,
And let me travel there?
By my mother's tomb I love to sit,
Where the green branches wave
Good people!—help an orphan child
To find her father's grave!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DYING PENITENT'S FAREWELL TO HIS PHYSICIAN AND SERVANTS.

Translated from a French Tract.

The young man thus addressed his physician,—
My dear sir, I am deeply indebted to you for the incessant care with which you have watched over me both day and night: your kindness makes me anxious to be useful to your precious soul. You have openly declared to me your sentiments, and have shown that Christ is not dear to your heart; but that, as it is written in the word of God, you are without Christ, a stranger from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.' (Eph. ii. 12.) Sir, forgive the plainness with which I speak: forgive a dying man; one whom you know to be past recovery; whose last hour is at hand. Allow him earnestly to entreat you to turn towards the Saviour, and do not wilfully precipitate your soul into endless woe. I also, as you well know; I also, for several years, believed that my reason was infallible, and that philosophers were wiser than the Scriptures. I, as well as others have smiled with pity and contempt at the converse of the children of God, and have called them fools; but I declare to you, at this solemn hour, and in the presence of that Almighty God before whom we must both appear,—I solemnly declare, that I spake not the truth when I uttered such things; and that my conduct towards God was perverse and abominable. Listen, then, I beseech you. Do not turn away from my exhortation. Despise it not, though I am unworthy to address

When the servants were all assembled around his bed, he looked at them for some moments sorrowfully. He then requested the minister to read the ninetyeth Psalm, 'the prayer of Moses the man of God;' and when he came to the twelfth verse, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,' Charles repeated, 'That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom?' My friends, did you hear this? Do you understand that God speaks to you by these words? Is any one ignorant of their meaning? Let him behold me, and hasten to offer up this prayer, lest his last hour should come like a thief in the night, and he should perish—for ever!

'Oh, my friends, you have seen me in full enjoyment of health and strength: some amongst you even remember the day of my birth: many of you have joined in my amusements; and all—yes, all of you—have seen me living in vanity, and have heard the words of folly proceed from my lips. Forget, I beseech you, and efface from your memories, those hours lost to heaven, those swelling words of vanity, those worldly maxims, and those examples of worldly pleasure. Now I declare my regret for what is past. I repent of these things before God: I detest them.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

Resignation.—It will be remembered that in the course of the year 1833, Graham's Town in Southern Africa, was suddenly and unexpectedly invaded by the Kaffres of the Amakosa nation. No adequate system for the defence of the frontiers had been adopted, and the authorities appear not to have enforced a just and peaceable mode of intercourse with those hostile people. One of the colonists, when about retiring from public worship, learnt that his house had been burnt by the enemy. He replied, "I would not give the blessing bestowed upon me in the *means of grace*, for my house, and all that it contains!"

CLERICAL DUTIES.

The hints which follow are among those addressed by Bishop Brownell (of Connecticut) to his clergy assembled in convention last year. They certainly comprehend much in few words, and may be useful in this province:—

"I would affectionately recommend to my brethren of the clergy a zealous and persevering use of all those means of religious edification, which have heretofore been so signally blessed to the spiritual improvement of the Church. The catechetical and other Sunday school nurture of children; the instruction of the more advanced youth, through the medium of Bible classes, or the discipline preparatory to confirmation; the faithful performance of pastoral visits, with such private exhortations as may be needed; occasional lectures in detached neighbourhoods of a parish, if circumstances require them; the setting of a wholesome example for the people to follow; the faithful preaching of the distinguishing truths of the Gospel, and the inculcation of obedience to the positive institutions of the Saviour; these are means of spiritual edification which may be rightfully employed by every clergyman, and in the faithful use of which he may reasonably look, sooner or later, for the divine blessing on his labors."

EXPLANATION OF SEVERAL SCRIPTURE NAMES.

Immanuel—God with us. Jesus—Saviour. Jeremiah—exaltation of the Lord. Methuselah—at his death shall break out, viz.—the flood;—the flood commenced the very year in which he died, A. M. 1656. Paul—little. Moses—drawn out of the water. Kedar—blackness, sorrow. Gospel—good news—glad tidings, or God's word. Daniel—God is my Judge.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS—NO. I.

It was in the spring of the year 183— that, in the discharge of missionary duty, I found myself at one of those settlements which have within the last 20 years started up in the midst of our forests, disturbing the dominion of the wild beast, and spoiling the sports of the Indian. It was my business and my endeavour at this time to make "the wilderness and the solitary place glad," by publishing there the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, and administering the beautiful services of the Church. The morning was bright and clear, and unusually warm for the season, which enabled the rustic worshippers to come forth in considerable numbers to the house of prayer, from their humble dwellings. There were "old men, and maidens, young men and children," even to the infant in arms, whose noisy mirth must often be endured by the country pastor, rather than dispense with the presence of its mother.—In our congregation were not a few also who had trodden the battle field, and borne their part in many a hard fought day, but had now beaten their swords into ploughshares, and sat down to end their days in the peaceful solitude where I found them. How happy would it be for mankind if such were the change throughout the world, and that blessed time would arrive in which men shall not learn war any more.

As soon as our morning service was ended, I was informed that a married female lay at the point of death at some distance from the church, who had never yet been admitted by Baptism into the Redeemer's fold, but was now very desirous of receiving that holy ordinance before she died. I lost no time in obeying the summons. My road was such as the by-roads in new settlements generally are, with here and there by its side an humble log hut upon a small clearing. At last, however, I found a mere path, unsafe for a horse, so that I dismounted and tied mine in an empty barn, while I proceeded on foot to seek out the sick woman's dwelling. And a lonely dwelling it was—situated off the road, and embosomed in the thick woods, with no human habitation in sight. Unhewn logs, with the crevices stopped by mud and moss, formed its exterior. Within, was but one room, in which it was not easy to stand upright—the ceiling of round poles rudely laid together, and the walls like the outside. In one corner stretched upon a pallet suited to the apartment, I found the object of my visit, to all appearance on the borders of an eternal world. She was far from the land of her birth; had been brought up in a crowded city of the new world; and was now, as regards earthly comforts, desolate indeed. But her thoughts seemed to be towards a more enduring substance; her desires were for a heavenly inheritance,—for acceptance with God through the blood of his dear Son. And aware that none can lay hold of the promises of the Gospel who do not belong to the Church of Christ, she felt much anxiety to receive Baptism, which had been denied her in infancy, by the mistaken notions of her parents. Her mind had been much exercised with doubts on the subject, chiefly as to the mode of Baptism, but these doubts, as she informed me, were quite removed, and principally by the perusal of Mr. Elder's Letters, which I find have been highly useful to others besides her!

Having every reasonable evidence of her sincere repentance and faith in the Son of God, I did not hesitate to comply with her desire. And never did I so fully realize the beauty of that form prescribed by the Church for adult Baptism. Every thing concurred to render the scene interesting and solemn. The place—the solitary wilderness—the subject; lying at the point of death—perhaps ere the service should be concluded, about to stand before God—her serious demeanour—the stillness around, unbroken save by the music of hundreds of birds, which seemed anxious to supply our lack of hymns of praise;—and the interesting and important character of the ordinance itself, which I was administering—all conspired to fill the mind with unwonted feelings, and elevate our affections to Him who dwelleth not (alone) in Temples made with hands.—Truly we felt that God was there, and we doubted not the descent of the Holy Spirit's influence to seal the washing of regeneration, which by the Saviour's command we had just applied.

Years rolled on, and in the course of other ministrations in a different place I met, amongst other worshippers, her who had thus "put on Christ," for it had pleased the LORD to raise her from the bed of sickness on which I left her. I anxiously inquired whether she had walked according to the vocation wherewith she had been called, and was glad to receive a favourable answer, and to hear that she had not forgotten the vows she had made in the hour of trouble, nor the Baptism of her sick bed.

I mention this case as one among the many instances, in which the missionaries of our church have been enabled to bring comfort to the poor sheep of Christ, scattered abroad in this moral and natural wilderness. And I mention it for the encouragement of those who contribute to missionary objects, that they may not regret the mite they give for the cause of Christ and his Church. In this instance it was the bounty of that venerable Society in England for the propagation of the Gospel, which sent the ordinances of Christ to cheer the sick and the solitary soul that longed to have them.