

# 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 II.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1837.

NUMBER 15.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

MORE COMFORTABLE SUGGESTIONS TO A SICK FRIEND.\*  
By a Minister of the Church.

Dear Mrs. J—,

Although sickness and death be a punishment for sin, it is not always a proof of the Divine displeasure;—for then the most pious men of all ages have been not the objects of God's favor but wrath. To the real Christian, however, they are amongst those objects permitted for the trial of his faith and the exercise of patience; that he may appear, in the day of the Lord, honorable,—that being improved thereby, he obtain an eternal weight of glory. It is thus he fights the good fight of faith, laying hold of the promises. He counts all things but loss. He despises the labor and expense, so that he wins Christ. He believes with the Apostle, that affliction is a proof of his sonship. With old *Eli* he will say it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. He resigns himself into the hands of God, who knows all things; and if sickness terminate in death, he knows he is taken from the evil to come. Thus committing himself to Christ, he will surely find acceptance. By this coming to Christ in an acceptable manner, you shall obtain peace amidst adversity, and eternal support in the severest trials. The way to Heaven is straight and narrow; nor is its happiness attainable through supineness or easy indifference. In the world you shall have tribulation,—but what of that? He has also said, 'my peace I leave with you.' What though you may have difficulties to surmount, when you obtain strength to surmount those difficulties—What, though afflictions to endure, when you shall obtain the grace of patience and resignation proportionate to the day of trial. The stones in the temple at Jerusalem, which shone so brightly as to extort the admiration of the beholder, were rough and unshapely when as yet unhewn on the mountains;—And it is thus we are exhorted to look to the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit, whence we were digged. Thus are we reminded of our natural infirmity. Thus the saints in light, the stones of the heavenly Jerusalem, are they which have come out of great tribulation. And though the blows fell heavy and frequent, still they had inward joy and consolation. Like their Lord and Master, though their sufferings begat the sympathy of others, they could say—'weep not for me.' You can, I trust, say with the Apostle, that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience of the truth of God's promises,—and experience of the truth of His word, a hope of the future reward;—that being faithful unto death, you shall obtain a crown of life: and hence you are ready to quit the world, and resign your spirit unto the hands of God who gave it. Still perhaps you would wish God to spare you to your children and family, as well as to pay your vows in the courts of the Lord's house. However, in this instance also, your will must be swallowed up in that of God's. In your gradually declining strength, when the world recedes, as the shore from a vessel leaving port, you must not only wait every moment of your appointed time, but at that last moment embark without hesitation for eternity. It would be unnatural not to have the feelings and affections of a wife and mother. But, my dear friend, remember that here you have few relations—in Heaven, many; besides these few will soon follow you to the land of spirits. Spared in life a little longer, you might experience a little more sorrow, and witness perhaps the affliction of those you hold dear; and at last, the final

adieu must be given to time. And, surely you can entrust your children to that merciful protection upon which you rest your own soul.—You might be desirous to make a little more provision for them in temporal things; but the best legacy which can be bequeathed, is the last solemn recommendation of a parting saint; and the best provision, the friendship of Him from whom alone come all good things. One may plant, and another water, but God only can give the increase. Though you be removed, a door more effectual will be opened, 'for the righteous have never been forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.' And this will be found the more effectual as the arm of the flesh is removed and the favor of God more exclusively sought. Again, you might be desirous to instil moral precepts, and recommend religious practice. But here again you cannot do this of yourself; and God can do it without you. You may, to some extent, enforce, external moral obedience; but you cannot change the heart, or guard it against the private snare of secret temptation. You may set religious example; but you cannot secure to God the affections of the heart, or spiritually renew the earthly mind. Only leave your children to God, and he will find means for His own purposes. He will spare you if it seem good to Him if not He can easily open another way. Oh! what a comfort in religion! Hear the dying believer rejoice in the love of a Saviour, and in the midst of dissolving nature, raise the shout of victory—Hear the pious mother resign her soul with her infant offspring, unto the arms of her Heavenly Father. The Saviour's vinegar and gall has extracted even the sting of death. Weep not for me she exclaims,—I once had reason to weep, but now to rejoice. I have passed through the waters of affliction, but the Lord hath sustained me. I shall not again know the sorrow of adversity, nor feel the pang of separation, or drink the bitter tear of repentance. Casting off my own righteousness, weighty with defilement and guilt, I have run the race set before me, clothed in the righteousness of Christ. The promises of God have been my support: He will be to my helpless children a protector. He will safely conduct them through the snares and temptations of life, and soon they shall meet me in glory. A separation must take place. I only pass the Jordan of death first,—they too, ere long, will join me on that blessed shore. The grave to me has no horror;—the sacred body of my Saviour has made it holy ground—a peaceful dwelling—a passage to glory. Into thy hands I commend my spirit, my husband, my children, for thou hast redeemed them. O Lord! thou God of truth. May this be your happy experience.

A. B.

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

### THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Messrs. Editors,

When your columns are not occupied with a more important subject, if you will insert in your paper the following extract from the writings of the late Hannah More, in the hope that it may meet the eye, and from thence be conveyed to the heart of every thoughtless violator of the above command,—you will much oblige

A FRIEND.

There is one offence committed in conversation of much too serious a nature to be overlooked, or to be animadverted on without sorrow and indignation; I mean, the habitual thoughtless profaneness of those who are repeatedly invoking their Maker's name on occasions the most trivial. It is offensive in all its varieties of aspects;—it is very pernicious in its effects;—it is a growing evil; those who are most guilty of it, are from habit hardly conscious when

they do it; are not aware of the sin; and for both these reasons without the admonitions of faithful friendship, are little likely to discontinue it. It is utterly *inexcusable*; it has none of the palliatives of temptation which other vices plead, and in that respect stands distinguished from all others both in its nature and degree of guilt.—Like many other sins, however, it is at once cause and effect;—it proceeds from want of love and reverence to the best of Beings, and causes the want of that love both in themselves and others. Yet with all these aggravations, there is perhaps, hardly any sin so frequently committed, so slightly censured, so seldom repented of, and so little guarded against. Now this species of profaneness is not only swearing, but, perhaps, in some respects, swearing of the worst sort; as it is a direct breach of an express command, and offends against the very letter of that law which says in so many words, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' It offends against politeness and good-breeding; for those who commit it, little think of the pain they are inflicting on the sober mind, which is deeply wounded when it hears the Holy name it loves dishonored, and it is as contrary to good-breeding to give pain, as it is to true piety to be profane. It is astonishing that the refined and elegant should not reprobate this practice for its coarseness and vulgarity, as much as the pious abhor it for its sinfulness. I would endeavour to give some faint idea of the grossness of this offence, by an analogy (oh! how inadequate!) with which the feeling heart, even though not seasoned with religion may yet be touched. To such I would earnestly say—Suppose you had some beloved friend,—to put the case still more strongly, a departed friend—a revered parent, perhaps—whose image never occurs without awaking in your bosom sentiments of tender love and lively gratitude; how would you feel if you heard this honourable name *bandied about* with unfeeling familiarity and indecent levity; or at best thrust into every pause of speech as a vulgar expletive.—Does not your affectionate heart recoil at the thought? And yet the hallowed name of your truest Benefactor, your heavenly Father, your best Friend, to whom you are indebted for all you enjoy, who gives you those very friends in whom you so much delight, those very talents with which you dishonor Him, those very organs of speech with which you blaspheme Him, is treated with an irreverence, a contempt, a wantonness, with which you cannot bear the very thought or mention of treating a human friend. His name is impiously, is unfeelingly, is ungratefully, singled out as the object of decided irreverence of systematic contempt, of thoughtless levity. His sacred name is used indiscriminately to express anger, joy, grief, surprise, impatience; and what is still more unpardonable than all, it is wantonly used as a mere unmeaning expletive, which being excited by no temptation, can have nothing to extenuate it; which, causing no emotion, can have nothing to recommend it, unless it be the pleasure of the sin.

#### MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.—No. 9.

*Strange Scruples of an Indian Chief.*

One of the Australasian missionaries—Brown—on reaching Puketayna, addressed the words of truth to three parties of attentive natives. A chief demanded if he should go to Heaven, if he became a believer in Christ? On receiving an affirmative answer, he rejoined—"I know my forefathers are not there, and I cannot bear to be separated from them." There may be something amiable in this longing desire to rejoin his ancestors, but this remarkable fact may teach us this lesson:—to try our spirit and motives in slighting the invitations of the same Gospel that was preached to that chief; and let the day of Judgment be in our thoughts while listening to God's offers of redeeming mercy;

\*Concluded from our last number,