

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

Persuaded that you will be glad to see that he, whose poetical effusions while at King's College, and as the Rector of a Parish in this Diocese, delighted the public, has not forgotten his skill in the land of his adoption. I send you the following from the *Churchman's Annual for 1839*.

L.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.*

The font is by the altar rail,
And there a fair young mother kneels;
Her step is weak, her cheek is pale,
And from her eye the tear-drop steals,
As on her infant's brow of snow
She sees the minister of Heaven,
The consecrated water throw—
Type of new life and sins forgiven.

Years pass—before that altar led,
Bends in meek faith a fair young band;
And one by one on each bowed head,
Is pressed the Bishop's blessing hand;
And he, the boy whom years before
His mother to that altar bore,
Now with the rest doth here assume—
The vows she offered in his name
And, in life's hour of freshest bloom,
The christian's armour comes to claim.

Those chancel rails are thronged again
And kneeling worshippers are there
To taste that food which Christ to men
Gave ere he died:—and in the prayer,
Which rises 'mid that sacrifice
Of praise, his voice doth also rise,
Who lately there his vows renewed
With holy joy and gratitude
Again, a fair and joyous train
Before the sacred altar stands;
And there are joined two loving hands
In holy rite that linketh twain,
Making them one: the bridegroom there
Is he, the man of faith and prayer.

Long happy years that intervene,
Draw to its close the solemn scene:
A darken'd room—a couch of death—
A wasted form and faltering breath—
A pallid brow, but beaming eye,
Lit up by faith and feeling high,
And hopes which rest on Christ alone,
Whilst, in devotion's solemn tone,
The man of God breathes forth his prayer,
To him whose love is every where,

Around the tomb are weeping friends
Where now the Christian's journey ends
The burial-office, with its high,
Yet simple eloquence hath passed;—
There must the Christian's ashes lie
Till peals the last loud trumpet's blast;—
But to his Father's glorious throne
The disembodied soul hath flown
For ever in that bliss to live
Which Jesus died to man to give.

* By the Rev. J. H. Clinch.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

THE CONVERTED INDIAN.*

"The atrocities committed at Wyoming, and at several settlements in New York, cried aloud for vengeance. Congress, assembling an army of four thousand men, gave the command of it to General Sullivan, and directed him to conduct it into the country inhabited by the savages, and retort upon them their own system of warfare. Of this army, one division marched from the Mohawk—the other from Wyoming; and both forming a junction on the Susquehanna, proceeded, on the 22d of August, 1779, towards the Seneca lake. On an advantageous position, the Indians, in conjunction with two hundred others, had erected fortifications to oppose their progress. These were assaulted; the enemy, after a slight resistance, gave way, and disappeared in the woods."†

General Sullivan sent forward a small body of troops, to see if they could discover any traces of the enemy in the thicket; while the remainder of the army collected the men who had been wounded during the action.

Among those who had suffered severely from the fire of the enemy, was Lieutenant H—, a man who possessed all the requisites of a soldier, while the virtues of the christian and philanthropist flourished in his breast.

His wounds being pronounced by the Surgeon as too dangerous to allow him to proceed further with the army, a wagon was immediately prepared, for conveying him home. The Lieutenant had already been placed upon a bed in the vehicle, and the horses were already put in motion, when the shouts of those returning from the field of battle attracted the attention of all—as they drew near, two of the party were observed to bear on a litter the body of H—, although he had become attached to Powell, the young Indian Chief Powell, who had been wounded in the engagement.

When Lieutenant H— saw the situation of the chief, he insisted that he should be put into his own wagon, and carried home with himself. The chief was accordingly placed on the bed, and the wagon slowly left the encampment.

Having brought General Sullivan thus far on his march, it seems no more than justice that we should inform our readers of its termination, which we shall do in the words of the historian above quoted:—

"As the army advanced into the western part of the state of New York—that region now so fertile and populous—the Indians deserted their towns, the appearance of which denoted a higher state of civilization than had ever before been witnessed in the North American wilderness. The houses were commodious; the apple and peach trees numerous; and the crops of corn then growing abundant. All were destroyed; not a vestige of human industry were permitted to exist."

Having accomplished this work of vengeance, severe, but deserved, and essential to the future safety of the whites.—General Sullivan returned to Easton, in Pennsylvania, where he arrived about the middle of October."

The campaign being thus brought to a conclusion, we shall now turn our undivided attention towards our friends whom we left a short time ago, turning their faces homewards.

The wagon, conveying the two wounded men, proceeded at moderate day's journeys, in accommodation to their situation. After travelling for about a week, in an easterly direction, they arrived at the place of their destination. Gloom at first overshadowed the dwelling of Lieutenant H— when they saw him returning from fighting his country's battles,

wounded and weary; but the Great Physician, who watches over all, gave efficacy to the means used for his recovery and he was soon restored to his usual health. Nor were less attentions bestowed upon Powell, nor the exertions on his account less successful. He had now become much attached to the Lieutenant whom he considered as his preserver and revered him as a father. Lieutenant H— endeavored to make him return thanks for his preservation to a higher source, and to bless the Great Spirit who had sent friends to his release. The young chief seemed to listen with great attention to all that was said to him, and soon became desirous of learning more and more of his God and Saviour. The exertions of the Lieutenant being so warmly seconded, he was determined to teach his pupil to read. This was a matter of no small difficulty, but by patience and perseverance he accomplished his object.

When Powell had acquired a facility in reading, and perused a considerable portion of the Holy Scriptures, he was taken by his friend to a little Church in the neighbourhood, where a faithful minister of the church dispensed the word of salvation to a few, but faithful people. The services of the Church seemed admirably calculated to arrest the attention of the young Indian and he soon became acquainted with them, and used his prayer book with propriety, and we trust with benefit. In this manner many months passed away, and the cloud of war still hung over the land. The leaves were shaken from the tree of peace by the contests which were going on between the nations, and carnage and bloodshed filled the land but at length the clouds dispersed, the tree of peace again put forth leaves, blossomed, and covered the land with its branches. The sword was once more fashioned into ploughs and pruning hooks, and the nations ceased to lift up arms against each other. Lieutenant H—, although he had become attached to Powell, yet did not think it proper to detain him from his friends, and accordingly made preparations for his departure.

Previous to the treaty of peace, the old clergyman, whom I have referred to above, being convinced that a change had taken place in Powell, and that his heart had been renewed by the power of the Holy Ghost, had received him into the Church by baptism, and, a short time afterward, administered to him (being, as he supposed, "religiously and rightly disposed,") "the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ."

The same wagon which had brought them from the field of battle was now prepared to carry him home. Several implements of agriculture, which were thought to be useful in the cultivation of his corn, were given to Powell, and blankets and other articles of a similar nature were provided for his use. With his Bible and Prayer Book, which he considered his most valuable possessions, he set out, leaving his friends with evident emotions. Time would fail us to describe all the various incidents which occurred during his journey, and the joy with which he was received by the members of his tribe; but matters of more importance demand our attention, and we must hasten forward. As soon as Powell had become settled in his wigwam, he began to instruct his friends in the use of the tools which he had brought with him, and in the knowledge which he had acquired of his Saviour, and his salvation. At first, they were disposed to ridicule him; but he persevered, and at length triumphed over every obstacle. Every Lord's day, they collected together at Powell's wigwam, to hear more of these things; "and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit," that their sins might be forgiven for the Redeemer's sake. The benefits of religious instruction were soon perceptible in their life and conversation; and intemperance, to which they had formerly been sub-

* From the Sunday School Visitor.

† Hall's United States History.