

POETRY.

To the Editors of the Colonial Churchman.

Gentlemen,

By inserting the subjoined beautiful Hymns, all touching on a subject at present so familiar with many of your readers, you will probably please some of them; and at the same time gratify one who has been called upon to part with dear friends.

Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

TO A DYING INFANT.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Go to thy rest, my child !
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head ;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillows laid ;
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers too quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way ;
Ere sin might wound the breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight ;
Shall Love with weak embrace
Thy heavenward flight detain ?
No ! Angel, seek thy place,
Amid yon cherub train.

THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

By the same.

Come, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide,—
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide ?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fix'd attention claim ?
Ah ! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove ;
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love ;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng ;
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustomed strain,
Come warble loud and clear ;
Alas ! alas ! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear ;
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,
His care protect those shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife ;
But who, upon your infant hearts,
Shall like that mother write ?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul ?
Dear, smitten flock, good night !

A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD INFANT.

By the same.

How can I weep ? the tear of pain
Thy placid beauty would profane,
Darken thy cheek's unsullied snow,
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh ? the breathing deep,
My baby, might disturb thy sleep ;
And then, with that unclouded smile,
Wouldst seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve, when all around
I hear a sweet unearthly sound ?
The waving of my cherub's wings,
The hymn my infant-angel sings.

Yet lovely, tranquil as thou art,
It was so cruel to depart,
To close on me thy laughing eye,
Unclasp thy little arms, and die !

But one hath whisper'd Love ! to thee,
"Suffer my child to come to me."
Then, Saviour ! meekly I resign
My baby, now for ever thine.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE WORD SPOKEN IN SEASON.

I had once a young friend in whom I felt a deep and peculiar interest. She was the child of an early companion who had been called from this world at the moment her daughter was most exposed to its temptations and trials. To shield Elizabeth from their influence—to pray that they might not have dominion over her—to guard the first springs of thought and will in her youthful heart, were objects sufficiently powerful to reconcile the mother to a continued sojourn in this scene of sorrow. But when she heard her Master's voice, she obeyed it without a doubt of fear—her trusting spirit failed not—the promise was to her and her children, and He was faithful who had made it.

Elizabeth wept bitterly at the grave of her mother, and for many months a mourning garb enshrouded her form, and a settled sadness rested on her countenance. But the elastic bow was not broken, and after nature had been allowed its course of sorrow, she returned again to the world, to its busy scenes and allurements, with as much eagerness and satisfaction as if death had never cast upon her path its dark and warning shadow.

Elizabeth had renewed her baptismal vow in the rite of confirmation, and before her God, had promised to renounce the "pomp and vanities of this wicked world." As she stood at the altar in her youthful beauty subdued, penitent and bathed in tears a thousand prayers arose that her heart might go with her lips, and that she might lead the residue of her Christian life according to this beginning. The offering was a sincere, but an incomplete offering—there was that sinful keeping back a part of the price which has kept so many wholly out of heaven. That "wicked world" held out its rosy wreath and gilded trifles, and decked them in colors so fair, that the serpent was concealed. An indulgent father looked with fond admiration on the grace and loveliness of his child—friends not only looked, but spoke—and a regardless world sang the syren song of unmixed flattery.

I found Elizabeth immersed in a ceaseless whirl of dissipation. I found her at the same time scrupulously observing the Sabbath, and most of those ordinances which her religious profession enjoined—in short, she was making a most vigorous effort to reconcile the service of God and mammon. I asked her if she could engage with interest in her devotional reading and other exercises when so much of her time was given to company.

"O certainly," she replied ; "I never omit a single religious duty, however much I may be engaged, or however late I may stay out."

I believe this was the case—one evening she came home at about twelve o'clock, and after giving an animated description of the amusements of the evening retired to her room. An hour after I was led to her chamber, and found her sitting by her table—her lamp burnt dimly before her—her Bible was open

and a hymn-book lay beside it—her head was bent—her fair hair lay upon the holy volume, and her whole attitude seemed one of deep interest—I approached her—she was sleeping over these hallowed pages!

I aroused her, and begged her to retire to bed. "O no," she replied. "I must first finish my chapter." Yes, the chapter must be read, and the evening form passed through; but she had forgotten how little bodily exercise profiteth, and that it is the effectual fervent prayer alone that God has promised to hear.

Again was Elizabeth arrayed in the garb of fashion, and ready for the amusements of the ball-room. As she stood at the glass, placing the last rose amidst her clustering locks, she hastily turned round and said to me—"Why, what makes you look so sad? What is the matter?"—and she threw her arms around my neck and embraced me with all the enthusiasm of her young heart. "Come, don't be sad any more—put this lovely rose in my hair, and see how sweetly it will look."

I kissed her cheek, and as I bade her good night, whispered "Can you ask God's blessing on the dance, Elizabeth?" She gave me a quick, earnest look, and then hurried down the steps.

At an earlier hour than usual, I heard Elizabeth's voice at the door. I was in my chamber, and when I went down to meet her, I found that she had retired to her room. I followed her thither, wishing to see her a few moments before I slept. She supposed that all the family had retired; and her door was unlocked. I entered, and found her on her knees before God—her hands uplifted and her streaming eyes raised to heaven. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, I beseech thee, and let my cry come before thee."

I returned to her room in about half an hour, and welcomed her home.

"Yes," said she, "I have got home—in that bewildering ball-room, I danced with the merriest, and laughed with the loudest, but there was an arrow here," and she laid her hand on her heart.

"God's blessing on the dance—why, those words rang in my ear at every turn, and I rejoice that they still ring there. O, if God will forgive the past, if he will yet receive me, I will turn my back upon all this gilded folly, and lay upon his altar what I once promised to lay there—my whole heart."

We knelt together, and asked God to strengthen the resolution now made in his name. Our prayers have, we humbly trust, been heard, for among the group of lovely disciples who kept near their Lord, walking in his footsteps, and bearing his cross, few are more humble, consistent and devoted, than the once gay and thoughtless Elizabeth G ———.

SCRAPS.

Why do not we advise with our spiritual physician? for they are appointed by CHRIST himself to direct the ignorant, confirm the doubtful, and comfort the disconsolate. Scripture commandeth it, Jas. v. 16, and we have examples, in those of holy writ who did confess their sins to John Baptist, Matt. iii. 16, and to the apostles, Acts xix. 8; and in all the primitive times the Christians did repair to their bishops and ministers not only to confess their faults, but to be satisfied in their doubts, and assisted in order to a pious life.—Comber.

A sermon should be made for a text, and not a text found for a sermon.—Burnet.

Am I more fit to serve and enjoy God than I was last week?—S. Pearce.

In preaching, study not to draw applause, but groans from the hearers.—Jerome.

Our want of usefulness is often to be ascribed to our want of spirituality, much oftener than our want of natural ability.—A. Fuller.

The Christian minister should endeavour to turn the eyes of every one of the hearers on himself.—R. Hall.

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