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HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MCRNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1849.

POETRY. Stand Fast in the Faith.

# BY REV. JOHN W. BROWN.

Stand fast in the fuith-'tis the mandate of God, dead and gone;" gone from her little once uttered in arguish, once written in blood bright-eyed girl to the shades of death, the From the cross of the Lord, from his throne in the silent grave. This short but sad reply of -kv.

It was breathed over earth, it is utter'd on high.

stand fast in the faith-'tis the warning sublime, Poured deeply and sternly through ages of time, Through the long lapse of eras and centuries old Like the voice of a trumpet its burthen hath roll'd.

Stand fast in the faith-bold apostles have died. With the words on their lips, careless who might deride :

Confessors and martyrs, 'mid torture and flame. Have drank in its accents and welcomed the shame

Stand fast in the faith !- for the church of the Lord he replied, "but my wife"-and the tear started unbidden from its source-"is Hath inscribed on her banners the glorious word; O'er all her bright cohorts its glory's displayed And blazon'd on harness, and buckler, and blade.

Stand fast in the faith !- let the mandate roll on Through her girded battalions, till warfare is done. Till the trumpet of conquest sounds over the field And the palm waveth proudly o'er helmet and whield.

Stand fast in the faith !- there are sounds on the breeze,

Like the voice of the storm when it howls through the trees.

Or its hoarse notes of warning, low moaning afar, Ere the elements meet, in the wild crash of war.

Stand fast in the faith !- for the foe are abroad, With hearts full of Late gainst the armies of God; The wild hordes of Edom-the spearmen of Gath, And the troops of Philistia with weapons of wrath.

creep,

Through the significant camp when the nightwatels's astrop, Who shife the always, who wall to betray

The altars of Gal to the idols ct clay. stand fist in the full's! there are these at the side.

and worshipped in the same temple; we had gathered in the same social meetings for Christian conference, and prayer and praise ; we had rejoiced, we had wept together. I read on, and the same paragraph announced his death. Then " Dead and gone !" came back upon my soul-a wife is desolate, and children, exposed to all the

whom I had been long familiar arrested my

attention. He was of my own age, in the

prime of life; in years bygone we had sat

the manner in which it was spoken, both

have gone away from this world of care

rude, relentless blasts of time, have no protection, only as the Father of the fatheries protects.

I went to the house of God. Amidst the throng, two sisters sat absorbed in grief. 1 had seen them there before, in all their Stand fast in the faith ! there are traitors that girlish pride! but now so sad, so sorrowful

-and why? A younger sister still was dead and gone: yes, dead and gone. As the opening bud plucked from the parent stem withers and dies, so she withered and died, and was gone from the warm kiss of sister-

ly affection, from a mother's smiles, and tears, and prayers. Friends met in the al-

moment. The solemnity of the truth, and | " dead and gone !" When the yellow leaf is falling, and the ages. seriously impressed my mind. Dear little autumnal winds make melancholy music girl, she little knew the import of the words | through the leafless boughs, clouds pass she uttered. Her best carthly friend was over the sunshine of the soul, and emotions of sadness follow-the green leaves and the bright flowers are dead and gone ! But O!

when the green leaves a: d the sbright flowlitile Elizabeth caused me to reflect, and in- ers in human existence, which have put quire, in my own mind, how many, during forth and blossomed at our side, are strickthe present season of bereavement and mor- en down by the frightful blasts of death tality, must, if interrogated with regard to how desert-like are the wastes which folfriends and relatives, exclaim, " Dead and low, while each familiar object whispers gone." How many of our loved ones, durthrough every avenue of the soul, " Dead ing the last few months, have died, and and gone." There is no relief found from the pressure of these afflicting emotions, other than But a few days have passed since I inquired of an old friend, whom I met after an the sweet assurance that our dead have gone absence of a year or more, concerning the to the bright and blissful regions of an endless life. But while many have this sweet welfare of himself and family: " I am well," relief, others cannot suppress the thought, while sending over the remains of departed dead." Ah! dead, and gone from the em- friends, "Dead and gone! Ah! dead to brace of husband, children, friends. I look Christ, and gone to a dark, fearful, and up a near paper-the name of one with eternal night!"

SRVA

Realer, it shall soon be said of thee, Deadand gone !" may it also be said, with the confidence of Christian faith and hope, "Though he be dead, yet shall he live again."- Christian Advocate & Journal.

> For the Weslevan Thoughts on the Lord's Supper. BY THE REV. RORERT COONEY, A. E.

The lead are soon, very soon, forgotion. The order of the tomb shutting out the mortal remains of our friends from our sight, act upon the memory like the fabled waters of Lathe, a draught of which washed out all recolections of the past. We repeat it, thedead are soon forgotten;" and when keety satirized in this quaint, but jithy data ht and narrow way of life. O not the keety satirized in this quant, one that thought is biaspnemous. It could be couper, "A thousand Cities claim Hone they at his the set. All good men on earth, all glorified the set this the set has been this the set of somethic solid) in heaven, and,

diately bounded away from my presence, praise; still I could not but feel that the of the truth of Christianity, and as a type, a I shall not soon forget the emotions of that loveliest flower, the most valued plant, was remembrancer, and a monument of the Saviour's love, will endure throughout all

-----

single Copies, Three Peace.

#### "Te did Run Well; Who did Hinder You!"

Yes, ve did run well. Ye began the Christian race with zeal and spirit. The little band of disciples felt their hearts cheered within them when they saw you starting in the good way, and marked the alacrity and apparent heartiness with which you gave your aid to the cause they so much loved. None were more regular in their appointed place in the sanctuary; none more punctual in the hoar of prayer and social intercourse; none more ready to apeak a word for Christ. Yes, ye did run well: most cheerfully do we give you this commendation. But, alas! this is all that can be said in your favour; ye did run well: we may not say, "Ye do run well." A change, a sad, fearful change hath come over you. Something hath evidently hindered you, turned you back. Your seat is now often vacant on the Sabbath, and seldom filled at the evening prayer-meeting; and when you do venture' in where those that fear the Lord speak often one to another, you choose a retired seat, (is it from humility?) and your voice is no longer heard encouraging your fellow-pilgrims to press onward. Why is this? who both hindered you? Who? Was it your brethren? No, they rejoiced when they saw you running well. Was it your Pastor? He feels too deeply the need of all the fellew-helpers he can get for the truth, to las a straw in the way of any, even the weakest of the lock. Was it good angels? There was joy amid the angelie throng when they saw you set your fine heavenward. Was it God the Father? He placed heaven, with all its he case is otherwise, the exception is en- plories, at the end of the race, and bid you over by those who experienced very little run. Was it Jesus? He died that you favoir while living. This was the case might run, and so run as to obtain. Was with the great Epic poet of Greece, and the 1st the Holy Spirit? He first woord you positumous gratitude of his countrymen is found the bread way of destruction, into the thought is blasphemous : it could be none of

olours, Silk Velvet Trimmings, French, Ale-, and Worsted Braids, Cords, Gimps, Fringes, and Cotton Laces, RICH DRESS CAPS, Flow-Silk and Satin Neck Ties, Collars and Chimees, Cambric and Lawn Handkerchiefs, Corded ts, French and English BONNET & CAP RIPs, Childrens' Fancy Hoods, Albert Hats, Bons, Is and Gaiters, Ladies' & Gentlemens' Gloves Hosiery, with an endless variety of small wares numerous to detail.

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HALIF.4X, N. 8.

Who can vanquish the for its his network of pride me t described streets of the rod-stricken brod." The great dramatict says, "The mint and angelie splitty in heaven, and, Be loval-be value to the heart to heart to heart.

His eye is up n thee-then hear'st what he south, and had gone down to the silent tomb. 1 " Holquityeu has men-and stand fast in the Laib."

1 .....

We wal peril our all, O! REDENTER, f r thee; We will stand in the conflict assured that time bond. He met us with a truly Chalstian spec with goed for ity strength following and I

..... Shall hield every whiler is in perland harm.

Wenned a better acquaintance with the thoughts and teasenings of pure and lotty man ls."-Dr. Scarp. 

#### Bead and Gone.

time since, a checriul, bright-eyed little conversing in a manner more than ordinarily interesting, and with such propriety and correctness as indicated quite a maturity of years. My ratention was at once arrested. There was so much innocence, sobriety, and beauty in the words she uttered, that I telt interested to know something of her history. I inquired her name.

She answered promptly, with a smile, and said, "Elizabeth." I asked her where she

dive thoughtful and pale they grasped each goodeeds of men are on intered with jub we all the infinite and incomprehensible

grounds: flowers of varion has and odear his only and des rt. 1 c. "dien to a d. et

CHEISTIAN MISCELLANY.

Being at the house of a friend a short whispered to me, " Dead and gone!" The dwelling and the familtare were heidgirl, about four years of age, rushed into there; wealth and abundance still remain; the room where I was seated, and began but the husband walks through his familiar

feel

apartments " Like one who treads alone Some i u. juet-hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but him departed."

As I gazed all around me, I could not but

"How vain are all things here below" How false, and yet how fait?"

Lot the character God, and the haves of ine. other's hard a they said but hule, for their their board, while their inspectively and the haves of ine. other's hard a they said but hule, for their their board, while their inspectively and the house their inspectively and the house of the hot, their is worked present and sail; the friends failing live after there. That one, great a to had not e The field hath ne state where the Contact is not in whem their souls had leaned were dead, that any port of either Gross or state that I will Who, then, both hind red you? Cerand had gone down to the silent tomb. 1 was led by a friend to visit a neighbour whom we loved, and justly loved—he was a follower with us of the meek and lottly deef Did sor Denset, but by " The board nyea back, or hall a stambling-block Studiest in the fesh - though the mithless may handloor God. We entered his tasteful five cracks of God, -- has encoursed his your putting to life. Yes, whoever it as, b a lared it was an energy. O, find sprang up in sweet profusion on citler matter otten by his friends. " My life i liter out ! Cive not she p to your eyes, nor header to your cyclids, until you have beleomer wir walked through this specious amorgotten as a dead must, ent of make'." A partment a neatmiss, and order, and beauty Lw, our a bright is aviour, that he might and out this enemy that is surely compasbeg your mint and, having made the dishere visible, but there was a silence there here par out to his proplet to excite them wery, show him no merey, for he deserves which rend and the scho of our foot app to devout and the prest construction of stone; if he lath hindered you in your way

painful. No besom friend of him who his ster presion and death; to secure for to heaven he is your deadhest foe; whatsometed us appeared-the hugh of happy hight ap roam a place in their eraceful ever may be his pretensions, cut him off children was not heard-an air of solidide remabrances-in the oribe the refords of for ever. rested on every object. I dared not ask his ve on the finity tables of their heart :

And now remember, if you had not stopthe meaning of it all; painful emotions were and keep the flame of divine love kindled ped to parley with the foe, you had not passing through my mind, while something in the Paschal cloud of constantly burnheen his lered : with all good men and holy ingithingthem, to acception these ends, angels, and God himself, on your side, no

. Do this in rem more me of me." 'r polished marble of Italy-the glow-

one, not the arch-one my himself, could turn you back, without your concent. Remember this when you begin the race anew. Above all, consider how much precious

ingues of Corinth,--Iron tern from the time you have lost, while thus hindered. boys of the earth-the precicus metals-Indeed, what better off are you than if you theres of the wood--the rough mountain grac-the primitive material of " The had never started? You are nearer the Ernsting Hills"-all, all these are mould- judgment; but that you are any nearer the ed o various shape, and forms, in order victor's crown may well be doubted. O. to pretuate the money of Warriors, and arouse they; start anew in the Christian Stance, and mighty men of renown. race! Let nothing hinder, nothing turn Ballese menorials will all peri-h; they you back again: you cannot afford it, you

lived, about her playmates and her friends. Of what value is wealch, if there be none will wax old as doth a garment. The have no time to waste thus. The race is She answered each question with a smile, to enjoy it with us? I felt that cottage Bri and the Lien, the Wood and the still before you. Time flies with lightning readily and correctly. I then asked about home would be more desirable, if loved and Ste, the Marble, the Gold and Silver- speed. Night, the night of death, comes on her mother. She instantly replied, will loving friends were there. We walked into all them, has Nebuchadnezzar's image, apace soon its shadows will close around great solemnity, her countenance falling as his gardens; he pointed to flowers of love- without be into dust, and be no more. for you, and you will stumble to rise no more. the stoke, "Deal and goue," and imme- liest live. I could not be: adalire and evolut the Lord's Supper, as an evidence i - Herald of the Prairies.