

# The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

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## Poetry.

### THE EMIGRANT CURATE'S FAREWELL.

I hail thee, fair mother: I gladden to see  
As doves at their windows thy progeny;  
I love thee the more in these recreant days;  
For thy walls are salvation, thy gates are praise:  
Yet whatever to others, fair mother, thou be,  
Thou hast been but a hard step-dame to me.

To enter thy shrine, in my boyhood I toiled;  
I gave up earth's prospects; my pittance I spoiled;  
And many a year in thy service I've worn,  
And many a shock of life's tempests have borne.  
They say thou art wealthy, and bounteous and free:—  
Thou hast been but a hard step-dame to me.

Thy burdens are welcome, thy summons I hail;  
But thy votary's babes cannot feed on the gale:  
Then think it no scorn if thy heart-broken child  
Seek a flock far remote in some bleak western wild;  
Where still will I love thee, though certain it be  
Thou hast been but a hard step-dame to me.

But oh! in thy walls I have wept and prayed;  
And there have I blest the bridal maid;  
And there have I seen the widow mourn;  
And there to the Saviour's arms have borne  
Full many a babe that wept with me,  
As I uttered the Triune mystery.

And there have these lips blessed the chalice of peace,  
And these hands borne the emblems of mortal's release,  
And this bosom up-heaved with as thrilling a vow,  
As though mitres had waited my feverish brow;  
And there have these eyes been permitted to see,  
Earthly dawns of heaven's own sanctity.

But no more, or this oft riven heart will rebel;—  
Farewell,—hallowed mother—Farewell—Farewell!  
I haste to yon desert, unknown, untrod;  
But each clime is a home, if I dwell with my God:  
'Tis a boon, I deserve not, wherever I be,  
To spend and be spent, O my Saviour, for thee.  
[Communicated.] *Christian Journal.*

### THE EMIGRANT.

It is indeed matter of high congratulation that the sympathies of our National church have at length been awakened in behalf of her children scattered throughout her transatlantic territories, and that a call is in course of being addressed from her pulpits, to our more favored fellow subjects, to give, as the Lord has prospered them, for the relief of that spiritual destitution which these wandering sheep of our Israel are doomed to experience. The case is one of the strongest and most affecting ever submitted to British patriotism; for every one animated by a genuine love of country must long to witness the most valuable institutions of his native land fixing their roots and rearing their heads in every country under heaven; or to christian benevolence, for where is the human being whose bosom glows with but one spark of that heaven-descended principle, who can contemplate thousands and tens of thousands of immortal creatures "perishing for lack of knowledge," even within the territories of a country called Christian, and yet whose eye fails to affect his heart?

When we think of the straitened circumstances which so frequently compel emigration, and the indescribable hardships and privations to which the emigrant is subjected in making a small opening in the vast wilderness, and that a mere subsistence by the productions of the soil is all that is realized during the better half of life, how are those to be supported who are employed in guiding their steps to "the better country, that is an heavenly?" It is required of those who are "put in trust with the ministry," to "give themselves wholly to the work;" but how can they do so, if from the work they derive no means of subsistence? And how can they carry on any other occupation for a livelihood, when, from the beginning to the close of every week, they must be travelling from one clearing in the wood to another, answering the calls of those who are looking to them for spiritual sustenance; and, in the accomplishment of their arduous but god-like undertaking, after experiencing what the great apostle of the Gentiles was doomed to encounter in the prosecution of his ministry, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness?"

In these colonies indeed, there are many itinerating preachers of different sects, or of no sect at all, who are literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water," who have all the poverty of the apostles, with few of their more attractive and valuable qualities; who have it not in their power to exercise any pastoral superintendence at all, even though they had the will and the capacity to do so, acceptably as well as beneficially. Nay, there are many regularly ordained clergymen, who betake themselves to agricultural or other pursuits, to make up the deficiency of the inadequate and ill-paid remuneration promised them for their professional labors. Now is it to be supposed that persons, in these harassing and secularising circumstances, can find their minds in a condition for spiritual duties, or that those who attend on the Sabbath ministrations can expect to enjoy the pleasure and advantage of their week day counsels? Can such a ministry be respectable or efficient or really valuable? and is it to be wondered at, that while the love of many waxeth cold, their free-will offerings should gradually become few in number and trifling in amount, and that the labourers in the vineyard, being unable from the disadvantages inseparable from their

situation, to "make full proof of their ministry" should hasten to make their escape from all the fearful responsibilities of the sacred office? Thus it happens that in the midst of all that life and energy which are conspicuous in the new settlements, the goodly plant of christianity has taken no root, and is withering and dying for want of nourishment. But this is to be viewed as the bright side of the picture: here something has been done to secure the blessings of the gospel ministry, and an oasis may be described in the vast and gloomy wilderness. How hard, then, is the fate of the emigrant who has removed from the full light of religious institutions, with which the land of his birth is so signally blessed, to that deep and unbroken wilderness of heathenism, of which the physical condition of his adopted country presents so apt and striking an emblem! and yet, alas! how many abandon the one without a sigh, and plunge into the other without a murmur or complaint! Their case is the more deplorable that they are themselves unconscious of its wretchedness. The world at best is their grand object of attraction; for its sake they have left behind them the country of their fathers, and to secure its good things they regard as worthy of their best energies and unwearied efforts. Far be it from us to blame them for their industry, their contentment with the lot assigned them, and the cheerfulness with which they set themselves to the task of redeeming a portion of land from the forest which has waved over it from the era of the great flood. But why this insensibility to their spiritual privations? That men compelled, for a length of time, to live without religious ordinances, should, through habit, become, in the end, reconciled to the want of them, is too easily conceived, as it is too frequently realized; and hence, a fatal indifference can number among its victims a far larger proportion of our expatriated countrymen than open and avowed infidelity itself. This is one of the gloomiest aspects of our case, living in the pleasure of apathy (if pleasure it can be called,) and "they are dead while they live."

And shall no efforts be put forth by our christian "kinsmen according to the flesh" to disturb that false tranquillity, to break that stillness which portends a coming storm, to arouse from that lethargy which is the prelude of "the second death?" But, blessed be God, there are multitudes who have not thus "forgotten their first love," who find "nought that can compensate for the calm and beautiful lustre which they left behind them in the abode of domestic piety;" who "look back through the dim and distant recollection of many years, to the days of their cherished and well-taught boyhood;" who bear in thankfully pleasing remembrance, "the solemnity of a father's parting voice, and all the tenderness of a mother's prayers." And how is the heavenly flame to be fanned? How are the sacred impressions to be revived and perpetuated? What is there in the land of our exile to cause those things, which belong to "the new man," to live and grow in the soul? The sound of the axe may ring through the forest; the plough may pierce the sod which before had been undisturbed save by the hunter's tread; the streams may be pent up in their narrow beds, and powers, not their own, given them to turn the mill wheel, and afford nourishment and protection to man: villages, and towns, and cities may spring up and flourish; but while the smoke is seen arising from many a domestic hearth, where, alas! are the altars? where is the village spire pointing to heaven, and telling the distant traveller that he is approaching the abode of christians as well as civilized man? the Sabbath returns, but where are its wonted joys? no temple, no missionary of salvation, no songs of Zion to usher in that blessed day. The wind is heard roaring among the trees which surround the humble dwelling, but no voice of devotion ascends to heaven, except it be in the sighs and whispers of a broken heart. In such a scene the description of our justly admired christian poet is fully realised,

"But the sound of the church-going bell  
These vallies and rocks never heard;  
N'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smil'd when the Sabbath appear'd."

And those who retain any "love for the habitation of God's house," and were accustomed in the days that are gone to join in the Psalmist's declaration, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," are ready to "hang their harps on the willows, and to weep when they remember Zion." In the first generation religion wears itself away by a gradual decline: in the second it is scarcely known to have existed. As the population increases, therefore, the prospect is shrouded in a more portentous gloom, and, unless some immediate and extraordinary efforts are made by the pious and benevolent, many who have come amongst us will, with their children and descendants, freed from all christian restraints, become a nation of heathens, a race daily ripening to be outcasts from God. If so much is doing in this age of missionary zeal, for those in the dark places of the earth, with whom our fellow subjects are connected only as being members of the great family of mankind, surely, we, who bear in common with them the name of Britons,—not only the children of the same favored land, but worshippers at the same altar,—have stronger claims on their sympathy than even the silent gloom of darkest Pagan land. God forbid that we should give utterance to a single sentiment, tending to damp the ardour of christian feeling which has given birth to so many associations for ameliorating the condition of idolatrous nations; but however pitiable their state, they cannot experience that pang of sorrow, which gives to destitution half its bitterness: they cannot feel, that what they now have not, was once their own. Let our countrymen ask, would they be willing to exile themselves from all that is peculiar, and cheering, and elevating, in christian lands, that they might live amid the horrors of a

"darkness that might be felt;" and die unblest by a single visit from a messenger of peace? Doomed to spend silent Sabbaths, having no living voice to warn them of "the things which belong to their peace;" no ambassador of heaven dispensing the bread and the water of life? by contrast, then, let them be taught the value of their christian privileges, that they may, at the same time, learn rightly to estimate the extent of the emigrant's loss, and deeply to share in the sympathies and exertions of those who are employed in providing the means of his relief. Those who go forth amongst us as heralds of the cross to so interesting a field of labor, must make great sacrifices, and "endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." They must abandon their friends and country, and choicest privileges, and most encouraging prospects, and commence their mission at a vast sacrifice. They must brave the fury of the elements, and toil, and study, and labor, in season and out of season, and "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," amid privations and hardships numerous and severe.

And shall not they who continue to enjoy the comforts of home, give them a place in their best affections, and do what they can to alleviate the pangs of separation, and to brighten those prospects which are so gloomy and appalling to nature? Are not churches and societies bound to make strenuous efforts and costly sacrifices, not only to augment the pecuniary resources of those who have embarked in the glorious enterprise, but also to advance religion at home, that the fountain of christian benevolence may rise higher and send forth more copious streams; that the number and piety of the missionaries may be greatly increased; and thus a noble army may be enlisted to storm the strong-holds of Satan, and cause the banner of Zion's king to wave in the remotest dependencies of the empire. While the cause is the cause of God and of human happiness, it must commend itself to every liberal and enlightened Christian; it must find an advocate in the breast of every true philanthropist.—  
*Communicated.*

### For the Church.

JEREMIAH i. 11, 12.—Moreover the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? and I said, I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, thou hast well seen: for I will hasten my word to perform it.

The generality of readers may, perhaps, be unable to see why the vision should be of an almond rod in preference to any other. There are two reasons for it: in the first place, in the original, there is a play on the words *shakad*, an ALMOND TREE, and *shakad*, to watch; in the next place, the almond tree is a fit emblem of vigilance and quickness, in performing any thing, from its being the earliest tree to bud in the spring. Under the word *shakad*, Parkhurst says, "shakod, the almond tree, 'quæ prima inter arbores exigit,' because this tree, before all others, first awaketh and riseth from its winter repose: it flowers in the month of January, and by March brings its fruit to maturity (that is, in the hot southern countries). The forwardness of this fruit-bearing tree is intimated unto us by the vision of Jeremiah; "for the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? and I said, I see a rod, *shakad*, of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, thou hast well seen, for I am hastening," *shakad*, or rather I am walking or watching over, or on account of, my word to fulfil it. It is probable from Num. xvii. 6—8, that the chiefs of the tribes bore such an almond-rod as emblematical of their vigilance; and Aaron's dead almond-rod that blossomed and bore fruit was a very proper emblem of him who first rose from the dead." There is also another beautiful allusion to the almond tree, Eccles. xi; 5. "Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish," and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." The almond tree (says Parkhurst) with its snow-white flowers (as Hasselquist describes it) is surely a very proper emblem of an old man with his snow white locks, and the shedding of these is a constant and well-known symptom of more advanced years." From the text in Jeremiah we should learn, that though the time may seem long to us weak mortals, yet the Lord will surely watch over his word, to fulfil it; let us not be of the number of those who say "where is the promise of his coming?"—At the time of our Saviour's birth, the Jews were all expecting the coming of the Messiah, and their rejection of him did not arise from any doubt of the truth of the prophecies, but because they could not reconcile the lowliness of our Saviour with the glorious descriptions of the prophets: they therefore refused to believe his words though he worked the greatest miracles to convince them of his truth. Seeing how severely they were punished for their unbelief, we should take care not to fall into the same error; we should also take warning, and watch and hasten to prepare for the time when; (if spared so long,) the almond tree shall shed its flowers, so that when the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken, we may yield up our spirit to him who gave it in a fervent hope of being pardoned for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ.

H. B.  
\* Parkhurst translates this, "and the almond tree shall shed its flowers."

† The "silver cord" denotes the whole spinal marrow, from its coming out of the skull, with all its nervous branches; that chord, composed of many fibres, which regulates the motions of every part of the body, and which is properly denominated silver, on account of its retired situation, its excellency, and especially, of its resplendent whiteness, like that of silver.—Solomon's portraiture of old age, by Dr. Smith.

‡ The "golden bowl," (according to Dr. Smith) means particu-