

The Church Times.

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“Evangelical Truth—Apostolic Order.”

W. Gossip—Publisher.

VOL. VII. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1854. NO. 10.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day	Dist.	MORNING.	EVENING.
March 22	35. In Lent	Gen. 27; Luke 23	Gen. 31; Th. 3
23		Joshua 6; John 1	Joshua 7; Th. 4
24		8; John 2	9; Th. 5
25		10; John 3	10; Th. 6
26		11; John 4	11; Th. 7
27		12; John 5	12; Th. 8
28		13; John 6	13; Th. 9
29		14; John 7	14; Th. 10
30		15; John 8	15; Th. 11
31		16; John 9	16; Th. 12

Poetry.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

BY JOHN J. MORRIS.

TRAD' LIGHTLY, traveller, o'er this earth,
Perhaps the dust of saints is here;
And, oh, what glory crowns the worth
Of those who walked in holy fear.
With heavenly spirit, gentle, calm,
Dispensing mercy's healing balm.

Perhaps the ground beneath your feet
May hide a precious one below;
Who shall arise the Lord to meet,
And all his regal attendants know;
Heaved to glory by His grace,
He shall behold His face to face.

Sweet thought!—the salutes though borne away,
Still dwell among us, and are found
Where'er the pious love to stray,
Through sweet affection's garnished ground.
Each spirit hath some sacred spot,
Where the long-loved one falleth not.

There is a cemetery within,
Where memory wreathes her fairest flowers,
Where friends repose released from sin,
And all its dark, attending powers.
Oh! how the spirit loves to weep,
O'er the spot where loved ones sleep.

Then ye may bear the dead to dust,
And yet ye cannot quench their light,
Survivors hold the precious trust,
And still preserve it pure and bright.
So Jesus! keep their souls above,
Inscribed all over with Thy love.

Religious Miscellany.

WRECK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

BY A MISSIONARY.*

CONTINUE my communication. And now we
aboard the Kilby, without mishap or accident,
having been frightened somewhat at seeing little
my youngest daughter, almost fall by a sudden
The hope by which the ladies and children were
up the ship's side. 'Pa, don't let the water come
' said the darling innocent, as she clung to my
side. I lay in my berth—Josephina, her eldest
sister, slept in the berth beneath us, by the side of a
sailor—the night after the accident, expect-
ing the steamer to founder at each instant. To have
be now dashed to pieces before my eyes when
I almost reached the place of safety would have
been indeed. But God preserved her, and many
others; and it is cause our hearts to thrill at
her own simple, but expressive narrative, of
the manner in which she had been rescued from on
that steamer, as she called it, to which she
desired to 'go back' again. 'They put me in a
boat,' were her words, 'let me down in its bow,
' and I rode over, and they took me
a tale. Graphic description! To my mind
absent in its simplicity, and more full of mean-
ing unprompted, than the most measured ex-
pression, the most nicely rounded periods could pro-
vide.

My turn came to clamber up the ship's
side, and then I stood upon the deck. That was a
moment!—one in which I think I can truly
say I felt overwhelmed with thankfulness to God,
of pitching and rolling, at a fearful rate, as did
the good ship, rode as quickly as though
safely moored in the harbor of New York.—
Nothing around us appeared to be so substan-

* Continued from last week.

tial when contrasted with the light, airy, gossamer-look-
ing 'sloop' of the San Francisco. The bulwarks
rising almost above our heads, strong, stout, and com-
fortable-like, were very different from the slender
studs and rope-work of the 'hurricane deck' of our
late prison-house. There was an appearance of security
about them which was most refreshing. But, oh! how
short-lived was our satisfaction. Small idea had we
of the discomfort, the wretchedness, which was still
before us—the suffering which was still to be endured.

As it was now almost dark, one of my earliest acts,
after the first burst of delight at finding ourselves
safely on board a ship which was not a wreck had pas-
sed away—truly it was good to be there!—was to look
around for quarters for the night. But, alas! quar-
ters there were none. The cabin composed an area
of some eight feet by ten; and into this and the four
small state-rooms which surrounded it, and now al-
ready occupied, were crowded no less than three and
thirty human beings. But not a complaint was heard.
All were too thankful for the rescue to utter a word
which might even appear to express dissatisfaction with
our then position. And well we might be when we
be thought of the hundreds of our fellow creatures
still left on board the wreck. At length we breathed,
where the shrieks and cries of terrified and drowning
persons, borne along in the deep darkness of the night,
as the wind howled fearfully and the storm lashed in
fury round the devoted ship, no longer reached our
ears. No longer did the seas rush over us with stun-
ning force, causing brave men and strong, to groan
of very anguish, and pale, delicate, despairing woman
to quail of terror; and so none dared complain. But
wretched enough was our condition: for soon we
found that not only were beds a thing to be had by
few, but that water and provisions were scarce, and
the ship's sails had been many of them blown a-
way. Yet there were some sails left, and the hull,
and deck, and spars were sound, and good, sailor-like
Captain Lowe spoke to us cheering words.

Finding that the cabin was greatly crowded, and
that there remained no prospect for my wife and child-
ren than to pass the night on the floor, with nought
for covering save a single blanket in which each child
was wrapped during our transfer from the steamer.—
(Think of that, ye children of ease and comfort, and
pity the distressed who, pining in want and wretched-
ness during the cold winter nights, surround your
happy dwellings. A bundle of any kind, of which to
make a pillow, was then a very luxury.) I resolved
to spend the night on deck. Looking around, I espied
a dear and valued friend, who had taken up his quar-
ters in a position somewhat sheltered by the overhang-
ing bulwark, upon the 'softest part' of a huge spar
which lay beside it, and seated myself near him. We
talked of our prospects, then mused in silence. Soon it
began to grow cold and stormy, for the wind had
again arisen. I was therefore compelled to seek again
the shelter of the crowded cabin, where we passed the
night in sleepless vigil. Well was it that I found the
hiding place, for had I remained that night exposed
upon the open deck, such was the fury of the tempest,
I must have perished.

For two whole days and nights it continued to blow
a gale; yet, unlike the San Francisco, our good ship
floated like a cork upon the water. Our great con-
cern then was that we had lost the steamer in the
storm and could do nothing towards the rescue of
those who had been left on board. But soon our trou-
bles began rapidly to increase. The Kilby had not pro-
visions—if we can except a barrel of biscuit and some
bags of Indian corn—and was short of water. We
hoped to have brought off supplies from the wreck,
but had only succeeded in transferring a little bread,
bacon, tea and sugar, with some wine and spirits; but
what was that amongst so many? Then did we learn
the lesson that only He who fed the multitude at Ti-
berias could feed us also; that the same God who re-
plenished the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil
could open the windows of heaven and pour down
water and replenish our slender stock. That was the
time to try our faith, for indeed our distress was
great. All had to be put upon short allowance.—

Those who had no children may think that their suf-
ferings were acute enough: but, oh! they knew noth-
ing of the anguish of the parent's heart when his child
implored him to give it more water and more bread,
and of neither had he more to give! I had heard and
read of such things in the course of my life, but never
experienced them before. It sickens my inmost soul
to think of them even now. Well shall I know here-
after and compassionate the parent whose children cry
for bread.

But our manner of life on board the Kilby has not
ready been described. Occurrences transpired there
over which I could wish to draw a veil. Many a noble
trait of character was then and there developed; while,
on the other hand, it would be but truth to say some
things were there transacted which it were better had
never been.

For sixteen nights did my poor wife sit, babe in
arms, upon that cabin floor! And for as many days
did the crew, and passengers, and amongst them my four
young children, endure the agonies of hunger, thirst,
cold and weariness, with in one case, painful diseases
unbraded. For two and twenty days, up to the
time of our arrival in New York, we could wash but
twice—once with snow—and never laid aside our
clothes. All were wretched, miserable, forlorn.—
'Cast down' we were, but thanks be to God we were
not destroyed!

I had fortunately secured some preserved milk whilst
on board the steamer: and but for this, I think our
babe—only eight months old—must have surely
died. With each returning day rations were distrib-
uted to all: and we learnt there, I trust, henceforth to
call nothing of God's bounty common or unclean.—
A piece of bacon, about the size of a half silver-dollar,
was the allowance daily for each adult, whilst the child-
ren were restricted to a smaller portion. And, oh!
had those who had never known what it is to want
been there and seen my little ones as they sat around
me upon that cabin floor, a forlorn group, each with
distended eye and open mouth, waiting to drink in
turn the 'sup' of tea, and to eat the small piece of
bread, varied now and then with a handful of parched
Indian corn, (hard feed, indeed, to them:—) had they
beheld the pangs of hunger, written legibly upon the
countenances of those beloved ones, (the traces still
are there,) who in the midst of all, not once forgot
that little brother and sister must also 'share' it; would
methinks, have been a lesson to them of gratitude to
God, for the plainest food, which they could not for-
get to the latest hour of their lives. And little War-
by—the babe alluded to—he, too, was hungry! even
his craving could scarce be satisfied. I have seen him
stretch forth his little hands to seize the scrap of pork,
or biscuit crumb, and devour them with a gusto such
as an infant, unthought, had never felt before. But
I forbear.

Cramped for room, I, with two of my little ones, be-
gan now to go down to sleep in the hold below.
Here we had more space, and so did tolerably well.—
The cotton served for bedding, and for one night
only, which was very stormy, were the hatches battened
down. As time wore on, we became more and
more scarce of food. It was pitiful to hear the cries of
the little children. It seems as though I can hear
them now! Often would mine awake at night and
entreat me that I would, if possible, give them 'a
little drink of water from the bottle,' or 'a small piece'
of the sweet, hard 'bread.' Breaking off a portion
of my reserve, about the size of a twenty-five cent
piece, I would place it in their mouth, enjoin them
to eat it slowly, that they might not crave too soon
again: and then, calm and satisfied, they would drop
asleep. Sometimes they would ask for meat, when I
had none to give. Sweet was that morsel then! My
older children would ask conditionally, and learned
patiently to bear repulse: but little Bella found it
difficult to understand why it should be so. 'Is Sophy
in the water, Pa?' she would sometimes say, alluding
to a sister, whom we left behind. These were a-
mongst the greatest sufferings I endured.

But, it may be asked, are there no lights which
you can infuse into the gloomy picture of want and