

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers ! wherefore do ye bloom ?
 —We strew thy pathway to the tomb.
 Stars ! wherefore do ye rise ?
 —To light thy spirit to the skies.
 Fair moon ! why dost thou wane ?
 —That I may wax again.
 O Sun ! what makes thy beams so bright ?
 —The word that said " Let there be light."
 Planets ! what guides you in your course ?
 —Unseen, unfelt, unailing source.
 Nature ! whence sprang thy glorious frame ?
 —My Maker called me and I came.
 O Light ! thy subtle essence who may know ?
 —Ask not ; for all things but myself I show.
 What is yon arch which every where I see ?
 —The sign of omnipresent Deity.
 Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone ?
 —Where earth God's footstool touches heaven his throne.
 Ye Clouds ! what bring ye in your train ?
 —God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail or rain.
 Winds ! whence and whither do ye blow ?
 —Thou must be born again to know.
 Bow in the cloud ! what token dost thou bear ?
 —That Justice still cries ' strike', and Mercy ' spare.'
 Dews of the morning ! wherefore were ye given ?
 —To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.
 Rise, glitter, break ; yet, Bubble ! tell me why ?
 —To show the course of all beneath the sky.
 Stay Meteor ! stay thy falling fire ?
 —No : thus shall all the host of heaven expire.
 Ocean ! what law thy chainless waves confined ?
 —That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.
 Time ! whither dost thou flee ?
 —I travel to Eternity.
 Eternity ! what art thou ?—say.
 —Time past, time present, time to come to-day.
 Ye Dead ! where can your dwelling be ?
 —The house for all the living ;—come and see.
 O life ! what is this breath ?
 —A vapour lost in death.
 O Death ! how ends thy strife ?
 —In everlasting life.
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 Ask Him who rose again for me.—*Selected.*

For the Colonial Churchman.

BEAUTIES OF COLERIDGE.—NO. I.

" Various—

That the mind of desultory man,
 Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,
 May be indulged."

I have risen from a perusal of 'Coleridge's Table Talk,' and as I proceeded selected and classified, with some care, such passages as appeared, in my humble judgment, calculated to instruct and interest your readers. I need not remind you, Messrs. Editors, that in addition to the enduring fame acquired by Coleridge, (one of the "master-lights" of our day) as a poet and philosopher, that his conversational powers—of which 'Table Talk' is an exhibition—were of a transcendent order. But above all in his later years he displayed the infinitely more valuable graces of the Christian character. Within but a few years the earth has been heaped on his grave, for he died in London in the year 1834, aged 63.

The selection which I now "cast upon the waters" commences with *Characters of the Scriptures.*

SIGMA.

Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says :—" And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." And in the next chapter, he repeats the nar-

native:—And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then he adds these words,—' and man came a living soul.'—Materialism will never explain these last words.

St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel, while St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

Think of sublimity, I would rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel, " Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

The Epistle to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of what might be called St. Paul's diocese. It is the divinest composition of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity; first, those doctrines peculiar to Christianity, and then those precepts common to it with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

As you are in the habit of publishing the proceedings of the Church Society, you will no doubt be glad to hear that the friends of the Church in Parrsborough determined to form in their township a Parrsborough District Committee of the Church Society, and a commencement was made by the appointment of the Rev. N. A. Coster, Rector, as President; the Hon. James Ratchford and Walter Maynard, Esq. Vice Presidents; Jesse Lewis, Esq. Treasurer; — Whidden, Esq. Acting Secretary.

A sufficient number of persons not having enrolled themselves members, the appointment of the committee was postponed; but with God's blessings upon the exertions of zealous officers, the little spring now opened beneath our altar, will spread, and as it flows, produce fertility.

T. O.

From Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Vol. ii. p. 58.—The roads, in many places, were so destroyed by the heavy rains and floods, that it was impossible to travel without sending precursors to see that the bills of sand and mud were levelled, and the chasms and ravines filled up, before a wheel carriage could pass. This, by the custom of the country, is performed gratuitously for governors and persons in office. On the halcarra or harbinger, arriving at a village with an intimation that a man of consequence is on his way thither a proclamation is issued to repair the roads as far as the next village, and so in continuance. In a light soil it is a work of no great expense, and soon accomplished. This established custom elucidates a beautiful passage in the evangelical prophecy respecting the coming of the Messiah, preceded by John the Baptist, as a harbinger in the spirit and power of Elias, to prepare the way of the Lord, and make his path-strait, *Matt. iii. 3*; when every valley was to be exalted, and every mountain and hill to be made low: and the crooked to be made straight, and the rough places plain. *Isa. xl. 4.*

Vol. ii. p. 97.—On a sultry day, having rode faster than my attendants, while waiting their arrival under a tamarind tree, a young woman came to the well; I asked for a little water, but neither of us having a drinking vessel, she lastly left me, as I imagined to bring an earthen cup for the purpose, as I should have polluted a vessel of metal; but as Jael, when Sisera asked for water, gave him milk, and brought forth butter in a lordly dish, *Judges v. 25.* so did this village damsel, with more sincerity than Heber's wife, bring me a pot of milk, and a lump of butter on the delicate leaf of the banana, the 'lordly

dish' of the Hindoos. The former I gladly accepted on my declining the latter, she immediately made up into two balls, and gave one to each of the oxen and drew my hackery. Butter is a luxury to these animals, and enables them to bear additional fatigue.

Vol. ii. p. 100.—Sbaik Edroes at first waited table, and performed little offices about our person but on the appearance of some spot of leprosy, excused him from that part of his employment. The spots increasing, his motley skin grew so disgusting that we dispensed with his attendance at table, at length procured him a situation where the disorder did not interfere with his duty; for, although he was not suddenly smitten like Gehazi, yet his skin gradually experienced the same effect, until, like him, became 'a leper as white as snow.' The whiteness of the Indians afflicted with this disorder is so extremely disagreeable as to render the complexion of blackest Ethiopian beautiful in the comparison.

Vol. ii. p. 241.—Respecting the kind of bed mentioned in *Sol. Song iii. 7-10*, I think there can be no doubt that it means the palanquin of Hindostan, something very similar; in which the prince not only reclines, or sits in state in paying visits of ceremony, but the traveller also reposes during a journey, as were his own bed.

Vol. ii. 243.—Gibbon the historian, although a friend to Christianity, has candidly acknowledged that 'if the Sacred Writings be considered but human productions, they deserve to be studied, one of the most curious and original monuments of the east.—(*London*) *Tract Mag.*

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of Right Rev. William Ward, the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man. His Lordship died at the rectory House of Great Horkesley, in this county, at two o'clock on Friday night, the 26th ult. The Bishop who was in his 76th year, had been failing for some time in bodily strength, and about ten days previous to his death had been confined to his room; his weakness increased rapidly, but wholly unattended with pain. On the Monday he partook, with his family, the Holy Eucharist, and from that hour seemed to forget all his worldly cares; even his Diocese, which was the last object of solicitude spoken of by him on that occasion, he seemed to have left in humble confidence to the protecting mercies of Almighty God, declaring his firm belief that those measures now taken for the preservation of that, the Church of his diocese, would be prospered in the hands of those whom he had entrusted the charge of advocating rights in Parliament. Though conscious to the last he remained in a state of perfect tranquility both body and mind; and this state was only exchanged for one expressive of greater and more lively happiness, which in his last moments was stamped upon his countenance in a most remarkable manner, so remarkable indeed that no one could look upon the dead body of that good man and pious Bishop, and not feel that 'the seal of the living God' was set upon his forehead. The history of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man, is that of a man blessed with quiet unvarying prosperity from first to last. His first profession was under the patronage of Bishop Porteus, who ordained him Priest and who to the end of his own life, was his warm and attached friend. The Bishop appointed Mr. Ward Reader and alternate Preacher at Curzon Chapel, and soon afterwards he was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of St. Alban's. About this time Lord Grantham died and left Bishop Porteus the guardian of his three sons, two of whom, the Earl de Grey and the Earl of Devon, are now living. The Bishop immediately appointed his young friend to be their tutor. After a few years of faithful discharge of this trust, the Duke offered him the Rectory of Myland, near Colchester, and after a diligent ministry of twenty-years in that parish, the more lucrative benefice of Great Horkesley. In the meanwhile, through the interest of other friends, he had obtained from the Lord Chancellor, the Rectory of Alphamstone, in this county, from his own friend, Bishop Fisher, of Salisbury, a stall in that Cathedral. In the year 1827, the Earl of Ripon (then Viscount Goderich) being first