

POETRY.

PALESTINE,

By Bishop Heber.—*Concluded.*

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance.

From the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ;
There, the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late reviving Spain ;
Here in black files advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause, the freeman's gener-
ous blade !

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !
When he from tow'ry Malta's yielding Isle
And the green waters of reluctant Nile.
Th' apostate chief—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hop'd an ampler sway ;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd ?
What arm repell'd the victor renegade ?
Britannia's champion !—bath'd in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless seaman stood :
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight.
E'en the pale crescent blest the christian's might.
O day of Death ! O thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' invader's soul !
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.
Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the gen'rous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise ; but not by war restored,
Not built in murder—planted by the sword,
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise ; thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye vallies, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand ;
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy lion, Judah, from his destin'd reign.
And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm !
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head.
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And hark ! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more !
Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones are set, and every saint is there ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun, nor moon they need,—nor day nor night ;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light ;
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
On David's throne, shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm, with life, again.

Hark ! white-rob'd crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;—
"Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
"Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave !"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DAUGHTER.

Let no father impatiently long for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy and moral or martial achievement, but ten to one he will meet little else than forwardness, recklessness, imperiousness, ingratitude. "Father, give me the portion that falleth to me," was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal, who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands. The painter that drew that portrait painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings, like the rose-leaf around the stem, to the parent home, and the paternal heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds; wrings not the hearts at home with her doubtful midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promise had given birth, nor paralyzes the souls that doats on this its chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in search of fortune or pleasures, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home, the Vestal Virgin of the innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flame of its domestic affection, and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.—*Journal of Commerce.*

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned into the ark—*Genesis viii. 9.*

In vain did the dove seek for a resting-place on the earth, for it was covered with water. She tried, but failed; and then returned into the safe ark, whose door was open to receive her. And where shall I find rest? Not in the world, for it is covered with troubled waters—not in myself, for "in me dwelleth no good thing." It must be in CHRIST. He is the true ark. He whispers to me in the gentle voice of encouragement and mercy, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." This is the only true rest for a Christian: this is "the rest which remaineth for the people of God;" a rest begun here on earth, but perfected in heaven, when those who "die in the Lord" shall for ever "rest from their labors."

Oh! that I may have grace given me to day to hear the Saviour's voice, lest to-morrow he swear in his wrath that I shall never enter into his rest!—*Penny Sunday Reader.*

ON TAKING OUT YOUR WATCH DURING SERMON.

This is no small exploit. There are many advantages arising from it. In the first place, it will be known that the man has a watch. In the second place, he will show that the sermon has not very much affected him. Thirdly, it will be a modest hint to the minister that he has preached about long enough, and should bring his sermon to a close. Fourthly, it will take up a portion of the time and attention, so that a part of the sermon, certainly, (if not the whole,) will pass by the man as the idle wind, and be lost. Fifthly, it will show what estimate the man puts on the message of grace. Sixthly, it will abstract the notice of others around, and turn away their attention from the message in like manner. Seventhly, it is an act very much in harmony with a passage of Scripture: "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn; and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?" Amos 8:1.—*Essex Register.*

TIME.

Consider each day as a blank leaf which you are to fill up for eternity—is a sentiment which in substance we have seen several times expressed. 'Tis full of meaning. A blank leaf upon which we are to write, rather upon which we are every day writing, characters for eternity. Life passes; childhood, youth, manhood, old age press hard one upon another. Every hour will set down something, something that will enhance or diminish our happiness hereafter. Pause, reader, and reflect! Thou art not writing characters in the

and; but in the book of God. Thy whole life is but a book, a kind of day book, which is constantly filling up; all which is herein written is carefully transcribed in to the book of God—and before assembled worlds, in the presence of angels and the justified, every thing is to be revealed. What is done in life, all thy words, thoughts, actions, are sketched, in the book of remembrance, and no bad act can be blotted out but by the blood of CHRIST. Many have lived away the summer of life, little heeding this, filling up leaf after leaf with—what they will dread to see unfolded in the appointed day. By these be thou warned; shun the rock against which others have dashed. To day thou hast filled up another leaf. It is written and cannot be rewritten! What canst thou do? This only—Away thee to the Throne of Grace, and implore divine aid, that thou mayest fill out the remaining leaves of thy little volume with such characters as thou shalt delight to see written to thy name when the LAMB shall open the book for judgment.—*Morning Star.*

IDOLATROUS WORSHIP IN INDIA.

At the meeting held on Wednesday at the East India House, Mr. Poynder, in bringing this subject before the court, gave many extracts from books written on the subject, as well as from letters received from the most authentic sources, detailing the horrible practice witnessed at the idolatrous processions. He said there appeared to have been some misunderstanding with respect to his motion: the object of it was not that temple worship should be extinguished, but that temple tribute should be abolished. The Abbe du Val had described the idolatrous processions as made up of priests and prostitutes, and said that whenever he witnessed them, he had before his eyes what he could alone conceive to be an image of hell. The revenue collected at the four principal idolatrous temples, namely, Juggernaut, Allahabad, Gua, and Trapotty, in the last 22 years, amounted to not less than £1,518,986: and after paying, as the hon. proprietor stated, priests and prostitutes, the latter being engaged at all festivals of the kind, a net profit of about £1,200,000 was left. The hon. proprietor concluded by calling upon all to support him in putting down the odious tax. Mr. Marryatt seconded, and Sir J. R. Carnac, the Chairman, and a number of the proprietors, supported the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A Christian may be concerned to act in character, and adorn the profession of the Gospel, without any imputation of vanity, and opportunities, though in obscurity and retirement, will not be long wanting. The late pious John Newton is said to have endured a very severe operation without a groan. The operator expressed surprise at his fortitude. "Why, sir," said he, I have preached some years from my pulpit about divine support, and shall I live to negative all by my cowardice?" Great and trying occasions, which attract the eyes of all men, rarely occur; but every good man frequently finds something to exercise his faith and patience. "Perhaps," says Mr. Cecil, "it is a greater energy of Divine power, which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year, praying, hoping, running, believing, against all hindrances, which maintains him as a living martyr, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake."

He who sacrifices religion to wit like the people mentioned by Ælian, worships a fly, and offers an ox to it.—*Bishop Horne.*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY
E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

Where Subscriptions, &c. will be thankfully received.
TERMS—10s. per annum :—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d.
Half to be paid in ADVANCE.
No subscriptions received for less than six months.
Communications to be addressed (POST PAID) to the
Editors of the Colonial Churchman, Lunenburg, N. S.
General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.

A Boy wanted to the Printing Business—Inquire at this Office. None need apply but those who can be well recommended.