

# 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.

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P O E T R Y.

*Musculus*—a German Reformer of the 16th century.

My fainting life is nearly gone;  
My frame is chilled with dying cold;  
But Jesus, thou, my better life,  
Canst neither sicken nor be old.

Why tremblest, then, my parting soul?  
To mansions of eternal rest  
That angel waits to guide thy way,  
And bless thee there among the bless'd.

Quit, then, oh, quit this wretched house,  
Nor at its ruin once repine;  
God soon shall bind it up again,  
And bid it with new lustro shine.

But, art thou all defiled with sins?  
Fear not, my soul, thou ne'er shalt fall;  
Believe his faithful word, and know  
The blood of Christ can cleanse them all.

Can death a thousand horrors show?  
True, soul; but what is death to thee?  
Life is at hand, the promised life,  
And, like its Giver, sure and free.

Lo! Christ, o'er Satan, sin, and death,  
Yonder, in triumph, sits on high:  
Fly, happy soul, with eager wings;  
Away to Jesus swiftly fly.

From Skinner's Overland Journey to India.

SCENES IN PALESTINE.

The rain cleared away as we descended to the valley of Shechem, and sat down to rest by Jacob's Well, where our Saviour conversed with the woman of Samaria. Nothing could be more quiet than the scene we were surveying. Besides our own party, there was not a being astir. I thought of the solitary Joseph, when "a certain man found him wandering in the field," and how beautifully that simple passage describes the loneliness of this vale. The narrow valley in which Nablous stands is well planted with vines, and many fruit trees now in blossom around the city give it a most pleasing appearance. The mountains of the Samaritans are capped with clouds; a slight gleam of sunshine, however, through the vale, contrasted well with the gloom above.

We entered Esdraelon, the road passing through the midst of the plain, but so deep that the horses could scarcely move. Near a village by which ran a plentiful stream over a pebbly bed, we had great difficulty to wind among the olive trees that stood about it. The horses fell frequently in the rich soil, and we each in turn had the variety of a roll into it. We stopped at the foot of Mount Hermon, where the valley runs between that hill and Tabor towards the Jordan, and not far from the hamlet of Endor, so called to this day. From this place we obtained a guide to lead us over the hills of Nazareth, which bordered the vale to our front. Those of Carmel rise on the west; and behind us, nearly, lay Samaria. The scene was exquisitely fine, but most inanimate; besides ourselves, there was scarcely a living being to be seen.

We at length ascended by a rough and craggy road, which without a guide we never should have found, and occasionally, as we wound about, caught a glimpse of the Valley of Jordan, and the Kishon swelled far beyond its banks. Like all the hill country of Palestine, this is full of excavations, the most precipitate

crags, haunts for the wild goats, and the softest dells for retirement and contemplation. The Mount of Precipitation overhaogs the vale that leads up to the city.

How well is the plain of Esdraelon calculated for the monstrous gatherings and destructive battles that have from the first taken place upon it! When we stood by the village of Endor, we looked over the scene most probably of the overthrow of Sisera. From before us came Barak into the valley; and this very ground shook "with the prancings of their mighty ones," so beautifully recorded in the song of the inspired Deborah.

March 8th.—In an hour and a half's riding from Nazareth is Cana of Galilee, called by the Arabs, Kaffer Keema. We stopped by the fountain at the entrance to the poor little village, that we might drink of the clearest and most delicious water possible,—the best, the Christians of Palestine say, in the world. From it was the vessel filled for the marriage. The house is still shown in which the miracle was performed; and as some earthen jars are sunk into the floor, the devout searchers for relics are made to believe that they were the very jars in use on that day. A church was built over the spot, which, like all others of a similar purpose, is in ruins. Some travellers have fancied that the same sort of waterpot is carried by the women now. We were not so fortunate as to witness the ceremony of drawing water; but none so large, at any rate, can be still in use. There are very few inhabitants in Cana; and it is, like other places in the country, nearly washed away by the rain and snow.

The road to Tiberias is full of interest. Beyond this village a path leads through fields of grain, where the apostles plucked, as they walked, the ears of corn. Not very much farther is the Mount of Beatitudes, whence our Saviour delivered his sermon. It stands very little above a green plain of the stillest possible appearance. There is a gravity about the scene that would, I think, have struck me with unusual awe, if I had not known the peculiar solemnity attached to it. I never saw a place better adapted for commanding the attention of a multitude, nor one more calculated for moving devout feelings. Not a single object is discernible to draw the observation from the hill, that is placed like a platform in the midst of the solitary area.

The road soon afterwards wound over a green hill, from the point of which, stretched below us, the sea of Galilee burst into sight. It was calm and dark; for the atmosphere was heavy, and clouds were gathering above it. On the left hand, in a deep and narrow valley overhung by the crags we were winding along, were a number of black tents pitched about it with the most picturesque irregularity: some were at the bottom, and others stood on small patches of green between the jutting rocks on the sides. The flocks of the tribe clambered about in every direction; and some of the cattle had wandered to the sea-shore, from which the valley opens. It was in this magnificent spot that our Saviour fed the multitude with the loaves and fishes.

A little farther on, the town of Tiberias appeared, standing, encircled by a respectable looking wall, on the shore of the sea, which we could hear breaking with a gentle plash among the pebbles: not another sound—it was the stillest scene imaginable. The grey city, with the tame hills about it, the dull quiet of the lake in front; the wild and abrupt mountains of the Gadarenes, with many "a steep place" on the opposite side, and many a cave and desolate abode for the haunts of a demoniac; the greener hills of Bethulia rising with more variety on the left hand,—stamp-ed a character on the spot so singularly impressive, that it is impossible to resist the feeling that every step is made on hallowed ground.

It began to rain as we entered Tiberias. Scarcely a house was habitable in it; but we found shelter in

the church of St. Peter, a long paved building, over the altar of which is a poor picture, representing our Saviour addressing that apostle in the words at the eighteenth verse of St. Matthew's sixteenth chapter, which are written in Latin upon the tablet between the figures.

We have abundance of room for our little party, and have spread our carpet in a corner of the building, not very far from the door; while the horses and their attendants occupy the court, at the entrance to which, as it lay several feet below the surface, they were dragged down a flight of steps. On this spot, it is said, St. Peter lived; and from behind the church—he for it was washed by the sea—he used to push off his boat to ply his craft upon the waters. There are, I think, twelve long windows in the church, without any means of shutting out the air.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

*Fletcher of Madeley compared with Brainerd.*—In referring to the works of the Rev. Robert Hall, we have been attracted by the following eloquent description of the character of Fletcher of Madeley, in comparison with that of Brainerd.

"The Life of Fletcher, of Madeley, affords in some respects a parallel, in others a contrast, to that of Brainerd: and it is curious to observe how the influence of natural temperament varies the exhibition of the same principles. With a considerable difference in their religious views, the same contempt of the world is conspicuous in the character of each. But the lively imagination, the sanguine complexion of Fletcher permits him to triumph and exult in the consolatory truths and prospects of religion. He is a seraph who burns with the ardors of divine love; and springing the fetters of mortality, he almost habitually seems to have anticipated the rapture of the beatific vision. Brainerd, oppressed with a constitutional melancholy, is chiefly occupied with the thoughts of his pollutions and defects in the eyes of Infinite Purity. His is a mourning and conflicting piety, imbued with the spirit of self-abasement, breathing itself forth in "groanings which cannot be uttered;" always dissatisfied with itself, always toiling in pursuit of a purity and perfection unattainable by mortals. The mind of Fletcher was habitually brightened with gratitude and joy for what he had attained; Brainerd was actuated with a restless solicitude for further acquisitions. If Fletcher soared to all the heights, it may be affirmed with equal truth that Brainerd sounded all the depths of Christian piety; and while the former was regaling himself with fruit from the tree of life, the latter, on the waves of an impetuous sea, was "doing business in the mighty waters."

"Both equally delighted and accustomed to lose themselves in the contemplation of the Deity, they seemed to have surveyed that Infinite Object under different aspects; and while Fletcher was absorbed in the contemplation of infinite benignity and love, Brainerd shrunk into nothing in the presence of immaculate purity and holiness.

"The different situations in which they were placed had probably considerable effect in producing or brightening their respective peculiarities. Fletcher exercised his ministry in the calm of domestic life, surrounded with the beauties of nature; Brainerd pursued his mission in a remote and howling wilderness, where, in the midst of uncultivated savages, he was exposed to intolerable hardships and fatigues."

Mr. Hall thus speaks of the benefit to be derived from the contemplation of the character of such men as Brainerd, Fletcher and Martyn.

"If the biography of men such as these fails to produce all the benefit we might expect, some will be ready to impute it to that hopeless superiority of character which seems to place them almost above the reach of imitation. The justice of the inference,