

# The Provincial

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume IV. No. 12.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1852.

Whole No. 168.

## The Artist's Dream.

A youth went forth from his childhood's home,  
Through the winding paths of life to roam;  
On his high, pale brow the light of thought,  
The glances of his eye with genius fraught,  
Deep in his soul burnt an inward fire,  
Of strong and earnest and force desire,  
A restless longing he might not name,  
Twas the artist's dream, of love and fame.

Long he toiled, with the patient zeal  
The son of genius alone can feel;  
The Heaven-sent mission he bore,  
For the teaching of worldly lore,  
He kept his soul unstained and free,  
Nor to cheating syrens bent the knee,  
Cherishing still, and ever the same,  
That beautiful dream, of love and fame.

At length, no longer weary and sad,  
His path grew around him "glorious glad,"  
And sunnier still seemed the landscape's glow,  
And brighter and purer his thoughts deep flow,  
For he was gazing on his own life,  
And gently bowing for his life's prayer,  
Whitely pointing towards that high aim,  
A sweet dream, of love and fame.

But the who shared his ambition high,  
Seemed filled with a strange, sad prophecy:  
There were sorrowful visions in the air,  
And a heavy murmur of deep despair,  
For his heart like first on flowers,  
And whistled low in his ear,  
Grief made his happy spirit tame,  
Not for this is that dream of love and fame.

Their path led on through the forests deep,  
Where the zephyrs sang themselves to sleep;  
Across the dimpled and glistening streams,  
Whose voice is the music we hear in dreams,  
While streams in gladness along their way,  
Were bright-eyed flowers that seemed to say:  
Gather us now, nor hasten to claim,  
That bewildering dream, of love and fame.

But the way was long and the path was steep,  
They paused together to watch and weep;  
For the flowers they saw far up the height,  
Seemed lost in the gloom of endless night,  
The leaves murmured forth a sad, slow chime,  
They breathed the air of a harsher clime,  
While still receding, as on they came,  
Was that long sought dream, of love and fame.

The storm-clouds lowered, they lost their way,  
For them was beaming no friendly ray;  
And widely severed they wandered far,  
From the light that had been their guiding star,  
And yet, while parting, this seraph hymn  
Came floating on through the distance dim:  
"In Heaven your hearts may yet reclaim  
A more blessed dream, than love and fame."

The man went forth in the world alone,  
But with pale brow and sterner tone,  
Not with beaming eye, and elastic tread,  
As when youth's gay fancy before him sped,  
But with a resolve more firm and high,  
To win the goal, or in striving die,  
Cherishing still, yet not the same,  
A more brilliant dream, of love and fame.

One tear he dropped by the wayside lone,  
For all the gladness the past had known;  
One far, long, lingering glance he took  
Down the lengthening vista he then forsook,  
Then turned him forth to the haunts of men,  
And sought the ascending path again,  
Whose dizzy height bore the beacon flame,  
That lighted him on, to love and fame.

'Twas a lovely scene that around him lay,  
One far, long, lingering glance he took;  
As clothed in beauty, and crowned with flowers,  
Lone glided by, on the rosy hours,  
And a gentle voice, in words of cheer,  
Rang out from the summit sweet and clear:  
'Come hither, for now 'tis time to claim  
A realized dream, of love and fame.'

What more could the spirit claim from earth?  
It cherished the hopes it had given birth,  
Brought all its treasure from far and near,  
To lay at the feet of its favored child,  
As answer to all its visions wild,  
And crowned with joys that had been his aim,  
He awoke from that dream, of love and fame.

Spirit immortal, dost thou at rest?  
Did no creeping doubt thy pleasures zest?  
Never a yearning for something more,  
A higher flight for thy wing to soar?  
Ah! ne'er shalt thou find a foothold here,  
O'er ambition's sea, with doubt and fear,  
Thou shalt hover long, and find but a name  
All that feverish dream, of love and fame.

MOLLY BAWN.  
Cincinnati, Sept. 13, 1852.

## The Happy Family.

Beautiful and profitable, in a very high degree, is the realization of what is implied in the little circle here designated thus. The very sight of it calls up in one's mind a degree of Paradisaical bliss, and especially when compared with that of the brawling, fighting families that too often present themselves to our view,—which are rather like miniature hells, than little societies of the closest earthly relations. The happy family stands out in bold and sweet relief, like a little heaven below,—inviting, for their advantage, without ostentation, with great though silent earnestness, the inspection of the wayward, and the imitation of all. Look on them, dear friends, while we bring before you a portrait of this interesting little band. I shall not speak of rank of life, or worldly circumstances, knowing well that it is not in these that happiness consists. I shall, however, suppose my friends of the humbler class of life; as it is perhaps officers among such that among the rich, that we have happy families; and because it is sometimes thought otherwise, men fancying to themselves, if not happy in their families, that the cause lies in the fact of their being in comparatively poor circumstances. Now, I would fain let them understand, that the secret of happiness in families, as in individuals, is not in outward conditions of life, but in something more within their own reach. Let the picture of my friends teach these the source of social hap-

piness. It matters not whether we suppose they live in town or country, but shall assume that they are country people.

The father and mother were early united in manner and feeling. They loved each other for years before, and had often looked forward with great delight to their future married life: nor did their expectations prove too sanguine. When settled in life, they were not, indeed, possessed of much earthly substance—it was the study of each to render the other happy. With strong love for each other—delighting in each other's society—and laying out their small means with prudence, they could not but be happy together,—especially when, as is now added, they were blessed with contentment and fear of God. There was the cottage of the peasant, but it would vie with the palace of the prince. It was, in one sense, as noble a building as the splendid mansion; in all probability it was a sweeter home. Peace was there. My readers, therefore, will not be surprised to find that they were truly comfortable—it was the study of each to render the other so—and with this disposition, and the other materials for happiness I have mentioned, I again say that they could not but be happy. Indeed, after the lapse of many years, they seem like fond lovers yet, in manner, in words, and in your own attachment: the honeymoon has lasted long in their case; conjugal bliss in its truest character has been their lot. So that, on neither side, has there been the slightest wish to wander from home to seek enjoyment.

Ye wives and husbands look here! Make HOME INVITING; and, as you yourselves, particularly in the first stage of a married life, and all through it where there is no family, constitute the chief of what makes home: then be yourselves inviting, in person, in manner, in words, and in your own attachment: the honeymoon has lasted long in their case; conjugal bliss in its truest character has been their lot. So that, on neither side, has there been the slightest wish to wander from home to seek enjoyment.

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These friends of mine, too, be it borne in mind, have not been exempt, any more than other folks, from the ills of life, and the troubles to which flesh is heir. They have had their trials like all; their ups and downs in common with their neighbors. Nay, they have come through some sharp storms since they first began to sail the ocean of life-togetherness. But these storms have only served to kind them closer together. Fellow-travellers, they have linked the firmer as the winds have increased; and, like the oak, deepened and strengthened by every attack, their affections and sympathies have only been confirmed by their varied trials. Sweet companions in sunshine, they have found their mutual worth greater, when they have found of adversity or affliction has overtaken its dark shadow upon them. True friendship, then, is truly sweet; a trustworthy, true partner—one who is really a partner of our sorrows as well as our joys—is then found precious treasure indeed. This has been happily exemplified in the happy couple, of whom I now write. By night and by day, a cheerful, disinterested, and self-sacrificing disposition, has been on the part of both, as well as on the part of each other. They sought not to prefer the one to the other, but to promote each others happiness.

And this has rendered unnecessary anything like the advocacy of each other's rights and privileges; the bestowing of authority on the one, or the assuming of subordination on the other; which is always a source of dispute between two, who are, in fact, but one, while it is neither a manifestation of true greatness on his part, nor a mark of true independence on hers, which by themselves they would not do. It is a source of dispute between husband and wife, as each other's burdens; this is the law of nature as well as of grace.

What a contrast to this is often to be found in the time of family affliction. A dear child is in severe sickness, perhaps in the arms of death. The mother, not very deeply interested, and to whom both are most tenderly and strongly attached—is a sight that cannot but be gratifying as it is interesting. And, when evening arrives, to see the weary man return from work, met by his loved and loving babe—none taken up in his arms and others at his feet, while she, the desire of his eyes, salutes him at the door with warm words, and still warmer feelings, and suitable provisions within stand waiting his return—we catch something of that happiness which he himself enjoys, by which the house of the pious man, and his family love. And not only may the single be instructed by the sight, but lessons may be learned from it by the wealthy and the wise, as well as the worthless and the wayward. Let us see the source of this domestic happiness, and the wayward. Let us see the source of this domestic happiness, and the wayward. Let us see the source of this domestic happiness, and the wayward.

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## So shall he Sprinkle many Nations.

ISAIAH III. 15.

[CONCLUDED.]

The Rev. Mr. Martell next brings a somewhat severe charge against "Philologos." He says:—

"He has intentionally or otherwise withheld part of the text. In my Bible I read, 'CHEN YAZZER GOIM RABIM SALATO.' The last word is compounded of the preposition IN OR CROSS, and the pronoun HIM—consistently rendered in HEMSELF. If this is honesty, I do not understand a theological fraud."

The term "otherwise," above, I apprehend, means ignorantly, so that the Rev. Gentleman charges "Philologos" with either deception or ignorance.

"Philologos" might complain of this, if anything more bland could be expected from a man who has written the very commencement of his first article, accusing the Christian world with "pedantry," "ostentation," "flippancy," and "illiteracy."

But is the charge of the Rev. Gentleman true? I mean did "Philologos" withhold any part of the sentence? A slight examination of the question will show that he did not.

Mr. Martell accuses "Philologos" of having "intentionally or otherwise withheld" a word which he writes EALAYO, but which, according to the Hebrew Points, should be written ALAYO; the first and third letters being pointed by "kames," *a, brood*; and the last letter, *vat*, has the sound of *v*, and is preceded by the letter *yod*, and the point *kirik*. Surely, Mr. Editor, the Rev. Mr. Martell has candour enough to admit that the word EALAYO, or ALAYO, is not the word in dispute! The term about which the Rev. Gentleman has written is JAZZER or YAZZER. His words are: "I find the word in the Hebrew rendered sprinkinkle in the text is JAZZER, which has for its root SALAZZ, which is defined by Dr. Robinson to signify 'to leap for joy—to exult—to spring.' The primary idea is that of sparkling. From the word sparkle comes the idea of shining—hence of admiration and rejoicing in or before anything exceedingly glorious. Hence Dr. Robinson and other *Pado-Egyptians* render the passage—'So shall he cause many nations to rejoice in himself.'" Again he says: "I find further in the Septuagint, or the version of the seventy, that they translate the Hebrew word JAZZER by the Greek *thausazo*, which never signifies to sprinkle; but means to wonder—hence to admire—Now to render *thausazo* by the English word sprinkle would be preposterous; but this is the word selected by the seventy to correspond with the Hebrew *thausazo* in the text." (See *Christian Messenger*, April 23, page 138.)

The reader will certainly possess very great sagacity, if he can, in the above paragraph discover any argument founded on the middle voice of the Greek verb *thausazo*, which never signifies to sprinkle; but means to wonder—hence to admire—Now to render *thausazo* by the English word sprinkle would be preposterous; but this is the word selected by the seventy to correspond with the Hebrew *thausazo* in the text." (See *Christian Messenger*, April 23, page 138.)

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The father and mother were early united in manner and feeling. They loved each other for years before, and had often looked forward with great delight to their future married life: nor did their expectations prove too sanguine. When settled in life, they were not, indeed, possessed of much earthly substance—it was the study of each to render the other happy. With strong love for each other—delighting in each other's society—and laying out their small means with prudence, they could not but be happy together,—especially when, as is now added, they were blessed with contentment and fear of God. There was the cottage of the peasant, but it would vie with the palace of the prince. It was, in one sense, as noble a building as the splendid mansion; in all probability it was a sweeter home. Peace was there. My readers, therefore, will not be surprised to find that they were truly comfortable—it was the study of each to render the other so—and with this disposition, and the other materials for happiness I have mentioned, I again say that they could not but be happy. Indeed, after the lapse of many years, they seem like fond lovers yet, in manner, in words, and in your own attachment: the honeymoon has lasted long in their case; conjugal bliss in its truest character has been their lot. So that, on neither side, has there been the slightest wish to wander from home to seek enjoyment.

Ye wives and husbands look here! Make HOME INVITING; and, as you yourselves, particularly in the first stage of a married life, and all through it where there is no family, constitute the chief of what makes home: then be yourselves inviting, in person, in manner, in words, and in your own attachment: the honeymoon has lasted long in their case; conjugal bliss in its truest character has been their lot. So that, on neither side, has there been the slightest wish to wander from home to seek enjoyment.

Ye wives and husbands look here! Make HOME INVITING; and, as you yourselves, particularly in the first stage of a married life, and all through it where there is no family, constitute the chief of what makes home: then be yourselves inviting, in person, in manner, in words, and in your own attachment: the honeymoon has lasted long in their case; conjugal bliss in its truest character has been their lot. So that, on neither side, has there been the slightest wish to wander from home to seek enjoyment.

These friends of mine, too, be it borne in mind, have not been exempt, any more than other folks, from the ills of life, and the troubles to which flesh is heir. They have had their trials like all; their ups and downs in common with their neighbors. Nay, they have come through some sharp storms since they first began to sail the ocean of life-togetherness. But these storms have only served to kind them closer together. Fellow-travellers, they have linked the firmer as the winds have increased; and, like the oak, deepened and strengthened by every attack, their affections and sympathies have only been confirmed by their varied trials. Sweet companions in sunshine, they have found their mutual worth greater, when they have found of adversity or affliction has overtaken its dark shadow upon them. True friendship, then, is truly sweet; a trustworthy, true partner—one who is really a partner of our sorrows as well as our joys—is then found precious treasure indeed. This has been happily exemplified in the happy couple, of whom I now write. By night and by day, a cheerful, disinterested, and self-sacrificing disposition, has been on the part of both, as well as on the part of each other. They sought not to prefer the one to the other, but to promote each others happiness.

And this has rendered unnecessary anything like the advocacy of each other's rights and privileges; the bestowing of authority on the one, or the assuming of subordination on the other; which is always a source of dispute between two, who are, in fact, but one, while it is neither a manifestation of true greatness on his part, nor a mark of true independence on hers, which by themselves they would not do. It is a source of dispute between husband and wife, as each other's burdens; this is the law of nature as well as of grace.

What a contrast to this is often to be found in the time of family affliction. A dear child is in severe sickness, perhaps in the arms of death. The mother, not very deeply interested, and to whom both are most tenderly and strongly attached—is a sight that cannot but be gratifying as it is interesting. And, when evening arrives, to see the weary man return from work, met by his loved and loving babe—none taken up in his arms and others at his feet, while she, the desire of his eyes, salutes him at the door with warm words, and still warmer feelings, and suitable provisions within stand waiting his return—we catch something of that happiness which he himself enjoys, by which the house of the pious man, and his family love. And not only may the single be instructed by the sight, but lessons may be learned from it by the wealthy and the wise, as well as the worthless and the wayward. Let us see the source of this domestic happiness, and the wayward. Let us see the source of this domestic happiness, and the wayward.

It is not in these that happiness consists. I shall, however, suppose my friends of the humbler class of life; as it is perhaps officers among such that among the rich, that we have happy families; and because it is sometimes thought otherwise, men fancying to themselves, if not happy in their families, that the cause lies in the fact of their being in comparatively poor circumstances. Now, I would fain let them understand, that the secret of happiness in families, as in individuals, is not in outward conditions of life, but in something more within their own reach. Let the picture of my friends teach these the source of social hap-

## The Sunny and the Shady Way.

Oh, the sunny, sunny side for me,  
You may prefer the shade;  
But sunny spots to me seem all,  
By the Great Father made.  
How fair and lovely earth would be,  
Were we all pure within,  
But evil thoughts of our the good,  
Making the sunlight dim.

Why then love not the shady side—  
Has life grown dark to thee?  
Has sorrow touched thee with its spell,  
Bowed down the spirit free?  
For only those, methinks, who wear  
Earth-shadows on the heart,  
Should turn in silence to the shade,  
Or bid the life depart!

Thy path seems not so dark to me,  
Thou hast fond toys to bind,  
Thy spirit to the love of earth,  
Thou hast the true and kind.  
Methinks life should seem glad to thee,  
I know not of the past,  
And yet, perchance, its records may  
The present overcast.

But hope still lives, amid the wreck  
Of joys that we have known,  
The one bright star that guideth,  
Leaving us not alone.  
It cheers us when the spirit and  
Turns from the earth away,  
And one by one, its soft, pure beams  
Light up our lonely way.

And brighter yet those rays will grow,  
As life's years pass away,  
Gloriously they'll guide us on  
To heaven's eternal day.  
The sunny side is better far,  
Oh, turn thee to its light,  
And may thy future be bright,  
Unchanging, pure, and true.

Baltimore.

## A Tale of Persecution.

About two hundred years ago, persecution raged in Scotland against those who preached a pure Gospel and contended that Christ alone should bear rule over His Church. Among those who were persecuted and driven from place to place, was the Rev. Mr. Blackadder.

On a certain occasion he left home, with his wife, to find some place where they might live concealed from their foes. He left his three children at home with a nurse. The second child, a son, was about ten years old. It was at the end of winter when the parents thus left their children for a time, to find a place which should not be visited by the persecutor. Having found a place of concealment, it was their purpose to send for their children, that they might all be once more reunited under the same roof.

The very day that Mr. Blackadder left home, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and a party of soldiers came to seize him. They surrounded the house about two o'clock in the morning and commanded those within to open the door. They were obeyed. The fire had gone out, and it was dark within. "Light a candle immediately," said the leader of the party, "and on with a fire quickly, or we will make one ourselves, and roast you all in it."

As soon as a candle was lighted, they drew their swords, and split up the stools and chairs to make a fire. While they were engaged in this work and that which followed, they made the little boy, ten years of age, hold the candle. He trembled very much, and was afraid they would, as they threatened to throw him into the fire.

They then went to searching the house for the boy's father: they went first to one bed and then to another, and ran their swords down through the beds and bedclothes. They came to a bed in which there was a little girl fast asleep. They ran their

## Sanctified Knowledge.

What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified! What stability can be expected without it? For let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have upon a people who neither know books nor minds, neither themselves nor the Bible; neither natural nor spiritual things? John Wesley.

It is not study alone that produces a writer—it is intensity; in the mind, as in the chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draught.

## Scraps

FROM AN EX-DIVORCEE'S NOTE BOOK.

Napoleon's mind—Christianity proved by the Index.

A little Philologos will make a man an infidel—a great deal a Christian.—LORD BACON.

I look upon Napoleon Bonaparte as the greatest metaphysician of modern times. As for the philosophers—Locke, Paley, Brown, Hume, and Mr. Martell is no exception in saying, "IN HIMSELF" is a consistent rendering of the utmost original will bear, is a simple transposition, thus: "So shall he sprinkle many nations; *At 'or upon' him, shall kings shut their mouths."*

Old Methodist

Old Methodist

Old Methodist

Old Methodist

Old Methodist





