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WHOLE SERIES. Vol. XLII., No. 1.

# Boetry.

All is Well.

BY REV. J. CLARK BRIDGETOWN. All is well! O let us hearken To our heavenly Father's voice; Though the skies above us darken, We may still in Him rejoice. Though our bark with storms be drive And the billows rise and swell, Still He speaks to us from Heaven, And He whispers, "All is well!"

All is well! In loving kindness He will do whate'er is best; We may trust Him in our blindness, And in Him find perfect rest. Let His word, so true, so glorious, All our gloomy fears dispel; God will make His saints victorious; He is faithful; all is well!

All is well! He watches o'er us And our daily need supplies; He will ever go before us Where the thickest dangers rise; What may come to us to morrow Neither tongue nor pen can tell; But in every joy and sorrow He assures us, "All is well!"

All is well! Yes, Heavenly Father, Through thy goodness, power, and We around thy throne shall gather, And behold Thee face to face. We are Thine, O Lord, for ever, And with Jesus hope to dwell; When we pass through Jordan's river May we feel that ALL IS WELL.

## Religious.

London Baptist Messenger

The Pilot at the Helm.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO YOUNG

'Twas not long ago that I happened to be at the pier-head, when a vessel, an Italian barque, was expected to enter the harbor. It is a pretty sight to see the vessels skilfully steered through the narrow entrance into the dock, and I remained to watch her in. despite the bitter cold of a December

As I stood among the little knots of sailors, I was rather astonished at the unusual excitement which seemed to pervade them.

"It's madness, sheer madness!" heard one weather-beaten old tar say. "He'll never do it with this sea on."

"What is madness, my friend?" "Why, sir, the captain has no pilot

on board, He says he can put into port right enough himself, without any help. Look you!" he broke off in great excitement, "she'll be against the pier-head! He no more knows how to take this 'ere narrow harbor than a baby."

The sky was lead color, a high sea was running, the pier loomed dark and gaunt in the waning light; it did indeed seem madness at such a time to have attempted to enter without the aid of some one experienced in the peculiarities of the entrance. Yet there stood

very heavy sea to strike against the toiling weariedly along, looking sorely on Thee." the solid masonry, then, raised high on boat dashed headlong against the very

and the crashing of the spars, calling much difficulty he and his men were rescued, and then the devoted vessel A few hours later there was not a trace to be seen of the gallant barque Stella, save a few planks and timbers which

distress and ruin, all this loss of property and vexation of spirit, all this fear and wild excitement,-because the pilot was not on board. The work out to

were ever and anon washed ashore.

I wended my way home, treading softly, for my mind was busy with the exciting scene I had just witnessed. had come upon Jerry's vessel. The tent upon gathering and arranging shells nocks before she married. The Pen-And it came to pass that when night draw on and I fell asleep, I dreamed a soiled now, but clean, and fresh, and to have no thought beyond them; some you'll have ——." dream so wonderful, that I think I can whole; the battered figure-head was ah me! rushing headlong upon the fatal "Pennock!" cried Widow Benson not do better than tell it to you this replaced by a new one, a beautiful reefs, to be plunged all unprepared into in great agitation. "I was Alice Pen-New Year's day, Tient for noiselform

I was upon the ocean, in the broad, foot with a glittering coat of mail; the again. And in my dream I seemed to in Devenshire." beautiful sunshine of an early summer morning. All around me where a multitude of tiny vessels, some shooting quickly along, some more slowly, but each apparently making for one haven, and each manned by a little child.

I wondered much that children such as these should be able to manage vessels in the open sea. Yet some seemed to have no trouble in doing so, though the current in many parts was very strong, and the waves very high, while here and there jutted sharp points of sunken reefs dangerous to look upon, and long lines of rocks, black and jagged, stretched in every direction as far as the eye could reach.

As I gazed upon them, my attention was drawn to a shadowy yet radiant outline which moved with majestic dignity over the face of the waters. It was the outline of a figure, resembling that of a pilot; and I saw with amazement, and with awe, that in some wondrous way this luminous figure could be in many boats at once, for whichever way I turned I seemed to see that lustrous outline in its grand and solemn majesty, with hand on the helm and face towards the ocean, steer-I ing steadily through storm and through calm. And wonderful to relate, l noticed that directly any of the children cast an imploring look towards him, he was instantly by their side. I marvelled greatly that all did not ask this powerful and benignant pilot to come into their boat. What folly to refuse his aid, thought I, as every now and again there shot recklessly past some straining, creaking vessel, plunging and dashing through the waves; or more slowly would pass some little craft laden heavily with gaudy seaweed and glittering shells, its captain playing eagerly in their midst, never noting that the freshening breeze caught the tied sails, and every moment threatened to capsize him.

all too presumptuous confidence! What working like a little old man, with the of the good Pilot, with an expression for many a year," he said to me, after would not the captain have given now burden of the whole house upon his of earnest contrition and deep love. for the assistance he spurned but one shoulders, and a look of care on his face saw the Pilot take them one by mother. "It's very hard I should short half-hour ago? We could hear very sad to see. I remembered how one, and cast them behind His back, far have been the means of hurting this his voice above the noise of the waves God had sent me just the right words far, into the depths of the heaving sea. that July morning. He had bid me And it seemed to me I heard a voice I'll make it good." loudly for the life-boat-for anything tell Jerry that it was no wonder all saying,-I knew it was His voice, it or anyone to come to his aid. With went wrong, when he was insisting on bearing the whole burden himself, and never asking the Lord Jesus to help was left to go to pieces upon the reefs. him with it. I felt over again the gladness I felt that morning, when faith ation for Him who had so marvellously faith triumphed, and there came to him a full conviction of the real meaning of ful and erring pupil. Oh, the tender the words I had myself heard him re-How grievous! thought I. All this peat again and again at Sunday School, " Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee?

sails were white as the foam on the know full well that I was gazing upon part of the sea, Jerry would ery earn- His loving, untiring patience, was none thing about yourself!" estly to the good Pilot with whose ra- ther othen the gentle Jesus, whose birth arm, and grasp tight his trembling and song, just one short week ago. I his head, and said, hand. Then the boy would stand fearbig wave fall powerlessly back, his face | deeply than ever before, why the bless- | and He's done it." glowing with gratitude as he marked ed Jesus came to be, not the Saviour seemed impossible for any boat to live | the billows of our changeful lives, to | having the Pilot aboard."

these little mariners,

"Tis the Pilot alone secures safety and Through storm or through calm He makes

As one after another passed by recognised many a familiar face. There, in a boat riding smoothly along a pathway on which the waves never seemed to rise roughly, stood little Mary Lee. I had often heard it remarked what a happy-faced chi'd Mary was, how great a favorite at school, and among her companions. Ah I knew the reason now! I saw how close she kept to the Pilot; she seemed to be speaking to Him, and listening to the low tones of

another great sea, she fell violently off, reef he was making such anxious efforts rarely a piece of mischief afloat of which see he face lighten. and with a terrific crash, dashed bodily to avoid, there flashed into my memory Dick Fisher was not either the promotook place with such terrible rapidity, a year before, when Jerry's honest hard- I looked at him, doubting the evidence and over again. " My brown voices rose the loud cry, Help! help! in a camera, all seemed to pass before red letters, " Bad Temper"; "Lying the accident. I saw at once that he trying to forget that they ever had a for death, in its most appalling form, me. How I had gone over to the tiny Words"; "Evil Thoughts"; and many was a stranger to our neighborhood. hope or thought beyond it. stared them in the face. Alas, for that farm one day soon after, to find Jerry others. These he was laying at the feet "This is my first journey north, sir, But fairer visions rise before me.

was so tender, so loving, so compassionate, - " I have blotted out thy transgressions, and as a thick cloud, thy sins."

I turned away, lost in fervent adorchanged the hard heart of my once willove, the infinite compassion of the merciful and gracious Helper of these wayward little mariners! How strange north, and we couldn't rest comfortable

that any should reject Him! knew it full well; but it seemed to me the fair haven where we would be.

like a spec in the distance. For he were wise!" thought I, with intense a few months later came letters from sailed far, far away across the water; yearning, as I sadly turned away from the south written in my little scholar's ever, I saw, moving steadily towards the contemplation of a boat just then round hand-writing, telling me of the that bright horizon upon which I often slowly and heavily dragging past, a grand farm he and "Uncle Joe" gazed, that glorious horizon from which boat bedecked with ribbons, with flow- worked together, and how happy seemed to emanate the golden glow ers, and seaweed gathered from the mother was in her new home, with all which, whether the waters were at reefs; but, alas! with no luminous her kind relatives around her. peace or disturbed, shimmered gently figure at the helm. Oh that the Pilot's in front of each little vessel which was great love might melt their hearts and under the guidance of the good pilot. make them cry with earnest supplication, "They ripple on as smooth as glass And I said to myself, as I have said "Come in, Lord, come in, abide with now. And if they do get a bit boismany, many times since I watched us! With Thee alone is peace and terous, it don't seem to harm me, or

> I turned to watch the progress of the gaudy vessel but I looked for it in vain. The ocean seemed suddenly to vanish, the waves receded from the shore, the little boats faded out of sight. streaming upon my face, -and, lo! it in my dream, so do I see this day, was all a dream.

But all through that day, that sunof my dream was with me wherever I went, and whatever I was doing. It lent me strength and help; it gave me

comfort and peace. As I mused thus, there drew near ing her thus, I wondered no more at the little Sunday scholar, the Jerry of my fatal rocks of death and destruction. age-way she was driven sheer against expecting every moment to see his tion of being the worst boy for miles Glad of something to interest him, I feverish haste towards it. But the

I he had spoken kindly to Jerry and his poor little lad. But I'll make it good.

He had such a good-humored face and spoke in such a pleasant tone that I asked him to stay a little longer, hoping he would cheer poor widow Benson.

"Well, I'd like to, sir," he said, "but the truth is, I'm on the trail. I'm looking about for traces of a widow, a cousin of mine. My wife and I have heard she is in great distress somewhere till I came up and tried to find her out. When these memories faded away, and I turned once more to the scene in in company with others; some so happy, find she must have moved. I can't which I was so much interested, I was so glad, so full of peace; some sad-eyed, tell yeu her name, and that's the worst greatly amazed at the change which anxious, unbappy; some, alas! so in- part of it; but she was one of the Pen-

figure of a child armed from head to the boiling waves, never, never to rise nock before I married, and mother lived

"Why, lass, what if it's you I'm dashing waves. And I noticed that the great Sea of life. I knew that the hunting for!" he cried in excitement whenever the little boat came to a rough good Pilot with His unwearied care, equal to her own. "Tell me some-

She told him their sad history simdiant figure I was becoming so familiar, into this sin-stained world of ours we ply and in few words. He listened and the Pilot would stretch out his had been commemorating with hymn attentively, then reverently uncovered

"The Lord be praised. My wife lessly by, watching in triumph each that I was learning to realize more and I asked Him to guide me right

"Mother! mother!" called out how marvellously that all-powerful and God alone, but the daily guide, the happy voice from the old sofa, ") hand on the helm seemed to make a hourly Stay, the ever-present Help, asked God to send us a real grand way for his fragile little boat through and strength, and joy of us His children New Year. It's come! Oh, teacher," seasso tempestuous that to human eye it as we voyage through the waves and he cried, turning to me, "it's all with

I thought the same. I thought so I watched Jerry till his boat was "Oh, that these children of the king many and many a time after that, when

"The waves were rough once, were n,t they, teacher?" wrote Jerry. We would have Thee ever by our | mother, or the children. We're steered safe through it all."

Dear children, you for whom I have written this, I seem this New Year's Day to see you sailing in your little crafts over the Sea of Life, and I long to believe that you all have the good I awoke to find the broad daylight Pilot at the helm. But ah, as I saw some dragging heavily along, laden full of bundles of sin, bundles so large that shiny first of January, the memory it is no wonder they weigh the little vessels down to the very edge of the water. And alas, I see some few, thank God not many, losing steerageway altogether. Wind and wave are In the afternoon a message was driving them sheer out of course, and His gentle voice all day long. Watch- brought to me. Jerry Benson,-my they are drawing perilously near those that too-reliant captain, boastfully di- the dingiest, most battered little ship I deep joy which shone in every feature dream, -had broken his leg, and was Others, and they are by far the greater recting the man at the wheel; and I had ever noticed yet. Its flag hung of her happy face. As the fair white calling for me. I found him in great number, are tacking here and tacking could picture to myself the sparkle of limp and wet from the tottering mast, sails of little Mary's boat filled to the pain, lying on the old sofa in his there, veering about from one point to triumph which no doubt deepened in its sails were torn and tattered, its fig- balmy breeze, I fancied I heard music mother's bare but clean kitchen. The another, now almost upon the rocks, his eye as we watched him pass safely ure-head was almost entirely broken in the ripple of the waves lapping doctor had set his leg. He had left now shooting excitedly from them, for first one dangerous point and then an- away. I looked eagerly into the face gently against the sides, -a sweet echo him with the assurance that it would the restless hand at the helm steers of the child at the helm and recognized of those grand old words you and I go on well now, but I could see that insteadily, suiting its own capricious But the harbor was difficult to make, the features of Jerry Benson, one of know so well,- 'Thou will keep him poor Jerry found it hard as yet to will alone. Sometimes they run quite and a strong east" wind was causing a my little Sunday scholars. He was in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed glean much comfort from his words. close to the track on which rests the He told me how it happened. A run- sheen of the golden glory which flows pier. Suddenly we saw the barque harassed and troubled. Strange to say, My gaze rested next upon a boy who away horse had knocked him down, from the fair horizon beyond. Somecaught by a huge wave. Losing steer- as I watched him in fear and trembling, had long gained the unenviable reputa- and he had fallen with his leg under him. times, at rare intervals, they make with around our little town. There was told my dream. It was good to ever fail to reach it. How can it be otherwise, when it is the Pilot, and the "Ah, teacher, He is my boat, He Pilot alone, whose all powerful hand on to the jagged rocks outside. All the recollection of one sad day scarcely ter or upholder. In my dream I thought has hold of my hand," he took place with such terrible rapidity, a year before, when Jerry's honest hard- I looked at him, doubting the evidence and over again. "My browning is will not accept His proffered aid. So that it was some moments before either | working father had been carried to his of my senses. Could that sorrowful, just the wind getting up a bit rough, when wind and wave oppose their we or the hapless crew comprehended long home, when his mother, a poor ail- repentant face be his? And what was and waves rising high, but the Pilot efforts, dismay overtakes them. That the danger of her position. Then we ing body at the best of times, had taken he doing? Again, and again he stooped will steer me through, I know he will." steady arm of theirs in which they perceived that she had received some to bed with slow fever, and twelve- low, diving deep into his boat, each I was on the point of leaving, when trusted has been tried and found wantserious injury, for she began slowly to year-old Jerry was left to be father, time, bringing up bundle after bundle, there came a knock at the door, and ing. Discouraged, defeated, they steer heel over. There was a wild hurrying mother and brother in one to his five black, grimy and ugly. Looking close- there entered the stout farmer-like hurriedly back to the old wavering, to and fro of the crew; from a dozen little brothers and sisters. Like scenes ly, I saw inscribed upon them in dull man whose horse had been the cause of purposeless, unsatisfying course again,