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Whole No. 182.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEELSTAR.]
The Weaver.
Lines suggested by the close of a Magnificent Lecture by Mr. Emerson, on the subject of Power.
With wondrous skill, in the crowded mill,
The spinner her shuttle plies,
And watches the web, with fear and dread,
As it forms beneath her eyes;
For well she knows that one rotten thread,
Inwoven in those even bands,
Will be traced through the fabric far and near,
As the work of her own hands,
And her hard-earned wages will thus be marred,
By the rotten thread so evil-starred.

In the mill of life, full of noise and strife,
We each have a weaver's part,
And the web of each day, by the passion's play,
Is woven with curious art;
But if false to ourselves and our Master's name,
We fashion the fabric thin,
And with its tissue blend able threads
Of slothfulness or sin,
To our own souls will the mischief come,
And take from its joy its hoarded sum.

MOLLY BAWK.
Cincinnati, Dec. 16th, 1852.

The Commencement of the New Year.

The termination of one year, and the commencement of another, form an interesting period. At this period the mind is naturally drawn to the consideration of solemn things. A disposition to seriousness should be encouraged at all times; but especially when arguments from reason and Scripture are powerfully supported by the appearance of nature, and the appearance of the real changes of all the objects which surround us. We are reminded, not only by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, but by the date of every newspaper and every letter,—by all the forms of public and private business,—that an important part of the active life of man has closed forever. It will not be deemed improper for us to seize this occasion to offer such reflections as occur in looking back upon the past, and casting an inquiring eye forward upon the future.

SELYAN.

The largest weekly paper, and its ample choice and varied contents, as a paper of Religion, Literature, Agriculture, &c., &c., is every day becoming more and more popular. It is a paper of the highest quality, and its contents are of the most interesting and useful nature. It is a paper that every man, woman, and child should have in their household. It is a paper that will give you the latest news, the most interesting stories, and the most useful advice. It is a paper that will give you the most interesting and useful information. It is a paper that will give you the most interesting and useful information. It is a paper that will give you the most interesting and useful information.

But we would caution our readers against suffering their attention to be so engrossed by great and general objects, as to neglect those which more immediately concern themselves. Great as are the evils of war, there always have been evils of a personal nature, which have maintained an almost universal influence, and concerning which it is the duty of every man to examine his own soul. We refer to stupidity in sin and the neglect of Christ and his service of salvation and heaven. If we look around in our churches and congregations, in our neighborhoods and families, how many evidences do we find of spiritual sloth and cowardice, and of spiritual death. Let this scrutiny be made with particular reference to the year which is just closed. How many opportunities have been neglected of communicating spiritual blessings to our fellow creatures. How much has each one lived as a mere inhabitant of this world; how little as a heir of immortality. How many have gone into the eternal state, within the last twelve months, without any preparation to meet their God. How many are now beyond the reach of mercy, to whom our readers had it in their power to impart religious knowledge and the offers of life; but to whom, nevertheless, no religious knowledge, no offers of life, were thus imparted. This is a subject, which plainly does not receive proper attention from Christians. Every country on the globe, every province, every town, every village, every neighbourhood, seems ignorant to be removed, suffering to be mitigated, vice to be suppressed, and unbelief, hardness of heart, and worldly-mindedness, to be supplanted by faith, hope, joy, and evangelical love. If all professed Christians were truly what they profess to be, and were distinguished by that grand characteristic of the Saviour, that he went about doing good, how soon would the face of the world be changed; how glorious would be the alteration; how divine the effects.

Every individual is answerable to his conscience, and to God the judge of all, if he does not contribute his full proportion to words bringing about so immense a good. Time is rolling on; the active years of those, who are now in their prime, are fast passing; health is impaired, in ten thousand instances, and life is lost in ten thousand more; opportunities are passing by, and never to return; and yet how slowly does the good cause advance, compared with the wishes of Christians, and the exigencies of mankind. What enterprises must be undertaken, and what exertions made, if all the nations shall be revealed at the judgment of the just. That there are not instances of similar virtue, on a more humble scale, it would be too much to affirm; but among those who are now very rich, though many have done worthily, they have yet been miserably deficient. Let the Christian philanthropist be directed to such an example; let him use all the means in his power to obtain an enlarged view of his duties; and let him look to God for a decided resolution to perform them.

Power of a Child's Tear.

Not long since, we knew a gentleman, of large wealth and high standing, and eminent, in legal literature and attainments, upon whom reasoning from the pulpit had exhausted itself, and divine truth become powerless. He was entirely overcome and brought to the feet of Jesus by a single burst of feeling from an orphan child. He had steadily resisted, for years, the most eloquent and stirring appeals from the sacred desk. With his much learning he was able to meet and repel the strongest and most cogent reasoning, and he thought himself more than a match for the ablest of God's ministers. But a single tear did that which argument could not accomplish, it disarmed the giant, and brought the strong man to bow in humbleness at the foot of the cross. That tear, and the feeling in which it was enshrined, was a priceless pearl set in the purest gold.

which, however, he imagines to be in immediate danger, how much more reasonable is it that he should do good while he has it in his power. That such a man should urge his previous losses, as a reason for stopping all the channels of benevolence, is as plainly wrong, though not quite so glaringly absurd, as for a person, who has lost much of his time, to allege this loss as a reason why all his time in future should be devoted to private and selfish objects. Whoever looks around him, and beholds immense fortunes suddenly melted away, under the scorching influence of some great public calamity, and reflects how much has been withheld, which it was the duty of the possessors to have given, will be convinced that it is a dictate of prudence, as well as of religion, that all should know God while they have him.

In making estimates of his future contributions of time, property, and influence to public purposes, the wise and intelligent Christian will be on his guard against taking his standard from the great body of professing Christians, or from the majority of those, who are praised for their liberality. He will recollect, that as there has been but one Howard, there has also been but one John Thornton in modern times; that among the many wealthy men, who have deserved commendation for their liberality, John Thornton alone stands so pre-eminent, as that no one will venture to suggest, that he ought to have given more. Though he died immensely rich, the streams of his beneficence flowed during his whole life in channels narrow, but deep, and uninterrupted, and refreshed all around him to an unprecedented extent. Before the institution of Bible Societies he distributed Bibles in such numbers, as would now do honour to any society of secondary importance. Before the institution of Missionary Societies, he did all in his power to promote the Gospel in every region which his ships visited. Before the institution of societies for the relief of indigent pious clergymen, he relieved the wants of numbers of this most necessary class of men; and not only relieved their wants, but afforded them the means of comfort, of hospitality, of administering charity to others. To the poor and destitute, on both sides of the Atlantic, he distributed money by faithful agents with a princely liberality. Though he received solicitations from the most eminent and wealthy, which the greater number of his favours were conferred without solicitation; and the great mass of those, who were the recipients of his bounty, never knew their benefactor, and never will know him, till all nations shall be revealed at the judgment of the just. That there are not instances of similar virtue, on a more humble scale, it would be too much to affirm; but among those who are now very rich, though many have done worthily, they have yet been miserably deficient. Let the Christian philanthropist be directed to such an example; let him use all the means in his power to obtain an enlarged view of his duties; and let him look to God for a decided resolution to perform them.

The Force of Early Impressions.

One of the great problems of modern time, relates to the best mode of training the young mind. It is a subject, which has engaged the attention of the most eminent and patriotic citizens. The old adage that "prevention is better than cure," is especially applicable in this class. The seeds of virtue, when implanted in the young mind and heart seldom fail to produce a good crop; and the seeds of vice are almost invariably productive of bitterness and crime. Nothing is more powerful than early recollections and impressions. They live, linger, and exercise an influence in all after life.—The first lessons in morality and religion, of a fond mother, and the first impressions of the merciful and affectionate father, are never entirely forgotten. Life may be chequered and changeable, its path may be varied by cloud and sunshine, adversity may darken one day and prosperity dazzle another, and yet in the calm and quiet moments of the evening, when reflection and there are few who have not such moments—the scenes of early youth will rise in the mirror of memory, and with them a thousand gentle and tender recollections and associations. Youth, we repeat, is the period of the mind, when the seeds of the nature is pliable and the character unformed. It is then that the world has not chilled the current of feeling, has not corrupted the heart and made it mercenary and selfish. How important then, that the thoughts, the habits and the tastes of the young should be properly trained and directed. How many thousands in our great cities might be saved, who are now misled, misguided, misdirected; but who once astray, find it impossible to recover the right path.

It thrilled through my soul, and sent ardent conviction to the deepest recesses of my heart. I thought I would wish I was not there, but the very thought which was thus called into action, came up from the deep of my soul, laden with the sentiment that I would not leave the place for a thousand worlds. The scene was pleasingly terrible; for while it woke in my heart an exquisite agony at the thought of my hopeless and lost condition, it seemed to rivet me to the spot by weaving in the chain of feeling, and somehow or other impressed me with my eternal destiny hung upon that hour, and was involved in that meeting. At length a little girl rose to speak near where I was seated. She was an orphan child—my feelings have always been tender towards orphans—the spoke of her father, who was dead. She was afraid, she said, he had died a skeptic, and was lost. A shudder ran through my frame at the thought. 'O,' said she, 'that his tears might plead for him, for any like him in the early hours of his life.' 'As she spoke thus, she (accidentally, I suppose) fixed her eyes upon me. They were suffused with tears. I tried to sustain myself, and maintain my self-composure, but it was all in vain—a power seemed to press me down. I hardly knew what followed—God knew, I saw that tear in the midst of my darkness—it shone like a bright star, and was pleading for an infidel father, and then, great God! it pleaded for me, too. The Saviour—for he soon came—took it in his hand, and instantly it became all amazing brilliant, brighter than the sun. And as he placed it in his crown, songs of praise seemed to shake the heavens, while a voice louder than a trumpet, which filled my soul with ineffable delight, and which fills it still with rapture, proclaimed, 'The boon is granted, and the sinner is saved.' 'I awoke as from a holy trance, and found the meeting had been closed some time, but my friend, the minister, with some of the members of the church, had remained to labour, as I learned, for my conversion.—The minister, in his own words, 'I was in the midst of their song of praise, which roused me to a state of rapture, the minister exclaimed, 'The boon is granted, I thought I was in Heaven. It was his voice which I heard, and which sounded as the trumpet of victory.' The boon was granted, and I, who fell as dead from my seat, was wounded and condemned sinner, awaked now by the power of divine grace to a sense of life renewed in the blood of Jesus Christ. Truly God hath power on earth to forgive sins, so that in after life they may become void, and I, who fell as dead from my seat, was wounded and condemned sinner, awaked now by the power of divine grace to a sense of life renewed in the blood of Jesus Christ. Truly God hath power on earth to forgive sins, so that in after life they may become void, and I, who fell as dead from my seat, was wounded and condemned sinner, awaked now by the power of divine grace to a sense of life renewed in the blood of Jesus Christ.

Decision.

More than forty years ago, a young man was proceptor of Bradford Academy, who had just become interested in religion.—He was invited to a social party to spend the evening. After tea the tables were prepared for card playing. The young man was very much tried when he saw this preparation. Several of the company were young ladies who were members of his school, and he felt a responsibility respecting the influence which he should exert upon them. He made up his mind that he would not engage in the amusement, and retired to another room. The young ladies asked, 'Where is the proceptor?' They all gathered around him and entreated him to join them in card playing. He told them that he could not give them his reasons. This afforded him an opportunity to enter into a free conversation on the subject of personal religion. Among the young ladies present that evening was Harriet Atwood, who was afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Atwood, a missionary who went from this country. The faithful conversation of that young man resulted in her conversion. Through the blessing of God, an entire revivification was wrought in her feelings and purposes. She devoted herself to preaching the gospel to the heathen. She had it in her heart to do this work, but lived only to come in sight of heaven lands. Her memoir, prepared and published by Dr. Woods, has done a great work. She being dead, yet speaketh. Hundreds have been baptized into her name, as well as imbued with her spirit. Her example will live, and continue to exert an influence, until Messiah's name shall have learned Messiah's name.

Christian Fidelity.

At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo when everything depended on the steadiness of the soldier, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they were about to fall before the impetuous assaults of the French. By all of these the duke sent back the self-same spirit-stirring message,—"Stand firm!" At last the commander himself rode up and reiterated the demand for assistance. To him also the duke replied,—"Stand firm!" "But we shall all perish," remonstrated the officer. "Stand firm!" again answered the iron-hearted chieftain. "You'll find us there," rejoined the other, as he fiercely galloped away. The result proved the truth of this reply, for every man of that doomed brigade fell bravely fighting at his post.

How to get a Revival.

In a valley of the Green Mountains there was a little church gathered, of about thirty members, who seemed to be of one heart and one mind. They had no stated pastor, but from Sabbath to Sabbath they met and worshipped together, by reading the Scriptures and sermons, and by singing and praying.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEELSTAR.]

Stanzas.

The snow is falling fast and thick,
And softly sighs the blast;
And memory with her magic wand,
Recalls the joys past.
My spirit longs for thee to-day,
'O! I would that thou wert here;
Life's turmoil would be less mournful seem,
Her laughing skies more clear.
I know that on this festive day,
Thy thoughts are wandering home;
Thou hast met thy mother's plaintive smile,
And her answering whisper, 'Come.'
Thou hast passed beneath the roof-tree's shade,
As a loved familiar guest;
Thou hast summoned my spirit to meet with thine,
And I bow to thy behest.
How sadly comes the thought to me,
That we may meet no more;
Till the worn spirit folds her wings
Upon another shore.
One colder stormer day,
Than that which rends the silken link
Which binds us heart to heart.
Away, away, thou withering dream,
I will not give thee room;
One colder stormer day,
Should coldly rend thee doom.
I turn with gladly-beaming eye,
To another home than this;
Where spirits part here below,
Meet in unchanging bliss.
BESSIE BERANGER.
New Year's Day, 1853.

Reveries in Solitude.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you have the kindness to transfer to the columns of your able and interesting journal the papers which are in course of publication in the Eastern Chronicle, entitled "Reveries in Solitude." You may perhaps entertain different views of the value of these papers, but I know you are not the man to attempt to restrain those habits of independent thought, which you so fully possess yourself. These "Reveries" have cheered many an hour that had otherwise passed wearily away.
CHARLES W. ENGLISH.
No. 1.
"The star of empire westward holds its way." Following in the footsteps of that great spirit which swept onward, from their principal places, the amazing glories of early Rome, Assyria, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome have all travelled toward the setting sun. And Britannia, the mistress of the waves, taking up the sceptre where Rome threw it down, has become mighty in thoughts and words and actions, and has become the ultima terra of Roman power, the impregnable centre of an empire whose fleets and fortresses encircle the globe. And now, still further in the west, there brightens upon the astonished and delighted gaze of mankind, a young nation of vast and boundless resources. Seventy years ago, after many disasters, three millions of people, from the parent land, a proud position in the ranks of independent nations. At this moment the occupants of the liberated land are rapidly appropriating the surrounding number of nations. They have built populous cities on the shores of one great ocean—cities which are beginning to rival in costly structures, and multitudinous commerce, the gorgeous capitals of the old world; they are rearing upon the coast another, an Empire, which, in rapidity of progress, outstrips the dreams of oriental fancy. They are binding together the extremes of their vast territory by bands of great public works—Railroads, Canals, and Electric Telegraphs—by which the currents of labour and thought will circulate with the speed and regularity of oceanic mechanisms. And upon whatever breeze the Red Cross flag of England flutters, there, too, floats the Star Spangled banner of her western rival. One second, now, in trade and commerce, America is first in all the elements of progress which conduce to greatness. Unlike all previously existing empires, in her pathway to eminence, has been the mighty modern Republic. Assyria, Persia, Macedonia and Rome, were founded by daring spirits, more skilled in war than those who succeeded in peaceful and unwarlike nations. They have built populous cities on the shores of one great ocean—cities which are beginning to rival in costly structures, and multitudinous commerce, the gorgeous capitals of the old world; they are rearing upon the coast another, an Empire, which, in rapidity of progress, outstrips the dreams of oriental fancy. They are binding together the extremes of their vast territory by bands of great public works—Railroads, Canals, and Electric Telegraphs—by which the currents of labour and thought will circulate with the speed and regularity of oceanic mechanisms. And upon whatever breeze the Red Cross flag of England flutters, there, too, floats the Star Spangled banner of her western rival. One second, now, in trade and commerce, America is first in all the elements of progress which conduce to greatness. 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