

POETRY.

SELECTED.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Calmly thy head is laid,
Babe of my breast;
Lowly thy couch is made,
Where thou must rest:
Fled is the bloom divine,
Where health was used to shine,
Pale are those lips of thine,
Death has imprest.

Thou didst too soon depart,
Far, far from me;
Twined round thy mother's heart,
Why didst thou flee?
Oh! could I fly away,
And with thy sleeping clay
This aching bosom lay,
Sweet it would be!

But where's thy spirit fled?
Oh, 'tis on high,
My lov'd one is not dead,
Gone to the sky!
Clothed in robes of light,
Beaming in azure bright,
Past is thy glorious flight—
Can I ask why?

Soon was thy contest won,
Trials are o'er;
Thou, my beloved one,
Sufferest no more:
Thine eyes of sweetest blue,
There shine in brightest hue,
Ne'er wet by sorrow's dew,
On that blest shore.

Heaven did but ask a share
From gifts divine;
Thou wast its chosen care,
Sweetest of mine!
My spotless dove did rise,
Fittest for sacrifice,
And I, with streaming eyes,
Bow and resign.

THE CHURCHMAN'S SUNDAY.

Sweet day, let not the clouds of earthly care
Come over thy calm brightness—let reproof,
And pale remorse, and sadness stand aloof,
Let nought of worldly strife or ruder air
Ruffle or rend the mantle thou dost wear;
The robe thou wear'st is all celestial woof.
Come from the grave with Jesus. Heaven's blue roof
Seems nearer earth, and all earth hath of fair
Is fairer. On thy calm and glassy floor
We sit, in commune sweet, thy riches blest
Recounting, and forget that we are poor.
Let us be bright to meet thee, angel guest,
With contemplations of enduring rest;
And with thee, listen at the heavenly door.—*British Mag.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEREMY TAYLOR, than whom a nobler and richer mind has rarely existed, was the descendant of a noble, exalted, intelligent and ardent Christian, in the person of Dr. Rowland Taylor, of whom Fox, in his Martyrology, gives a very interesting account. In point of learning, Dr. Taylor was so eminent as to be called "the Glory of Cambridge," that seat of rich and varied lore. From his knowledge of the canon and civil law, he was not only able to confute, but confound his persecutors, though he could not, or rather would not, elude the fury of their wrath. He acquired the appellation of "the walking library," from the depth and extent of his learning. His wisdom did not exceed the fervor of his piety, the sweetness of his temper, and the extent of his benevolence. He is stated never to have sat down to dinner with his family without inquiring whether the poor wanted any thing; and before he ate, saw that the distressed were properly relieved. He was pursued with all the venom that the brutal Gardiner could invent, with the aid of his minions; but in the mistaken spirit of the times, he heeded none of their machinations, and took no pains to shun the severest tortures. The following incident shows his entire contempt of ap-

proaching pain and cruelty, for his language was—"God will either protect me from sufferings, or he will enable me to bear them." When on his way to Aldham, where he was burnt, under charge of the sheriff of Essex and his officers, in reply to the sheriff's importunities to recant his offensive opinions, in regard to marriage and the real presence, he said, "To be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself, and am likely to deceive a great many in Hadleigh (the place of his residence) of their expectations." At this the sheriff and the company demonstrated their joy, for they supposed the remark to mean his intention of recanting. "Play a wise man's part," said the officer, "and you will find favor." Taylor replied, "I am as you see, a man of a large body, which I thought should have laid in Hadleigh church-yard, and there are a great number of worms there who would have had the feasting, which no doubt they wished for many a day; but I know I am deceived, and the worms are so too, for my body is to be burned to ashes, and they will lose their feast." This spirit of composure did not forsake him, his faith wavered not—his prayers faltered not, till his speech and his misery ended together.—*Gospel Messenger.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

While encamped at —, N. J., a soldier arrived one morning, about day-break, with despatches for the Commander-in-chief, from a distant division of the army. As soon as his business was known, he was directed to me as captain of the body guard, to whom he came forthwith, and giving me his papers, I repaired at once to the General's quarters. On my way to his room after reaching the house, I had to go along a narrow passage of some length. As I approached his door, it being yet nearly dark, I was arrested by the sound of a voice. I paused and listened for a moment, when I distinguished it as the General's voice, and in another moment found that he was engaged in audible prayer. As in his earnestness he had not heard my foot-steps, or if he heard me did not choose to be interrupted, I retired to the front of the dwelling, till such time as I supposed him unengaged; when returning, and no longer hearing his voice, I knocked at the door, which being promptly opened, I delivered the despatches, received answer, and dismissed the soldier.

How impressive an example of sincere devotion have we here! The leader of our armies, though oppressed with cares and labours, an unequalled burden, yet forsakes his friendly couch at the dawn of day, and upon his knees, 'cries unto God with his voice.' He is not content with unuttered prayer. His earnestness seeks its natural vent in audible and articulate sounds.—*Epis. Rec.*

MOUNT ARARAT.

The devoted missionary, Henry Martyn, passed near Mount Ararat a short time previous to his death. He speaks of it in the following terms:

"On descending into the plain of Nakshan, my attention was seized by the appearance of a hoary mountain, in front at the other end, rising so high above the rest, that they sunk into nothing. It was truly sublime, and the interest it excited was not less when on inquiring its name, I was told it was Agri, or Ararat. The evening was pleasant; the ground over which he passed was all full of rich cultivation and verdure, watered by many a stream, and containing forty villages, most of them with the usual appendage of gardens. To add to the scene, the great Ararat was on our left. On the peak of that hill the whole church was contained: it has now spread far and wide, to the ends of the earth; but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God 'that seed time and harvest should not cease,' appeared to me more anxiously fulfilled in the agreeable plain where it was spoken, than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part of the Shah's dominions. Here the blessed Saint landed in a new world: so may I safe in Christ outide the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills."

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

It has frequently been proposed, as a question of considerable practical importance, how a person may

know that he has a call to the ministry: the following observations by Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century, may perhaps be useful: "He who is called to instruct souls, is called of God, and not by his own ambition; and what is this call but an inward incentive of love, soliciting us to be zealous for the salvation of our brethren? So often as he who is engaged in preaching the Word shall feel his inward man to be excited with Divine affections, so often let him assure himself that God is there, and that he is invited by him to seek the good of souls. Truly, I love to hear that preacher who does not move me to applaud his eloquence, but to groan for my sins. Efficacy will be given to your voice, if you appear yourself to be persuaded of that to which you advise me. That common rebuke will not then at least belong to you, 'Thou who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?'—*Life of Bernard.*

BISHOP HALL, the eminently pious author of "Contemplations upon the Principle Passages of Sacred History, has been called the "Christian Seneca," from the likeness of his style to that of the moralist. He encountered many severe trials and persecutions. He was by some supposed, and has been represented in later years, as favouring the Puritans. This charge, however, was abundantly refuted by his able work in defence of episcopacy. He died in September, 1656, in his eighty-second year. His writings were so extensive and numerous, that one of his biographers remarks, "He may be said to have died with the pen in his hand." And again, the same writer says he was "not ill at Controversies, more happy at Comments, very good in his Characters, better in his Sermons, best of all in his Meditations." His Contemplations, revised by Glasse, constitute one of the most engaging and edifying works that can adorn the library of the private Christian.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED.

Just before his death, Locke thus addressed a friend: "May you live and be happy, in the enjoyment of health and freedom, and those blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you. You loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passeth away, and afford no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account.

A SEVERE REPROOF.

A young clergyman having, in the hearing of Dr. Parr, stated that he would believe nothing that he could not understand, "then," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

DR. JOHNSON'S prejudice against Scotland shows itself in his otherwise well pointed remark upon Lord Lyttleton. The latter, on his death, left Mallet £100 to superintend the publication of an infidel work, which his lordship had not the courage to publish in his life time. Dr. Johnson remarked—that Lyttleton had charged a blunderbuss which he durst not let off, and had given a Scotchman half a crown to pull the trigger.

No man is a better merchant than he who lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petitions. For the body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so must we labor for all that we ask.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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