

## I WILL TRUST IN PROVIDENCE ONE DAY LONGER.

*A Short Tale.*—On John's river, in the county of Burke, there lived a worthy old gentleman, by the name of Corpening. He was a man, well at ease, in point of worldly substance, and was known far and near for his charity and hospitality. There happened, in the year — a remarkable scarcity of provisions, especially grain:—Money, also was scarce, and times every way hard. Hunger!—aching, maddening hunger, was felt by a few in every neighbourhood, and in some cases we have heard of its proceeding to starvation! But, to the honor of our country, and to the honor of human nature, be it said, these cases were extremely rare. In these difficult times, however, old Mr. Corpening happened to have a large and well filled Corn crib, which, for a long time, he would not open; grain became scarcer, the price rose higher and higher, still the old man held up his corn, as some supposed, for a higher price. At length, Mr. Corpening began to let his corn go—but money could not buy it—to those who had money, he would say, "you can get something to preserve life, for you, but there are many who have no money, and being without food, they must perish unless those who are blessed with the means shall feed them." Of course, the number that came without money and put up pitious tales, was great. This was foreseen, and before he opened his crib, Corpening had taken pains to find out who were really objects requiring his assistance. One safe rule he adopted against imposition, was, *not to let his charity go too far from home.* If this rule was now generally adopted, much more real good would be affected, with the amount annually contributed by us of the South. This rule however, like all general rules, will sometimes work wrong, and so it did with our hero—(and he better deserves that name than thousands who have gained it, by the number they have slaughtered of the human family.) A man, bringing a bag with him, came to Mr. Corpening, from a distant neighbourhood, and told the usual story, of wife and children being without bread, and being sorely wrought with hunger, &c., but no corn was to be had, and the disappointed man, with a heavy heart, turned his steps homeward, and, for a time was no more thought of. In the course of the afternoon, however, word came to old Mr. Corpening that a very suspicious looking stranger, with a bag on his shoulder, was seen lurking about his premises; a few particulars more satisfied him that this was the applicant for charity, who had visited him that morning, and that he had a design to rob his crib, that night; accordingly, himself and another of his family, secreted themselves, and waited events. But they did not wait long before the stranger, with the bag on his shoulder was seen making his way towards the crib; the crib was opened, not a dog was heard to bark, or the least difficulty opposed his purpose:—He entered, and with a deliberation, or rather hesitation that surprised the observers, he proceeded to fill the bag, he tied it, and unlike such visitors generally, he continued at the spot, with his hand still on the bag, apparently in great mental agony: at length, he rose suddenly, untied the bag, poured out the corn, and said—*I will trust to Providence one day longer!* He departed in peace, but he did not trust to Providence in vain: old Mr. Corpening being satisfied from his own observation, that this man was indeed in a state of extreme suffering; moreover, that he was of an honest heart, sent his son on the next morning, with a full bag of corn, with a message, that when that was out, to let him know it, and he should have corn whenever he wished it.

Old Mr. Corpening, we think, has been several years dead, his whole life, we learn, was of a piece with this act of benevolence. He bestowed much, but he bestowed judiciously, and still, at his death, he left a fine estate to a most worthy family. They, it is hoped, will imitate his charities, and if they are in want of a family motto, we commend the words that grace this head—*"I will trust to Providence one day longer!"*—N. C. Watchman.

## LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

On a recent visit to the Institution for the Blind, in the city of Boston, while we were delighted with the whole arrangement of the admirable Institution, we were especially struck with the facility with which the pupils, blind from their birth in many instances, read the Scriptures by the touch. How can

we sufficiently rejoice in that new gift of God's providence, which, of a finger makes an eye, and renews, as it were, that ancient miracle, which excited the strange wonder of Jewish unbelief, "since the world began, it was not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was blind!" There have been printed at the Institution, the New Testament, a selection from Dr. Watts' Psalms of David, the Dairyman's Daughter and the Pilgrim's Progress. The execution is beautiful indeed, and greatly superior in clearness and sharpness of outline to the books printed in France. Experiments are in progress to improve the mode of binding, so as to reduce the inconvenient bulk of the volumes, arising from the necessary largeness of the letter, and the use of but one side of each leaf. When the arrangements of the Institution are complete, the New Testament can be furnished at a dollar and a half. Besides reading in the Scriptures, in places taken at random, with ease, accuracy, and sufficient rapidity, some of the scholars read a portion of a French author, and translated as they read, with propriety and fluency. By the Principal, Dr. Howe, who conducts the enterprise with admirable success, we were told that the Pilgrim's Progress, which has just been printed, is so great a favourite, that the pupils have been found with it in bed, that they may read it there—their visual organ not depending on the light. It is high praise that is given to this immortal production of the rapt old tinker, by Sir James Mackintosh, in his history of the Revolution in England of 1688. "His Pilgrim's Progress, an allegorical representation of Calvinistic theology, at first found readers only among that persuasion, gradually emerged from this narrow circle, and by the natural power of imagination over the uncorrupted feelings of the majority of mankind, it rivalled Robinson Crusoe in popularity. The bigots and persecutors sunk into oblivion; the scoffs of wits and worldlings were unavailing; while, after the lapse of a century, the object of their cruelty and scorn touched the poetical sympathy as well as the piety of Cowper; his genius subdued the opposite prejudices of Johnson and of Franklin, and his name has been uttered in the same breath with those of Spenser and Dante." But surely, a blind boy secreting the book under his blanket, that he may devour its contents in the watches of the night, is a triumph infinitely higher—in earnest, far more to be coveted, of glorious immortality!

## Missionary.

## THE DYING MAN.

It is a very terrible and amazing thing to see a man die, and solemnly take his last leave of the world. The very circumstances of dying men are apt to strike us with horror. To hear such a man, how sensibly he will speak of the other world, as if he were just come from it, rather than going to it; how severely he will condemn himself for the folly and wickedness of his life; with what passion he will wish that he had lived better, and had served God more sincerely: how seriously he will resolve upon a better life, if God would be pleased to raise him up, and try him but once more; with what zeal and earnestness he will commend to his best friends and nearest relations a religious and virtuous course of life, as the only thing that will minister comfort to them when they come to be in his condition. Such discourses as these are very apt to move and affect men for the time, and to stir up in them very good resolutions, whilst the present fit and impression lasts; but because these sights are very frequent, they have seldom any great permanent effect upon men.—They consider that it is a very common case, and sinners take example and encouragement from one another; every one is affected for the present, few are so effectually convinced as to betake themselves to a better course.—Tillotson.

Justification is not the office of man, but of God; for man cannot make himself righteous by his own works, neither in part, nor in the whole.—Hom. of Salvation.

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith; and not for our own works and deservings.—Art. xi.

The "thoughts of our hearts" are cleansed "by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit." Collect in the Communion Service,

Extract from Mr. Venn's correspondence with a young friend:—

"I hope you read your bible with much prayer. I can give you a never-failing receipt to make you a complete christian, and an heir of glory. You will find the medicine described in the 19 Psalm, 7. 11.—and the method of taking it, Prov. 2. 1—6. By the use of this medicine and this method, you will as certainly improve, and grow in grace, as any sensible diligent scholar ever got any knowledge at school.

"This is our condemnation, and alas! this is the real cause of our being so weak in faith, so cold in our love, so confused in our notions. The Bible and prayer over it, for the true understanding of it, is not our exercise, our constant employment.

"Any other means of grace than this, which is yet the most profitable of all, is rather chosen. But as it is written, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force; so in nothing do we offer violence to our evil nature more than in studying God's holy word, and earnestly praying that the divine truth it teaches may sink deeply into our hearts, work mightily, and produce all those gracious effects for which it was of old matter by inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

## THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1837.

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR.—If every thing connected with this venerated Institution be as interesting to our readers as to ourselves, they will be pleased that we record the following Latin inscription, which a friend lately sent us, saying that it is a copy of that deposited under the corner stone of the College:—

Egregii principis Georgii Tertii patrocinio,  
Atque  
Gentis Britanniae liberalitate summa,  
Strenue vero adiuvente Carolo Inglis,  
Novae Scotiae Episcopo primo,  
Aedificium hoc,  
Literarum atque Disciplinae Domicilium futurum,  
Inchoatum est;  
Anno Salutis Humanæ MDCXCXI.  
Provinciam pro Rege obtinente  
Johanne Parr.  
Juventuti Academiae praesidente  
Gulielmo Cochran,  
Collegii Dubliniensis quondam Alumno.  
Q. F. F. Q. S.

FIRE IN ST. JOHN, N. B.—We regret to observe that a destructive Fire took place in this city on the 14th instant, by which upwards of one hundred and ten houses were reduced to ashes.

THE ACADIAN RECORDER.—This paper has passed out of the hands of Mr. P. J. Holland, into those of Messrs. English & Blackadar, two very respectable and industrious young men, who have been bred to the printing business, and have thrown themselves on their country for a share of patronage and support.

THE ACADIAN TELEGRAPH.—This paper reappeared on Friday, looking very neat, and filled with readable matter, original and selected.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, and Repository, &c. &c.—A Religious Newspaper under this title, made its first appearance on Friday last. It is brought out under the Patronage of the Baptist Associations of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—conducted chiefly by gentlemen belonging to that denomination, but addressed generally to the Religious world of the North American Provinces. It is printed at this Office, for the Proprietors.—Novascotian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are obliged to defer the favors of 'Sigma,' 'L,' 'Zenas,' &c. Our absence from Lunenburg for a few days past, must be our apology for the meagre appearance of the editorial column.

"D. V. N." is received, and his suggestions shall be borne in mind.

## DIED.

On the 14th instant, Josephine, only child of Mr. Joseph Rudolf, aged 15 months.

Sunday evening, 15th instant, Mrs. Sarah Bolman, wife of Dr. Edward Bolman, much respected and lamented.

16th, Rebecca, daughter of Capt. Neale, aged 3 years.

21st, Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Young, aged 8 years.