

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TODD'S LECTURES TO CHILDREN.

Great Events hang on Little Things.

Two men were at work together one day, in a ship yard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, about half an inch long.

'This stick is wormy,' said one; 'shall we put it in?'

'I do not know; yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course.'

'Yes, but there may be other worms in it; and these may increase and injure the ship.'

'No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one;—put it in.'

The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the sea, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white, feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found all eaten away by the worms. But the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great costly load of goods in the ship, such as silks, crapes, and the like, and a great many people. On their way home, a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, creaking, and rolling finely. But she then sprang a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water; and she went down under the dark, blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, and mothers, and children, mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned? And all this, probably, because that little stick of timber, with the worm in it, was put in, when the ship was built! How much property, and how many lives, may be destroyed by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as that man did who put the wormy timber in the ship!

Suppose a little boy were walking out in the fields on some fair day of autumn. As he bounds along he sees something on the ground, which looks round and smooth, like a little egg. He picks it up. It is an acorn. He carries it a little while, and then throws it away. It is a small affair, and useless. He forgets it entirely. The poor little acorn lies forgotten. The ox comes along and treads it in the ground without ever knowing it. It lies and sleeps there in the ox track during the cold winter. In the spring, it swells. The little sprout peeps out; a root grows down, and two little leaves open on the top of the ground. It lives and grows. During a hundred years it grows, while men live and die, and while many a storm beats upon it. It is now a giant oak. It is made into a mighty ship, and laden with goods, she sails round the world, and does her errands at many hundreds of places. She bears the flag of her nation on her mast, and her nation is honoured for her sake. What great things may spring from small ones! Who would have thought that such a little thing could contain the mighty oak in it? Besides this, that one tree bears acorns enough, every year, to raise a thousand more oaks; and these every year, bear enough to rear ten thousand more. Thus a whole forest may be shut up in the little bud of a single acorn. What great things may be found in little things!

ON BEING STUNG BY A WASP.

How small things may annoy the greatest! Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion, a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of a wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me? That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief. If I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience.—Hall.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Colonial Churchman.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

When like wave on wave affliction, sorrow, and trouble, have well nigh overwhelmed the fainting followers of the Lamb, oftentimes has the recollection of these comfortable words of our blessed Saviour to his affrighted disciples, as recorded in the 4th chap. of St. Mark's Gospel and 39th v.—'Peace be still,' calmed the agitated breast, hushed the rising fear, and smoothed the troubled soul to sweet repose and rest. It should ever be remembered that the christian, as Bishop Sumner very justly remarks, 'is not secure from difficulties, and dangers, and sorrows; Christ himself was tossed with winds and waves; and so must his disciples be, both from within and from without, even whilst they have him with them, and are sailing by his direction,—for they have not yet entered into their rest, and this present life is not a sea without storms.'—It is indeed a mistaken idea, as many by daily experience are taught, that the life of a christian is one continued scene of tranquility, cheerfulness and joy,—that when once enlisted under the banners of Christ's religion, there is nothing thorny or uneven to annoy the pilgrim's feet, no storms or tempests to retard his progress; no difficulties, dangers, or sorrows to encounter on the way. Such sentiments as these have a very dangerous influence on the practice of mankind, and are particularly injurious to the youthful follower of the Redeemer.—Prone to indolence in spiritual things, and by nature averse from religious exercises of every kind, they are apt to catch at the pleasing delusion, and are willing to think that the victory is obtained, before they have even rightly armed themselves for the battle; and thus are too easily alarmed at the first appearance of dangers or difficulties.—The followers of Christ are too apt now to forget, that as storms and tempests are necessary for the preservation of the natural world, so are sorrows, difficulties, and afflictions, alike necessary for the purity and perfection of the professed disciple of Jesus; since it is, as we are told, 'through much tribulation, we enter into the kingdom of God.—But if such be the christian's state, such the difficulties, dangers and distresses that attend it, surely he can have but little joy or comfort in his progress through this world of sorrow—there is something gloomy, melancholy and forbidding in the prospect, and it is better to drive away oppressing care by taking delight in the pleasures of the world. So speaks the natural man who is void of all spiritual discernment.—Would such an one, however, think any toil or danger too great to encounter, for the possession of some worldly object? Would he not compass sea and land, and risk his health, and even his life to obtain the fleeting enjoyment of honour, wealth or pleasure? And will he wonder that the christian, one who has felt the goodness of the Lord, and has respect unto the recompence of reward, should be willing to face the darkest scenes, when he knows that through these he shall possess the enjoyment of everlasting honours, and of pleasures inconceivably exalted, unfading and eternal? When the heavens gather blackness, and when thunders roll over his head, the natural man at the very time his heart trembles at the awful scene, will say, that these convulsions of nature are necessary for the good of the creation, that the sun is shining above, and that ere long his rays will scatter the clouds, and shew to our view the happy effects of all the storm.—And thus is it with the faithful christian, when overtaken in his heavenly voyage by the blackest tempests that his spiritual enemies can raise, he will nevertheless press onward, with redoubled earnestness and ardour, and though his soul may be cast down; though he may be led, through the weakness of his faith, to say 'Master carest thou not that we perish?'—Yet will he still trust in his redeeming God. And here is the christian's superiority over the worldly man—he has one to whom he may go in the time of trouble,—Christ his Saviour is with him in the ship, as the captain of his salvation;—he well knows therefore that all this could not happen without his heavenly Father's permission—and well assured is he also, that the sun of righteousness still shines in the firmament of his glory, and that these temptations and sorrows, these doubts and fears, shall soon vanish before His all-piercing beams—the words 'Peace be still,' shall be uttered, and the 'winds shall cease and there will be a great calm.'

These reflections were suggested after my reading some verses, presented to me by a friend, on the words 'Peace be still.' I now send them herewith for insertion in the Colonial Churchman, a paper which from my heart I wish good success; as the members of our beloved church have long wanted a publication of this kind circulated throughout the Province.

Nova Scotia, 1836.

SAMECH.

'PEACE BE STILL.'

The storm descended o'er the deep,
The sailors view'd the sea grow dark,
When Jesus they awoke from sleep,
And prayed to save their sinking bark.

The waves that wildly o'er them broke,
Grew calm at His Almighty will;
As to the furious winds He spoke
In gentlest accents—'Peace be still.'

O! When the storms of life shall come,
And darkly beat around my head—
Do Thou with brightness cheer the gloom,
Tho' hope and smiling joy be fled!
Or if a murmuring thought should dare
To rise against Thine Holy will,
O! hush each unbelieving care,
Say to that murmur—'Peace be still.'

And when all earthly visions fade,
And dimly pass away and die,
And deaths cold vale of lonely shade
Is spread before my closing eye—
Do Thou in that eventful day
Point upwards to the Heavenly hill,
And to my fleeting spirit say
In sweetest whisper—'Peace be still.'

TO THE EDITORS OF THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

Macte Esto.

Gentlemen,

Although your Journal has for its object rather the publication of serious and solid disquisitions or information respecting the Church of England, than the admission of papers of a miscellaneous description, such as that which I send you, I doubt not you will give room to my contribution in your columns, seeing that its object and tendency are to shew how valuable to his flock are the services of an intelligent and judicious resident minister of that church, even in matters not immediately connected with his higher and more holy duties; and how much of respect and good will he may attract to the church even from those of a different persuasion, by discreetly taking the lead in public concerns in which the whole community are interested.

The instance to which my communication relates, is indeed, taken from a parish in England, and one in which from particular circumstances, the clergyman had opportunities of being useful in the temporal concerns of his parish, which do not always or perhaps very frequently occur in the same degree in ordinary cases;—but I am persuaded that by the exercise of a like discreet carefulness—of a like spirit of active usefulness—of a like judgment in managing (so far as permitted to him) the temporal and general concerns of the community in which he is placed, and in enlisting on his side the feeling of emulation among his own flock, and the good will of those who are without—the resident and permanent pastor of the remotest and the smallest congregation of the church of England in a colony, may confer proportionate and corresponding benefits;—and may in a proportionate and corresponding degree secure such an influence throughout the whole of the population around him, as must redound to the advantage and advancement of the Church itself. In these views, I admit, there is nothing new; I only aim at giving an additional evidence, and as it appears to me a striking one of their correctness and truth,—from facts which once fell under my own observation.* At present I will not detain you with any further preface to my hasty and desultory notes. They are part of an imperfect and occasional journal which I kept while in England some ten years ago, and these memoranda were made on a visit for a few days in Dec. 1824, to a friend who was then the vicar of a parish within a day's journey of London. I give you nearly a transcript of my notes, taking the liberty of disguising names and places, by altering the initials.

December, 1824.

"I ran down on the 16th to B. L. to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. H. the vicar of the parish, to whom I had an introduction from his brother. Returned the 20th, having staid over Sunday and attended service twice. My visit was shorter than I could have wished; but business required my return to town. I was much pleased with Mr. H.'s conversation and character. He is a faithful and useful minister, an accomplished man and good scholar. He has his father's fine person and countenance; and though not so impressive as he was in his delivery in the pulpit, or so elaborate in the composition of his sermons, his manner is earnest and animated, and his style excellent for his audience or any audience. I have had much talk with him about his parish, in riding, walking, and evening sitting. The church is a very ancient one, in the form of a cross; some of the arches and massive unornamented pillars still remain of that style of architecture generally called Saxon, perhaps more properly Norman or Roman:—the principal door way is under a fine semi-circular arch with multiplied mouldings and beadings, and chevrons, rivalling some of those in Winchester Cathedral, or even the great western door way of Lindisfarm.

* In the Edinburgh Review for Sept. 1826, [not to be suspected of undue partiality to the Church] some good observations may be found on the general advantage to a population, of the fixed residence among them of an endowed clergy.