

come new" with him. He no longer talked of his morality as sufficient to procure him a place in heaven; for he had now become a true believer in Jesus, and had correct views of the Gospel scheme of salvation—of the doctrine of original sin, and of justification by faith in Christ. His visitation had been sanctified to the saving of his soul. The Lord dealt graciously with him, and in his own good time, brought him to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Nothing occurred after this to disturb the harmony on board. We had very favorable winds, and pleasant weather until we arrived at our port when my friend and I parted; and I saw him no more, but I heard from him a few years after, and was happy to find that he still gave evidence, by a holy and exemplary walk, that he was living a life of faith in the Son of God.

ROLIAS.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Colonial Churchman.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord—
The time to insure the great reward."

Youthful Reader! I need scarcely remind you that this life is short; and short as it is, it is the only time allotted to you to serve your God, and to prepare to live with Him in that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. Therefore, when you know that your time is invaluable to you, you ought indeed to be careful how you spend your hours as they pass along, particularly as you know not the day or the hour when your life will be cut short, and your never dying soul summoned into the presence of your God, there to give an account of every moment that you have spent in this transitory world. But rest assured (for so we are told in Holy Writ) that if you faithfully devote your time to the service of your God, your reward will be everlasting happiness in His heavenly kingdom and the enjoyment of the company of holy angels for ever and ever. Oh! youthful reader, this great inducement for you to live and die a Christian. But on the other hand, if your time is spent, not in the service of God, but in the service of sin and Satan, and you die in that service, your punishment will be everlasting pain and torment. Stop for a moment and put this all-important question to yourself—Am I living the life of a Christian, or the life of a sinner? Your own conscience will answer truly. If you are living the life of a Christian, then indeed your case is a happy one; but if otherwise, oh! how sad the reverse. Come at once to the conclusion of giving to God each moment as it flies. Give your time to God, and He will reward you with happiness, peace, and joy, not only in this life, but after this world shall have passed away for ever. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and when you grow old, God will be your friend, although all your earthly friends may desert you.—Make the word of God your daily companion, and constantly pray to God to give you the assistance of His Holy Spirit to enable you so to read, that you may fully understand the contents of that blessed volume, which is, as it were, a map marked out by the hand of God to guide you safe to His heavenly kingdom. That holy book contains a sovereign balm for every wound of the sinner's heart; and your Saviour is ready at any moment to apply that balm whenever earnestly solicited to do so.—Reader! Is your heart filled with sin? If so, at once apply to your Heavenly Physician for what will cleanse and purify your wicked heart from all sin. Now is your time; defer it not until to-morrow, for to-morrow you may be laid low in the dust. How delightful it is to a Christian mind to see a youth serving God, and giving his whole heart to Him. But oh! how much more so it is to see the aged pilgrim surrender his whole heart to that God who gave it. "I lately," says a correspondent of mine, "visited the dwelling of a dear old lady, who has passed her one hundred and third year. She was sitting up in her room, and no earthly friend near her at the time. After conversing with her for some time, I asked her if she was not very lonely. The poor old woman looked me steadily in the face, and earnestly replied—"Lonely!" No indeed, I am not,—not

while I have possession of this blessed book," which she then held in her withered hand. I looked at it, and it was the Word of Life! "This book," she said, "is my husband, and my only friend, and guide to Heaven—where I hope to be very soon. I frequently see Heaven open and ready to receive me." The interesting conversation ended by the old lady saying—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, for I live to Thee, and Thee alone!"

HENRY MARTYN.—We continue our extracts from the Memoir of this bright ornament of the Church, and first take up the notice of his

ORDINATION.

Having attained to degree of self-knowledge, and of spirituality equally rare, and being thoroughly instructed how, "he ought to behave himself in the Church of God—the Church of the living God—the pillar and ground of the truth." Mr. Martyn prepared for the solemn rite of his ordination, which was administered at Ely on Sunday, Oct. 22, 1803: "Blessed is the man whom Thou chooseth and causet to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in thy courts;" Psal. lxxv, 4. This blessing surely rested in an eminent degree on Mr. Martyn: for what a contrast does his approach to the altar on this occasion exhibit to that of those, who presumptuously intrude into the sacred office, "seeking their own things and not the things of Jesus Christ."—Truly might he affirm, that he was "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon him that office and ministration to serve God, by promoting his glory, and edifying his people;" and truly did he resolve to "give himself continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word." Yet his self-abasement was as usual conspicuous, and he bewailed having presented himself for admission into the ministry of the Lord Jesus, "in so much ignorance and unholiness," and at the same time poured out his prayer, that he might have "grace to fulfil those promises which he had made before God and the people."—The awful weight of ordination vows was impressed on no one's mind more deeply than on his—the thought of his responsibility would have overwhelmed him, had he not been supported in remembering that the treasure of the Gospel was placed in earthen vessels, that "the excellency of the power might be of God and not of man." That which was the comfort of Polycarp as a Bishop, was his consolation as a Deacon—that he who was constituted an overseer of the Church, was himself overlooked by Jesus Christ—that in the discharge of his office as pastor of the flock, he was ever under the gracious superintendance of that great and good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep.

The exercise of his pastoral function Mr. Martyn commenced, as curate to the Rev. C. Simeon, in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Cambridge, undertaking likewise the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the University. There it was, on the Sunday after his ordination, that he preached his sermon, on the following words: "If a man die shall he live again—all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come;" Job xiv, 14.

On Thursday, Nov. 10, he preached for the first time at Trinity Church to a numerous and earnestly attentive congregation, upon part of that address of Jesus to the Woman of Samaria:—"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." John iv, 10; when it was his fervent desire and prayer to enter fully into the solemn spirit of those well known lines,

"I'd preach as though I ne'er should preach again:
I'd preach as dying unto dying men."

Nor could words characterise more justly the usual strain of his preaching: for whether the congregation he addressed were great or small, learned and refined or poor and ignorant, he spake as one who had a message to them from God, and who was impressed with the consideration, that both he and they must shortly stand before the Judge of quick and dead.

HIS PASTORAL ZEAL.

He preached animating and awakening discourses; he excited societies of private Christians to "watch, quit themselves like men, and be strong;" he visited

many of the poor, the afflicted and the dying: he warned numbers of the careless and profligate—in a word, he did the work of an Evangelist. Often did he redeem time, from study, from recreation, and from the intercourse of friends, that, like his Redeemer, he might enter the abodes of misery, either to arouse the unthinking slumberer, or to administer consolation to the dejected penitent. Many an hour did he pass in a hospital or an alms-house—and often, after a day of labor and fatigue, when wearied almost to an extremity of endurance, he would read and pray with the servant who had the care of his rooms, thus making it his meat and drink, his rest as well as his labor, to do the will of his heavenly Father, in conformity to the example of Christ:—

— "His care was fixed
To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame."

The delight he experienced on hearing that benefit had resulted from his exertions, proved to him an ample recompense for every sacrifice of time, comfort, or convenience; and it was equalled only by the humility with which he received such cheering intelligence. "I was encouraged" (he observes on receiving a communication of this nature) "and refreshed beyond description, and I could only cheerfully and gratefully offer up myself to God's service: but it was at the same time a check to my pride to reflect that though God might in his Sovereignty bless his word by my mouth, I was not on that account less sinful in my ministrations."

HIS LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

"Of the Bible he could ever affirm, "thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it." "The word of Christ dwelt richly in him in all wisdom." Large portions of it did he commit to memory, repeating them during his solitary walks, at those times when he was not expressly meditating on some Scriptural subject, which was his general custom: and so deep was his veneration for the word of God, that when a suspicion arose in his mind, that any other book he might be studying was about to gain an undue influence over his affections, he instantly laid it aside, nor would he resume it till he had felt and realized the paramount excellence of the divine oracles: he could not rest satisfied till all those lesser lights which were beginning to dazzle him, had disappeared before the effulgence of the Scriptures."

FOR SECRET PRAYER.

"How much he loved secret prayer, and how vigilantly he engaged in the exercises of it, may be seen in the subjoined remarks of his on that subject:—"I felt the need of setting apart a day for the restoration of my soul by solemn prayer: my views of eternity are become dim and transient.—I could live for ever in prayer if I could always speak to God.—I sought to pause and consider what I wanted, and I sought to pause and consider what I found the benefit, for my soul was soon composed to that devout sobriety, which I knew by its sweetness, to be its proper frame.—I was engaged in prayer in the manner I like deep seriousness; at the end of it, I felt great fear of forgetting the presence of God, and of leaving him as soon as I should leave the posture of devotion.—I was led through the mists of unbelief, and spake to God as one that was true, and rejoiced exceedingly that he was holy and faithful: I endeavored to consider myself as being alone on the earth with him, and that greatly promoted my approach to his presence.—My prayer for a meek and holy sobriety was granted: O how sweet the dawn of Heaven!"

SCRAPS.

Many things are spoken of in the Scriptures, as good: but there is not one thing emphatically called good, which does not relate to Christ or his coming.

Say the strongest things you can, with candor and kindness, to a man's face; and make the best excuse you can for him, with truth and justice, behind his back.

Many people labor to make the narrow way wider. They may dig a path into the broad way; but the way to life must remain a narrow way to the end.

All extremes are error. The reverse of error is not truth, but error. Truth lies between these extremes.—Cecil's Remains.