

their impress will accompany me to the grave. I cannot, however, adequately define them, and I will not essay the task.

After obtaining some relics of the sacred spot, we descended the flight of steps by which we had arisen to the Mount. We passed through a semi-circular area, composed of marble slabs, and large pillars which support the roof, and arrived at a kind of ante-chapel, containing the Holy Sepulchre. Before the entrance to this chapel is raised a square piece of lime-stone, a part of the one which was rolled against the door of the sepulchre: it is inserted in another block on which, according to authentic tradition, the angel sat. The entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, as well as the sepulchre itself to which we next proceeded, is composed of beautiful polished verdantique. We were singularly fortunate in being permitted to visit the sacred tomb, since it is rarely shown to strangers. The tomb which is built over the place where the Lord lay, is of the purest white marble, and is constantly lighted by resplendent lamps. Various ceremonies are observed by the attendants upon visitors to this spot, one of which is, the washing of the tomb with pure otto of roses; and opportunity is given to the devout pilgrim to perform the same office. Over the tomb is a striking representation of Christ ascending into Heaven, and "two holy angels with him," one on either side.

On our way to the Holy Well, we were shown the stone on which Christ stood when crowned with thorns. A marble inclosure is built around it, the front of which is secured by an iron grating, through which the stone is discovered, and over it a correct representation of the event. A short distance from this spot, you arrive, by an ascent of fourteen steps, to the Holy Well, the site which is distinguished by a plain marble slab, which the visiter is not permitted to remove. On this spot, after clearing away the ancient ruins, the true cross on which Christ was crucified was found by the Empress Helena; and near by we were shown a chamber or grotto, where Christ was imprisoned while his enemies were plaiting the crown of thorns for his brow. Leaving this interesting scene, with many a sigh, and a "longing, lingering look behind," we came to an arch, over which is the Mosque of Omar, covering the site of the Temple of Solomon. We anticipated not a little gratification in an examination of this celebrated edifice; but on application for admission, we were refused—no Christian being allowed to enter. This last visit ended our first day's forenoon excursion.

After dinner, to which we returned with an excellent appetite, we took our departure from the Mount of Olives. Passing through the gates of Jaffa, we wound our way along Mount Zion, with the valley of Jehosaphat on our right, watered by the brook Kedron, in the rainy season, and rich in vegetation. We paused a moment to drink at the well, said by Moslem tradition, to be one which cured Job of his peculiar afflictions. The pool of Siloam, farther along the valley, next arrested our steps. It stands opposite a small village of the same name. We tarried long enough to wash in the pool, and to saturate our spirits with the many associations which the spot is so well calculated to excite. A short distance beyond Siloam, we came upon the sepulchre where the Virgin Mary and her parents are said to be interred. It is now a subterranean church, with an imposing entrance, by a descent of forty-seven marble steps. Our arrival was at an opportune moment, as the edifice was brilliantly lighted up, for the purpose of public worship. The ceremonies were gorgeous, and the music vocal and instrumental, rolling up and along the vast interior—the time—the place—all made an impression upon my mind which can never be obliterated.

I stood in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was near sunset, and a softened, mellow light, rested on every object around, and clothed the distant landscape in hues soft as the first blush of the morning. The spirit of the place seemed to descend upon me, as I paused at the entrance, within the gate, near where the Redeemer left his disciples, and went up into the Mount to pray. How solemn was the scene. Here were poured forth those tokens of agony, "as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Here the meek sufferer—"a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—a little while before he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, prayed in the anguish of his spirit that the bitter cup might pass from his

lips. The scene of the last supper, and the spot where the Saviour was betrayed, are designated by an altar, in which is inserted a piece of the table at which he sat with his disciples. The shades of evening had gathered around me, as, all unconscious, I surveyed the various objects of interest in this sacred place; and joining the party from whom I had severed, we sought our way back to the Holy City, beneath the light of a cloudless moon, full of the pleasing anticipations of visiting other hallowed scenes on the morrow.

### THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1837.

"A TIME TO MOURN"—Such the church considers the season of Lent which is now passing away, and such has it been considered from the earliest periods of christianity. A time to mourn for our transgressions against God,—the cause of that stupendous sacrifice of His blessed Son, which is commemorated towards the close of the forty days. It will be well if this appointment be respected by us all—if it be made a season for searching and trying our ways, and turning unto the Lord—"in fasting and in weeping and in mourning." The church daily uses at this season a prayer in which all should fervently join—"Almighty and everlasting God, who hastest nothing that thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."

Let such be the heart's desire and prayer to God of all that would find acceptance at his hands. The events of each week here and in other parts of the land are in sorrowful consistency with the spirit of the season. At Halifax, we are informed, there has not been so much sickness and death since the cholera.—some of the instances most solemn and affecting. And with us, we have never seen so many houses of mourning, as in the last few weeks. The solemn notes of the funeral bell break with unwonted frequency upon the ear, and our streets are familiar with the processions of woe. O that these visitations every where may be heard and regarded as the voice of the Lord, mighty in operation. In this community Death has been most busy among the young. We have many amongst us who are now like the pariahs in Rama, "weeping for their children," mourning the loss of those who have been very dear to their hearts, who have made up much of their earthly comfort, and to whom they looked probably as the source of much happiness in future years. These hopes have been blasted. The flower has been cut down, dried up and withered just when it began to delight the eye with its beauties, and refresh by its grateful fragrance. That sorrow should then fill the heart of the parent, is not to be wondered at.—The wonder would be, if parents could behold their offspring enclosed in the narrow coffin and laid in the silent grave without a tear and without a pang—"If I am bereaved of my children," said the patriarch, "I am bereaved"—that is a bereavement compared to which the loss of property and all other worldly goods, is as nothing.—The Lord does not forbid us to weep and sorrow on such occasions. Nay, he has consecrated grief by his own blessed example—"Jesus wept," and his word bids us weep with those that weep. Only He requires us to sorrow not as if we had no hope. He is displeased at us if we refuse to be comforted, when comfort can be found. There may be sad cases indeed that admit of none. Cases where there seems to be no hope in death—where to the sorrows of present separation are added the more dreadful fears, that that separation will be eternal. Then indeed is there cause for such a voice as that from Rama, where the mourner refuses to be comforted. Such is not the case with regard to those deaths which have lately filled many hearts here with sorrow. They are rich in consolation. O that in every death we could feel such sure and certain hope; such sweet and soothing comfort as in the case of those dear children we commit to the ground.

Let the christian parent consider the many and cheering grounds of comfort held out to the eye of the believer in the word of God. Let him remember in the first place, that children are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord—that the Lord who gives has a right to take away, and that with holy Job we should say "blessed be His name." Let him consider the manifold troubles and trials of the world, in which every pilgrim shares, and long pursues his journey through it, and bless God that his child has escaped the storms and dangers of the way, and reached in safety that place where the weary are at rest. Especially let him consider the spi-

ritual danger that surrounds us here—the many temptations which the world, the flesh, and the Devil present, and by which the souls of so many are ensnared and destroyed, and let him try to rejoice that the child he loved is taken away from the evil to come—has reached the shores of everlasting life without the danger of shipwreck—has won the prize without running the race—gained the victory without fighting the battle.—The most that any of us can desire for our dear children is that they may be happy forever. Let us dwell on the certainty of this in regard to all who die young, and surely our souls will receive comfort—How God's word declares "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—How Christ tenderly embraced little children in his arms, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How he declares, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of their Father.

Who could wish them back from those realms of light where they stand continually before God's throne, to be here below in a world of trouble and of sin? Who will refuse to be comforted, when comfort so rich and so well founded may be had? Rather let us seek to be found worthy to join those babes and sucklings, out of whose mouth God has perfected praise. Let the consideration that beheld a child in heaven make the bereaved parent strive the more to get there also. For, how dreadful to be separated for ever—to be cast away from God's presence, while our children are happy there with Him! Let us pray that we may be converted and become like little children, that so we may enter the kingdom of heaven.

BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.—Enough has been written on this subject some hundred years before the present generation saw the light, to convince every sincere inquirer after truth. Still, when former errors are revived, it is the duty of those who have promised to do their utmost to "banish all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word," to enter the lists, and in meekness instruct those that oppose themselves. We were therefore glad when we heard that the errors and misrepresentations of this question, which were some time ago put forth in this province in a new and imposing dress, were likely to be answered by some of our brethren in the church. This has been done to the full,—first by the Rev. Mr. Robertson of Bridgetown, to whose able work we some time ago called the attention of our readers, and now more recently by the Rev. Wm. Gray (an alumnus of King's College) assistant minister of the churches in St. John, N.B.—This latter treatise has just come to our hands, and so far as we have perused it, we have pleasure in giving it our humble commendation of praise, as highly creditable to the talents and research, and above all, to the christian spirit of its Reverend author. He takes up the arguments of Mr. Crawley *seriatim*, and exposes their fallacy, and in many instances their absurdity. And in reply to the concluding call in Mr. Crawley's book to all christians to separate from their respective denominations and unite in forming a 'Spiritual Church' Mr. Gray winds up his treatise with an excellent chapter on the "Visible Church," which abundantly demonstrates the Utopian character of such a scheme; and he gives advice which we trust every member of the church will "read, mark, and inwardly digest," not, like others, to desert her banners, and plant, with parricidal hands, a dagger in the bosom from whence they derived their best and purest nourishment.

We have not room for further notice at present but shall probably make extracts from Mr. Gray's Treatise hereafter. Meanwhile we recommend our readers to purchase both works, there being much contained in one which is not in the other.—A few copies of each may be had at this office, and also at the stores of Messrs. Gaetz & Zwicker, and Messrs. Scott.—We are requested to state that Mr. Gray's work may be had of the clergy generally, and at the Bookstores in Halifax.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—Tuesday the 28th ultimo being the day of simultaneous meetings of Temperance Societies throughout the world, the Lunenburg Town and County Temperance Society met at the School-house in the evening. The weather was unfavourable and the attendance not large; but a feeling of interest in the good cause prevailed, and much satisfaction was evinced at its progress at home and abroad.—Great as is the amount of intemperance still in this community, there is some comfort in the hope we may entertain of its diminution, to which, by the blessing of God, the Society has in some degree contributed. We are glad to hear that some of the advocates of these institutions elsewhere, who lately appeared rather intoxicated by their zeal, are shewing symptoms of sobriety, and are abstaining from those ultra measures which had no other effect than to disgust reasonable men, and injure the cause they profess to serve.

### DIED.

In this town, since our last, Mrs. Elizabeth Rudolf, relict of the late Francis Rudolf, Esq. aged 72 years, George, infant child of George T. Solomon, Esq. aged 10 months. Tuesday morning, Mrs. Caroline Jost, wife of Mr. Henry S. Jost, aged 33 years.