

POETRY.

SELECTED.

CONSOLATION.

It is not when the parting breath we watch with anxious heart,

It is not in the hour of death when those we love depart;
Nor yet when laid upon the bier we follow slow the corse
And leave it in its dwelling dark, that most we feel the loss.

When past, the last, the solemn rite, and dust to dust
Hast gone,

And in its wonted channel'd course the stream of time
rolls on;

Oh! who can tell how drear the space once filled by those
most dear,

When viewed the scenes which they have loved and all
but they are here.

This deep, this heart-felt loneliness, this quietness of grief
Falls heavier on the flower of joy, than tempests strong
but brief:—

Tho' whirlwinds tear the blossom fair, yet still the stem
may thrive,

But wintry nights' chill with'ring blight scarce leaves the
root alive.

Yet as our earthly pleasures fade if plants of purer peace
Spring in our bosom's wilderness and nurtured their in-
crease;

And humble hope, and holy fear, our wounded bosoms fill,
They'll teach us all the blessedness of yielding to his will.

Then seek not hours of sober grief or sorrowing thoughts
to shun,

Until we find that we can say 'Thy will not mine be done';
And then our hearts to Him will pay our homage pure and
warm,

Who saw the cloud o'er those we loved and housed them
from the storm.

THE MERCY SEAT.

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is the place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friends hold fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around our common mercy seat.

Ah! wither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

In a late number of the New York Churchman I read with much satisfaction, the following interesting extract from the Gambier Observer. By giving it a place in your paper you will oblige many of your readers, and confer a favour upon
A Subscriber.

THE BAPTISM.

[The communication below was forwarded to us accompanied with the following interesting remarks.

'It is not a fancy sketch, but, a simple relation of only one of the many little interesting circumstances with which our hearts have been gladdened for some months past. The labors of our worthy rector have been greatly blessed by the accompanying influences

of the Holy Spirit. For two or three months past, baptisms, both of adults and children, have formed a component part of our regular service. Many who had long been wanderers from God, in the paths of infidelity and skepticism, have become hopeful believers in the LORD JESUS CHRIST. A number from other denominations, whose prejudices were very strong against the Episcopal Church, have become convinced of their error, and have united with our Church and are now waiting to receive the rite of confirmation. The Good work is still going on, and the children of God have abundant reason to bless and praise his holy name for his loving kindness and mercy towards them.

The subject of the sketch in the paper is a respectable merchant from the East, who has lately taken up his residence in this place. He had formerly attended the Baptist denomination, but in sentiment had been a skeptic for more than twenty-years. He had been made so by witnessing the wrangling, and fanatical doings of different sects, claiming to be followers of CHRIST and his apostles. His son's death was the means of awakening his attention to the interests of his soul, and after a long struggle with his prepossessions, and prejudices, he was baptized, together with his wife and his whole family, consisting of eight children, by our rector a few Sabbaths since.

Yours truly,
AN EPISCOPALIAN.]

It was a blustering day—the frosts of autumn had tinged the summer dress of nature with a sickly hue, and the winds of November had scattered the foliage and laid low the faded leaves upon the bosom of the chilled earth.—The birds had chanted their valedictory, and their disbanded choirs had taken passage upon the wings of the wind for a more congenial clime. The children of God had prepared for the solemn duties of the Lord's day; and were hastening to the temple, at the pealing of the 'church-going bell.' The minister of the sanctuary rose from his posture of devotion, and the mellow tones of the heavy organ awoke the tenderest emotions of the pious heart. Reverence for the day, the place, and the circumstances, had chastened the affections, and corrected the desires of the congregation. How comely—how circumspect—how devout, was the appearance of that congregation. Not a smile was there—levity and indecorum had been banished from that place, for God was there.—The Spirit for months had been shedding his influence upon that regenerated people—the sigh of penitence, the tear of contrition, the lamentations of broken hearts had often testified that 'the arm of the LORD had been revealed,' and that 'the glory of the LORD had risen' upon this people. The Saviour had been there—had fed his sheep with the bread of eternal life—had given joy for sorrow, gladness for sighing, and the garments of his righteousness for the sackcloth of fear and dismay.

The priest—the minister of the LORD, had led the people in that form of prayer and praise which knows not a peer on earth. In sweet and solemn tones, he had read the lessons from the book of life, and now demanded—'Let the persons and the children be presented for baptism.' And what a spectacle! There was a father and a mother, whose hearts had been for many years melted into one, in the golden crucible of connubial love. Care had stamped his impress on their countenances—there, too, the plough of affliction had drawn deep furrows.—'The almond tree' had begun to flourish, and gray locks betokened that more than half their earthly race was run. A group of eight, of various ages, from twenty down to three, bore testimony that heaven had blessed the father with a 'vine whose branches had run over the wall.' The tender minds of the younger ones were yet unequal to the task of answering the mighty question, 'What is God?' But there was another—where is he now? Alas! the 'king of terrors' saw the boy and marked him for his own. The bow was not drawn at a venture, nor did the arrow strike in vain; it pierced the heart, and the portly form, that served as the tabernacle of a soul, that scorned a mean action, had fallen into the tomb. Ashes of the loved one—rest. Could thy spirit descend from paradise, it would say to mourning relatives, 'weep not for me.'

But the baptism—the father kneels, and is 'washed with the laver of regeneration.'—And here let us pause and ask—what would such sons of the Church,

as Polycarp and Ignatius have said, had they present? Would they not have exclaimed, were not these elder ones baptized at an earlier time? were they not born under the full blaze of the 'narrow house,' ere their children were old to be presented at the baptismal font? Alas! times. Could we but catch the ear of these old ones, we would answer thus, 'These have lived in times; schism—that hydra-headed monster—has rished in our borders; and like his prototype taught the people, 'Yea hath God said,' ye shall suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is not the kingdom of heaven, therefore let your ones grow up in the world—they are too impudent to trespass upon the sacred ground of the Church, when they become mature in every evil thought, in vicious act—then preach repentance to them, when they are sorry after a godly sorrow, admit to church privileges—not before. Then let them be baptized.'

There, ye Polycarps and Ignatius' of olden times, this is our answer—this is the apology for such parents as ye now see kneeling at the altar—this is the theology and the logic of our days.

Next the mother—then the oldest children—then the 'little ones,' until the interesting group all 'signed with the sign of the Cross, and received into the congregation of CHRIST's flock.'

Many baptisms had I witnessed before, but none like this. A family of ten persons 'renounced the devil and all his works,' and promising to do all God's holy will and commandments, and to live in the same all the days of their lives.' Happily! Now ye have 'taken up the cross' to follow Jesus through evil report and good report. ye have erected the domestic altar and offered the sacrifice of broken and contrite hearts—in the presence of a numerous and an excited congregation, 'consecrated your bodies and your spirits to living, and acceptable sacrifice to God.' See that ye redeem this most solemn vow—see that ye live by faith and not by sight—that ye live by faith in the Son of God.

And thou, man of God, whom I saw with chancel doing 'the work of an evangelist,' continue thy labors of love—continue by your facts and arguments, by your warnings and exhortations, by zeal and pathos, to fight the battles of the church, cheered by the victories which Jesus hath given you.
A SPECTATOR

Value of the Liturgy.—All I see abroad raise an esteem of our English liturgy. The foreign churches in their ardor to recede as far as possible from the Church of Rome, seem to me to have too little consulted the interests of devotion, and to have been too exclusively to public preaching. We are always in danger of extremes. The primitive was in nothing more remarkable than in the contrition, meekness, and humility, which pervaded it. The hidden life of the Christian was the source of divine principles and practice. The Church of England, when her true spirit is imbued with doctrines and her devotional forms—her evangelic instructions and her prayers—perhaps comes nearest of all the reformed communities to the practice of the first Christians, and is best adapted to the creature as man.—Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Cambridge.

"When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to like beasts also."—South.

A volume might be written on the various lessons which God has taken, in Providence, to lead us first to think of Him.—Cecil's Remains.

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