

## POETRY.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

I regret to find from the Colonial Churchman of the 11th January, that you are not in possession of a copy of that beautiful work of Keble's,\* to which your correspondent "A" invites your attention—a work which might well be styled the Churchman's Manual, so sweetly does it lead us through the services, by which our "dear Mother" teaches her children to contemplate the life of her Heavenly Spouse. A warm admirer of its pure and scriptural breathings of humility, resignation, love and charity,—I am tempted to send you a few extracts, though unequal to the task of culling from a garland so full of beauties, one flower of richer fragrance than another, leaving to your own judgment the propriety of giving these fragments a place in your paper. The child of sorrow may be soothed, while dwelling on such passages as the following, from the lines on

## ST. JOHN'S DAY.

Only, since our hearts will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief  
When our earthly lov'd ones sink  
Send us, Lord, thy sure relief;  
Patient hearts, their pain to see,  
And thy grace to follow Thee.

Or this, from the poem on the

## BURIAL SERVICE.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,  
Through prayer, unto the tomb,  
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,  
Gathering from every loss and grief  
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again  
With hearts new-brac'd and set  
To own, untir'd, love's blessed race,  
As meet for those, who face to face  
Over the grave their Lord have met.

The poem on the Service for the 5th November ends thus—

And O! by all the pangs and fears  
Fraternal spirits know,  
When for an elder's shame the tears  
Of watchful anguish flow.

Speak gently of our sister's fall—  
Who knows but gentle love  
May win her at our patient call  
The surer way to prove?

## ADVENT SUNDAY.

Awake!—again the Gospel-trump is blown—  
From year to year it swells with louder tone,  
From year to year the signs of wrath  
Are gathering round the Judge's path,  
Strange words fulfill'd, and mighty works achiev'd,  
And truth in all the world both hated and believ'd.

Awake! why linger in the gorgeous town,  
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny crown?  
Up from your beds of sloth and shame,  
Speed to the eastern mount like flame,  
Nor wonder, should ye find your king in tears,  
Even with the loud Hosanna ringing in his ears.

\* We thank our correspondent for this contribution; and, to save trouble to our friends, mention that we have a copy of Keble's work at hand.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heaven?  
In waves of light it thrills along  
Th' angelic signal given—  
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir;—

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous round  
Is echoed on for ever,  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
"And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

## DEVOTIONAL.

*Psalm 119 Verse 10:* "With my whole heart have I sought thee; O let me not wander from thy commandments."

We lose much of the comfort of our religion, and sadly obscure the glory of our profession, by neglecting to bring 'our whole heart' to the work of the Lord. When sin is vigorous, and our spiritual affections are dull, and various circumstances combine to put difficulties in the way of prayer, this is a crisis with the soul, when strong faith is needed to overcome and persevere. But then it is, that the soul too commonly yields to the difficulty, and contents itself either with heartless complainings, or with just sufficient exertion to quiet the voice of conscience, and produce a delusive peace within. But remember that the Lord will not be found thus. His promise is not to such seekers as these; and if we are satisfied with such a frame as this, we must look for a very scanty measure of spiritual success, accompanied with the total absence of spiritual enjoyment.—This however was not David's frame. In the true spirit of Christian confidence he could appeal, 'With my whole heart have I sought thee.' And this assurance, so far from producing self-confidence in the soul, will, as far as it is genuine, be invariably attended with peculiar apprehensions of our own weakness, and will give constant occasion for prayer—'O let me not wander from thy commandments.' Yet the feeblest desire and attempt to seek the Lord, is the spirit's rising beams in the heart, a 'day of small things not to be despised.' It is distinguished from every other principle by the simplicity of its object—'This one thing I do.' 'One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after.' My God! my Saviour! 'with my whole heart have I sought thee. The desire of my soul is to thy name and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early.' And it is when the soul is thus conscious of 'following the Lord fully,' that there is a peculiar dread of wandering. In a careless, or in a half-hearted frame, wanderings are not watched; so long as they do not lead to any open deviation from the way. Secret prayer will be hurried over, worldly thoughts unresisted, waste of time in frivolous pursuits indulged without much concern. But it is not so when the heart is fully in pursuit of its object. There is a carefulness, lest wandering thoughts should become habitual.—There is a resistance in the first step that might lead into a devious path. The soul remembers the 'wormwood and the gall,' 'the roaring lion,' and the devouring wolf; and in the recollection of the misery of its former wandering, dreads any departure from the Shepherd's fold. This is indeed a blessed frame, and one which the flock of Christ should seek to cherish with godly jealousy. Yet let it be remembered that daily progress in the heavenly walk is not maintained by the yesterday's supply of grace. It must flow from a fresh supply continually drawn in by humble and dependent prayer, such as—'O let me not wander from thy commandments.' 'Lord, I feel my heart so prone to wander. My affections are often scattered to the ends of the earth. 'Unite my heart to fear thy name. Concentrate every thought, every desire, in thyself as the one object of attraction.'—*Bridges.*

Selected and abridged from the Protestant Episcop

## COMMUNION OF THE TRUE BELIEVER.

To them the privilege is given,  
To be the sons and heirs of heaven,  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

"When the mind by faith is elevated to God so realizes the divine character and promises feel a sensible influence—it is communion. The penitent, after mental conflicts, rests in the placency of pardon, and looks up to God in the solution of hope through the provisions of the Gospel. There are secret exercises of the soul, in the direct reflex action of faith, which are strictly communion. The ordinary communion of the believer, in the usual course of Christian experience, is a sense of divine favor; or, to speak more explicitly, of divine approbation. The maintenance of this communion, and the strength of its influence, are dependent upon the consistency of the life. This is not only wisely ordered, but has a moral fitness. This communion is the highest joy of the believer, the day of prosperity, and it is his unfailing comfort in the hour of adversity. It elevates him above the blandishment of the harass of life, by keeping him steadfast upon his exalted hope. It gives to the mind an absorbing interest with which neither the sorrows of the present bear the least comparison. It is a serious and silent operation, to be exercised in quiet meditation, and in acts of duty and devotion. It is known by the tranquility and peace with which it imbues the soul; by the meekness and humility of mind which it induces, and the raising of affections to heaven. In this way, instead of expiring, it renews the spirits, and goes on in a progress to the end of life—as the river rising in a small rivulet enlarges and deepens its channel, it flows with all its fulness into the bosom of the sea. Communion, although in its essential property the same, is different in its degree and operation. It rises in manifold gradations, from the sigh of the penitent to the hallelujah of the archangel. It is felt in the bosom of the publican, as he smote upon his breast and implored mercy as a sinner. He felt the being, the attributes, and the presence of his Creator; his soul was bowed down under an apprehension of his holiness; he magnified him in his holiness, and cognized him in his justice, and sought refuge in his grace. This was communion in its incipient stage. Through the grace of pardon, the renovation of the heart, the hope of salvation, and other gracious provisions of the Gospel, it increases even in this world. It is a state to "joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is the strength of the believer; when he is in a state of weakness, it is evidence of insensibility closely allied to spiritual death."

*Feeling and Noise.*—"What a pity," says Dr. D., "that the preacher did not feel more this evening." "Feel more!" replied a lady, "why, the preacher is very zealous, and very noisy." "Ah! yes," said the Doctor, "and if he had felt more he would have been less noisy."—*Gos. Mess.*

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