

## POETRY

From the "Spirit of Missions."

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—Daniel xii. 4.

Where rolls the stormy billow  
Along the troubled deep,  
Where verdant prairies pillow  
The sun-beams as they sleep,  
Where hills with heaven are blending,  
Where spreads the dreary waste,  
Where torrents are descending,  
The gospel heralds haste.

Where perfume-breathing flowers  
Shed fragrance on the gales,  
That sweep through rosy bowers  
Of sunny Persia's vales,  
Where o'er the snow-clad mountains  
Swells China's busy hum,  
Where flow those olden fountains,  
The gladsome tidings come.

The forest dark is hushing  
The murmur of its blast,  
While melodies are gushing  
Unknown in ages past;  
And softly, sweetly stealing  
Upon the desert air,  
The sabbath bells are pealing  
To wake the voice of prayer.

Old Grecian temples hoary  
Decayed with vanished time,  
Shrines fam'd in song and story  
Reverberate that chime;  
And louder, louder swelling  
It sweeps o'er Africa's shore,  
With gentle music quelling  
The lion's angry roar.

Lord! in thy mercy speeding,  
Thy chosen heralds guide,  
That they in triumph leading  
Thy people scattered wide,  
From every clime and nation  
May gather them in one,  
Till earth with adoration  
Hails the eternal Son—

Till in each mortal dwelling,  
As in thy realms above,  
High songs of praise are swelling  
To hymn redeeming love:  
Till every home's an altar,  
Where holy hearts set free  
In service never falter,  
Unchanged in love to Thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HANNAH MORE'S ACCOUNT OF THE LAST SICKNESS OF  
DR. JOHNSON.

Hampton, December, 1784.

As the very interesting particulars contained in the following letter, found among Miss H. More's papers, may not be generally known, we shall perhaps be excused for interrupting the series of her letters by its insertion.

*My dear Friend,*—I ought to apologize for delaying so long to gratify your wishes and fulfil my promise, by committing to paper a conversation which I had with the late Rev. Mr. Storry, of Colchester, respecting Dr. Johnson. I will now, however, proceed at once to record, to the best of my recollection, the substance of our discourse.

We were riding together near Colchester, when I asked Mr. Storry whether he had ever heard that Dr. Johnson expressed great dissatisfaction with himself on the approach of death, and that in reply to friends who in order to comfort him, spoke of his writings in defence of virtue and religion, he had said, "Admitting all you urge to be true, how can I tell when I have done enough?"

Mr. S. assured me that what I had just mentioned was perfectly correct: and then added the following interesting particulars.

Dr. Johnson, said he, did feel as you described and was not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation which were addressed to him. In consequence he desired to see a clergyman, and particularly de-

scribed the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult. After some consideration, a Mr. Winstanley was named, and the Dr. requested Sir John Hawkings to write a note in his name requesting Mr. W.'s attendance as a minister.

Mr. W. was in a very weak state of health, was quite overpowered on receiving the note, and felt appalled by the very thought of encountering the talents and learning of Dr. Johnson. In his embarrassment he went to his friend Colonel Pownall, and told him what had happened, asking at the same time, for his advice how to act. The colonel, who was a pious man, urged him immediately to follow what appeared to be a remarkable leading of Providence, and for the time argued his friend out of his nervous apprehension: but after he had left Colonel Pownall, Mr. W.'s fears returned in so great a degree as to prevail upon him to abandon the thought of a personal interview with the Dr. He determined in consequence to write him a letter; that letter I think Mr. Storry said he had seen, at least a copy of it, and part of it he repeated to me as follows:—

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the honour of your note, and am very sorry that the state of my health prevents my compliance with your request: but my nerves are so shattered that I feel as if I should be quite confounded by your presence, and instead of promoting, should only injure the cause in which you desire my aid. Permit me, therefore, to write what I should wish to say were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subject of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death, what you once considered mere piccadilloes have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On which ever side you look you see only positive transgressions or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair are eagerly inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" I say to you in the language of the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God!" &c.

When Sir John Hawkings came to this part of Mr. W.'s letter, the Dr. interrupted him, anxiously asking, "Does he say so? Read it again, Sir John!" Sir John complied, upon which the Dr. said, "I must see that man: write again to him." A second note was accordingly sent: but even this repeated solicitation could not prevail over Mr. Winstanley's fears. He was led, however, by it to write again to the doctor, renewing and enlarging upon the subject of his first letter; and these communications, together with the conversation of the late Mr. Latrobe, who was a particular friend of Dr. Johnson, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to the renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour, thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void and dissipate the gloom, even of the valley of the shadow of death.

I cannot conclude without remarking what honour God has hereby put upon the doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was in his turn made to tremble, when the period arrived at which all knowledge is useless, and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. Effectually to attain this knowledge, this giant in literature must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom must become a fool that he might be wise.

What a comment is this upon that word, "The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be laid low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

## HEARERS, PUBLIC WORSHIP, &amp;c.

*Bigoted Hearers.*—A person, meeting another returning after having heard a popular preacher, said to him,—"Well, I hope you have been highly gratified." "Indeed, I have," replied the other, "I wish I could have prevailed on you to hear him; I am sure you would never have relished any other preacher afterwards." "Then," returned the wiser Christian, "I am determined I never will hear him, for I wish to hear such a preacher as will give me so high a relish and esteem for the word of God, that I shall receive it with greater eagerness and delight whenever it is delivered."

*Humble Hearer.*—"A torch may be lighted by a

candle, and a knife be sharpened by an unpolished stone." Mr. Hildersham used to say, "that he never heard any faithful minister, in his life, that was so mean but he could not discover some gift in him that was wanting in himself, and could receive some profit by him."

*The Practical Hearer.*—A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all that he delivered "But one thing," said she, "I remembered—I remembered to burn my false bushel." A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

*Constant Hearer.*—It is said of the late Countess of Burford, that though for the last few years of her life she had to ride almost constantly on horseback, upwards of sixteen miles, to and from the churches where she attended, yet neither frost, snow, rain, or bad roads, were sufficient to detain her at home. How unlike the conduct of many, who suffer any trivial incident to keep them from the house of God!—*Buck.*

## THE LITURGY.

An Extract from the primary charge of the Right Rev. Henry Ryder, D. D., Bishop Gloucester, delivered to the clergy of his diocese in the year 1816.

The censers of Dathan and Abiram, those sinners against their own souls, though once filled with strange fire, and used by unworthy worshippers, yet remained the same, hallowed as before, unperverted and unpolluted, is our liturgy unaffected by the weakness or the corruption, the false opinions, or even the evil motives, of those into whose hands it may possibly, at any time be intrusted. It ever remains unchanged, ready to become the vehicle for the purest incense, for the most genuine and the lowliest devotion. But we must never forget, that, after all, incomparable, unalterable as it is, it is but a vehicle. The feelings of our hearts must correspond with the sentiments expressed: the prayers must be appropriated by each worshipper, and made his own; the fair and exact proportionate image must be kindled into life by the breath of the soul; the offering on the altar must be set on fire, and savor ascend, or it will never reach Heaven, and be acceptable to Him, who is a Spirit, and must be worshipped with the spirit and with the understanding.—*Christian Witness.*

## BAXTER UPON HIS DEATH-BED.

"You come hither to learn to die; I am not the only person that must go this way. I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain, deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh; be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear, for we shall meet with comfort."

"God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did; and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ."

"I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

When he was asked how he did, his answer was "Almost well."

SCHOLARSHIP IN KING'S COLLEGE, AT FREDERICTON,  
NEW-BRUNSWICK.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Scholarship of £25 per annum, in the above College, will be open for competition on Monday the 27th day of June next, to all candidates, whether already on the Matricula of this University or not; to be held until the expiration of three years from the date of Matriculation, provided the successful candidate resides so long in the College: the examination for which will be in the first twelve Books of Homer's Iliad, Xenophon's Cyropædia, the Odes of Horace, the first four Books of Euclid, and the first part of Algebra.

By order of the Council,  
G. F. STREET, Registrar.  
King's College, 7th April, 1836.

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