

## POETRY.

## THE MISSIONARY AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

He stood beside her grave,  
The loved, the early dead,  
Where heathen hands had made,  
With grief, her lowly bed.  
In anguish, lone, and deep,  
He gazed upon the spot,  
Where, in unbroken sleep,  
She lay, who cheered his lot.

She, who, in youth's bright hours  
Had gladly turned from home,  
From life's fresh, morning flowers,  
With him afar to roam,  
Who shared his joy and wo,  
His toil, his every care,  
No danger feared, no foe,  
The Gospel to declare.

His dwelling, now, was lone,  
No voice was near to cheer,  
No eye to meet his own,  
No greeting sweet to hear—  
She, who had been the light,  
The sunshine of his way,  
For earth too pure, too bright,  
Had past from hence, away.

In prayer, and praise, no more,  
Her soft tones met his ear,  
The charm of life was o'er,  
He felt a stranger here,  
He longed, his labours done,  
To slumber at her side,  
Yet, till the goal was won,  
Would patiently abide.

He thought of that blest shore,  
Where they, in peace, would meet,  
One holy song to pour,  
To bow at Jesus' feet—  
When meekly kissed the rod,  
That laid the cherished low,  
And yielded up to God,  
His choicest gift below.

Epis. Rec.

## A SUNDAY AT NAPLES.\*

NAPLES, Feb. 13, 1839.

Our first day in Naples was Sunday. The day of our arrival, (Saturday,) was the most unpleasant we had encountered in our whole route. It rained almost without ceasing for the whole twenty-four hours. But Sunday rose as lovely a day as we could desire. It was clear and soft, and the bay of Naples spread out before our window in the fulness of its beauty, the island of Capri lifting its rocky cliffs out of the waters, ten miles distant, and the promontory of Sorrento, running its mountainous line out to sea, to make our eastern horizon. At the proper hour we sought the English Chapel, which we found to be very much like others we had seen in Italy. It is a large room in a private house, (that of the English consul,) for Protestants are not allowed to have here a place of worship public in the proper sense. It will accommodate three hundred persons, and we found it crowded. We found by the door one face that brightened with a smile, which bade us welcome. It was that of a Philadelphia gentleman, whom we had encountered at several places on our journey, and whose piety and intelligence made him a valuable acquaintance. Any one with the English tongue and of American birth, we are ready to meet as a friend. I need not say how the pangs of absence from home in a foreign country, are soothed when we can go to the house of God on

\* From letters from one of the Editors of the Episcopal Recorder travelling in Europe.

the Sabbath, and join an assembly worshipping God in "the form of sound words," which has guided our devotions in the Churches of our own land. The Sabbath is there truly a day of rest, in the spirit from the anxieties and cares of providing for our wants in a strange land. Though the congregation in which we were mingled, were all foreigners to us, yet they spoke our own tongue and used our own words of devotion, and we could for the time set aside the differences of nations, and meet in the unity of Christians. The blessed Sabbath, how sweet its peace, and rest, and how lovely the union in which it binds all who call upon God the Redeemer. As if to revive in us still more strongly our accustom'd emotions, in meeting with Christian brethren, the words and the music of good Old Hundred were sung, followed by another tune which must be associated in our minds, as long as life and feeling shall last, with the happiest hours that we ever enjoyed on earth. Those with whom we joined in a quiet and peaceful room, in singing "O for a closer walk with God," &c. for many an evening consecrated to prayer, will understand our emotions when the sweet tune which was even set to those words, greeted us in this distant land, from the voices of fellow-Christians, in praising our common Lord. There are affections which no personal separation can quench. The loneliness we feel amongst strangers who have no sympathy with us, makes us recall but the more vividly the friends who entered affectionately into all our little interests, and ever met us with the extended hand of darkness. What would human life be without the affections? Heaven itself is love.

I cannot say that all the sermons we have heard in Europe, have been the marrow of the Gospel. The Son of Man is not always lifted up with sufficient distinctness, yet in general the preacher has been very honest and serious, and I have no where seen congregations apparently more devout and attentive, than those in the English Chapels on the continent. It is pleasant to find that in foreign lands, there are so many who hold to their religion. Many of those also who fill the British Chapels on the continent, are of the nobility and gentry, it being these chiefly who spend their time abroad.

## ON PREACHING THE DOCTRINES OF THE CROSS.\*

To be reserved, my brethren, when discoursing on the atonement made by the Lord Jesus Christ, would be a departure from duty of the most unpardonable character, and would subject any clergyman who should attempt it, to the charge of a denial of that being who has bought us with the price of his most precious blood. It was the object of St. Paul to bring forward the Redeemer in bold relief to the view of all the Christians to whom his Epistles are directed; for "God forbid," said that venerable Apostle, "that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Nay, so deeply was his mind impressed with the importance of that principle, that he again declares, "I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

The clergy of this Diocese I have always considered, and do now consider them decidedly pure and correct on the subject of the atonement made on the cross for the sin of the world, and also in their views of the justification of the returning offender in the sight of God; and I trust, my beloved brethren, while we live, and are permitted to exercise official duties, we shall keep in view the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and proclaim to penitent sinners that "by grace they are saved through faith."

It is under the banner of the Redeemer that we have enlisted. It is under his banner that we have succeeded in our ministry, and that our labours have been blessed. It is by preaching the doctrines of the cross that the Church in Virginia has been resuscitated, and that it now holds a conspicuous place in our communion; but should the awful period ever arrive, when we should be reserved on the doctrine of the atonement, or teach poor fallen man to trust to his own merits for salvation, the blessing of Almighty God would be withdrawn from us—Ichabod would be written on the doors of our sacred temples, and we should be left to grope our way in midnight dark-

\* From a late address of Bishop Moore, of Virginia.

ness. Let me entreat you then, my clerical brethren, to hold fast to the faith once delivered to the saints, and so fully expressed in the Articles and Liturgy of our holy and apostolic Church. It was on the Cross that the covenant of peace and reconciliation with God was made—it was on the cross that the fountain for sin and uncleanness was opened—and it is to that sacrifice once made on Calvary, that we are to depend for our present and eternal happiness. To withhold from the view of the believer the principle of the atonement, would be to remove from beneath his feet the foundation upon which he has erected the superstructure of all his hopes—his support in every difficulty—the rock of his dependence in death—his only ark of safety, when the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat. Be steadfast then, my beloved brethren, I beseech you, in the discharge of your duties—suffer not your minds to be influenced by any novel doctrines which may be presented to your view by restless and speculative men; be immovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord—forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

## IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION TO WOMEN.

Religion is indeed a woman's panoply, and no one who wishes her happiness would divest her of it; no one who appreciates her virtues would weaken their best security. There is nothing so adapted to her wants as religion. Woman has many trials, and she therefore peculiarly needs support: religion is her asylum, not only in heavy afflictions, but in petty disquietudes. These as they are more frequent, are perhaps almost as harassing; at least they equally need a sedative influence, and religion is the anodyne. For it is religion, by placing before her a better and more enduring happiness than this world can offer, reconciles her to temporary privations, and, by acquainting her with the love of God leads her to rest securely upon His Providence in present disappointment. It inspires her with that true content which not only endures distress, but is cheerful under it.

Resignation is not, as we are too apt to portray her, beauty bowed in willows, and bending over a sepulchral urn: neither is she a tragic queen, pathetic only in her weeds. She is an active, as well as passive virtue; an habitual, not an occasional sentiment. She should be as familiar to woman as her daily cross: for acquiescence in the detail of Providence is as much a duty as submission to its result; and equanimity amid domestic irritations equally implies religious principle, as fortitude under severer trials. It was the remark of one, who certainly was not disposed to care for trifles, that "it required as much grace to bear the breaking of a china cup as any of the graver distresses of life."

And, if religion is such a blessing in the ordinary trials of life, what a soothing balm is it in graver sorrows! From these, woman is by no means exempt; on the contrary, as her susceptibility is great, afflictions press on her with peculiar heaviness. There is sometimes a stillness in her grief which argues only its intensity, and it is this rankling wound which piety alone can heal. Nothing, perhaps, is more affecting than woman's chastened sorrow. Her ties may be severed, her fond hopes withered, her young affections blighted; yet peace may be in her breast, and heaven in her eye. If the business and turmoil of life brush away the tears of manly sorrow, and scarcely leave time for the indulgence even of sympathy; woman gathers strength in her solitary chamber to encounter and to subdue her grief. There she learns to look her sorrow in the face; there she becomes familiar with its features: there she communes with it, as with a celestial messenger; till at length she can almost welcome its presence, and hail it as the harbinger of a brighter world.—Mrs. John Sandford.

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