

SELECTED.

EASTER DAY.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in blood no more:  
The light which scatters all your fear  
Your rising God, adore!

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;  
He breaks again the bands of Death,  
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,  
Alone the vinepress trod;  
He groans, He dies,—behold the Man!  
He lives;—behold the God!

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,  
Forbid the Lord to rise;  
He breaks the gates of death and hell,  
And opens paradise!

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

For the Colonial Churchman.

JACOB'S PRAYER, ON HIS JOURNEY TO CANAAN.

"Tell me, Jane, what you recollect of the Lecture on Jacob's Prayer, offered 3500 years ago; and what improvement you have derived from it?"

"It taught us," said the younger sister, "to trust in God, at all times, especially when in distress or in sickness, like mine last winter. As the preacher proceeded, how sorry I felt that when I then was sick, I trusted more in mother, and you, and the doctor, than I did in God; but—"

"Go on," said the other kindly, observing her little sister to pause, as if with shame at her past forgetfulness of Him, who alone maketh whole those who are sick.

"But, I hope, resumed the little penitent, when trouble again comes on me, to recollect how good Jacob trusted in God, and was delivered, and I will tell Edward so too, when he complains too much."

"That is right, my dear Jane, but did not the clergyman urge us to imitate the humility of Jacob, and—"

"Oh! yes, I suppose you mean what the patriarch said in the 10th verse, which she then read—"I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant."

"This reminds me of the motto of good Herbert, whose hymns I will read to and with you, (if God spare us) when you are better able to understand their beauty and piety.—"Less than the least of all God's mercies" he frequently exclaimed in that heartfelt humility, which well becomes even the best of us creatures of clay." Now let me read you what I have just written, a few plain

VERSES ON JACOB'S PRAYER.

32 Genesis, 9 to 12 verses.

God of my Fathers! Isaac's Lord,  
Do thou thy gracious aid afford;  
Oh! heed my earnest prayer;  
I plead thy promise, Lord, that thou  
Wouldest dwell with me; Thy humble bow,  
And seek Thee, midst each fear.

Offer Thee my heartiest thanks,  
For when I first crossed Jordan's banks,  
My staff was all my wealth;  
I now have cattle—plentiful store—  
The blessings which thy hand doth pour;  
And children, too, and health.

Least of thy mercies, Lord, am I;  
Oft I, thy gracious laws defy,  
And slight the proffer'd grace  
Of Him who constant blessings pourest,  
Whom Heaven's host always adoreth,  
With veild and humbled face.

Deliver me, O God, I pray,  
And turn my Brother's wrath away;  
Oh! save me from his power!  
I fear him, lest he come and smite,  
Ebro' the long day or darksome night;  
Oh! aid me in that hour!

But still I plead thy promise sure  
Which shall from age to age endure,  
To bless my future race.

Thine Angels have my guardians been,  
And I thine outstretched arm have seen;  
Oh! Thou art full of grace!

God heard that prayer from his high throne,  
And saved his tried, his faithful one,  
And turned rash Esau's heart—  
The brothers met with friendly tears!  
And banished far mistrustful fears!  
In peace they meet and part!

Who that's in league with God's er cas,  
Fear the dark wrath of fellow-man,  
Which He can soon restrain!  
Laban had come in angry mood,  
But God had turned his churlish blood,  
And Jacob's fears were vain.

He next dreads Esau's hands to meet,  
And knelt him at his brother's feet,  
Dreading impending wrath;  
But God subdued this wild man's ire,  
Nor doth an angry look transpire,  
Nor arrow cross the path.

Oh! God, be thou my guard and friend,  
Teach me the humble knee to bend;  
And seek, in faith thine aid;  
And then the pestilence appear,  
Or sickness, or distress come near,  
I'll trust, nor be afraid.

March, 1836.

SIGMA.

ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS.

The late Rev. T. Robinson, vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, was a native of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and was originally intended for trade; but discovering considerable literary talent, his parents consulted the clergyman on whom they attended, and determined to confer on him the advantages of a University education, with a view to his entering on the christian ministry. When he was about leaving home to proceed to Cambridge, he was one day met by a poor shoe-maker, who enquired whether he was not about to be trained for a clergyman, and being answered in the affirmative, the man replied, "Then, sir, I hope you will study your Bible, that you may be qualified for feeding the sheep of Christ with the bread of eternal life." The hint was seasonable, and a divine blessing attended it. Mr. Robinson never forgot it while he lived, and he laboured, as is well known, for many years, as a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel.

An old divine.—A Minister in the early part of the seventeenth century was preaching before an assembly of his brethren, and in order to direct their attention to the great motive from which they should act, he represented to them something of the great day of Judgment. Having spoken of Christ seated on his throne, he described him as speaking to his ministers; examining how they had preached and with what views they had undertaken and discharged the duties of the ministry. What did you preach for? I preached, Lord, that I might keep a good living that was left me by my father; which, if I had not entered the ministry, would have been wholly lost to me and my family. Christ addresses him, Stand by, thou hast had thy reward. The question is put to another: And what did you preach for? Lord, I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent and an ingenious orator. The answer of Christ to him also is, Stand by, thou hast had thy reward. The judge puts the question to a third: And what did you preach for? Lord, says he: I neither aim at the great things of this world though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me: nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine scholar; but I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honour thee: my design, Lord, in preaching, was, that I might win souls to thy blessed Majesty. The judge was now described as saying: Let this man come and sit with me on my throne, as I am sat down with my Father on His throne. He has owned and honoured me on earth, and will own and honour him through all the ages of Eternity.

The happy result of this sermon was, that the ministers went home much affected resolving that through the help of God, they would attend more diligently to the motives and work of the ministry than they had before done.

Bishop Latimer.—Every season of a religious revi-

val has been marked by ministerial zeal and diligence. These features evidently distinguished the British reformers. Latimer in particular was remarkable for his care in preaching and visiting every part of his diocese; honestly trying to reform whatever was amiss. Although advanced in life he travelled continually from place to place, teaching, exhorting, and preaching, to the utmost of his ability. These journeys were mostly performed on foot with few attendants: in a plain dress, with a pair of spectacles, and a New Testament hanging to his girdle. Wherever he went he preached to the people, and if he found a number assembled together, and no church at hand, he did not hesitate to preach to them in any place which offered, and sometimes used a hollow tree for a pulpit.

Beautiful Incident.—At the meeting of citizens in the Methodist Church in Greene street, held on Monday evening, for the purpose of taking measures to rebuild the noble structure known as 'The Methodist Book Concern,' very interesting and impressive addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bangs and the Rev. Mr. Waugh. The history of that extensive institution, from its infancy, fifty years ago; its recent means of great and extensive usefulness; and the efficient and salutary manner in which they have been applied, were disclosed in the most clear and satisfactory manner, and with the best possible effect, as will be seen in the sequel. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Bangs related the following remarkable incident. Among the burning fragments of books and printed sheets which were whirled aloft upon the wings of the flame, and borne onward upon those of the wind, was a page of the 64th chapter of Isaiah. It was picked up on the morning of the conflagration, about twelve miles distant, on Long Island, and before the catastrophe was known which had carried it thither. It was indeed a winged messenger of truth, in a double sense, for the fact is no less striking than authentic, that every word of the page was so marred as to be illegible, save the 11th verse, which reads in the words following:—

"Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burnt up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste!"

We know not how the relation of this incident impressed others, but to us it appeared of striking interest and beauty. True, there seems no special reason why such a message should have been providentially sent to the man who found it; but the message was sent, and all but the message was obliterated by the melancholy occurrence of which it gave such signal intelligence. The leaf has been brought over to this city by the under, and has been placed in one of our book-stores.—Chr. Intelligencer.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta.—"Thirty years ago," says he, "not a hundred labourers or schoolmasters would have been welcomed here. Now, if a thousand times the number already among us were sent, we have room and work and calls of mercy for them all. A crisis is arrived—India's visitation comes travelling on. European learning is eagerly sought. Hindooism has lost its religious hold. The governor general is pushing forward improvements on all hands. Missionaries are crowned with success. We only want men, funds, prayer, and the Holy Spirit, in order to see the prophetic glories of the latter day commenced."

Golden Sentences.—He that provided for Adam without his care, and still provides for all the creatures without their care, will not let those that trust him want every thing.

If the globe were one mass of purest gold, if the stars were so many jewels of finest order, and the sun a ruby, they were less than nothing when compared with the infinite value of one soul.

Christianity did not come from Heaven to be the amusement of an idle man, to be the food of mere imagination, to be 'as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument.' No, it is intended to be the guide, the guardian, the companion of our hours; it is intended to be the food of our immortal spirits, it is intended to be the serious occupation of our whole existence.—Bishop Jebb.

Holiness—Morality is not holiness; it does not change our nature: Holiness is that habitual principle of spiritual life and power, which renders us more and more conformable to the image of God.