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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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· NO 13.

I gather them in. The autumn's sear and yellow leaf, Tinged with the sunset's crimson ray, Fell with a rustling moan of grief Upon the mossy tombstones grey, That in a village churchyard raised Their shadows 'neath the changing sky; An aged sexton on them gazed, With many a sad and tearful sigh.

"I gather them in, I gather them in;
Upon my spade doth autumn shed
Her dying leaves, a requiem hymn
Her winds are chanting for the dead; The old, the young, the sad, the gay, I lay them down in earth to rest, Beneath the sunshine's mocking ray, When twilight's in the mourner's breast.

"I gather them in, I gather them in; Oh! sad and weary task to me; The stricken heart its treasure brings, I lay it 'neath the willow tree; I spread fresh turf upon the grave, The hand of love, it plants the flowers, Gently the willow's branches wave, And o'er them shake their dewy showers

"I gather them in, I gather them in," Then sadly tolled the old church bell; It seemed the echo of his words, As on the sexton's ear it fell; A tear stole down his aged cheek, Another child of earth had fled, Whose solemn accents ever speak, One more is numbered with the dead.

"I gather them in, I gather them in," Then o'er a lonely grave there flew, A summer bird with drooping wing, Wet by the chilly autumn dew, It slowly mounted to the skies;

The sexton raised his glance to heaven, I gather them in, their souls arise, Upward when earthly ties are riven."

# The Pocket Bible. BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

for a time was kept at bay by the assiduous attention of our village physician; but medical ther—mother!" prescription at length lost its power, and she

her room, and finally to her bed. and sorrow. She had for some months been making rapid progress in resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father; and though her feeble tabernacle was shaken, and was likely to be dissolved, through years of anxiety and affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more hold upon the divine promises.

On day, as I sat conversing with her, she alluded to the faithfulness of God, and express ed her unwavering confidence in him. said it had been her desire to acquiesce in the divine will,—and she hoped that she should be could you sustain it if you could see him?" able to do so,—whatever it might be, in relation to herself or her absent son. But, conI did think I should see him once more before illustrations:—"Heat of passion makes our little to the state of tinued she, I have prayed long and fervently I died."

I was about to say something which might "Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the eyes, but lust boreth them out." "The court realised, as I must confess I saw little present reason to expect that they would be, when she stopped me, and observed, "You may think me presumptuous, but my faith must enjoy its hold on the divine promises. Has not God reid (Call more me in the day of trouble and carried child?"

"Who is it, Alice—who is it?" inquired the eyes, but lust boreth them out." "The court of Rome careth not though men steal their corn, if they but bring it to their mill to grind."

—Such are specimens of Fuller's wit, that might be multiplied indefinitely; and yet it was wit full of common sense, and generally hold on the divine promises. Has not God said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee,' yes I have called by day and night, and God has seemed to help me.—Has he excited such strong, such intense emotions for nothing? Has he enabled me to wrestle so with him, only to be disappointed? I am aware that probabilities are all against me. I must soon fail; this heart will soon cease beating, and the narrow house be my resting place, but I still have confidence in the faithfulness of my heavenly Father. What though I see no immediate prospect of the return of my poor boy, I believe I shall yet press that poor child to my bosom, returned not only to his mother, but to his God. Years since, I wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, 'His loving-kindness changes not,' and do you think it will fail now?"

rent that her hour of departure was not far

That night, two or three female friends fearful of her failure before morning, offered to stay with the mother of Alice. This the latter theerfully assented to though she had decided not to leave her mother. The necessary arrangements for the night were made and at an early hour all was silent in and around the

humble cottage.
It was a glorious night abroad—clear, soft, mild—just such a night as a saint might well choose in which to take his departure and soar to the temple above. The poet must have had

those beautiful lines-

"The moon awakes, and, from her maden face Shedding her cloudy locks, looks meekly forth, ant saint before the throne of God. And, with her virgin stars, walks in the heav'ns-Walks nightly there, conversing as she walks Of purity, and holiness, and God."

on the sash. In the distance, just beyond the gate, she descried, as she thought, the figure of a man who seemed to be approaching. For a moment she started back, but again looked,

And dearest, dying friends you and his hand was on the latch. The gate was opened with great caution, and the stranger approached slowly towards the house. Presently a-gentle knock was heard at the kitchen door. It was impossible for Alice to summon courage to attend to the stranger herself; but she whispered to the nurse, who, upon unlock ing the door, inquired the reason for so late and unseasonable an intrusion. "Does Mrs Grant still reside here?" inquir-

ed the stranger, in a kind but earnest tone.

"She does," replied the nurse; but she is dangerously ill, and we fear she cannot live

many hours—you cannot see her.

"O God have mercy!" exclaimed the stranger; and so audibly were the words pronounced that the sound fell on the ears of Alice, and her heart beat with strong and distressing emotions. "I must see her," continued the stranger; "do not deny me, madam—quick, quick!" and he gently pressed open the door, still held by the surprised and even terrified nurse.

mulous—for the whole frame was agitated— if they wish to learn to reason, to read and retremulous, but kind.

ly whispered, "I thought I heard something. poverty could not find in an offered benefice I thought he had come. Did I dream, Alice?" affliction, yet her faith seemed to acquire more and more strength, and to fasten with a firmer her face close to the cold face of her dying pale.

"Mother, dear mother," said Alice, putting scription to the English Church.

THOMAS FULLER.—And next we have whom did you think had come?"

"Mother," said Alice," could you see him?

beaming, as it were, with seraphic joy.

For a few moments following, it was thought ne had ceased to breath; but she revived sufficiently to press once more gently the hands of Charles and Alice; and then she was heard singing, in a faint and scarcely audible tone, those beautiful lines which she had often expressed a wish that she might have occasion to sing :-

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale Soon all my mortal powers must fail; Oh may my last, expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death!"

prayer was answered. "His loving-

some such night in vision when he penned kindness" were the last sounds which were of beauteous and glowing imagery, the author heard. They ceased here only to be resumed of Liberty of Prophesying, standing by the and to be sung by the glorified and triumph-side of Milton and Locke in his noble views

# Nothing to do.

It was jast such a night, and Alice had risen from her seat; and to hide her emotions, as her dear parent breathed more heavily, had thing to do." Many of her friends regarded gone to the window, the curtain of which she drew aside, and was standing leaning her arm submission to God and his providence. The

> Nothing to do! A soul to save, For which His blood the Saviour gave, And dearest, dying friends you have; And naught to do!

Nothing to do! O, look again; The world is full of woe and pain; Darkness and sin in triumph reign; The blest are few!

Nothing to do! Yea, you must die; Your soul to God's tribunal fly; In vain the summons you deny.
Is your work done?

O, look again within your heart; Have you with Jesus any part? Pray Him to you mon Sace t' impart To follow Him. O, come to Christ, repent, believe; The Spirit's unction now receive;

In faith and love your service give To Jesus' cause. Then will the world new aspects wear; Your final home will not be here; Most cheerfully the cross you'll bear, And strive for your.

the lightener, and the next moment file awork, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filter and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filter and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filter and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filter and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filtren and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filtren and the filter and work, and embody it in freezh to made on a fit scale! After the giants of the filtren and work and the filtren and the filtren and work and the filtren and the filtren and work an

be praised! Charles, is it—is it you?—Oh, mother—mother!"

On, cod
CHILLINGWORTH.—And now Chilling worth stands before us, his Bible the Religion The sound of the voice reached the dying mother, and she came at first confined to the house, then to be room, and finally to her bed.

The sound of the voice reached the dying mother, and she inquired, "Alice my child, with grave, thoughtful brow, almost afraid to ask whether Rome yet lives; though we might I often visited her, as did other friends.—
Her room was no longer the abode of gloom and sorrow. She had for some months been already cold with death, spoke in accents treread the masterly argumentation and keen "What did I hear, Alice?" the mother soft- logic of William Chillingworth, the man whose

ent, and scarcely able to draw a breath- | quaint old Thomas Fuller, genial, witty, and mirthful, with his light flaxen hair, bright "Why, Charles; it seemed as if he had blue and laughing eyes, and frank and open ome. But I dreamt—did I. Ahee?" visage—with his strange but popular belief in white witches and black witches. In hi histories, thoughts and sermons, his wit is tinued she, I have prayed long and fervently that I may once more see him,—see him too a true penitent and child of God,—and I cannot relinquish the belief that God will hear and answer.

I was about to say something which might "Who is it, Alice—who is it?"inquired the alf wild, but still conscious mother.

"Mother," softly whispered Charles, as he of Rome careth not though men steal their

wrote in a pocket Bible I gave him, 'His loving-kindness changes not,' and do you think it ther; "yes, it is enough?" her countenance self a philosopher and a preacher of three self and the self a philosopher and a preacher of three self a philosopher and a philosopher and a philoso eaming, as it were, with scraphic joy.

"I am nearly through, but go my son—go hour sermons—a student thorough, penetrating, logical, comprehensive—stands before us. I confess I admired the steady faith of the mother—a faith strong in the Lord and in the power of his might: and yet it seemed scarce—Iy possible that her hopes should be realised.

At length my faith fall red, for it was apparature was not feel.

We will am nearly through, but go my son—go my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist,

We will am nearly through, but go my son—go my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as long as praying mothers exist,

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We will am nearly through, but go my son—go my dear Alice, and publish it to the mothers of the land, what I have found true—and will continue true as nothing for others to say—should have chosen him for his chaplain, unless he might go out If it pleased God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Is has given the world works which Lord tham, the great orator of modern times, declared the model of oratory, and which he un

And who should follow him, though dying with sin.—The fifth is a quie efore him, but JEREMY TAYLOR, the prince science, purified in Christ Je

of toleration, too far in advance of his age; voluminous in his works, scarce wearying and Temperance Hall on the even in their prolix diffuseness; with a spright-

Then will the world new aspects wear; your final home will not be five;

Affice itseed to the sounds without being able to decide their import! but at length fearing that her mother might be disturbed, she stole soffly out of the room for the purpose of ascertaining what the stranger wished.

The Pulpit of the Seventeenth Century.

What a glorious "picture gallery" the gathis contentance wild with emotion. "Is this contentance wild with emotion. "Is the for say, the stranger inquired, with his contentance wild with emotion." Is sounded the agitated nurse, and are only waiting to sair, which are furnished with any other means are best aspect to the province which are furnished with any other illustrative apparatus than a black board. There are, however, very few schools in the province which are furnished with any other that has only the name are best aspect to the province which are furnished with any other illustrative apparatus than a black board. There are, however, very few schools in the only waiting to sair, which are furnished with any other that the stranger ming to the unbeliever with lis commanding rebuke, "Can you wink hell into hothing?"—or holding up before you the gathis commanding the distance of the "Gld Masters" of the gallery" the soll of mar on whose frontal pillar still extant you cannot pass from this part of our subject without condenning which we conceive, characterize a good the reading lessons on abstract subjects.—

They have not yet learned to generalize, consequently such lessons are Greek to the into the grading in God," while you waiting to sair, the full tide of his flowing cloquence on the fill tide of his flowing cloquence on the fill tide of his flowing cloquence and the grading in God," while you waiting to sair, the full tide of his flowing cloquence on the interest, we stay not to end the tothing? "—or holding up before you the gall very the soll of the stranger mind in the content of the first in portaines, and are the fill tide of his flowing cloquence on the interest, we

those who have received a religious educati- tial to on, have been trained up to an outward con- in viol formity to the precepts of the gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of

They do not profane the sabbath. They do not neglect the ordinances of (

They do not live without a form of They do not take the holy name

They do not defraud their neigh They do not neglect the poor not run a round o

ake their place at the car

They do not pear in scenes of riot and

gard to religion. not cast off the fear of God. ney do not give God their hearts.

do not delight themselves in him. do not esteem his Word. do not love the habitation of hi do not enjoy the peace of God.

are not temples of the Holy Ghost. are not habitations of God through have not been born again of the

y have not passed from death unto life ley cannot be new creatures in Chris

ler his own state before Go

ound, call upon him w and let him return unto the Lo

# Five Consciences.

There are five kinds of con

For the Witness. EDUCATION.

ard Temperance Hall on the evening of March 1st.

shadow of the Protectorate—great men—in tellectual chieftains all of them. Owen profound in learning, and a noble preacher—though Robert Hall, calls his voluminous and too expanded works a "continent of mud, a continent of mud write—Henry Cromwell's chaplain in Ireland.

John Howe.—And among others, mark that princely form, with a brow like the clear, heaven, where self-command, lofty thoughts, public sims and full souled described to the control of the noble aims, and full souled devotion seem vi- ties which a present generation owes to a confused idea of it. But give him a ibly enthroned. That is Oliver Cromwell's a succeeding one; and the neglect of it tangible object which he can examine for

sibly enthroned. That is Oliver Cromwell's chapters John Howe—his very selection one of the highest testimonies to Cromwell's character. You should have seen him as he stood in the pulpit, calmly earnest, portraying, like a being of some higher sphere, the scene on the Mount of Olives—"the Redeemer's tear wept over lost souls," in those strains of the transfer parents or patriots, and that they are animated by feelings becoming such characters,—that they are convinced that education is a matter of the first importance and are are, however, very few schools in the

and, if they will only keep quiet inside, tions with which life's rugged pathway is we have no objections that they shout constantly beset; while the one who is some, too, for the benefit of their lungs, allowed on every occasion,—demanding when they get out of doors. The seats a little perseverance and application, in school rooms should be furnished with to hang down his head and whine out "I backs. When children are compelled to sit all day with no support for the back, difficulty which he may experience thro' they acquire a habit of leaning forward life. to the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the chest and spinal of the great injury of the great injur

continue through life. children are more frequently kept in too gard study with unmixed aversion. long than otherwise.

course are assimilating their tastes and ence be ascended, in order to enjoy the forming their habits. How important, possession of its fragrant flowers and delithen, to surround them with salutary in- cious fruits. But this carelessness pervades the whole a very important position has been gain-

character, and it will perhaps continue

make every thing in the highest degree intelligible. The old system—which still prevails too much—was to give the schoeven in their profix diffuseness; with a spright-liness of thought and faney and a felicity of expression, that it would have made him in other times, had he sought it. Poet Laureate. Precious be his memory! His Holy Living and Dying shall not be forgotten.

Owen and Charnock.—But let us not negle it this group that passes by under the shadow of the Protectorate—great men—installer words and diversified, that unless the highest degree intelligible. The old system—which still prevails too much—was to give the schoolar a rule, and tell him to believe it, asking no questions. This rule he must be required by the most of the most of the importance of education; yet the objects which claim attention are so many and diversified, that unless the

e preservation of health. It is roughly his own, and stores it away in on of positive laws of the human his memory with those things which are keep the brain in constant exer- not readily forgotten. But the advantage and more especially that of the grow-child. We would ever encourage taught while at school to force his way se active sports in which boys and unaided through difficulties, will thus acirls are wont to engage when let loose quire a moral courage which will enable rom the confinement of the school room, him fearlessly to encounter those opposi-

likewise be adapted to the various ages forcing system of cramming a child with of scholars, that the child may not distort knowledge, cannot work well. Indeed the body in accommodation to the seat, this is what we would call the distinctive t bring up their children with and produce a deformity which would characteristic of a good teacher, that he is able to call forth the voluntary labors In connection with that, we conceive of his scholars—that he has no need to that school hours are frequently protract- prescribe lessons with despotic authority, ed beyond what is profitable. Many and ensure their preparation by inspiring persons are exceedingly suspicious of the the fear of punishment, in case of neglect. teacher's delinquency, if their children He is no taskmaster, but simply a directreturn from school before that time-hon- or. It is a most mistaken idea to supored hour, four o'clock. We think that pose that children must necessarily remay, if you please, call science a hill, a Everything about a school room should steep and rugged one. But it is not be fitted up in good style, and kept neat thence to be necessarily inferred that there and clean. There is no law more deeply can be elicited in young persons, no volimpressed upon the human mind than that untary action to surmount the difficulties Therefore, alas! they cannot enter into the of association. We frequently admire a of its ascent. The young are not indothing, or acquire a disgust for it, not on lent: on the contrary activity is a strikaccount of any intrinsic beauty or defor. ing feature in their character. Nor yet mity, but on account of the character of is it impossible to direct that activity to attending circumstances or surrounding the pursuit of knowledge. As with joobjects. So children may acquire a dis- cund glee they hasten up the precipitous taste for learning, and all their lives after hill-side, to obtain some wild flower which associate study with discomfort and ob- has inspired minds with emotions of beaujects of disgust, by being kept in an un-comfortable and filthy school room. There bound still farther up, attracted by some is another important consideration.— Children at school are forming a character—the objects of their frequent inter—the objects of their frequent inter—the acclivities of sci-

> fluences, that they may have all the helps But some will ask, how is this voluntawhich can be afforded for the perfection ry action to be elicited? In reply, we of the tastes and habits! When children would in the first place direct attention are kept in a filthy, uncomfortable school to what has already been stated with reshouse, they have no respect for the value of property in the building, and they cultivate no taste to keep everything in the is working in the dark, blindly following best possible order; and in truth it is no some abstract rule, he cannot experience great wonder, there is not much to in- that delight which will excite his pire respect, or pride of appearance. - toluntary action. We remark then, that