

POETRY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

Many persons having expressed a wish to see the English poem on the subject of Palestine, far-famed indeed for its unusual beauty and excellence, written by the lamented Bishop HEBER,—I now forward it to you, having copied it some years since, while at our beloved Alma Mater, from a work in the possession of the president, the Rev. Dr. Porter, entitled, "Oxford prize poems." It will serve from time to time to fill up the poet's corner in your useful paper, and afford a treat to all lovers of pure and sublime poetry.

SAMECH.

PALESTINE.

REST of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force and meagre want is there,
And thy quick darting eye of restless fear.
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.
Ye guardian Saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven,
To whose high care Judea's state was given!
O wot of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of Gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Silva's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle plumes exulting in the light.
Oh, happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Tho' Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Tho' weak and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Tho' thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'erthop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the muse to fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardure drank the scented gale
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Arden's rill;
The grot, where, by the watch fires evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.
Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those strong seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What tho' no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Tho' now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;

Tho' not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows,
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His wat'ry rays refracted lustre shed
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
Yet shines your praise amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb;
For, few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent clasp'd her fainting child,
Had wander'd near the roof no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam;
My sorrowing fancy quits the happier height
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judea's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguished woes:
See war untir'd, his crimson pinions spread,
And foul revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey.
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed:
And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice.
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame, sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead, to glory, only burn for gold.
O thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd!
If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at thy name, like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!
Her rifed fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er the Arabian deep her branches play'd?
O feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:
Not such their hope, when thro' the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light:
Not, when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
Yes—in that hour by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He cherub borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd.)
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?
Awe struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallowed fire.
Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate
And such the glories of their infant state.
Triumphant race! and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
No—by that sword, which red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;

By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne;
In heaven's own strength, high tow'ring o'er her foes
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose:
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.

To be continued.

ASSURANCE.

There is a proneness in Christians, especially when exercised with fears and doubts concerning their state, to grow weary of using those means in which they find not their expectations speedily answered; and through an overhasty desire of comfort, to try the gaining of it in a new way, rather than to persevere in the old. In illustration of this observation (says Dr. Spurstowe) Gregory informs us of a religious lady of the Empress's household whose name was Gregoria, who being much troubled about her salvation, wrote to him, saying that she would never cease importuning him till he assured her that he had received a revelation from heaven that she was saved. To whom he returned this answer:—It was a hard and altogether useless thing which she required of him. It was difficult for him to obtain; for he was unworthy to have the secret counsels of God imparted to him; and it was impossible for her to know, not only because such a revelation might render her secure, but because it was impossible to demonstrate to her the truth and infallibility of the revelation which he had received from God; so that were she afterwards to call in question its truth as well she might, her doubtings about salvation would be as great as ever. Let believers, therefore, who would be established in the peace and love of God, take heed of relinquishing that "more secure word of prophecy," and of flying to visions, revelations from heaven, to assure them of their salvation.—*Spurstowe's Wells of Salvation.*

HAPPINESS.

Exciting pleasures never produce happiness. Every one's experience will approve this. Unfortunately, the votary of pleasure rarely draws a useful lesson from this fact. It does not seem to occur to him, that if the excitement in which he has sought to find pleasure has not yielded it, but has invariably produced a reaction which sinks him into the lowest depths of misery, perchance a uniform evenness of temper, and a seeking for enjoyment in the calmness of right thoughts, may bring that which he so ardently desires. In well regulated affections alone can be found true enjoyment.

There must be a calm of thought—an even-going temper, and a rationality about our pursuits, or we can never say, life is pleasant. The immortal mind turns away dissatisfied from grovelling pursuits, and pines in weariness and pain for nobler joys.

Excerpts.—Life is but short, no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A pious minister of respectable talents, now in the Methodist connection, was formerly a preacher among Universalists. The incident which led him seriously to examine the grounds of that doctrine is striking and singular. He was amusing his little son, by telling him the story of the "Children in the wood." The boy asked "what became of the little innocent children?" "They went to heaven," said the father. "What became of the wicked old uncle?" "He went to heaven, too." "Won't he kill them again, father?" said the boy.

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