



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUDENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME III.

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THE BEE

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BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance, whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage. Single copies 3d. each.

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CHARLES YOUNG.

Halifax, N. S. Feb. 14, 1838.

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A new collection of Church Music, containing 24 TUNES,

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February, 1838. J. DAWSON.

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Chemist & Druggist.

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December 6.

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From the Boston Pearl and Galaxy.

PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED.

PERHAPS there is no one thing that has puzzled the mind of man more than the existence of sin, pain, and sorrow in the universe. On a superficial view of the subject, we are inclined to marvel that a God endued with all power should allow the children of men or any beings whom he has created to suffer. We inquire, why did he not create us all happy, when it was in his power to do so? It does not satisfy us to be told that 'it is the will of God;' for the Supreme Being is not to be loved and worshipped because he is a Supreme Being, any more than a tyrannical potentate is to be revered because it is unsafe to oppose him. We purpose, in a few words, to defend the Divine being against the charge of wanton cruelty, which, at the first blush, he may appear to merit. We do not hesitate to say that if the Almighty suffered a single being whom he created to endure one iota of pain, willingly, his benevolence might very justly be called in question. It would not mend the matter, to say that there was no appeal from the will of heaven. We must judge of God by what we can find out respecting him in his works, remembering, however, that we must be certain we understand the whole subject in all its different bearings before we make up our minds to condemn his Providence. Every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. We only ask the same justice for Almighty God. Firstly, we would call the attention of the reader to the evident displays of mercy and benevolence in the creation. Life itself is an enjoyment, and 'though much bitter in the cup is thrown,' we find very few who seriously regard existence as a burthen. The orchards, the fields, the wood, the valley, are loaded with the choice gifts of God to man. The changing seasons, the rain and the wind are made to subserve his purposes of mercy. Admit that there are some things in the world, that are not so agreeable. They may be regarded as only exceptions to the general rule. The blind man whom we pity because we are not blind ourselves has sources of enjoyment to which we are strangers. The deformed cripple becomes accustomed to his condition, and his merry laugh is heard upon the green. It often happens that the most merry man in the village circle is a cripple whose condition many commiserate while they are not so happy as he. In short, whatever are our misfortunes, we generally rise above them, and enjoy life in spite of its anxieties and sorrows. See you mother who has just lost her infant. She is ready to think her affliction greater than she can bear. We admit that she has cause of sorrow; but while we fix our attention too closely upon her affliction, we are liable to overlook her enjoyments. Although she has lost her infant, her grief must appear selfish if we believe the little innocent has gone to its rest, and is destined to enjoy the delights of Paradise in another sphere. But let us see how many sources of enjoyment are left to her. The air which she breathes is free to her. She pays nothing for it. It is the gift of God. Her own body is in perfect health, and there is not a pain in any of her members. Her slumbers are refreshing and she rests upon a bed of down. She lives in a comfortable house, and a warm fire-side is ever ready for her. She has recourse to books of

every kind, and sympathising friends do all in their power to ameliorate her grief. She possesses all the comforts of this life, and is permitted to hope for happiness beyond the grave. Mingled with all these mercies is but ONE affliction, and in a few short months even that will be like a dream that has passed away.

It is evident, then, that the boon of existence is an incalculable favor, and if there are more disagreeable circumstances, connected with it, it is none the less a favor when every thing is taken into consideration. We would illustrate this, thus—If a friend of yours should present you with a farm of three hundred acres, you would regard it as a favor, although there might be, on that farm, some stone wall that required repair, bushes that must be cut down, and land that would not produce grain until you had ploughed it up and sowed it.

You would not regard the donor as an enemy because he gave you a farm which was not wholly and completely what you could desire in a farm, neither would you spurn the gift, because he had not presented you with a thousand acres instead of three hundred. Such as the farm was, you would regard it as a boon. The gift would afford sufficient evidence of the benevolence of the giver; for it is not usual for an enemy to make even a trifling donation to the one he hates. Now, once admit that God is not kindly disposed toward his creatures, and you will be puzzled to account for the least proof of goodness with which the caution affords us. He must be either our friend or enemy. He must either love or hate us. If he hate us, whence come all the enjoyments of this life? was it the act of an enemy to send the harvest in its season, to load the trees with fruit, to furnish the natives of tropical climates with the juicy orange, the milk of the cocoa nut, to plant many of them upon islands so that the cooling waves of the ocean could toss their spray against their very doors and invite to the luxury of frequent bathing? Did malice rear the banana, plant the yam or the sweet potatoe? Does the juice of the cane taste of malevolence, or is it in the shade of the broad palm leaf that we would impeach the goodness of the Creator. Or if we wander where the tangled vine reels beneath the weight of its luscious clusters, or the autumn wind shakes the bristly nut from the tall tree, would we there say that God has forgotten his creatures? Would we engrave the history of his unkindness on the rind of a peach tree or chisel it on the rocky cliffs which keep back the surges of ocean from our plains and orchards?

It is plain then that if we have grievances to complain of, they are more than matched by benefits. If we still complain of our unhappiness, perhaps it would be well for us to reflect how much of that unhappiness is the result of our own imprudence and guilt.

Having shown that God must necessarily be a benevolent Being, we will endeavor to show the impossibility of our receiving unmixed happiness from his hands.

It will be conceded that God is both infinite and perfect. Being infinite in wisdom, in every thing that is great and excellent, he must consequently be infinitely happy. That God could not create an infinite being, distinct from himself, is plain to every rational being. Of course, the Creator could not give life to a being as old as himself. A being crea-