

POETRY.

From the Christian Guardian.

DEPARTURE FROM CHRIST.

"Will ye also go away."—John vi. 6, 7.

Where shall I go, my Lord from Thee?
Where shall my faithless footsteps move?
How can I brave life's troubled sea,
If unsupported by thy love?
When sins like boisterous winds arise,
And tears obscure the black'ning skies,
O who should bid the tempest cease,
And guide me to the port of Peace?

Where could I go? no living stream
Can earth's vast wilderness supply:
Afar from Thee no heavenly beam
Of hope, could reach my tear-dimmed eye.
Hungry, the "bread of life" I want,
Thirsty for Thee, my Lord, I pant:
Naked, and poor, and cold, and weak,
Where else can I salvation seek?

Where shall I look if not to Thee,
When death's dark billows angry roll?
How can I hope for victory,
Unless thy staff support my soul?
And when before thy judgment-seat,
In Thee my righteous Judge I meet,
Whose blood can for my sins atone,
Thine, blessed Jesus, thine alone.

But lest this vain deceitful heart
Should e'er to others look or flee,
Oh never let Thy love depart,
But draw me Saviour, after thee.
Without Thee what is earthly gain?
And with Thee welcome loss and pain!
Oh let thy love my portion be,
Through time and through eternity.

LIFE IN THE SOUL.

THE heart of man 'is dead in sin,'
And thronged with fears and care,
Until the Saviour enters in,
And plants his mercies there.

His Spirit moves upon the soul
In a mysterious way;
And, gently as deep waters roll,
He rolls our guilt away.

He bids his soft'ning light of love
On our affections shine,
To show us of his world above,
And make our thoughts divine.

He gives us strength to journey on
Thro' griefs and changes here;
And tells us where himself hath gone
His saints shall soon appear.

O may the Lord awaken us,
And help us with his grace,
Until we are transformed thus,
And gaze upon his face.

And, till the light of glory shine
Our ransom'd spirits o'er,
May we recline on love divine,
And live, and sin no more.

It is but a small thing to see Christ in a book, as men see the world in a map; but to draw near to Christ, to love him truly, and to see him in his endearing attributes of Redeemer and Mediator, is the joy of believers.

BISHOP IVES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Our readers will share with us the pleasure which we have derived from the following extract of a letter just received by Bishop Doane, under date of Geneva, Sept. 25, 1835—"I can say nothing I know that will give you more pleasure than that I am again comparatively well. For two or three weeks in Germany I had a trying time. My expectations of ever seeing you and my dear home and country, were dwindled to a point. But God be praised! I am now better than I have been for four years. To convince you, I must record what I have been able to accomplish during the last week. I walked 25 miles a day, (18 miles ascending and descending Mont Blanc,) creeping for miles along mere ledges of rocks, often jutting over a perpendicular height of from 3 to 4000 feet, and all without fatigue, vertigo or fear—evincing, you will own, a most important change in my nervous system! The two young gentlemen with me, who are in perfect health, have been able to do no more, and express their astonishment at the rapidly improved state of my health. As I have thus fallen upon the right plan, I have resolved to pursue it so long as the weather, which is now as delicious as May, will permit. To-morrow I start for a four weeks' pedestrian tour through the most interesting passes of the Alps." We give these particulars in addition to those published in our last, because we know the extensive interest which is felt in the health of the excellent Bishop, and because, knowing the shattered state of health in which he went abroad, we desire that those who long for his return, should see and feel with us how desirable it is that he should stay until, with God's blessing, his health shall be re-established. Greatly as we desire to see him, we hope that he will not return until spring.

"You may desire," the Bishop continues, "to know my impressions of Europe. In respect to physical comfort, Germany is greatly blessed. But if I may judge from the facts gathered in a few weeks, the religious state of the country is deplorable. The day, the word, and the ordinances of God are despised—especially in the towns adjacent to France and Belgium. The watering places along the Rhine are hot-beds of the rankest evils. No Christian can pass through them with his eyes open without shuddering. Many of those who frequent them are persons of doubtful character in their own country, who visit these places to eke out the remains of a broken fortune. Others, respectable at home, where the restraints of religious institutions are thrown around them, are here found too weak and cowardly to stem the current of fashionable vice. Others again come with the avowed expectation of finding peculiar means of indulgence. Thus, a short-lived community is formed for the mere purpose of enjoyment, without a single ingredient calculated to make that enjoyment virtuous, or conducive in any way to the permanent good of society. On this account it is peculiarly gratifying to find here and there an English chapel, where the faithful word is preached, and the sacraments of Christ's Church are duly administered. These are the green spots in the desert. At this place (Geneva) there is one. And I could not but think, as I heard "the truth as it is in Jesus" published to the multitude by a minister of the Church of England, while the followers of John Calvin are every day proclaiming the heresies of Socinus, how, in the good providence of God, this might be the means of establishing in Geneva the 'Gospel of the Church.'"

"While at Chamouni," says Bishop Ives, touching a string which will vibrate sadly in many bosoms besides his to whom he writes, "I had the melancholy satisfaction of finding the name of our dear Bishop HOBART upon an old Register of 1824—the leaf of which I obtained. It adds not a little to the interest of these enchanting scenes to feel that they have all been viewed and enjoyed by one so

dear. O, how often have I longed for your companionship that I might pour out my feelings fully on this theme!"—*Missionary.*

The late Duke of Gloucester.—The late Duke was uniformly distinguished by his regular and exemplary conduct. His establishment was liberal and splendid, but yet he always kept within the limits of his income, and discharged every claim with the utmost punctuality. He zealously advocated the abolition of slavery; he was a firm and active supporter of the Bible, the London Hibernian, and various other Societies, and there is good reason to hope, that he himself experienced the supports and consolations of those principles which he assisted in communicating to others. He was fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and during an occasional intermission of the pains of disease, an attendant observing to him, 'You are better; you need not despair.' His Royal Highness replied, 'I SHALL DIE, BUT I DO NOT DESPAIR.'—*Christian Guardian*

Ministerial Errors.—When I began to preach, I was too candid. Disgusted with certain divines who railed at objectors instead of answering them, I made a point of placing the difficulty I had to combat in the strongest possible view, and then I set about demolishing it. But I lived to fear that I was sowing tares instead of wheat—feeding the natural perverseness of the carnal mind, instead of humbling it. My difficulties—and mine I may well call them, for but for me they had never occurred to my simple hearers,—were remembered; my solutions were soon forgotten. I am now endeavouring to preach—candidly and fairly, I hope, but simply, and 'with authority'; laying down what I believe to be scriptural, without combatting what I suppose to be erroneous.

If I were to add, that I was too anxious to know what my heavens said of sermons, and that I was defective in tenderness as well as in simplicity, I presume this would be merely to re-echo the confession of most of your clerical readers, with regard to their earlier years. Would to God that our earlier years were the only portion of our ministry on which it is humbling to look back!—*Christian Observer.*

True believers do good works without trusting in them; worldly men trust in good works without doing them.

Benevolence is to be judged of, by proportions, by income, by self-denial—hence the most liberal are those who give the least—Luke 21st 1, 4.

Every place is alike to him who goes nowhere without his GOD.

Prayer.—A family without prayer, is like a house without a roof; exposed to every wind that blows, and every storm that rages.

The gift of prayer may have praise from men, but the grace of prayer has power with God.

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