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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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## THE SPANISH BELL.

*Purchased for St. John's Church, Salem, N. Jersey.*

Where hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding,  
O'er ocean's foam ?  
Hath it to mass brought gathered crowds surrounding  
Some ancient dome ?  
Hurry forward, (with the mystic sign  
Hasty and frequent on their bosom press'd  
As Heaven's own safeguard,)—to confession's shrine,  
Fearing to die unshriven and unblest ?  
Where from the lips of him, whose pageantry  
Of gorgeous raiment shone with tissued gold,  
"Domine ! Domine!"—arose on high  
In rapid speech, while curling incense rolled ?  
Where hath that deep, deep voice of thine been sounding,  
O'er ocean's foam ?  
Hath it to mass brought gathered crowds surrounding  
Some ancient dome ?  
Over the dark cloister have thy tones been pealing  
From lone, high tower ?  
Morning matin through the long aisle stealing,  
Or vesper hour ?  
The veiled sister trod with downcast eye,  
Striving to see that God's own light is fair,  
Hanging o'er the counted rosary,  
"Ave Marias" floated through the air ?  
Trembling, the monk's low footstep pass'd,  
Leading its way to penance unrequired,  
And sigh, torturing scourge, and wasting fast,  
Service of abject fear, not love, inspired ?  
Over the dark cloisters have thy tones been pealing  
From lone, high tower ?  
Morning matin through the long aisle stealing,  
Or vesper hour ?  
Led to a purer fane we welcome thee,  
Deep-sounding Bell !  
Happier faith, of holier unity,  
Now shalt thou tell !  
Call thou the Christian to the House of Prayer,  
Where solemn rites the humble spirit lead  
In calm devotion; call the mourner there,  
To feel the bruised is not a broken reed !  
Call the warm heart of gladness to rejoice  
In cheerful praise; call mingling souls to send  
Up to the mercy-seat united voice,  
And in one prayer with meek contrition bend,  
Led to a purer fane we welcome thee,  
Deep-sounding Bell !  
Happier faith, of holier unity,  
Now shalt thou tell !  
And when our footsteps shall have passed for ever  
From earth away ;  
When Sabbath bell again can wake us never  
To life and day ;  
Long with thy sound may holy thoughts be blent,  
Sweet be its call to grateful offerings here,  
And those whose lips shall praise, whose knee be bent,  
When ceas'd our worship in an earthly sphere !  
Others shall tread the path that we have trod,  
And at thy bidding seek this House of God,  
When low our heads are laid, our hearts are still !  
And when our footsteps shall have pass'd for ever  
From earth away ;  
When Sabbath bell can wake us never  
To life and day !

Epis. Rec.

## From Scriptural Emblems.

### BREAD AND WINE.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread :

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat ; this is my body, which is broken for you : this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood : this do ye, oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. xi. 23—26.

The Lord's supper was instituted by Christ, as a commemorative sign and an instructive emblem. Our blessed Lord was just about to suffer and to die for the sin of men: in order therefore, that this mystery might never be forgotten, he brake the bread in token of "his body given for men;" and poured out the wine in token of "his blood shed for them;" and expressly commanded, that in all future ages this ceremony should be observed "in remembrance of him." The killing of the paschal lamb was not sufficient; the people must feed upon it, in the manner which God himself had prescribed. So neither is it sufficient that, by the breaking of the bread and the pouring out of the wine, we commemorate the death of Christ. Were the ordinances merely commemorative, that would have answered the end; but it is intended emblematically to show forth the way in which we are to obtain an interest in the Redeemer's death. We must apply it to ourselves; we must feed upon it; and by so doing, declare our affiance in it; we must shew, that, as our bodies are nourished by bread and wine, so we hope to have our souls nourished by means of union and communion with our adorable Redeemer. In the bread broken and the wine poured forth, you behold his agonies, even unto death,—even those agonies which have expiated your guilt, and obtained the remission of your sins. Oh ! let the sight fill you with holy joy and gratitude ! And be assured that the more constantly and entirely we feed on Christ below, the better shall we be prepared for the nearest intercourse with him above, and the fullest possible communication of all his blessings to our souls.—*Hor. Hom.*

Bread of life,—for sinners broken,  
On the cross, in Christ our Head;  
I receive the heavenly token,  
That, by him, my soul is fed.

Dying words,—by Jesus spoken,  
Wine—the blood of Jesus shed;  
Thankfully, I bless the token,  
That for me, the Saviour bled.

### THE CHRISTIAN.

There is not a nobler sight in the world, than an aged and experienced Christian, who, having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted—testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by his warnings and directions and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.—*Cecil's Remains.*

## For the Colonial Churchman.

### MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS—NO. II.

How various and interesting are the recollections which the perusal of our pastoral notes, or the review of some years of missionary labour, calls back to the mind of the minister of Christ. What changing scenes of trouble and of joy in the lives of those to whom he has ministered, and in his own ! How many chambers darkened by sorrow will he thus mentally revisit ! How many mournful departures to the eternal world will he sadly remember, of those who left no cheering evidence behind them of their acceptance with God through the blood of his dear Son—who lived without Him in the world, and died in their iniquity. And how will such recollections revive the self-condemning reflection that the watchman has been too remiss in his solemn duties to the departed,—calling forth the earnest prayer, that the great Shepherd will not require the blood of these souls at his hands. Often have such reflections arisen in the mind of the writer of these lines, and as often has such a prayer ascended from his heart, while in the solitude of his study, and in the exercises of self-examination, he has recalled the names of those who have sat under his ministry, but are now sealed up to the dreadful Judgment of the Great Day. But blessed be the riches of redeeming grace, there are bright spots too in the past, upon which our meditations may rest with some feelings of comfort. There are happy instances of the power of the Gospel unto salvation, to which memory turns in the records of ministerial experience, and which seem to make up for those that often weigh the spirit of the pastor down. Some years have now elapsed since a case of this comfortable character came under my notice, exemplifying in a remarkable manner the power of faith in Christ to bring peace and joy to the suffering soul.

It was in another parish, to which an interesting call had brought me, that I was thus privileged. While there, I was invited by an esteemed Brother to accompany him one evening, to administer the Holy Communion in the sick room of a young female of his flock, of whom he spoke in very comfortable terms, expressing his confidence that I would be edified by the visit. And edified, truly, I was. Never shall I forget that evening. The individual who was then for the first and the last time to partake of the comforting memorials of a Saviour's love, was in the bloom of youth, not long a wife and a mother, beloved in every relation, surrounded by attached friends, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as this world can give. But short lived indeed is that at the best. Soon are the days of sun-shine succeeded by the night of sorrow. It pleased the Lord so to deal with her, and we found her that night on a bed of agony to which she had been suddenly brought. Tears were streaming from many an eye around her, as we proceeded with the solemn services of the church in the Communion for the sick, affecting at all times, but especially in circumstances like these. And many a heartfelt *amen* was responded to those touching words with which the sacred elements are administered to the sick member of the Church—"The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Seldom indeed have I witnessed such an evidence of the power of religion to sustain the soul under the worst of bodily suffering. Although she might have said with the psalmist, "there is no whole part in my body, and my bones scarce cleave to my flesh"—altho' night and day pain was her portion—and Death stared her in the face;