

POETRY.

SELECTED.

RELIANCE UPON GOD.

My God! my Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart:
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?

Thy ways, great God! are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

My God! my Father! blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACTED FROM A WORK LATELY PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND, ENTITLED, 'ANECDOTES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.'

The late Rev. Dr. Payson of America.—Being once asked what message he would send to the young men who were studying for the ministry in one of the colleges there, thus addressed them: "What if God should place in your hands a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shewn there as an index of your thoughts and feelings, what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection? Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you, immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond on which you are about to inscribe every day and every hour by your instruction, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain and be exhibited for, or against you, at the judgment day."

When Dr. Payson was once taken suddenly ill, and, as every one thought, about to die, he remarks: "What gave me most concern was, that notice had been given of my being about to preach. Whilst the Doctor was preparing my medicine, feeling my pains abated, I, on a sudden, cried out, 'Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die.' In my own apprehension, and in appearance to others, I was a dying man. The people heard me as such. The invisible realities of another world lay open to my views, expecting to stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before the morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, that I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times." His Biographer says; he had something so peculiar in his manners, expressive of sincerity in all he delivers, that it constrained the most abandoned to think he believed what he said, to be of the last importance to souls.

Seldom has the ruling passion been more strongly exemplified in the hour of death, than in the case of this excellent American minister. His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. He directed a label to be attached to his breast when dead, with the admonition, "Remember the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet present with you," that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spoke. The same words were, at the request of his people, graved on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of his interment,

The Church.—On Friday, the last of July, about one hundred gentlemen, residing at Hounslow and its neighborhood, joined together at the Rose and Crown, in commemoration of laying the first stone of Hounslow church; and after the usual toasts, the chairman, (H. Pownall, Esq.) proposed the "Archbishop of Canterbury, and prosperity to the Church of England," and in doing so passed a high eulogium on his grace. He then proposed "the health of the bishop of London and the clergy of Middlesex," observing that Dr. Blomfield, since he had been translated to the see of London, had been the means of thirty-five additional churches having been built within the diocese, and that his lordship had a project in hand by which he hoped to be able to build fifty more. Within fourteen days after the bishop had mentioned his plan among his friends he received voluntary subscriptions to the amount of £20,000*. One individual had anonymously sent the munificent sum of £5000; and a dissenter, in a letter complimenting his lordship on his exertions, had enclosed £500, to be applied toward the above laudable object. The company did not separate until a late hour.—*Herald.*

A meeting has been held at Liverpool, in opposition to the attempt on the part of the town council to force the Irish system on the corporation schools. A good spirit has been displayed, and the common people are much interested against this attempt. The Wesleyans have also come forward warmly. In seven days we have got £8500, and hired and opened new Church of England schools with nearly seven hundred children in them. We have also formed and organized a Church of England School Society. We hope to get £10,000 before a month is out.

A sermon was preached at Holy Rood Church, Southampton, on Sunday, June 26th, and a public meeting held the day following, in aid of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews. The collections amounted to about eighteen pounds. The Society had thirty-eight missionaries, twelve of whom were converts from Judaism. A translation of the beautiful liturgy of our Church into the Hebrew is being published by the Society. A great number of Jews had been baptized into our Church; in the grand Dutchy of Posen alone, 1079, in the course of ten years; and in various other places—in Hamburg, Cologne, Berlin, Tunis, &c., very gratifying results were detailed.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

The consecration of Dr. Butler, the new bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, took place on Sunday, July 3, at the private chapel of his grace the archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace. In addition to his grace, the bishops present and assisting at the ceremony were those of Lincoln, Chichester, and Bristol.

Increase of Churches in Scotland.—A Glasgow merchant has given two thousand guineas as a subscription for one hundred churches that should be built in connexion with the Church of Scotland Extension Committee. The munificent individual is Mr. William Campbell.—*Watchman.*

Died, on the 25th January, 1836, after five days' illness, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, the Rev. Dr. Rottler, for sixty years a missionary in India. On the previous Lord's-day he preached, morning in Tagmul, and evening in English. The night before he was taken ill he expounded, as was his custom, to the young people in his house, and was longer and more animated than usual. At the time of his death he was in the employ of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Amongst his other undertakings may be named a revision of Fabricius's translation of the Old Testament, and the Tagmul version of the Liturgy of the Church of England, now in general use throughout the congregations of Southern India, and it is believed in those holding communion with the Wesleyan Methodists.

An agonized mother, at the grave of a deceased child, whilst the solemn rites were performing, was thus accosted by an aged minister: "There was once a shepherd, whose tender pastoral care was over his flock night and day. One sheep would neither hear his voice, nor follow him. He took up its lamb in his arms, then that sheep came after him."

* This amt. has since increased to upwards of £50,000.

THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

"A little boy had often amused himself by looking over the pictures of a large Bible; and his mother one day said to him, 'John, do you know the use of the Bible?' He said, 'No, mother.' 'Then, John, be sure you ask your father,' was the advice his mother gave him. Soon afterwards, when his father came home, John ran up to him, and said, 'I should like to know, father what is the use of the Bible?' His father said, 'I'll tell you another time, John.' The boy appeared disappointed, and walked away, wondering why his father did not answer the question directly.

"A few days after, the father took his son to a house where was a woman very ill in bed, and began to talk to the poor, afflicted woman, who said that she had suffered a great deal of pain, but hoped that she was resigned to the will of God. 'Do you think,' said the father, 'that God does right to permit you to feel so much pain?' 'O, yes,' answered the woman; 'for God is my heavenly Father, who loves me, and I am sure that one who loves me so much, would not permit me to suffer as I do, if it were not for my good.' He then said, 'How is it that you find your sufferings do you good?' She replied, 'My sufferings are good for my soul, they make me more humble, more patient: they make me feel the value of the Saviour more, and they make me pray more, and I am sure all this is good for me.' John had been very attentive to this conversation, and the tears stood in his eyes while the afflicted woman was talking. His father looked at him, and then said to the woman, 'My good woman, can you tell me what is the use of the Bible?' In an instant, John cast his eyes toward the woman, while his face showed that he was extremely eager to hear her answer. The woman, with a stronger voice than before, said, 'Oh, sir, the Bible has been my comfort in my affliction.' 'There, John,' said his father, 'now you know the use of the Bible; it can give us comfort when we most need it.'

THE LITTLE REPROVER.

"I knew a man," says the Rev. J. Macgowan, in his Professor's Looking Glass, "who once received one of the severest reproofs he ever met with from his own child, an infant of three years old. Family prayer had been by some means neglected one morning, and the child was, as it were, out of his element. At length he came to his father, as he sat, and just as the family were going to dinner, the little reprover, leaning on his father's knee, said, with a sigh, 'Pa, you were used to go to prayer with us, but you do not to-day.' 'No my dear,' said the parent, 'I did not.' 'But, Pa, you ought; why did you not?' In short, the father had not a word to reply, and the child's rebuke was as appropriate and effectual, as if it had been administered by the most able minister in the land; and, it may be added, had as permanent an influence."—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE HOUR-GLASS AND TIME.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass; fear, lest I had, made me grieve, as if I had broken it; but, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour, a pearl: that, but like to be broken—this, lost outright; that, but casually—this, done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time, lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass to turn me, that I may turn my heart to wisdom.—*Fuller's Good Thoughts.*

The only study of the Scriptures profitable to the soul, is to discover CHRIST in them.—THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

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