

P O E T R Y.

For the Colonial Churchman.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

Job 7th chap. 16 verse.

I would not live always—on life's dreary shore,
Where pleasures and sweets only bud to decay,
Where the morning of hope may close evermore
In an evening of darkness and sullen dismay.

I would not live always—tho' gay for awhile
The world and its votaries proudly should be;
For a moment of anguish will change the bright smile,
And a tear soon dispel their short gaiety.

I would not live always—tho' health were my lot
In this world of oppression and sorrow and pain;
Where the cries of the needy too oft are forgot,
And the wealthy and proud are still eager for gain.

But Oh! I would live, on that bright, happy shore,
Where pleasures and sweets bud ne'er to decay,
Where the morning of bliss shall never close more,
And joy and delight ne'er give place to dismay.

On that shore of the saints—who, while here below
Ne'er mingled their joys, with the joy of the world;
Whose bliss here on earth 'twas their Saviour to know,
And fight under the banners which He has unfurl'd.

On that shore of the saints—in that haven of rest,
Where oppression, and sorrow, and pain never come;
That land of all peace—the joy of the blest,
The Christian's delight—his hope, and his home.

ALBERT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

ASCENSION.

I stood beneath the silent night,
The stars were shining round,
And look'd up to the azure height
Where those rich gems abound,
When, lo! there seem'd a brighter star
To soar thro' boundless space afar.

With upward course the mimic orb
To realms of glory stray'd;
The view did all my thoughts absorb,
'Till sight refus'd its aid,
But fancy in her wild career
Still journey'd with that meteor-sphere.

And thus, methought, the Lord of Life,
His last sad conflict o'er,
Escap'd from agony and strife,
To feel their weight no more,
Up to his sacred home might rise
Swifter than eagles cleave the skies.

As his disciples turn'd to gaze
An interposing cloud
Shut out the Heav'n's too dazzling blaze
With its mysterious shroud;
For Faith alone can burst the pale,
And follow CHRIST within the veil.

P.

Epitaph on an Infant.

Rest on sweet folded Flowret! Sleep in Peace!
Thy sorrowing parents would not call thee back:
Hush'd is thine anguish, eas'd thy sore distress,
And Heav'n is opening on thy mounting track:
Oh! may we meet thee on that blissful shore,
Where thou from us, sweet babe, shalt part no more!

God's will be done! We blest Him when our arms
Receiv'd the valued prize His bounty gave;
Him we adored for all thine infant charms;
And Him we worship o'er thine early grave.
Our loss thy gain, thro' His incarnate Son,
"Who gave hath taken back; His will be done!"

P.

If Israel quaked when they heard the trumpet, which
called their attention to the Commandments, how will sin-
ners quake to hear that trumpet which shall call them to
an account for *breaking them!*—*Ch. of Eng. Tract.*

Be not proud of Riches, but afraid of them, lest they be
as silver bars to cross thy way to heaven.—*Mason.*

Take every occasion to support a sense of serious reli-
gion, amidst the many temptations of this life.—*Watts.*

M E M O R Y.

There is no one of the faculties of the mind with
which are connected so many remarkable phenomena
as the memory. My readers doubtless recollect the
well authenticated case of the German woman, who
in a delirium, uttered Hebrew sentences: upon in-
quiry it was ascertained that when quite young, she had
lived in the family of a gentleman that was accus-
tomed to read Hebrew aloud in her presence. From this
and similar cases on record, it has been supposed that
no impression made on the memory is ever entirely ef-
faced or forgotten, but only lies in a dormant state
and is susceptible of being resuscitated. The very
solemn thought (which is indeed only a continuation
of this susceptibility after the body's dissolution) has
been suggested that this revived memory may be the
record in which all our thoughts, words and deeds will
be distinctly read in the day of final retribution.

Seneca, it is said, could repeat 2000 words in the
exact order in which they were dictated to him, upon
hearing them once, though they had no connexion or
dependence on each other. Cyrus knew the name of
every soldier in his army, and Scipio the names of all
the people of Rome. Carneades would repeat any
volume found in the libraries as readily as if he were
reading. A gentleman having lent Magliabecchi a
manuscript, came to him soon after it was returned,
and pretending that he had lost it, desired him to re-
peat as much of it as he could; upon which Maglia-
becchi wrote down the whole, without missing a word
or varying the spelling. The two following extraor-
dinary examples of retentive memory are taken from
Mudie's "Observation of Nature."

I knew a fool, who was placed under the charge of a
clergyman in the country, as being utterly incapable
of conducting himself in ordinary matters (he was a
young man of fortune, and did not need to work, ex-
cept for his amusement,) and yet he could repeat
every word of the clergyman's sermon, tell how many
people were in the Church, how any one that sat in a
pew named to him was dressed, or who did or did
not contribute to the poor. He could do that for any
Sunday, if you gave him any hint of it; last week, or
last year was all the same to him. His memory was,
in short, as perfect as memory could be; but then he
had no judgment in the using of it; and so, when in
company, it often made him seem, and not unfre-
quently made other people feel, very ridiculous.

Some time ago, there was employed, as a reporter
to one of the morning newspapers, a gentleman of the
most amiable character and the most upright conduct;
but one who never made a profound or even an original
observation in his life, unless the uncouth juxtapo-
sition of two matters of memory, between which there
is no congruity of connexion, can be regarded as a
sort of ludicrous originality. He had been long a faith-
ful labourer in the establishment, and so he attend-
ed the Upper House, where the every-day duty was
then easier than that in the Commons. He took no
notes whatever, and yet, if an unexpected debate
sprang up, and he was left for hours before any one
went to relieve him, he could write out the whole
verbatim. While listening, he was literally "held
by the ear," so as not only to be incapable of thought,
but almost of the use of all his other senses. In the
office, too, he was the oracle of facts and dates; and
as he had read the newspapers diligently for many
years, he knew almost every parliamentary sentence,
and could tell by whom it was spoken, on what even-
ing, what was the subject of the debate, and who were
the principal speakers. His memory was chiefly a
memory of sounds, and probably that was the reason,
at least, one of the reasons, why his judgment, weak
as it was for the opportunities he had had, was so very
much superior to that of the young man previously
mentioned.—*American Presbyterian.*

ANECDOTES OF ARCHBISHOP USHER.

Archbishop Usher, at a certain time visiting Scot-
land, and having heard much of the piety of the Rev.
Samuel Rutherford, (author of the letters, &c.) re-
solved on being a witness to it. Disguised as a pau-
per, on a Saturday evening, he solicited a lodging for
the night. Mr. Rutherford took him in, and directed
him to be seated in the kitchen. Mrs. Rutherford
catechized the servants as a preparation for the Sab-
bath. Having asked the stranger the number of the
divine commandments, he answered, *eleven*. The good

woman hastily concluded him ignorant, and said—
"What a shame it is for you, a man with grey hairs
in a Christian country, not to know how many com-
mandments there are. There is not a child five years
old in this parish but could answer the question pro-
perly." Lamenting his condition, she ordered his sup-
per, and directed a servant to show him a bed in
the garret. Mr. Rutherford having heard him at pray-
er, and afterwards finding out who he was, prevailed
on the Archbishop to preach for him, which he agreed
to do on condition that he should not be made known.
Early in the morning Mr. Rutherford changed his
clothes, suffered him to depart, and afterwards intro-
duced him to breakfast as a minister on a journey.
When in the pulpit, he announced his text, "A new
commandment I give unto you that ye love one ano-
ther," and remarked this might be reckoned the ele-
venth commandment. Mrs. Rutherford remembering
the answer she had received the night before, was sur-
prised, and looking at the preacher, almost imagined
he might be the pitted traveller. The two holy men
spent the evening in delightful conversation, and the
Archbishop departed undiscovered early the next day.
Archbishop Usher, and Dr. Preston, a non-confor-
mist, both distinguished for their learning and piety,
were very intimate, and often met to converse on learn-
ing and general subjects. It was very common for the
Archbishop on such occasions to say, "Come, Doctor,
let us say something about Christ before we part."

A M O T H E R.

The late Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aver-
sion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that
he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on
the subject. The following is an instance, stated in
his life by Dr. Gregory.

Once while he was spending an evening at the
house of a friend, a lady, who was there on a visit,
retired, that her little girl of four years old, might go
to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said
to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep. I put on
my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon
dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said,
"Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to
grow up a liar?" "Oh dear no, sir; I should be
shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me
while I say, you must never act a lie before her;
children are very quick observers, and soon learn that
that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whe-
ther acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kind-
ness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness
that could not be forgotten.

A R C H B I S H O P C R A N M E R.

Martyred A.D. 1556. The following is part of a let-
ter which he wrote while in prison to a pious lady.—
"The true comforter in all distresses is only God,
through his son Jesus Christ; and whosoever hath him
hath company enough, if he were in the wilderness all
alone; and he that hath twenty thousand in his compa-
ny, if God be absent, is in a miserable wilderness and
desolation. In him is all comfort, and without him is
none; therefore, I beseech you, seek your dwelling
there, where you may truly and rightly serve God,
and dwell in him, and have him ever dwelling in you.
And the Lord send his holy Spirit to lead and guide
you where-soever you go, and all that be godly will
say, Amen."

In the Church militant, as in the ark of old, there
are both a rod and a pot of manna.

Believers are never without much to mourn over;
and they are never without much to be thankful for.

With every true believer, sanctified afflictions are
spiritual promotions.

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 to the country
by post, 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.