

POETRY.

THE EVENING HYMN.

By Thomas Miller, Basket Maker.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud,
That drew the lightning in its rear;
The thunder, trampling deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bow as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night!
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all is mute below.

And other eyes as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And sinking down the deep abyss,
Will like the last, be swept away:
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time forever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave:
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

For the Colonial Churchman.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.—No. 6.

One of the missionaries in Culna, beyond the Ganges in India, having read the history of the man from whom our Saviour cast out the devil, asked one of the native Sunday Scholars, whether Christ was able to heal man's spiritual diseases also? The boy answered—"Yes, He can." "How is that done?" "By the forgiveness of sins." "But what is required of us that we may receive such forgiveness?" "Faith." "If you know that Faith in Christ is necessary, why do you not fully believe in Him?" "It is because, Satan is holding me back." "If you feel that," added the catechist, "you must pray to God to drive out Satan from your heart."

Sunday school Teachers! do you thus closely examine your scholars? Scholars do you, for your parts, study thus to answer, or must this boy (plucked as a brand from the darkness of heathenism) rise up in judgment against you, for your abuse of so many christian privileges denied to him?

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

It is easier to unite in the shouts of victory than to fight the battle. It is easier to raise, in any good cause, the animating cry "Go," than to proceed personally to the requisite toil, and go patiently through it. The Temperance cause has thousands to sing its triumphs, while self-denying labourers are comparatively scarce. We are happy therefore to witness cases where principle on this subject has taken root so deeply in the heart as to produce painful sacrifices for the prosperity of the cause. Such cases we find in a notice in the Temperance Intelligencer, of the temperance movements in the city of New York.

One wholesale dealer in spirits has recently abandoned the trade, whose annual profits were not less than \$2000 on articles of this class.

Another, a highly respectable commission merchant, has refused a commission of \$500 upon a cargo of Rum, being unwilling to enrich himself at the expense of his neighbour or his conscience.

Two young men, both junior partners in extensive wholesale houses, have withdrawn from them, thus relinquishing all present prospects of wealth, rather than have any connection with a traffic justly deemed so hostile to the public and private welfare of all.

The above occurred within the limits of the first ward and similar instances are not of unfrequent occurrence in other parts of the city.

We are happy to add that a firm in Boston have lately given up their trade in wines, though at a sacrifice of more than \$5000 per annum. Another has refused 50,000 gallons on consignment, at a present loss of more than \$10,000.

Cases like these show the power of principle—show men "honest in the sacred cause." And they cannot fail of exerting a powerful influence in advancing the cause for which such sacrifices are made.—Recorder.

MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

May God protect thee, my little one, said my mother, as I stood by her dying bed. There was a soft tremor in her fainting voice, which checked the joyous laugh which trembled on my lip, as I in childish joyfulness, shook the pale hand of a dying parent from my head, and buried my brow into the rich mass of bright hair which floated on my pillow. Again her sweet voice breathed forth, Lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil. I raised my face from its beautiful resting place, and, young as I was, felt the influence of a mother's prayer. Her lips still moved, and her deep blue eyes were bent on me as if they would have left one of their bright, unearthly rays, as a seal to her death-bed covenant, but she spoke not again: the last effort of nature had uttered that prayer, and she lived not to breathe another.

I have every reason to believe that God has, in a great degree, caused that prayer to be instrumental in gaining its own answer: for often when the heedlessness of childhood and youth have led me into errors, has the sweet voice, now hushed forever, intermingled itself with my thoughts, and, like the rosy link of a fairy chain, drawn me from my purpose. Oft, when my brow has been wreathed with flowers for the festival, when my cheek has been flushed, and my eye sparkled with anticipation of pleasure, have I caught the reflection of that eye in the mirror, and thought it resembled my mother's, her last maternal supplication to heaven has come back to my memory; the clustering roses have been torn from my cheek, and the sight from my eye, and my thoughts have been carried back to my last parent, and from her to the heaven she inhabits: the festival, with all its attractions, has been forgotten, and I have been "delivered from temptation."

Again, when the sparkling wine-cup has almost bathed my lips, has the last prayer of my mother seemed to mingle with its contents, and it has remained untasted. When my hand has rested in that of the dishonorable, and trembled at the touch of him that "says in his heart, there is no God," has that voice seemed to flow with its fascinating accents; I have listened to it, and fled as from a serpent of my native forest.

Never have I received any great good, escaped any threatening evil, or been delivered from any temptation, but I have imputed it to the effects of my mother's last prayer.—Chr. Wit.

Madeira, May 12, 1836.

There is now no hindrance on the part of the Government or the Vicar General, to the most extensive distribution of the word of God; but a considerable degree of pre-judice still remains, arising from ignorance on the part of the adult population, which the progress of education can alone remove. I had a convincing proof of this a few weeks since. Four men, who chiefly gain a livelihood as hawkers, traveling with their baskets to different villages, were in my counting-house; when I took up one of the Testaments off the desk, and asked if they could sell them. They were ignorant of their contents, not one being able to read. As it was of no consequence to them what they sold, if they could gain any profit, they took out six, to try; but, after a few hours' absence, returned stating, that they had offered them to several people, who assured them they ought not to sell them, as they were full of lies. They then asked me, very seriously, if they were good books. Just at the time, a boy, about ten years of age, came in; and, without giving a reply, I requested him to read the 12th chapter of Romans. He read it, and some other chapters. They particularly wished to know the contents of the first and last chapters of the Book, which were also read; and the 1st of Genesis, from a Bible. I never witnessed a more interesting sight; their countenances exhibited such a mixture of surprise and reverence, yet not without regret, that they were unable to peruse the contents. On the following day they came to me, to state that they had all relations residing with them who could read; and entreated me to give them each a little book, that they might know more of the matter. I was obliged to comply with the request; and have since had reason to believe that they now daily hear the word of God.—Letter from W. Barr.

WEEPING WILLOWS IN ENGLAND.

Our readers will remember the pathetic language of the 137th Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof." By "the rivers of Babylon" were meant the streams of the Euphrates; and a Turkey merchant named Vernoo, then resident at Aleppo, transplanted the weeping-willow from the banks of the Euphrates, brought it with him to England, and planted it at his seat in Twickenham Park. This was the origin of all the weeping-willows in our gardens and pleasure-grounds. How pleasing is the reflection, that such an incidental circumstance should furnish us with collateral proof of the unimpeachable veracity of Holy Writ. And ought we not to regard every weeping-willow that comes under our observation as an illustration of the authenticity, as well as of the accuracy, of the song of the captive Israelites, as handed down to us in the Holy Bible?—Travels in Asia.

"THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

The following beautiful passage is from a letter recently received from a Missionary in Florida. "We poor lone ones, in this desert, fully realize the strength of that beautiful expression, 'the communion of saints;' for our eyes faint with looking for the coming of a brother. When we are allowed to mingle with those who labour with us in the same holy cause, the luxury is beyond description. Blessed thought that in our widely spreading communion, 'the unity of spirit and the bond of peace' are felt and acknowledged. Glorious as is the whole system of our religious organization, it is far surpassed by the peace of those who live under it. Strangers may admire the magnificence and grandeur of a stately mansion, but the children of the happy family alone can understand the bliss that dwells about their own hearth-stone."—Missionary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT, BY

E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

Where Subscriptions, &c. will be thankfully received.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, 11s. 3d. Half to be paid in advance.

No subscriptions received for less than six months.

General Agent—C. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.

Communications to be addressed (POST PAID) to the Editors of the Colonial Churchman, Lunenburg, N. S.