

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 RETURN OF PRAYERS."

Heczekiah prayed for them—and the Lord hearkened to Heczekiah, and healed the people.

I am well pleased, and rejoice
That my good Lord my prayer would hear ;
Hath bowed to my unworthy voice,
And saved me out of all my fear.
And therefore, while I live, will I
Call upon him most cheerfully.

'Tis thus we learn, from mercies past,
The depth of love's eternal spring;
'Tis thus we learn to hold us fast
Beneath the shadow of His wing;
And faith and hope may daily grow,
When our poor prayers are answered so.

And now, O Lord, my faith increase,
Till like the mountains firm it stand;
And grant mine eyes may never cease
To wait the turning of Thine hand;
Nor let impatient thoughts arise
Against the sweet influence of the skies.

I seek not ease nor quiet here,
But light to lead me in Thy way:
With wisdom pure, and courage clear,
And strength, when in the battle-day
The arm of flesh must faithless prove,
And nought prevail but prayer and love.

From the British Magazine.

A THOUGHT FROM MR. JAMES BONNEL.

Trees stand patiently in winter's shroud,
In their shadow, their lost glories round them thrown,
And with dank creaking arms, and leafless crown,
To the moaning spirit of the wood,
Through this strange and mute vicissitude,
Summer and winter, day and night, at length
They gather storied height, beauty and strength,
In comeliness and glory. What though strowed
A path with joys decayed, nor gleam above
Our sorrow's winter; blessed Lord,
Thus through joy and woe, Times' varied scroll,
Thy glances, and the withholdings of Thy love,
Thou buildest up Thy children, till the soul
Shall gain the stature of the living Word.

For the Colonial Churchman.

THE CORONATION.

Dear Editors,
I have before me a beautiful little composition, which I am strongly disposed to transcribe for your readers; but shrinking from the labour, I can only bring myself to give them what I consider one or two of the most striking passages from "By-gone-Days," the Coronation of Charlotte Elizabeth. Her loyalty led her to attend not only to witness the splendid pageant of the Coronation, but to pour forth a supplication on behalf of the "Youthful Queen, that her future reign might be one of unbounded peace whereon the rose and shamrock should lovingly combine: roses

without thorns—shamrocks untainted by the blight that has too long rested on their native plains."

Beautiful indeed is the record she has transmitted to us of the splendid procession of that eventful day—truly patriotic her notice of the representatives of the several foreign princes who honoured England's Queen, and above all full fraught with piety her remarks upon the whole.

After a few moments of sad musing upon the state of her distracted country, caused by witnessing the decorations of the mansion of the Duke of Leinster, and breathing a prayer that she who has suffered while others were in peace and prosperity, may yet be comforted—she proceeds with her narration—

"But I have lost sight of the procession. Revolted Belgium, who preferred the trampling hoof of the Apocalyptic beast to the mild sway of Protestant Holland, made a very sparkling display. But I gave it little heed, except as recalling the image of one who in the course of nature, would now have been wielding for eight years the sceptre of Britain, our own Princess Charlotte. She too had rejected the alliance of Nassau: and a long vista of 'By-gone-days, might have been opened; but the next carriage, the Sicilian, closed this part of the pageant. And again the Moslem costume appeared, as the regular Turkish Ambassador passed, followed by the French, the Russian, and the Austrian, all in magnificent array. Then came a gallant company of minstrels, followed by a detachment of the Life Guards, who preceded the Queen's mother—our own Royal race. A daughter and two sons of good old George the third succeeded, and were welcomed with hearty cheers.

Then a long train of her Majesty's carriages, containing individuals of note, attached to the royal household, but among whom only one excited any interest in my mind—a lovely christian lady, whose heart I well knew ascended in prayer for her youthful Sovereign, and who nursed at the foot of 'Sicor Donard,' would have preferred the "calm retreat, the silent shade," to all the glitter of a luxurious court.

These too passed by, and expectation was all alive for what was next to come. Another squadron of the life guards, nobly mounted, and a splendid band on similar horses, sounding their martial notes, preceded the Military Staff, and royal aides-de-camp. This was a spirit-stirring sight as regarded the reminiscences of hard foughten fields; crosses, ribands, medals, and sometimes a scar, bore witness that many among those who thus heralded England's Queen, had perilled their lives in defence of her crown: and had I possessed the power, it was here I should have placed the Duke of Wellington, whose permitted absence was a deep disgrace to those who could have made him the poor but gratifying return for the best part of a life devoted to his country.

The next remarkable object in the procession consisted of that conspicuous body, the Yeomen of the Guard, whose costume has remained unaltered from the days of Henry 8th.

This corps is of all others the most exciting on the subject of By-gone-days; and as if to allow a wider range to thought, some stoppage detained them for above five minutes, just in front of the bower where I sat. It was in this antique garb, with weapons precisely similar, that the Yeomen guarded our blessed martyrs to the stake: and as the men stood before me, resting on their tasselled halberds and gleaming pikes, I almost shrank from the filling up that imagination supplied. * * *

But no sooner did the group pass on, than all historical recollections were swallowed up in the kindling enthusiasm that spread like wildfire along the living lines: for slowly advancing was now to be descried the gem of national antiquities—that cumbrous mass of solidity on which no transforming hand of modern innovation has yet been laid—the old state coach of Old England.

Here was a precious resuscitation of "By-gone-days," the reader will surely exclaim. No such thing: considering was out of the question: or if any thing was considered, it was only how to take the most advantageous hold of a white handkerchief, and join the general greeting.

Built up as the scaffoldings were to the second stories of some houses, and tastefully canopied with drapery, interspersed with evergreens and flowers, the effect produced by the fluttering of so many cambric appendages was as if ten thousand white doves had suddenly taken wing and were hovering about the windows. It was a moment not to be forgotten through life—that heartfelt homage to the gentle maid of Brunswick. The graceful lowering of England's yet unconquered banner, the steady procession of the military salute; the outburst of the National Anthem from a powerful band, and of the national loyalty from a number of hearts, through lips that joyously shouted their love—the stately tread of eight magnificent horses, with their coats of glossy cream and trappings of burnished gold—all were parts of one perfect whole, that filled the mind, crimsoned the cheek, and caused many an eye to overflow with emotion truly enviable.—And there she sat, the young Queen of this mighty empire—God's chosen Vicegerent, set up to rule our realm, to be a nursing mother to His church—a shepherdess in His fold.

Her look, that of extreme youth, her person small and delicate, attired in gorgeous robes of state, with a circlet of diamonds on her fair and remarkably open brow; she sat fully visible through the glass that forms the principal part of the immense coach, and with a pretty graceful motion of the head, slight, but perfectly marked, kept up a perpetual acknowledgment of the incessant greeting. There was a delicate glow on her cheek, and a smile of pleasure on her lip, but much of quiet dignity that became the Queen of such a people.

And so she passed on, "in maiden majesty," leaving my heart and eyes so full, that of all who followed her I saw nothing. "My Lady, my mistress," occupied every nook of thought, elevated to