

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Christian Biography forming a part of the plan of your paper, which I trust the blessing of God will render eminently and widely useful in extending his knowledge and promoting his glory; I beg to furnish for your consideration, a sketch of the brief earthly existence of one of the Lambs of Christ's flock, whose last days indeed only attracted especial observation, though his whole life, short as it was, is worthy of notice. It exhibits a vivid instance of the efficacy of divine grace, a marked fulfilment of His word, who hath said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

L. W. was from his earliest years noted for a seriousness of disposition which led him to prefer the conversation of grown persons, or the amusements of a book, to the noisier sports of childhood. He was brought up in the bosom of the establishment, and no less punctual in the private use of those prayers and collects of the Church which he was early taught to lisp, than in a marked attention to public worship. He first came within my notice a year and a half since; and few subsequent days have passed without my seeing him. During this period my own observation confirms the accounts I have received from others. In the month of November, he was seized with that disease which has at this season caused among us many a repetition of the voice which (as on this day) was heard in Rama, "Mothers who weep for their children and will not be comforted, because they are not." He however so far recovered as to go out on the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, and that which preceded it. Whether on this occasion he took cold, or from what other cause it proceeded, it is not known; but he was immediately seized with that species of dropsy, which has rendered the present visitation of scarlet fever so fatal. His last day of going abroad was the 1st Sunday in Advent. Then although much swollen and exceedingly debilitated, he pleaded hard to be allowed to attend the afternoon service. On his return from church he seemed much gratified, and spake of the sermon. This was his last attendance on the public worship of God. When another week had revolved, his redeemed spirit took its flight to join that innumerable company which no tongue can number, surrounding the Eternal Throne.

We come now to the closing scene. No immediate danger was anticipated by his parents; and although the days succeeding that I have mentioned, were marked by weakness and suffering, still he was cheerful and conversed freely with his family. On Saturday, however, he was attacked by epileptic fits which seemed to cause intense agony, and were only partially relieved by medicine. On Sunday, the 2d in Advent, about midday, he started out of bed and said to his mother, who was sitting near him, 'I am dying!' His mother answered, 'I hope not my dear.' He replied, 'Yes, I know I am dying: I am going out of this miserable world, to be with the Angels, and to sing the praises of God.' His mother again said, 'I hope, my child, you understand what is meant by Christ dying for sinners, and that no one can go to heaven without repentance of their sins and faith in his blood.' He replied, 'I understand it all.' adding, 'a dying bed is no place to begin to think of these things.' He was then reminded by his mother that he could do nothing without the grace of God. He answered, 'the way to obtain the grace of God, is to pray for it: I have prayed for it and obtained it, and I trust it will endure to the end.' Several persons were standing by and listening to this conversation.—An hour or two after, he addressed himself to an adult sister, who was supporting him in her arms, 'O —, religion is the grand thing;—endeavour above all things to live a pious life—what a dreadful thing it would be to die and go to hell: but I am going to heaven.' About this time he was in great bodily pain, when a person standing by said,

as if involuntarily, "Poor child!" He immediately replied, in the midst of his sufferings, 'Don't call me poor when I have such glory before me;' again repeating, 'I am going to heaven.' Some one observed, 'What a comfort this assurance must be to your friends.' He said, 'Yes, particularly to my father and mother, my brothers and sisters.' After two o'clock, or perhaps later, he listened with great attention to the Service for the sick, which at his desire was read to him, replying to each petition with a hearty Amen. And at the moment when the bell was pealing for evening service, his happy spirit winged its flight to those blessed mansions where 'the weary are at rest.'

Thus at the early age of 12 years was this interesting child taken from the evil to come. But 'being dead he yet speaketh.' He reminds us of the blessedness of those who 'die in the Lord.' He declares how powerfully, even in a weak child, the supports of divine grace rise superior to the pangs of expiring nature. He bids us be ready for our own summons. If the young be thus called away, it is to the aged a double warning. But more especially would I call the attention of parents to this brief sketch. I would say to them, 'Christian Parents—do you love your children? I know that you love them. O! shew this love in your care of their dearest interests. Devote their tender years to God. Train them early for heaven. Bring them up in preparation for that place where you hope to meet them. Consider your high responsibility. You will rise early and late take rest to provide for their bodily wants; and are their immortal souls of less value? They may at any moment be snatched from you; and think what a sword would pierce your very heart, were you called to stand by the corpse of a beloved child, with no more cheering reflections than these,—this beloved one has gone into an eternity, for which I have used no care to prepare him; nay, which perhaps from my very example he learned to forget. O! spare yourselves the bitterness of such self-reproaches as these!'—And, my dear little children, lambs of the flock of Christ, let me address a parting word to you—You are not too young to think seriously of religion; for you are not too young to die. And if you have read this little narrative, you will see that one as young, perhaps younger than many of you, could die without fear, could depart without one wish to remain, not only entirely reconciled to the will of God, but with a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness, a joyful anticipation of being forever employed in singing the praises of God. And would not you wish if you were called to die (as you may perhaps very soon be), would not you wish to be happy? Would not you wish to leave to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters the blessed comfort of these parting words, 'I am going to heaven!'—Then you must call to mind some other words of his—'A dying bed is no place to begin to think of these things.' Then you must learn like him to 'call for the grace of God in diligent prayer.' Like him you must be punctual in your morning and evening devotions. Like him you must go regularly to Church, and listen with seriousness and attention, to what you hear there,—earnestly entreating the Most High, that he will make you able to understand and to do his will. If you do thus, God will love you, and make you, whether living or dying, his children. For he has said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Halifax, Dec. 28th, 1835.

CLERICUS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

SCRIPTURE COMMENTARIES.—No. 2.

I venture, Messrs. Editors, to offer for insertion in the Colonial Churchman, an additional selection of Scripture Commentaries, &c.—should you consider them in the least calculated to advance the attainment of that wisdom which the Holy Word teacheth, and the holiness which it requires. Although the Scriptures are a well of truth and salvation, from which

even the most unlearned may draw the waters of eternal life, without the aid of any other teaching than that of the Holy Spirit which indited them, yet their 'fitness and excellence,' (as the late Dr. Watson remarked) 'will display themselves with the brighter lustre, the more carefully and diligently we read them.' Scarce a verse, indeed, but admits of profitable and most instructive amplification. A conviction of the benefits likely to be derived from the more extensive diffusion of the commentaries of pious and learned writers, affords my only excuse for again intruding on your columns. I trust that these extracts are offered, and will be read, with somewhat of the spirit with which Bishop Horne exclaimed—'Lord! give us affections toward thy Word, in some measure proportioned to its excellence, for we can never love too much that which we can never enough admire.'

Yours, &c.

O.

December, 1835.

Charity, or Love—13th 1st Corinthians, 3 v.—'If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' St. Paul took the portrait of charity, warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time his canvass glows with many others. He does not chain her to this world; but displays her touching Heaven while she stands upon earth, and bowing down to practise among men, the good will she has learned above. Study his portrait and you will say, that Charity is love to man, founded upon love to God. The apostle never imagined that we could compromise for our neglect of the Maker, by acts of mercy to the thing made. Charity knows nothing of covering or mitigating the offences of man in the view of God, though to her own sight, she ever softens the complexion of another's crime, by the deep glowing with which she imbues her own.'

Rev. J. W. Cunningham, of Harrow, England.

Parables—'And Jesus spake many things unto them in parables.'—13th Matthew, 3 v.—'In all the discourses of our Lord and Master, and in all the Parables and Illustrations whereby He placed the principles of his religion in a clear light, to bring them home to the consciences of his hearers, there is a good sense and plain practical character, which come at once to the bosom of every honest inquirer after truth and obligation. Although occasionally he involves the sentiments which he means to convey in the garb of allegory, which the careless observer could not immediately see through, and would not take the pains to withdraw; yet even then the man whose mind is alive to the importance of the instruction, and who is conscious that he has himself a personal interest of the deepest kind in understanding and applying the truths communicated, cannot fail both to perceive their tendency and to feel their force.'

Dr. Samuel Turner, of New-York.

False Pleasure—'Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead.'—2d c. Proverbs, 18 v. O! yet, while Heaven suspends your doom be wise!

—O! cease to listen to the lure

Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step,
And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.

Ogilvie.

'Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind. It shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked.' 23d c. Jeremiah, 19 v. See 6 v. 11th Psalm, 19 c. Proverbs, 25 v.

The above and other passages of Scripture, impressed us with the fact that whirlwinds of desolation, in eastern countries, terror and danger unfelt in these regions.—Lamartine, travelling in the Holy Land in 1832, thus describes their effect near Lebanon—'The murmuring winds that had slept in the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains, began to utter a mournful sound, as if from beneath the earth, like a roaring sea after a storm. The gusts passed like thunder bolts, sometimes over our heads, and sometimes in the regions beneath our feet, driving before them, as dead leaves, masses of snow, quantities of stones, and even large pieces of rock, with the same violence wherewith they would have been thrown from cannon. Two of our horses were struck by them, and rolled over the precipice. The whirlwind filled all the defile in which we were with snow, which, turning rapidly round, rose in columns to the sky, and fell again in immense