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[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEEKLY.]

Lines

On the Death of Miss Sarah Elder, who died at Falmouth, N. S., Oct. 12th, aged 25.

Our harp to mournful strains we now attune,
To wail our youth, our beauty, virtue,
To mourn that goodness from our earth is
gone,
Should be like Autumn's leaves among the
dead,
The loathsome grave with love's dear objects
sprung,
The young and cheerful faded o'er their
prime;
The ravens' man of death still constant fed,
With forms the fairest in our earthly clime;
O, this must make us weep still on the shores
of Time.

That fairest things of Earth must pass away,
We read, O Sarah! in thy early doom;
But long as we shall fond affection stay,
And sweet thy virtues in our memory
bloom;
Such triumph have we o'er the dreary
tomb,
For death but deepens faith that Love has
made;
In the fond heart the lost one eye have
room,
The memory of thy virtues fair displayed
Deep in the soul shall be as valued relic laid.

How sad and broken was her Mother's heart,
To see her Sarah weak and helpless;
To know the hour had come that they must
part,
And still more gloomy be the dark'nd sky,
For she had known sad chafing from on
high,
A Widow called new sorrows to deplore,
To see her loved, her active, cheerful,
To hear the music of her voice no more;
Oh, this was more sad, more trying than
before.

Two sisters, too, with stern disease assailed,
Had in her death their sorrows' cup run
o'er,
With weep too big for words their loss
bewailed,
But hoped to meet on Heaven's peaceful
shore,
Where varied ills afflict the good no more,
And virtue shines through one perpetual
day;
Where Friendship, all divine, shall keep its
store,
Its objects from its side ne'er torn away,
Oh! who that knows such world would wish on
earth to stay.

And art thou gone so early to the tomb,
To leave the friends who loved thee,
To shut our Friendship's path a fragrant
bloom,
And make the scenes of Earth less dark and
drear;
For this our hearts would fain have kept
these here,
But Heaven to thee we know had better
right,
It saw thee fading in a dark cloud sphere,
And willed thy transit to the realms of
light;
Where thou shalt serve thy God with the rapt
seraph's thy.

No vain amusements could her heart engage,
Whose mind was stored with pleasures of its
own,
That it had glean'd from many a sacred
page,
Where reason, eloquence, religion shone;
O, these are riches to the pious known;
That make the soul exult with trust;
For little sorrows worldly hearts make
man;
The good they seek, no better than some toy,
But souls with knowledge stored have blissful
sweet employ.

O! cruel death, why didst thou nip this
flower!
On this fair plant thy direful skill employ?
Thy scythe hath sadly marred the friendly
lower

And torn the blossoms of our earthly joy;
O, why should gloomy death so soon destroy
And leave the riches of our earth away?
Thou dost the chilling touch of frost annoy,
The garden's pride in blooming honours
gay.

Alas! the sweetest flowers are transient in their
stay.

If Earth's loved ones so fitted to adorn,
The world that God for man's true pleasure
made,
Shall and early from our hearts are torn,
Borne in a moment down to death's cold
shade,
O, then by Earth's own light will joyful say,
That a bright region of the blest display'd,
Where man redeemed from sin, from sorrows
free,
Shall with his God and all the good forever
be.

The Spirits world arrayed in brilliant hues,
In cities built of crystal, gems, and gold,
Such as the noblest mind on earth ne'er
saw,
Such as an angel tongue could not unfold;
If these to those we mourn are all unroll'd,
Stretch'd all before them in a flood of
light!
Their wondrous vision, now no more con-
troll'd,
But made to scan all objects heavenly
bright.

Oh! then we'll say with joy, their early death
was right.

Then be it ours by Faith to look above
The changing scenes of sorrow and decay,
To trace our friends in worlds where holy
joy,
Shall with its objects live and dwell forever;
There, friend, with friend shall always
loving
stay,
No cruel death shall then the social part,
Nor bear the good to distant worlds away;
Nor from the friendly fold and joyous heart
Shall e'er one sorrow rise, a mournful tear
shall.

T. H. D.
Newport, Dec. 14, 1854.

The Christian Race.

Heaven won is won forever. Heaven
lost is lost forever. The crown of righteous-
ness is placed on the head of every living
soul in the wide world; and the losing
of it implies want of exertion, lethargy, and
insensibility on the part of those who should
have been zealous, persevering, successful
competitors; while the gaining of it im-
plies action, fidelity, untiring zeal, and an
overwhelming impression of its vast, eternal
value, on the part of those who do "ob-
tain" it.

If the Christian life is a race and heaven
the reward, how can any expect to obtain
the latter, who are not engaged in the for-
mer? Will an infidel crown—a victor's
palms in his hand, be presented to those
who are not seeking for them? Ah, no! God is not a "rewarder of righte-
ousness" to any but those who "diligently
seek Him." And, could a human soul be
made a possessor of the glorious prize, who
had not contended for it—could one of the
brightest crowns be placed upon the
head of one who had not a seat with
"the first-born sons of light," yet he would
not esteem his reward; he would be un-
happy, and have longing desires to "cast his
crown away," and to sink again into insen-
sibility and spiritual death. The object for
which we do not labour is not valued. Exer-
cise without enjoyment, and the more we
strive to "run with patience the race set
before us," so much the more will we value
the prize. Glorious race! Immortal reward!
Thrice worthy recompense! Who would
not run, strive, agonize, and lay aside every
hindrance, in order that he might "attain
the heavenly crown?" May we exert our
most bodily strength in the performance of
an earthly race. In the ancient Olympic
races, what preparation, preparation, and ex-
ertion were manifested by those engaged!
Multitudes of witnesses thronged the scene.
Excited minds were impatient for the re-
sult. The moment of the prize was other-
wise an unfavourable termination. The
goal reached—the foremost grasped the
prize, and waved it in token of victory.—
But, what was it for which they so eagerly
contended? It was but a frail flower—a
perishing wreath. "Now, they did it to
obtain a perishable crown; but we an incor-
ruptible." "So run, that ye may obtain."

Combatant in the spiritual race? "A great
cloud of witnesses" are interested in thy
course. Thy friends and brethren who be-
lieve thee start from the verge of destruc-
tion, and enter the "highway of holiness,"
crying, "Life! eternal life!" are solicited for
thy success. Angels, who witnessed thy
struggle to obtain immortal renown, are waiting
to exult in the conquest. The King who
sits at the end of the way, and "holds out
the crown to him aspiring eye," is doubly
interested in thy victory. Be strong in the
vigilant—gird up the loins of thy mind; that
heaven and earth may rejoice in thy triumphs.

But none can obtain who do not "so run"
as they who run for victory. The trifler
who is smitten with the allurements of the
world, the flesh, and the devil, and lingers
to enjoy them, must fail of success. While
others are laying hold of the enduring sub-
stance, he is reaching forth his hand to
take an object which will "perish in his
grasp."

O, trifling Christian! Is it so with thee?
Dost thou set out in the heavenly race, and
dost thou linger? Hast thou captured the
goal of thy heart? Is a moment's vain pleasure
more to thee than an eternal's consummate
happiness? Will the value of a sensual
gratification, cast into the scale of retribu-
tion, bear down the price of thy ransomed
soul? Or sayest thou, "I did once
set out to win the prize."
Therefore, I need not strive. I am in the
way, and will surely be rewarded with a
crown of righteousness at last." O, man!
thou art in an error. Reason and God testi-
fy against thee! The thunders of heaven
utter their voices to lull this belief of thine
in eternal silence, and the surging waves of
death's pit of death send up their wail to
suppress it forever and ever. Gain and
not strive? It cannot be. God is good; but
he is no better than his word; and the tenor
of that word is, "Seek and find." "Run and
obtain." Rest no longer in this vain secu-
rity. In the name of the great God, begin
afresh thy journey and thy life, or thou
wilt surely perish by the way!

In those memorable races recorded on the
pages of history, "all ran," but "one re-
ceived the prize." In the spiritual race, all
may receive. There is no lack of rewards.
None are called to run for nought. From
that brilliant point of glory, "to which we
go," there glitters a crown for every human
soul; and if all do not receive, it is because
they would not!

Take courage, ye who "close pursue the
Lamb." Soon ye shall have rest. "To pa-
tient faith the prize is sure." Soon the God
whom ye serve shall give you the palm of
victory; and applauding angels shall escort
you to the mansions of empyrean light, to
reign forever—kings and priests to God.

Urges on your rapid course,
Ye blood besprinkled bands,
The heavenly vision, whose force—
Is seized by violent hands,
See here the starry crown,
That glitters through the skies,
Save the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

Napton, Nov. 10th, 1854. S. O. F.

Close of the Year.

Another year has made its eternal record
concerning us. The first feeling of the
heart, at this hour, is gratitude to God for
his preserving care, continual bounty and
spiritual gifts. The second is deep contri-
tion, in remembering our neglects, unchari-
tability, and sin. The closing hours of the
year may be hallowed, by our performing
deliberately and honestly the great duty of
self-examination. With the candle of the
Lord, let us enter the inmost recesses of our
souls; and before the tribunal of conscience,
let us strictly scrutinize every motive, every
position and principle. Sin is the disloca-
tion of the moral frame; let us, then, detect
every disorder.—1. Let us ask,—if we have
enjoyed the gifts and pleasures of life with
Christian moderation? Have we referred
our bounties to the great Giver? Have we
been diligent in the continuance of use of
our minds; for the comforts of friends; for
the sweets of domestic bliss; for the excita-
ting joys of life, and for the unpeppable
blessings of religion?—2. Have we borne
afflictions with submissive trust in God's
hand? Have our disappointments clouded our
heavenly expectations? Has a suffering
appeared indications of displeasure, rather
than occasions of improvement? Have we
felt that God is as wise in what he takes, as
he is kind in what he gives? Have we,
then, worn our trials, as an angel wears his
wings, to elevate and glorify us? Have we
transacted our affairs with prompt upright-
ness, and fulfilled our duties with conscien-
tious fidelity? Has our usefulness been
increased or diminished? Can our neigh-
bour or friend blame us for any avarice,
inhospitality or slander?—3. What faults
have we committed, and how shall we guard
against them in future? Has passion be-
trayed us into excess; ambition led us to
folly, or pride reduced us to corruption?
Have we omitted our duty to our families,
to the poor, to the young? Have we neg-
lected religious exercises, and done despite
to the spirit of grace?—4. What progress
have we made in christian wisdom and holiness?
Is the empire of reason over sense
more confirmed? Do we more relish what
is beautiful and good, what is heavenly and
divine? Do we love God more, and imitate
Christ better? Are we prepared for death,
if this year is our last?—5. What should
the closing year teach us, with reference to
the future? What use should experience be
in regulating life? Wherein does the
past warn or encourage us? How can we
connect the present with that which is gone,
the past with futurity, and earth with
heaven?

Here, then, on the confines of another
year, let us erect three pillars—one, dedi-
cated to the past, on which, let us inscribe,
gratitude to God—one, dedicated to the present,
on which let us write the history of our
world, of which "God himself is the author,
in which let us engrave the christian principles
by which we will be governed.

And now hear the conclusion of the whole
matter—Fear God and keep his command-
ments; for this is the whole duty of man.—
True religion is a course of education for
the immortal soul. It presents a vision of
impire a golden temple. It is composed
of the two most delightful of our affections,
love and hope; and its object is the glorious
consummation of eternal blessedness. Yes,
it is the actual commencement of this yes-
tedness; for it fills the soul with that peace
of God which passeth all understanding, and
which will win, it is better for us to
prospects and to elevate the character of
individual man; but to unite and harmonize
mankind. This seems to be a crowning
point in the ineffable and infinite benevo-
lence of God; to make each being, not only
happy, but the instrument and organ of hap-
piness to all the rest.

Unanswerable Proof.

The New York Observer's Correspondent,
illustrating the religious revival in Italy,
gives the following—which shows, that
it has existed and been known for ages, and
can vanquish the wily priests of Rome:

A worthy woman of Turin, a fruit seller,
had received the word of God, and read it
with joy. Seated at the entrance of the
bridge, in her modest shop, she improved
every leisure moment, in studying the holy
book. A Romish priest, passing by the spot,
said, "What book are you reading there?"
"It is the Word of God, Sir."
"The Word of God? But who told you
so?"
"God himself! Has God spoken to you?"
"Himself! what folly! Has God spoken to
you? What proofs can you give me of it?"
"Sir," replied the good woman, "prove
to me that the sun is there above our heads."
"Why should I prove it? The best
proof that the sun is there, is that it lights
and warms us."
"Is that all? Is that what I wish to say to you?"
cried the woman triumphantly; "the best
proof that this book is the Word of God, is
that it lights and warms my soul."
The priest went away in anger.

Trusting in the Dark.

Not all men, or even all Christians, know
how to treat the mysteries which mark the
works and attend the ways of God. Some-
times the understanding, over-taxing its own
powers, seeks their perfect solution, vainly
attempting to be as wise as God himself.
Sometimes the heart rebels, and proudly
rejects as untrue what the intelligence can-
not fathom. Very often the mind of man is
restless and feverish, disquieted and uncom-
fortable, because pent up in the little circle
of its own knowledge. It is chafed, by the
limitations of nature, and would, if it could,
lift the veil and make visible the objects of
the unknown land. There is, moreover, a
strong and powerful instinct of curiosity in
our nature, which in many minds is sub-
jected to a most intense stimulation by the
scene of realities that lie around us, and of
which we ourselves form a part.

Now, what shall the Christian do with the
ten thousand mysteries in nature, in providence,
and in Bible religion, that decline to
surrender their secrets to the severest exer-
cise of thought? Explain them he cannot;
and to cavil with them, is neither consonant
with his feelings, nor useful to his intelli-
gence. His way is to refer them to God,
remembering that the ways and works of a

A Lecture.

Delivered before the Halifax Young Men's
Christian Association, on Tuesday
Evening, Dec. 19th.

BY F. C. HILL, ESQ.

Man cannot contemplate any object asso-
ciated with the lapse of by-gone ages with-
out emotion. Centuries as they roll, lead a
charm even to the silent and inanimate wit-
nesses of their flight. Forty centuries'—
said Napoleon to his soldiers in Egypt—and
the appeal was not in vain—"forty centu-
ries look down from yonder pyramids and
behold your actions."—What mighty events,
what dreadful wars, what regal splendor,
what untold misery, have not such silent wit-
nesses of the actions of the human race be-
held? Imagination invests every stone and
the interest of some great event, some trag-
ic, or some glorious deed long past; and
man cannot, if he would, contemplate the
solemn grandeur of such monuments of the
past, wholly unmoved. But if the contem-
plation of the material monuments of a ven-
erable antiquity thus profoundly affects the
mind of man, with what deep emotions must
we regard the moral grandeur of a monu-
ment whose origin dates back to the very
dawn of man's history, and which needs no
imagination to invest it with the interest of
supposititious events, but which contains in
every page, registered in no unknown hiero-
glyphics, but by the unerring pen of inspira-
tion, the record of such wonderful events,
such deeds of deepest import to mankind?
The interest of all material monuments of the
past must pale before the dignity and
grandeur of that most wonderful of all the
legacies handed down to us from antiquity,
that glorious book, the Bible. The waves
and storms of man's evil passions and hatred,
both to it and its author, have been for
centuries dashing themselves against its in-
movable foundations; every device which
imiquity could suggest has been exhausted
to throw discredit on its statements; every
branch of human learning has been made
the battle-field whereon its authenticity has
been fiercely contested; infidelity has made
a stand on the threshold of every science,
but as man has been permitted to make
further advances in knowledge, and to see
that much which at first he could not recon-
cile with the truth of Scripture is really in
harmony with it, so has scepticism been
forced from one stronghold to another, until
at last its votaries have been driven to such
miserable retreats as the author of the "Ves-
tiges of Creation," and other similar works,
have provided for them.

So strong has been the current of testi-
mony to the truth of Scripture as a revelation
from God, and so widely spread has conse-
quently become the belief (in the ordinary
acceptation of the term) of that truth, that
infidelity no longer dares to brave the opi-
nion of mankind by an open undignified de-
fiance of God or of his word, but the more
artful and dangerous expedient has been
adopted of denying the plenary inspiration
of the Bible in every syllable and word,
while a pretended admission of its general
truth is made: of all the snares laid for the
souls of men, this I believe to be the most
dangerous and delusive; once let the idea
take possession of the mind that part of the
Bible is uninspired, or even, as many of this
school assert, untrue, because contrary to
the truths taught by science, and it is im-
mediately unable to see where the line is to be
drawn between what is to be believed and
what rejected—and the soul of the enquirer
is at last, after being tossed to and fro in
harassing doubts and uncertainties, plunged
into the black abyss of unbelief.

The subject of which I am to address you
this evening proposes to exhibit some of the
more recent testimonies to the entire and
plenary inspiration of Scripture, which have
been brought to light. I do not purpose to
adduce the testimony which exists to the
authenticity of Scripture generally, as it
has existed and been known for ages, but
rather to turn to a few of those more recent
discoveries which so wonderfully corroborate
the declarations of Scripture, in the fullest
and most absolute sense.

When man untoured looks abroad upon
the face of nature, he sees only a chaos of
unconnected causes and events; he knows
not whence comes the unfailing return of
day and night, who bids the tides to flow at
their appointed times, or why terrible storms
should desolate the earth; the lightning
strikes down his habitation, or prostrates a
beloved relative or friend, and he sees no-
thing but a dreadful and uncontrolled ele-
ment of destruction; again the genial sun
lights up the face of nature, and he is equally
unconscious of its cause or of its connec-
tion with the darker aspect just passed away.
All is confusion and discord, and he knows
not when some dreadful collision may be
effected by the clashing of those antagonistic
elements.

But when man applies to Scripture,
he learns that in the beginning God made
the heavens and the earth—that by Him all
things were made and without Him was not
anything made; that he rules and governs
over all things, and that all things shall
work together for good. Instead of a chaotic
mass of conflicting laws and repulsive
elements ready to break forth in storms of
destructive fury, he sees the all-powerful but
gentle sway of one universal Lord directing
and controlling every event; not merely
contracting the evils of an apparent anti-
gonism, but educating absolute and vast desig-
nations of good from all. The sceptic has sneered
at this suggestion of everything to one great
controlling power as the offspring of some
weak enthusiast's mind; he has talked of
laws of nature as though they were the moral
intelligent governors of the universe; a blind
chance has in his scheme occupied the place
of an infinitely wise Creator, and many
branches of science have been appealed to
in support of his views, while yet the ad-
vancing light of knowledge had not driven
him from his ground.

But now how clear is the response of
nature when interrogated by modern science
to the great and glorious announcement of
one all-pervading power directing the entire
universe? Take some minute point of light
in the heavens and examine it by the aid of
the telescope and it proves to be a double
star, i. e. two stupendous suns at the distance
of untold millions of miles from this earth,
and yet they are revolving round a common
centre of gravity in obedience to the same
law which guides our planet in its course,
and whose operation is experienced by each
of us at every moment of our existence—our

Heavenly Illumination.

As the natural sun sometimes sinks in
clouds, so occasionally the Christian who
has a bright rising, and a brighter meridian,
sets in gloom. It is not always "light" at
his evening time; but this we know, that
when the day of immortality breaks, the last
vestige of earth's shadows will forever flee
away. To the closing hour of time, providence
seems to be to him a baffling gloom; but
to test our faith, he has strung on heaven's
chromometer, all will be clear. My soul,
in God's light thou shalt see light. The book
of his decrees is a sealed book now: "A
great deed," is all the explanation thou
canst often give of his judgments; and the
why and wherefore he seems to keep from
us, to test our faith; to discipline us in trust-
ful submission, and lead us to say, "It will
be done." But rejoice in that beneficent
light which awaits thee. Now see thee
through a glass darkly; but then, face to
face. In the great mirror of eternity all
the events of this checked account will then
reflect to be bright with mercy—the severest
dispensations, "only the severest aspects of
his love." Pray not, then, too curiously;
pronounce not too censoriously on God's
dealings with thee. Wait with patience till
the grand day of disclosures; one confession
shall then burst from every tongue, "Right-
eous art thou, O Lord."

The Boy that Loved to Learn.

About twenty years ago, when the little
negro children in the British West Indies
were made free, I opened a school for those
who lived in my neighborhood. One day,
when let for a little amusement, they
began to frolic and gambol on the play-ground
in front of my house, in such circumstances,
while I was engaged in my studies, I
looked on this scene of wild and joyous
mirth with great pleasure. It reminded me
of a day when I enjoyed such sport. But
having occasion to go from my house to the
chapel, I saw a sight which struck me very
much. A part of the building stood by a
corner about five or six feet, and formed a
Here, in this corner, I found a little boy,
about six years old. He was a poor, dirty,
and apparently neglected child, and he was
drawing himself up as close into the corner
as he could, to be out of the sight of the other
children who were at play. "And what,