

## POETRY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

## MATERNAL PIETY.

When I was a little child, (said a good old man) my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died; and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed—"O do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,

Ye children young and gay?

Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,

Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,

Who o'er my pillow hung—

Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,

And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread

Would bow my infant knee

And place her hand upon my head

And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day;

I sought my mother's bed,

Till harsh hands tore me thence away,

And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole

To lay it by her side,

And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,

For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo,

And said a lonely prayer;

Yet still my temples seemed to glow

As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,

Gay sports and pastimes dear;

I rose a wild and wayward boy,

Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;

Yet ere at night I slept,

That soft hand made my bosom bleed,

And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;

But oft at day's decline,

A marble touch my brow congealed—

Blessed mother, was it thine?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,

My pulse was bounding high:

Vice spread her meshes at my side,

And pleasure lured my eye.

Yet still that hand so soft and cold,

Maintained its mystic sway,

As when, amid my curls of gold,

With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,

As from the lowly sod,

"My son—my only son—beware!

Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole

My kindly warmth away,

And dimmed the tablet of the soul;

Yet when, with lordly sway,

His brow the plumed helm displayed,

That guides the warrior throng,

Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed

These manly locks among,—

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!

And now, though time hath set

His frosty seal upon my lot,

These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,

A mother's holy prayer,

A mother's hand, and gentle tear,

That pointed to a SAVIOUR dear,

Have led the wanderer there.

You will oblige a friend by inserting in your useful paper, the accompanying beautiful lines, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney. You have given your readers a specimen of her prose composition (the Patriarch or the Lodge in the Wilderness being amongst her sketches) her poetry is I think equally calculated to warm the hearts, to awaken the tenderest feelings, and stir up the spirit of devotion. Let mothers read and profit by these simple lines, rendered more beautiful by their simplicity.—Perhaps the following hint to mothers, taken from a tract entitled *Maternal Piety*, will not be considered out of place here. May it prove a *useful* hint, and may the example be followed by every mother. If they be earnest and persevering in their efforts, firmly relying on the Divine blessing, they will not fail of success:—"I believe," said a pious mother, who had the happiness of seeing her children, in very early life, brought to the knowledge of the truth; walking in the fear of the Lord, and ornaments in the Christian Church,—"I believe I never gave my children the breast without praying in my heart, that I might not nurse a child for the devil; as I washed them I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in 'that blood which cleanseth from all sin;' as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness: as I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of Heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I prepared them for the house of God, I prayed that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; when they left me for the week day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer that their path through life, might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to rest at night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their heavenly Father would take them to His embrace and fold them in his gracious arms." ALBERT.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MR. CLAY'S SENTIMENTS ON RELIGION.

"I am not," said Mr. C. in a late address for the Colonization Society at Lexington, Kentucky, "a professor of religion, and, as I have remarked on another occasion, I regret that I am not—I wish I were, I hope that I shall be. The longer I live, the more sensible do I become of its utility; the more profoundly penetrated with its truth; the more entirely convinced, that the religion we have received from our ancestors, the religion of Christ, is, of all religions, the best; and it alone can afford us an adequate solace in the hour of affliction."—*Epis. Rec.*

## ROMAN SUPERSTITION IN PARIS.

The Rector of St. Roche having obtained a small piece of the holy cross, a plenary indulgence is granted to the parishioners, and from to-morrow it will be exposed to the veneration and adoration of all true believers. The programme adds, that on that day the clergy of St. Etienne du Mont and St. Laurent will make a pilgrimage to St. Roche, which will be performed on Friday by the clergy of St. Meri, on Saturday by the rector of Vaugirard and the whole of the grand seminary of St. Sulpice, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, by the clergy of Notre Dame de Lorette St. Eustache, and St. Medart.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

## MOURNFUL INCIDENT.

The whole catalogue of the dreadful casualties originating from ardent spirits, long and mournful as it is, cannot furnish a more melancholy, more heart-rending case than occurred in this city last week. A labouring man was expected home to dinner, and among other things, prepared for him, was his usual glass of rum. His only child, a fine little girl, about three years old, unperceived by those around, got possession of the glass and swallowed the contents—never thinking, in her childish innocence, but that she might take with impunity what she had seen her father delight to drink so often. As the rum was nearly undiluted, she shortly became insensible, and remained so until relieved by medical aid. This relief was but temporary. In the night she was seized with spasms, so violent that all farther medical assistance proved of no avail, and in twelve hours she died, the innocent victim of her father's vice.

What a subject is here for the reflection of the drinking parent! The father was not an intemperate man,—was only a "moderate drinker,"—"he worked hard and needed his glass at dinner to support his strength—and one glass will never injure any one." The futility of this old excuse is here painfully evident; true it did not kill the father, but the innocent little girl, who would do as father did, drank and was dead. The venom of the serpent's tooth is not more mortal to the child than the draught of health and pleasure which the father sips. Should ever again the miserable parent raise the cursed glass to his lips, will he not see reflected on its surface the image of his darling child, and hear the well-remembered voice whisper in his ear,—"Oh, father, you never said 'twas poison?"

The fact speaks more than words.—*Boston Mercantile Jour.*

## RIGHT REV. DR. MALTBY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Maltby, the new Bishop of Durham, accompanied by his family, lately arrived at Auckland Castle. On approaching Bishop-Auckland, the Rev. Prelate was met by a large concourse of persons in carriages and on horseback, who paid him the respect of escorting him to the splendid seat of the see of Durham. After the usual ceremony of presenting a falchion by the owners of Pollard's Lands had been gone through in the vestibule of the palace, his lordship turned round, and addressing the company assembled, returned them his thanks for the warm and hearty welcome with which he had been received, and hoped he should live on terms of the best neighbourhood and good feeling with those who had honoured his arrival with their presence.

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