

The Church Times.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1853.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

THE year 1853 will have been numbered with the years beyond the flood, before these lines shall meet the eyes of most of our readers. Its work is done. Its chequered roll of joys and sorrows, of good and evil, is filled up. Its page is closed in the Books on high, but though we have done with it here, we shall meet it again there. It has gone to witness for, or against us, before Him who gave it,—to spread in His sight, a record, either of well spent hours devoted to His service, or of time and opportunities wasted, squandered and lost for ever. What rational soul, that looks forward to a future account, and to an eternal scene, can regard with indifference the closing hours of another year of his short existence? Who so wholly reckless, as not to feel some passing shade of thoughtfulness, as he steps beyond this new way-mark on his journey to the tomb? It is indeed a time to look back, and a time to look forward, a time to consider what we have been about, where we are, and what is before us. Let it be so used by us all.

It has been a year of mercies to the land in which we dwell, and to every soul within it. A year of blessings, temporal and spiritual—a year of abundant religious privileges. The house of God regularly open, the word of God fully proclaimed,—the sacraments duly administered—public peace and public health within our borders. What have we rendered unto the Lord for all His benefits? Are we shewing forth His praise not only with our lips but in our lives? Are we walking worthy of our high calling?

But many a reader of this has cause to feel that, like its predecessors, it has been a year of change. Sickness, sorrow, death, perhaps, have marked its progress to our circle of friends or to ourselves. Dear ones, who lived and cheered us at its beginning, are passed away before its close. "We have gone on our way weeping." The "days of darkness have been many," and the last fleeting hour of the year leaves us with heaviness still on the heart. This then, is a period for asking, "how far it has been good for us to be afflicted"—whether we are more weaned from the world, by all our trials, and more intent on setting our affections far above such a changeable scene even where Christ sitteth at God's right hand, and where "the years never fail." Alas! what short comings in this and all other respects, will the retrospect of the closing year present. What slender advances have the best of us made in the Divine life.

What unprofitable servants are we all. What a large portion of the flying year has been misapplied, if not actually devoted to unequivocal sin. How little has been given heartily, sincerely, and faithfully, to Him that died for us. And thus, what abundant cause have we all to cast ourselves at the foot of His cross, and seek the influence of the atoning blood, to wipe off the handwriting that is against us in the Books above. Thus may we redeem the time, that is never to return. With the morning hours of the opening year let us, under a conviction of the uncertainty which hangs over its events, consecrate ourselves afresh to Him, in whose hand our time is—resolved to spend and be spent, in His service—to watch and pray—to "occupy till He come" who will render unto every man according as his works shall be.

That will be the happiest new year in which we best improve the time and talents committed to our trust—in which we do the most for God, and for the salvation of our own souls, and the souls of others. Such a year we heartily pray then next may prove to all our readers. Whether its days, in their onward course may bring us joy or sorrow, life or death, if they are passed under the influence of the spirit of Christ, with a single eye to His glory, they will assuredly bring us peace at the last, and will be crowned with the blessings of the Lord.

In connexion with this subject, we present our readers to-day with a choice and seasonable extract from a striking sermon on the text "How old art thou?" which many in this city will remember to have heard from the living lips of its lamented author.

"As the last day of another year goes by, its falling moments take to themselves a voice, yea, He in whom we live and move and have our being," gives them a solemn sound, and by their means addresses to each one of us the question, "How old art thou?" A question this, often but lightly put, a question this, often as lightly answered, but one which addressed as it is this day to every ear by God himself, and gathering an im-

portance as it does, from the fast closing history of another year, is calculated, one would think, to call up before the view full many a recollection of misspent hours, and unprofitable days, of scenes of sorrow, and of seasons of joy, of warnings of Providence, and of calls of grace which have crowded not only into the history of our past lives, but even into the record of this year now near its close.

Are not my days few? May the most aged among us well enquire, when looking back upon the longest life that is allotted as the period of our sojourn here. How short the longest day that is now drawing to a close! It may be that as life passed on, there was much to make its passage seem painfully tedious. It may be that laid upon a bed of anguish, we have been made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights have been appointed, that in the morning we have said, "Would to God that it were evening; and we have been full of tossings to and fro, until the dawning of the day." It may be that in some hour of eager anticipation, when we were looking out for the arrival of some promised pleasure, or fondly waiting for the coming of some cherished dear one, the moments seemed to lag on leaden wings, and the heart hath well nigh sickened under the pressure of hope deferred. But how brief will now appear the period thus marked in days gone by, by hopes or fears, by joys or sorrows!

"There stands upon our Church's walls the marble record of one aged man, who full of honors and of years, went down into a peaceful sleep just as a century had closed over his head. How many of us have gazed upon his hoary locks, and followed with wondering eye his firm elastic step long after he had passed the Psalmists' bound, and thought what a long, long time must pass ere we should come unto the number of his years! Yet what must have seemed to him up in his dying bed, as in the simplicity of a little child he clung to Jesus as his only hope, the length of days he then looked back upon? Yea, what now seems to us, since the cold grave has hidden him from our view, the century of his existence, compared with the centuries yet stretching out before us, with the ages upon ages yet in store, ere yet the lifetime of our souls will have passed the stage even of its infancy. Few indeed are the years of our pilgrimage; few, even, when compared with the amount of days to which the first fathers of our race attained, and Oh! how few when compared with that endless, limitless eternity, which stretches out its changeless sea before us. Oh! that men would but weigh against the things of time the momentous interests of that endless scene! Could they, then, set so much store by the trifles of the passing hour, and go on careless, or at least uncertain of their portion in the vast Eternity that cometh?"

—Rev'd. Wm. Cogswell.

* We need hardly mention that the late Chief Justice Blowers is here meant.

The paper, last week, was filled up before we saw the melancholy item of news which has plunged the family of the Rev. Dr. Twining in deep and unexpected affliction. We could only express our sincere sympathy with them in this sad bereavement, which is far from being the only one of that nature they have been called upon to endure. Captain Twining, who has early passed away, was only 27 years of age, and bore a high character in the Service. He was shortly expected in his native land. May He who has seen fit thus sorely to wound, be pleased also to heal, and to sanctify the dispensation to the good of all concerned. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

FISHERMEN'S CHURCH, TURN'S BAY.

"The liberal deviseth liberal things." "He which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the following most acceptable donations during the week. Mr. Kinnear's contribution of last week was 25s. instead of 20s. as unsprinted.

The Lord Bishop	£5 0 0
Hon. J. B. Bland,	1 0 0
Hon. James McNab,	1 0 0
James Donaldson, Esq.,	1 5 0
Rev. Dr. Twining,	1 0 0
Peter Lynch, Esq.,	1 0 0
Edw. Wallace, Esq.,	1 0 0
William Miller, Esq.,	1 0 0
W. A. Johnston, Esq. 10s. Cash 2s. 6d.	0 12 6
JAS. C. COCHRAN,	
Dec. 30.	Miss'y.

Lieut. Walter L. Ingles, of H. M.'s 74th Regt. of Foot, and youngest son of the Rev. Charles Ingles, of this town, arrived here on Saturday last, on a visit to his relatives in this place.

This young gentleman, as is well known here, is a native of Sydney, and is on leave from his Regiment, at present in India.—About eleven years have elapsed since Lieut. Ingles entered the Military School at Sandhurst, whence he joined the 32nd Regt., then in India: and has since seen considerable service in the East—having been present at the siege and surrender of Mooltan; the engagement at Goojerat; and at ac-

veral skirmishes; in addition to the above, in the Punjab;—from all of which, after much privation, as well as danger, he happily escaped uninjured.

During the week, Lieut. Ingles has been warmly greeted in congratulatory visits from his friends and early acquaintances, on his safe return to this the place of his nativity, and the scene of the greater part of the days of his boyhood.—Sydney, C. B. News.

ITEMS.

At St. Margaret's Bay on Saturday last, a young man by the name of William Skinner, went out in quest of game, but not returning search was made, and he was found dead in the woods, having been shot. It is supposed the gun was discharged by his stumbling.

At the same place last week, two young men named Wynaucht, were unfortunately drowned in a small pond near the post road.

The severest gale experienced here for several years, occurred on the night of Friday and morning of Saturday last, by which much damage was done to the wharves and the vessels in port—some of which latter were sunk. The amount of injury sustained has been estimated at from £10,000 to £15,000. Happily no lives were lost, although some were in imminent danger.

It is to be feared that much more damage has been done at sea and along the coast, than we have yet heard of.

The remains of the Humboldt were finally scattered in this gale. There have been two other severe storms during the week.

Among those who were specially distinguished at Oxford, at the late examinations, we observe the name of Mr. C. H. Wallace, son of the late C. H. Wallace, Esq. of this City.

We have seen it stated that the Rev. Dr. Alder, formerly Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and well known in this Province, has lately been ordained at Gibraltar, by the Bishop of that Diocese. We hope the cloud under which it is said he left the Wesleyan Body had first completely cleared away, otherwise we have gained a loss.

Christ Church in Boston, was established in 1722, and during the one hundred and thirty years of its existence, has been an Episcopal parish.

PROFESSORSHIP ENDOWED.—Horace White, Esq. of Syracuse, has endowed a professorship at Holten Free College, with the sum of \$15,000.

[Who will be the first to do likewise for King's College?]

The benevolent Miss Dix, has forwarded a Life Boat of superior model, for the use of the establishment at Sable Island, and is about to send two more, with every necessary appliance for saving life. She has also presented a Library of 500 volumes for the use of the residents and the shipwrecked on the Island. We trust that a proper acknowledgment will be made to her, by the Legislature of the Province, for her noble and disinterested services in the cause of humanity.

The collections in Liverpool, N. S. towards the £5000 additional endowment of Acadia College, amount to more than £500. This for a second (or third) milking of the cow by the same hand, is not bad. One gentleman, Mr. T. R. Patillo, has given £100. We hope the Church folk in that quarter, when called upon, as they soon will be, for their College, will show that they can do yet more.

Appeals on the subject will soon be down among them, and likewise all over the Provinces, as the great couriers of agents to collect such an Endowment as will place King's College on a firm and efficient basis. This by the way.

Dr. Mercer, a benevolent citizen of New Orleans, has donated \$13,000 in ground, and \$35,000 in cash, for the establishment of "St. Anna Asylum," in that city. He is also purchasing furniture for it, which will increase his donation to \$45,000. The name, "St. Anna Asylum" is in remembrance of a daughter of Dr. Mercer, lately deceased. It is designed as a home for destitute females, and will accommodate from four to five hundred inmates.—Am. Paper.

The Capitol of the State of Tennessee, now near completion, is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world. It is built of solid limestone taken from near the hill on which it stands. The roof is of Tennessee copper, and the Speaker's stand of marble quarried in that State.

The London City Mission is the largest society of the kind in the world. It employed last year no less than 297 missionaries, who were constantly engaged in domiciliary visitation. The number of visits they made during the year was 1,240,318; and they distributed 1,766,131 religious tracts.

MISSIONARY RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The entire sum of money raised by the churches of Great Britain for missionary purposes, is about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; by those of America \$750,000; making altogether two million five hundred thousand dollars.

A GOOD WORK.—Bishop Payne is desirous of erecting Missionary Buildings at Sierra, Liberia. For this purpose it is necessary to raise a thousand dollars.

A HUGE BOOK.—In a recent debate in the House of Commons, it was stated that the catalogue of the library of the British Museum, now in process of compilation, has already cost £100,000, and is so far from being complete, that it cannot be finished in less than