

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE. Eph. 2 c. 20 v.

VOLUME III.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1838.

NUMBER 17.

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE SAILOR'S SICK CHILD.

Messrs. Editors,

At the desire of a child 5 years old, I send the following for insertion in your valuable paper.

A.

Mother, how weak I feel to-day!
I wish my father dear
Who's on the ocean far away
Were but one moment here—
'Twould cheer me so to hear his voice
And see his pleasant eye
And I should love to kiss his cheek
And bless him ere I die.

Mother, I do not like to have
Those stranger-ladies come,
And urge you so to leave my side,
And work for them at home;
They gaze upon me in my bed,
And shake their heads and tell
How very pale and thin I grow—
I know it very well.

I cannot bear to have you go
And toil for them all day,
I wish to be alone with you,
Oh, do not go away,
And then you weep so much and say
You wish it were not so,
But I should have no food or fire,
Unless you sometimes go.

Mother, there's nothing that I want,
Except your face to see,
And 'tis a very little while
That I shall with you be;
And when you draw me to your side
And in your bosom fold,
I do not heed the long dark night,
Or feel the winter's cold.

But when I hear the storm beat loud,
I cover up my head,
And pray our Saviour to preserve
My father from the dead,
And in his lonely morning watch
Upon the distant sea,
I think when all is calm and fair,
He will remember me.

I know I cannot see him more
I feel it must be so,
But he will find my little grave,
Where early grass-flowers grow;
And you can comfort all his cares:
When I in heaven shall be—
But mother! mother! when I die;
Oh! be alone with me.

Let me ask, every day, what reference it has to the Day of judgment; and cultivate a disposition to be reminded of that day.—Cecil.

ROME IN 1838.

We take the following extract from a letter from the Rev. J. A. Clark, a pious and popular clergyman of Philadelphia, now travelling for his health. He has written to his Parishioners, from several points of his tour, and his letters have been published in the U. S. Church papers. They breathe ardent love for his people's souls, who seem also greatly attached to him. He thus writes from Rome, March 24th, 1838.

I have been in Rome about five weeks, and have found much to interest me, not only in the ruins scattered over the seven hills of this famed city, once the seat of universal empire, the mistress of the world, that for ages held the earth in awe, and made all nations bow to her sceptre, but in the magnificent churches and cathedrals, in the splendid and almost endless sculpture and picture galleries which here crowd upon my view. All that I see in nature and art, in mind and manners, convinces me more and more of the worth of the Bible, and of the superlative value of divine things. In the scenes and objects around me I often discover material for new arguments to address to my people to choose that better part which shall not be taken from them. How many of you, my dear people, are still putting off the great work of salvation, and giving all your thoughts and affections to the world! Some of you are seeking wealth, and others pleasure, and all something out of which to construct an earthly paradise in which you may find satisfying felicity. And because you are thus employed, and your thoughts are so absorbed with this object, you have no time nor taste for religion. My thoughts often go across the wide ocean and dwell on you. The other day as I stood looking at the shapeless mass of ruins that lie piled up on the Palatine Hill, covered with grass and mouldering into decay, I thought of you. I thought how all your hopes would perish, and your earthly paradise be swept with the withering wing of destruction. The ruins upon which I was then looking were the remains of Nero's Golden House. In its day it was a palace such as the world never before saw, either in extent or splendor. It had a triple portico extending a mile in length, and supported by more than a thousand marble columns. Its interior was not only covered with gold and gems in the greatest profusion, surpassing the fabulous splendor of Arabian tales, but was adorned with the finest paintings and statues the world could furnish, the most exquisite production of Grecian art. It is said that palace had a circular banqueting room turning perpetually around night and day, in imitation of the sun, whose beautiful ceilings of ivory opened of themselves, and scattered flowers upon the guests, and also shed, from golden pipes on every side, showers of soft perfume. But its splendor has passed away. Its gilded saloons have been for ages crushed beneath the accumulating soil. Shapeless masses of brick and stone, a few broken and time mouldered arches covered with grass are all that remain of this splendid structure. And will it fare any better with your earthly paradise, which you are neglecting heaven to build, and which, if you are ever so successful, will be inferior to this bright creation of the Roman emperor? While I was looking at those ruins, I felt that if you could stand along with me and gaze upon them, you would see vanity and emptiness written in such characters upon luxury, splendor, and all earthly possessions that you would begin at once to lay up your treasures in heaven.

Some of my people are seeking distinction in the world, and are so bent upon that honor which cometh of men, that they have entirely lost sight of the things of eternity. My thoughts frequently turn to them. There was pointed out to me the other day the remains of the mausoleum of Augustus, where the ashes of Julius Cæsar and of several of the Ro-

man emperors were deposited. Strabo speaks of this structure, and describes it as "built upon immense foundations of white marble, shaded with evergreen, and surmounted with a statue of Augustus in bronze." This magnificent tomb, built to brave eternity, to secure posthumous fame, to draw the venerating eyes of future millions to an edifice that contained the mortal remains of the Cæsars, that held the ashes of the mighty master of mankind, is now a most obscure part of the present city, surrounded by filth and miserable buildings, and has actually become converted into a sort of amphitheatre for bull-fights. Is not here a lesson to those who are living to gain earthly honors?

I might go on, gathering fresh materials to enforce the claims of the Gospel, from every broken column and fallen arch among the mighty ruins of ancient Rome. But I must forbear. I wish to draw one argument from facts connected with the living world around me, to urge upon you the proper appreciation of the privileges you enjoy. You, every one of you, have the word of God in your houses, and can read, in your own mother tongue, his wonderful works; those lessons of sacred truth that will make you wise unto salvation. It is not so here. The Bible in Rome is a strange and rare book. The only edition of it authorized to be sold here is in fifteen large volumes which are filled with popish commentaries. Of course, none but the rich can purchase a copy of the sacred Scriptures. Indeed, very few of the common people here know what we mean by the Bible. The question was proposed the other day by one of my fellow lodgers, to the lady from whom our lodgings are obtained, and who may be considered as a fair representative, in point of intelligence and religious information, of the middle class of society in Rome:—"if the people here generally had a copy of the Bible in their houses?"

The reply was, "Oh, yes, all the religious people have." She also added, that she had a very fine copy of the Bible, and immediately went to get it. When produced, it proved to be a mass-book, with here and there a passage of Scripture, accompanied with Romish glosses. When it was more fully explained to her what we meant by the Bible, she replied:—"Oh, yes, I know what you mean; that book is in several of the libraries in Rome, and some persons who are very religious also have a copy of it." My dear people, what would you think if such a dearth of the word of God were it to exist among us? A copy of the sacred Scriptures to be found in several libraries in a city containing 150,000 inhabitants! Let me beg of you to love your Bibles more, to read them more, and to be more zealous in distributing the word of God.

A BISHOPRIC DECLINED.

We learn from the New York papers that the Rev. Dr. Eastburn has declined accepting the bishopric of Maryland, and has determined to remain with his congregation in New York, by whom he is deservedly beloved and esteemed. Maryland is a noble diocese, and the man who declines the elevation which its Episcopal supervision would give him, deserves to have his motives very highly esteemed. Still our convictions are very strong, that when a servant of God, who has the necessary qualifications, is providentially called to exercise the functions of the highest order of the priesthood, he ought not to shrink back from the increased responsibilities thus imposed upon him.—Chr. Wit.

Ecclesiastical.—We are happy to learn that the parish of St. Matthew's, South Boston, has united with hearty unanimity in selecting the Rev. Joseph H. Clinch, late of Nova Scotia, as the pastor of that Church. He has accepted the call, and will begin his services next Sunday.—Chr. Wit.