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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DAY	MORNING.	EVENING.
1 S. in Lent	Gen 11; Luke 11	Gen 22; Phil. 4
2 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
3 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
4 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
5 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
6 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
7 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
8 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
9 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
10 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
11 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
12 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
13 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
14 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
15 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
16 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
17 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
18 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
19 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
20 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
21 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
22 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
23 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
24 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
25 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
26 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
27 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
28 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
29 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
30 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3
31 S. in Lent	Deut. 23; Luke 11	Deut. 27; Col. 3

66 of the Easter Week Collects to be used on this day and day in this week.

To see 23

Poetry.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

We are told to look through Nature,
Upward unto Nature's God;
We are told there is a Scripture
Written on the mearest sod,
That the simplest flower created,
Is a key to hidden things,
But immortal over Nature,
Mind, the lord of Nature springs.

Deeper than the vast Atlantic,
Rolls the tide of human thought;
Farther speeds that mental ocean
Than the world of waves o'er sought!
Mind; sublime in its own essence,
Its sublimity can lend
To the rocks, and mountains and torrents,
And at will their features bend.

From the genesis of being
Unto this imperfect day,
Bath Humanity held onward,
Praying God to aid its way!
And Man's progress had been swifter
Had he never turned aside,
To the worship of a symbol,
Not the spirit signified!

Something yield to Recreation,
Something to Improvement give;
There's a spiritual kingdom
Where the Spirit hopes to live!
There's a mental world of grandeur
Which the mind aspires to know;
Fountain of everlasting beauty
That, for those who seek them, flow!

Notes where Genius breathes immortal,
Where the very winds convey
Ethereal thoughts of Education,
Holding universal sway!
Glorious hopes of Human Freedom,
Freedom of the noblest kind;
That which springs from Cultivation,
Cheers and elevates the mind!

Let us hope for better prospects.—
Strong to struggle for the right,
We appeal to Truth, and ever
Truth's omnipotent in might.
Hasten, then, the people's progress,
Ere their last faint hope be gone,
Teach the Nations that their interest
And the People's good are one!

Religious Miscellany.

WRECK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

BY A MISSIONARY.

THE day succeeding that of our disaster—
Christmas, but not a merry Christmas to us. The
upper part of the lower cabin afforded most protection
from the water which, with every sea we shipped,
came in torrents through the opening above—
and accordingly, we repaired. It was a molley
sea to excite a smile; but, no! we all felt the
seriousness of our condition; our thoughts were too
sad to admit of smiling there. I could desire to
see that scene, but feel quite inadequate to the
task. Ladies, children, servants, coarse camp-women,
and civilians, all were crowded together, male
and female, in sad confusion; yet amid the whole,
order and delicacy prevailed. Fortunately, dry blank-
ets were scarce; for in many cases, they were our
only covering; the mattresses having, for the most part,
been thoroughly saturated as to be unfit for

use. Here lay a wounded officer, (Col. Blake,) sadly
crippled by the fragments of the wreck; there was ano-
ther (Dr. Satterlie,) trembling as in an ague fit, from
the effect of exposure, whilst almost naked, to the cold,
and by his side a civilian, (Mr. J. Lorimer Graham,)
benumbed and prostrate, having been five hours upon
the deck, after the saloon was washed away. In ano-
ther direction I saw one, a veteran soldier, (Major
Merchant,) who, rushing aft, had fallen through the
hatchway, and barely escaped with life; whilst then
again near him lay two, (Messrs. Rankin and South-
worth,) both sadly bruised and broken down, who had
been washed overboard, and after enduring all the
agonies of drowning, almost miraculously succeeded in
regaining the wreck. The 'companion' railings had
been smashed in pieces; the deck had been 'stored'
up, but so unstable were the supports it was constant-
ly necessary to warn passers-by to 'keep hands off.'
The ghastly mutilated corpses of those killed when the
saloon was swept—one of which could previously be
seen from below—had been committed to the deep,
and the deck was made as tight as circumstances ad-
mitted of. But, with all that could be done, still the
waters formed a pool from the sinking of that portion
of the deck where the sea broke in upon us, and they
continued to pour down in such quantity that I do not
think had the steam pump failed, the ship could have
been kept 'free.'

Of all our sufferings, there occurred about this time,
perhaps, the most distressing instance. To exclude
the water the apertures had all been closely battened
down during the night. But the curing of one evil
proved the cause of another scarcely less great. The
steam let off from the pump machinery having no
place to escape, entirely filled the cabin, converting
the whole area into an immense vapor bath room. This
awoke me some hours before dawn. I was half suffo-
cated in my bed, and arose gasping for breath.—
Everywhere I sought for air, but sought in vain. From
head to foot the perspiration burst forth at every pore.
At length the thought occurred to me that as the sea
found its way through the chinks and crevices, and par-
ticularly around the 'bull's eyes,' air must also find an
entrance. Applying my mouth to the more open parts,
through which oozed the bubbling brine, I endeavored
to draw an inspiration, with but very limited success.
For some hours, I should think, we continued to en-
dure this misery, wandering about, in wretchedness,
seeking rest but finding none. At length, all but totally
exhausted, the morning dawned; the battennings were
cautiously removed, and, Oh, delight! once more we
were permitted to breathe the free air of heaven.

But in our wretchedness, my dear brother, we
were not comfortless; because God was there! His
blessed Spirit strengthened and sustained us; and so
we sank not. Those who knew nothing of religion
were, as might be expected, despondent and despairing;
but Jehovah revealed himself to those who sought
him, as the hearer and the answerer of prayer. Yes,
there we found God to be our God! and that broken
cabin, still splendid in its dilapidation, and now
choked, doubtless, with dark seaweeds at the bottom
of the ocean, became to us a blessed sanctuary of pray-
er. Aye, many of us learnt there to pray as we had
never prayed before! And, oh! there were those a-
mongst us who frequently besought the Missionary to
pray, who would perhaps ere then have decided, as
many now do, who, on shore, think themselves secure,
beyond the reach of harm, the very idea of supplicating
at the throne of grace. But let me not omit to say that
we had Christians with us—men of faith and prayer—
whose presence cheered my heart. And here, with-
out desiring to particularize invidiously, permit me
especially to notice the calm and Christian bearing of
your own beloved friend and parishioner, Mr. G. W.
Aspinwall. Oh, what a blessed experience did we
then enjoy of the delightfulness of Christian Commu-
nion—of fellowship with the saints. Let men say what
they will, there is a bond of 'brotherhood,' and
to that brotherhood belong, wherever we may find
them, all faithful people dispersed throughout the
world.

Many are the lessons which might be learned by

those who wish to learn from the incidents on board
the San Francisco. The deep depravity of the hu-
man heart, as developed there has proved most incon-
trovertibly the fallacy of the doctrine taught by some,
that the deeds of the natural man overbalance those
which result from his evil propensities. And as
the word of God, one wet, stained, broken Bible
which we found on board, a present from her father
to a young lady passenger—was the source of substan-
tial comfort to my soul than all the wealth—we had
much of this world's wealth, and many of this world's
luxuries in our possession then—and twice ten thou-
sand times as much, could possibly afford. What was
it all worth then? Compared with the treasures of
inspiration, a piece of feather or a straw would have
been more than its equivalent in the balance. Could
this have been so, were not that Book the Divine Re-
velation of Almighty God?

Let me speak further on our religious services.—
These were precious seasons? Prayer and praise
were the offering of our hearts. All joined outwardly
at least, and I trust not a few in heart also, in en-
treaties and supplications at the throne of grace. He
who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters,
maketh the clouds his chariot and walketh upon the
wings of the wind, proved indeed to be a blessed ro-
fuge unto us. Truly we found him to be a God of
mercy and compassion. He hearkened to our prayers
—spared his servants for the wicked's sake, and the
wicked for his servant's sake,—working for us a deli-
verance one of the most remarkable, it may be, which
has ever been recorded.

And now as to that deliverance. We were spoken
by two vessels, but soon found to our sorrow, that they
could avail nothing for our rescue. Perhaps they got
separated from us in the night. How did our feelings
alternate between hope and disappointment! At
length the Kilby hove in sight. She saw our flag,
bore down, spoke us, and promised to remain till
morn. That night lost sight of us, but fortunately suc-
ceeded in finding us again. Oh, what was our joy to
see that ship approach within speaking distance and
make ready to send a boat on board, for we alas had
none. They had all been swept away. Preparations
were soon made. The embarkation commenced at
one o'clock P. M., and such a process may I never
behold again! It was a fearful sight to see, and yet
it was one which made the heart rejoice, for it was
escape from death. In a solemn act of prayer we
commended our bodies and souls to God, took our lives
in our hands, and by dark 105 individuals, men, wo-
men, and children, were placed, in comparative safe-
ty, on board the barque. Thus ended my connec-
tion with the shortlived 'San Francisco.' As I left her
it was impossible to avoid admiring the beautiful out-
line of her battered hull, as she lay, a helpless wreck,
upon the bosom of the water.

Encircling the steamer there fortunately remained
a portion of the bulwark which had not been swept
away. Here, then, we were congregated, and here
was an apparatus rigged for lowering us down into the
boat below; consisting simply of the 'bight' of a rope,
with, in the case of the ladies, an extra one to cast
around the waist. Placed in this, holding our hands
above our heads, we were thrown off, and hung some-
times, for many minutes dangling in the air, a tremen-
dous sea beneath us; for although the wind had slack-
ened, the ground swell was great. The ship rolled
heavily from side to side, even so as to render her
very keel sometimes visible. This I was told by one
who saw it: often the boats were in danger of being
crushed as they came under the ship's 'quarter,' and
nothing but the utmost activity, combined with most
extraordinary caution, prevented such a catastrophe;
indeed at night-fall, our best life-boat was swamped,
and there only remained two small and indifferently
good boats in which to effect the transfer of 500
souls!

The children were let down in blankets. What a
fearful sight for a parent's eyes to see! his children
swinging to and fro, swayed by the wind, in a descent
from 20 to 30 feet, now almost within his reach,
now almost gone! But, thanks be to God! the trans-
fer was accomplished without the loss of a single
life.