

POETRY.

From the (London) Christian Observer.

WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home? oh tell me where!—
Not in scenes of grief and care;
Not 'mid strife, and pain, and wo:
Therefore home is not below.

In a better land afar,
A Father's house, home's mansions are;
In the bowers of paradise,
Where peace abides, and never flies;

Where no arrow wounds the dove,
Where no parting is for love,
Where are no rough seas of foam,
Where joy dwelleth—there is home!

Where no blight is in the rose,
Where no storm the lily knows,
Where never fades the blossom fair—
Home, dear friend! is there, is there!

PRAY ON.

Pray on! pray on! great things are done
By prayer, and mighty victories won!
Pray on! pray on! and never cease;
Prayer is our armour, strength, and peace!

Pray on! pray on! and faint thou not:
What were we on this earthly spot,
Without that refuge, sure and blest,
A Father's ear, a Father's breast!

MEMOIR OF THE REV. BASIL WOODD.

By the Rev. S. C. Wilks.

The late Rev. Basil Woodd, M. A., was the only child of his mother, and she was a widow. She lost her husband nearly seven months before the birth of her son, who was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 5th of August, 1760. By the Divine mercy, through the spiritual counsels of affectionate friends—among whom her son has gratefully recorded the names of Dr. and Mrs. Conyers, the elder Mr. Venn, and the mother of that beloved and revered friend of mankind, Dr. Wilberforce—her affliction was the means of leading her to God; and she was thus enabled to commit herself, a widow, and her fatherless child, to Him who has invited the fatherless and widows to put their trust in him. Her mind being now, by one stroke, severed from worldly prospects, and rent from the love of the creature, she began more anxiously to seek the knowledge and love of the Creator. 'She had from early life,' says her son—who loved with thankful heart to recount her excellencies, and those of several others of his beloved relatives, whose scattered memorials he had just been collecting for publication, when the stroke of death came upon him—'She had from early life been of a devout turn of mind, a strict observer of moral duties and the ritual of religion; but now, in the day of adversity, she was brought to deeper views of the depravity of her heart, and the need she stood in of a Saviour; she perceived the insufficiency of her own righteousness, and the necessity of being born again.' From this happy period, to a disposition naturally benign and amiable were added the graces of the Holy Spirit; and the christian motive of love to her Redeemer gave life and spirituality to her moral duties. 'Religious exercises,' adds her son, 'which hitherto she had not regarded higher than a devout form of godliness, now became her soul's delight. She ordinarily retired three times in the day for private prayer; and in every department of life, she was a lovely ornament of the truth as it is in Jesus.'

The excellencies of this admirable woman will justify a somewhat larger digression, as it was to her maternal instructions and example, under the Divine blessing, that her affectionate son ever attributed it that he had early learned 'to love the ways of God.' She had borne him in sorrow; she had committed his feeble infancy to the care of that fatherly Providence which had been her own support, and which he

was often accustomed to say had been his also; she had nurtured him in the ways of God and the love of his Redeemer; she was spared to see him enter the sacred ministry, and become an honoured instrument of spiritual benefit to others, as a faithful and affectionate servant of Jesus Christ; and then she departed in peace to that better world, where he has now rejoined her. To separate the memorial of her son from hers, would be injustice to both. The biographer of St. Augustine fondly dwells on the maternal virtues of Monica; nor did an inspired penman detach the name of Timothy from Lois and Eunice. Besides which, the best instruction of the narrative would be lost, if it were not shown how faithful is God to his promises to those parents, who make it their first endeavour to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and how affecting in after life are the reminiscences of a sainted mother's tears, how indelible her hallowed lessons, how powerful her prayers. Let parents, let children, listen—and oh that the latter may be able to do so with devout sympathy, and the former with consolation, and both without occasion for self-reproach!—to the declarations of this venerable man respecting his only parent; for he had never gazed on the countenance of a father, and had he rejected her maternal counsel, there was no ruder hand to curb the impetuosity of headstrong youth. But the promises of God are to the weak as well as the strong; and the desolate mother, who makes Him her confidence, and would bring up her fatherless children only to His glory, adding her example to her instructions, and her prayers to her tears, may cherish a consoling confidence that God will not forsake her, or frustrate her pious endeavours. But then, let her be, what this excellent woman was,—not a soft, sentimental professor of religion; not a flippant caviller or captious controvertist about speculative theorems; not a woman talking of godliness, and living to the world; not a giddy pursuer after new doctrines, new societies, new preachers, and neglecting all that is vital, holy, and energetic in the faith and practice of a disciple of Jesus Christ, but 'a lovely ornament,' for so this affectionate son pictures his revered parent, 'of the truth as it is in Jesus;' adding, 'The whole of her deportment was calculated to win my early attention to religion. I saw in her what it could do; how happy (how cheerful! how humble! how holy! how lovely in life, and afterwards in death! how full of mercy and good fruits it could render the happy possessor!' Yet, with this amiable lustre of character, while no other person doubted of her eternal safety, she was full of doubts and fears herself: she was self-suspicious, and dreaded judging too favourably of her own religious character. Sermons, therefore, which urged and assisted self-examination, as well as those which exhibited the glory and free grace of the Saviour, were peculiarly acceptable to her. Yet she had a hope—a good hope, through grace—which she would not give up, though she rejoiced with trembling; and when sickness and infirmity came upon her, and the mortal frame was sinking in lassitude and depression, this hope became more animated, and waxed brighter and brighter to the perfect day. 'When she believed her end to be approaching,' continues her filial biographer, 'God visited her soul with more peculiar manifestations of the light of his Divine countenance; and she seemed to be gradually filled with unspeakable joy, as the day drew nigh which for ever terminated all her sorrow.' Her secret diary, unknown even to her son in her life time, records her fervent prayers and aspirations. Thus, for example, she says in one of the last passages which her feebleness allowed her to pen: 'Oh keep me, and save me, blessed Lord; I give myself to thee! Oh bring me to those blessed mansions of peace, where I shall be able to praise thee; where I shall be delivered from the painful clog of this body, which weighs down my soul! Prepare me for thy coming. Oh make me watchful, and ready to meet Thee, when thou shalt be pleased to send thy messenger, death, for me! Make the pain I continually feel of use to me. I cannot be long here: oh quicken my soul! fix my affections upon heavenly things; give me clearer views; give me a sense of pardoned sin; wash me in thy precious blood; clothe me with thy perfect righteousness; conform me more to thy Divine image, and help me to meet death as a kind friend come to fetch me home to thee! Amen, Amen.' And after she

was unable to write, she dictated to the venerable clergyman, her pastor, her dying farewell; in which she says: 'I am dying, and not afraid; I trust I am going to my Father's house! I never was so happy in all the days of my life! I would write to tell you what my soul feels in this blessed prospect, that I might bear my testimony to His grace; that I might refresh your soul, who have so often refreshed mine; and tell you what joy I feel in this prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven—and my dear child too!' And she has met him: now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, he has rejoined her; and who can say that in that world of knowledge and recognition, he may not even now look back with love and gratitude to those maternal prayers and unaltered instructions, which his God and Father so eminently blessed and answered?

The same evening on which she dictated the above letter, she addressed her son, in language which, now becomes doubly emphatic. On his return from his beloved labours at his church of St. Peter's, she accosted him, 'Oh, I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies; I shall soon be there; and, oh, I shall be glad to receive you to it! you shall come in to go out no more! If ever you have a family, tell your children that they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed, and tell your partner, I shall be happy to see her in heaven—Son, I exhort you to preach the gospel; preach it faithfully, and boldly; fear not the face of man: endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer, to poor weak souls. I heartily wish you success; may you be useful to the souls of many!' Towards the conclusion of that evening, she addressed her son in words which he delighted to repeat: when, after speaking of the boundless love of Christ, and his salvation, she added, 'It is a glorious salvation; a free, unmerited salvation; a full, complete salvation; a perfect, eternal salvation: it is a deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want: it is all I can now wish for in death; it is all I shall want in eternity.'

Thus did this excellent mother breathe out her soul for a few days more, till she was peacefully translated from her couch of sickness to her eternal rest. Her beloved son's name was the last on her lips; and truly was her hope respecting him fulfilled; that hope which she expressed by repeating to him the words of a friend, who, adopting the consolation offered to Monica respecting Augustine, had said, 'Go home, and be at peace; the child of those tears can never perish.'

To be continued.

THE BIBLE.

What is the reason that the Bible is at the present day so generally banished from schools as a book for exercising in reading? Does any other book afford greater variety for exercising a pupil in the art of reading? If not read at school, will it be so likely to be read in after life? If not read and studied in youth, can its truths and moral precepts be so strongly impressed on the mind in after life? Would it not be better to make the Bible a class-book for reading lessons in all our schools? Has not the banishment of this book from our schools, for so long a period, been one of the causes operating to pave the way for the general lawlessness and mobocracy at present stalking over the land? Can any one venture to answer this question in the negative? If this cannot be answered in the negative, ought not the friends of Christianity to have it speedily restored to our schools?—*Whellington Times.*

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—G. H. Belcher, Esq. Halifax.
Communications to be addressed (POST PAID) to the
Editors of the Colonial Churchman, Lunenburg, N. S.

A few copies of BELCHER'S TEMPERANCE AL-
MANACK for 1837, may be had at this Office.