

Carleton Place

VOL. XIV.

CARLETON PLACE, W. W., SEPTEMBER 23, 1863.

No. 3

SABBATH READING.

When we have Crossed the Crystal Sea.

Sweet must it be to dwell secure
From simple stain, from thought impure,
No wandering footstep to retrace,
No mourning for the Saviour's face;
And this our happy lot shall be
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

How oft the struggling spirit tries
For blessed communion with the skies;
If we will pray that we may bear
Christ's perfect image, even here.
And O! like Jesus we shall be
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

They who have safely gone before,
Whose feet grow weary never more,
Perceive in that dear land of bliss
All their long journey in this
And their enjoyment on the shore
When we have crossed the crystal sea.

Golden Chain of Thankfulness.

The past is forever receding, the present
eluding our grasp, the future hastening on.
Is there one bond of union between them
all? Is there golden chain which can
bind together things so dissimilar?

When we remember what has been, when
we think of what is, when we strive
to realize what shall be, is there any of the
bright Christian graces which can throw its
luminous splendor on all? It is even so.

Shall we think of God for the past? Are
we to forget its many sorrows, its many
trials, its many sins? No! forget not these.
Yet do we bid you thank God. Thank him
who has pardoned those sins, and he has
sustained you under every trial, and look-
ing beyond your sins, thank him who has
done for his Church and people.

Shall we thank him for the present, too,
as we return to our work, conscious of great
unworthiness, great weakness, great unbelief,
great difficulties? Yes! thank God for your
opportunities. Thank him that he gra-
tiously permits you to labor for him, and
that you may delight to do his will.

Shall we thank God for the future? The
future yet far off, distant, dim, uncertain?
O, it is none of these! It is not distant to
tomorrow in part of it, and you know
what to-morrow will bring with it, unless
you save to yourself the portion of the new
and early kingdom.

It is true that no earthly friend can
accompany us through the swellings of Jordan.
There is no human arm on which we can
lean as we walk through the dark valley.
But though we may then be alone in one
sense, yet we need not be another, for the
Saviour has promised to accompany us.
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The presence of his father dismisses his
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"By your affections are set upon things
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I like to see people singing when they have
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When hymns come to the house of God
all of a sudden of home associations, then sing-
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No experience will reveal to us what
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We know not what a day will bring forth.
We know where to find the water fall and
the shady ledge, where the violets grow in
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but we never can become famished with our
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No man can go down into the dungeon
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Seasons are full of promise till men get
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MISCELLANEOUS.

She was a Phantom.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she beam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition,
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and to waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
Her household motions light and free,
And steps virgin-like, but not so shy;
A maiden with long hair moist with dew,
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not so bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the sense unshak'd,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and to command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
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War with Japan.

The latest intelligence from Japan leads
to the belief that ere this strange and distant
empire have been made to feel, to some ex-
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tion. Isolated from all intercourse with
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But they have now been brought into con-
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must needs suffer the common fate.

Previous to the year 1853 little was
known of Japan; but everything that has
been known tends indubitably to create the be-
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than to be left alone. The date, who for
more than two centuries traded with them,
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cavities, and sinny recesses, and not come
up with a shudder and a chill, and an ear-
nest cry to God for divine mercy and cleans-
ing.

The man who carries a lantern in a dark
night can have friends all round him, walk-
ing safely by the help of his rays, and be not
defrauded. So he who has the God-given
light of hope in his breast can help on many
others in the world's darkness, not to his
own loss, but to their precious gain.

Seasons are full of promise till men get
old, and then in a last year's nest, from which
the bird has flown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

She was a Phantom.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she beam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition,
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and to waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
Her household motions light and free,
And steps virgin-like, but not so shy;
A maiden with long hair moist with dew,
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not so bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the sense unshak'd,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and to command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

War with Japan.