

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 III.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1838.

NUMBER 16.

MOUNT HOREB.

On Horeb's rock the Prophet stood,
The Lord before him pass'd ;
A hurricane, in angry mood,
Swept by him strong and fast ;—
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shiver'd by its course,—
God rode not in the blast ;
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.
It ceas'd—the air was mute—a cloud
Came, hiding up the sun,
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
An earthquake thunder'd on.
The frighten'd eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair,—
God was not in the storm ;—
'Twas but the rolling of his car,—
The trampling of his steeds from far.
'Twas still again and nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled frame ;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came :—
Down to the depths the ocean fled,—
The sick'ning sun look'd wan and dead,—
Yet God filled not the flame ;—
'Twas but the fierceness of his eye
That lighted through the troubled sky.
At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all
In heaven and earth might hear :—
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above ;—
And God himself was near !
For oh ! it was a Father's voice,
That bade his trembling world rejoice.
Speak, gracious Lord ! speak ever thus ;
And let thy terrors prove
But harbingers of peace to us,
But heralds of thy love !
Come through the earthquake, fire, and storm,
Come in thy mildest, sweetest form,
And all our fears remove !
One word from thee is all we claim,—
Be that one word, a Saviour's name.—*Selected.*

REVIEW.

REV. MR. WILLIAMS'S MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES.
A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands ; with remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and usages of the Inhabitants. By John Williams, of the London Missionary Society. Illustrated with engravings on wood. London: Published for the Author, by J. Snow, 26, Paternoster-row, and C. H. Belcher, Halifax, Nova-Scotia.
As a book of travels, this is one of the most lively and entertaining we have ever read. But as a record of the wonderful changes effected in many of the Islands of the South Sea by the introduction of Christianity, it possesses a far deeper interest, and deserves to rank among the most remarkable histories illustrative of the progress of civilization and the power of the Gospel.
There is certainly nothing in ancient or modern history at all worthy of being compared with the sudden and real transformation effected in the South Sea Islands, where the inhabitants were in almost the lowest state of barbarism, and in many cases were even cannibals, but where they have been raised within a few years into civilized and christian communities, bearing all the marks of true intellectual improvement and solid christian principle. The

Missionaries of the London Missionary Society, of whom the Rev. Mr. Williams, the author of the above volume, is one, have been honoured as the chief instruments of this great change. Accounts have previously been given to the world, by the Rev. William Ellis, and by Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, of the conversion of the natives of Tahiti (Otaheite) and other of the Society Islands. But Mr. Williams's narrative applies to events considerably more recent, comprehending a far wider range through the beautiful islands of the Pacific, and presents a more vivid picture of the interesting but chequered life of a missionary in those regions.

The author is himself a very remarkable man, possessing an uncommon fertility of resources, with much courage, self-possession, shrewdness, and good humour,—qualities which eminently fit him for the station he has occupied. Mr. Williams has not been confined to one island, but has made very extensive voyages among the numerous and distant groups of islands in the South Sea, and has even been the discoverer of not a few islands hitherto unknown to geographers. He performed these voyages in a vessel of between seventy and eighty tons burthen, built and rigged by himself in the Island of Rarotonga, with very few tools but such as he made himself (not even a saw,) with no workmen but the barbarians, with very little iron, no models, no ropes but those which he made on the Island! This marvellous mechanical achievement was accomplished within three months by an individual who knew little of shipbuilding; and the same individual, self-instructed, became as bold a navigator as he was a successful mechanic; for he sailed about, with no crew but a few of the islanders, visiting islands not only hundreds but even thousands of miles distant, and kept up these "Missionary Enterprises" for some years, conveying English and native teachers from island to island, with unparalleled success! This Missionary vessel was appropriately called "*The Messenger of Peace*;" its flag bore the dove and olive branch: and it carried Mr. Williams and other teachers to many islands of the Hervey, Friendly, Fiji, and Navigators' groups, where they were the means of introducing the Gospel, and leading the natives to burn their idols, and to adopt the manners as well as the religion of Englishmen.

Mr. Williams's book is written with admirable candour, simplicity, and good sense. It contains much information of use to the naturalist, the philologist, and the moral philosopher. But above all, it is unspeakably interesting to the Christian. We regret that the state of our columns quite precludes us from giving more than one extract at present, but it may be taken as a sample of many. It is a summary of the effects of Christianity in Rarotonga, one of the Hervey Islands, where there is at this moment the astonishing number of three thousand children under daily Christian instruction:—

"In reference also to Rarotonga, I cannot forbear drawing a contrast between the state of the inhabitants, when I first visited them, in 1823, and that in which I left them, in 1834. In 1823, I found them all heathens; in 1834, they were all professing Christians. At the former period, I found them with idols and marae; these, in 1834, were destroyed; and, in their stead, there were three spacious and substantial places of Christian worship, in which congregations, amounting to six thousand persons, assembled every Sabbath day. I found them without a written language; and left them reading in their own tongue the "wonderful works of God." I found them without a knowledge of the Sabbath; and when I left them, no manner of work was done during that sacred day. When I found them, 1823, they were ignorant of the nature of Christian worship; and when I left them, in 1834, I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed every morning and every evening. I speak

not this boastingly; for our satisfaction arises not from receiving such honours, but in casting them at the Saviour's feet; "for his arm hath gotten him the victory," and "He shall bear the glory."

"What has been said of Rarotonga is equally applicable to the whole Hervey Island group; for with the exception of a few at Mangaia, I believe there does not remain a single idolater, or vestige of idolatry, in any one of the islands. I do not assert, I would not intimate, that all the people are real Christians; but I merely state the delightful fact, that the inhabitants of this entire group have, in a short space of ten years, abandoned a dark, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry, with all its horrid rites; and it does appear to me that, if nothing more had been effected, this alone would compensate for the privations, and labours, and expense by which it has been effected."—(*Communiated*)

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Abridged for Colonial Churchman, from R. Cumberland.

"The style of the Hebrew prophets" (to use the words of the learned Doctor Bently, ("after the genius of the eastern nations, is thick set with metaphor and allegory; the same bold comparisons and dithyrambic liberty of style every where occurring. For when the spirit of God came upon them, and breathed a new warmth and vigour through all the powers of the body and soul; when by the influx of divine light the whole scene of Christ's heavenly kingdom was represented to their view, so that their hearts were ravished with joy, and their imaginations urged and pregnant with the glorious ideas; then surely, if ever, their style would be strong and lofty, full of allusions to all that is great and magnificent in the kingdoms of this world." (Commencement Sermon.) And these flights of imagination, these effusions of rapture and sublimity, will occasionally be found in the pulpit eloquence of some of our most correct and temperate writers: witness that brilliant apostrophe at the conclusion of the ninth discourse of Bishop Sherlock, than whom few or none have written with more didactic brevity and simplicity—"Go," says he to the Deists, "go to your natural religion: lay before her Mahomed and his disciples arrayed in armor and in blood riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands, and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword; show her the cities which he set in flames; the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse; let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the Mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God; carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse; let her see him injured but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; lead her to the cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This is a lofty passage in the high imperative tone of declamation; it is richly colored, boldly contrasted, and replete with imagery, and is amongst the strongest of those instances where the orator addresses himself to the senses