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The Villagers' Address to the Scriptures.

Lamp of our feet! whose hallowed beam Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath, How welcome is the cheering gleam. Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path! Light of our way! whose rays are flung In mercy o'er our pilgrim road, How blessed, its dark shades among, The star that guides us to our God!

Our Fathers in the days gone by, Read thee in dim and secret caves, Or in the deep wood silently, Met where thick branches o'er them waved; To seek the hope thy record gave, When thou wert a forbidden thing, And the strong chain and bloody grave Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers in the days gone by, Read thee while peril o'er them hung; But we beneath the open sky,
May search the leaves of truth along; Fearless our daily haunts among, May chaunt the solemn lays of old, Once by the shepherd minstrel sung, When Israel's hills o'erhung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of prime, Thy blessed word our lips engage, And round our hearths of evening time, Our children spell the holy page, The way-mark through long distant years, To guide their wandering footsteps on, Till thy last loveliest beam appears, Written on the gray church-yard stone.

Word of the hely and the just! To leave thee pure, our fathers bled; Thou art to us a sacred trust, A relict of the martyr dead ! Among the vallies where they fell. The ashes of our fathers sleep! May we who round them safely dwell, Pure as themselves the record keep.

Lamp of our feet! which day by day Are passing to the quiet tomb, If on it fall the peaceful ray, Our last low dwelling hath no gloom. To whom that blessed hope was given, Whose pilgrimage on earth was closed By the unfolding gates of heaven.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

An Oration delivered at the Annivesary of Acadia College, June 17th, 1853.

of the Brothos, A. Higgins. ogh ed! " (CONCLUDED.)

Yes; to die is hard, even for the old. But to die-to say farewell, to all our anticipated joys and delights, just in the morning of life, just as hope begins to bloom, just as the bright dazzling future begins to unfold itself, when the path is strewn with the loveliest flowers. and a thousand voices chant sweet melody in our ears-to snap the link that binds heart to heart, when affection is in its prime, and ambition points to the goal- when wealth offers Weep not for him, in his spring-time he flew, its treasures, and glory bids us welcomewhen every step adds a new charm, and every die then is more than terrible. Can any thing

safe return to your arms, then, think of those would have been a melancholy pleasure, but vealed in Christ? who, when we met here last year, had like this privilege was denied—his ashes slumber

its brightest ornaments. There, the loss of ceased to tell of past greatnesss, lents, his prayers, were all needed most, just fountain itself of human tears. Butat the time they were lost. But He who rules the storm and holds the winds in his hands, who marshals the stars in the heavens, and directs the lightening's course, rules all according to His infinite wisdom. His secret chamber is far beyond the bounds of mortal's thought-eternity alone can disentangle the mysteriously intricate web of time.

In this professed memento of the departed. other names are yet to be inserted. No year since this Institution was founded has effected so much that calls for the deepest sorrow, as has been accomplished since the 5th of last June. I well remember another, who was formerly connected with Acadia College, William Archibald. He was well known to many here. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. A short time ago, he was blooming in health. His prospects of long life and usefulness were many and bril- Trust in the Invisible, the Infinite, the Divine. liant. After struggling hard and long, surmounting numerous and varied difficulties, in and just as his object was accomplished, nasplendour. But-

unfurled;

There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They softly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.

Art thou a mourner, hast thou known The joy of innocent delights! Endearing days for ever flown And tranquil nights? O live! and deeply cherish still, The sweet remembrance of the past; Rely on Heaven's unchanging will For peace at last.

The soul of origin divine, God's glorious image freed from clay. In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire, A transcient meteor in the sky; The soul immortal as its sire, Shall never die.

declining years? Do you recollect your anx- is not addressed to stocks and stones, but to ing power. We cannot sincerely meet them ious moments, your ardent supplications on the God who can answer prayer. He could with humiliation, and unless some other help his behalf, when he was about to go from un wear out his "garment of flesh" in a foreign is brought to us, we sink down under their der your immediate care, into the broad dan-land, and then come home to die. But alas! burdens, either to blunted indifference or ingerous path of life? Do you remember the even that poor boon was denied him. It fidel despair. The order of cause and effect moment of separation, when all was ready and would have been no doubt a source of conso- crosses and conflicts with the order of moral he still lingered, you scarcely knew why? and lation to his many friends, and in particular duty. There is an inexplicable distribution then the tear that stole down your cheek when to her who was the partner of his joys and sor- of suffering in human life, which in every age your manly voice assayed to speak, and yet rows to have been present to administer to his has perplexed the faith and saddened the love could only whisper the words "good bye." wants in his last sufferings—to bathe his achDo you remember when he extended his youthing brow—to watch his gradual falterings, as
controversy be ended in our souls? How can
ful hand to a loving mother—the sob—the prop after prop crumbled beneath the clay we reconcile the physical God, omnipotent in sigh—the tear? If all this still lives fresh in tenement—to observe the varied expressions, nature, with the hely and paternal God, reyour memory, when you retire to pray for his as the spirit struggled for freedom; even this vealed in the reconciled conscience and re-

Now what is the remedy for this? I do you, a darling object, which is now no more, in a foreign grave. But he is not forgotten, not ask, what is the philosophy? for I have a star of hope which set in a moment, set for- his memory still lives. His virtue and devo- never seen any worthy of the name upon this tion-his christian philanthropy-his self-sa- subject. I repeat, I have never seen a philo-Not only have our hearts been caused to crificing spirit—his humility, all live in the sophy of the origin of evil. But what is the mourn by the mysterious workings of Provi- affections of those who knew him, and his remedy? There is but one: trust in that dence since we last met you here; but the deeds may live untold ages after marble God whose ways are above and beyond us-a sister Province also has been robbed of one of monuments and Egyptian pyramids, have faith that no evil is let loose without his will, or without his power to control. He knows Mr. Very will long be lamented, not only by In looking back upon the events of the the utmost power that evil can do. He keeps his bereaved partner and fatherless children, year, to which we have alluded, can we call his eve upon it, and will yield to it not a single but by the denomination to which he belong-them other than afflicting? We may reason our considered all our care, and will yet bring it ly cultivated talents, his ardent love of truth, is right;" but after all the human breast has his indomitable perseverance, his willingness feelings. There are some remembrances ac- sound of Calvery, lone and abandoned as it boldly and fearlessly, to attack whatever he companied by the tenderest emotions, which sounds to us, and he has filled heaven and believed to be inconsistent with the doctrines baffle reason in spite of itself. "There are earth with the glory of its answer. It was or precepts of Christianity, all conspired to some feelings, which are perhaps too tender heard in the rent tomb of Joseph, the descent render his services of infinite value. The to be suffered by the world." Perhaps they of the Spirit of trust, love, and hope, and the friends of education here feel his loss most are weaknesses, but there attachments too glory present and eternal, of the redeemed in deeply. His influence, his exertions, his ta-strong to be broken without stirring the very Christ. As by our imperfections, failures, and sins, we are shut up to humility before God, so by the mysteries of his universe and the prevalence of unrelieved evil, we are encircled in the necessity of trust. It says, God cannot be the cause of evil; therefore evil will come to an end, divine thought and affection will triumph over ignorance and weakness, and their victory shall be perfect. This is CHRISTIAN FAITH! It sees God hid amid the dark events, moulding their forms for future developments of beauty, and preparing their issues in a manner impossible to trace. He is there in the evil-I care not what evil it is -and he never leaves his work until the end is glorious. Such is my faith, and such the voice of my conscience—such the mind of Christ, and such will be the result of a well balanced science in the not far off ages of mental development.

It is the duty of the church to interpret life and its ills, and all visible things, in the spirit of trust. Do we feel the pressure of material To a mind and conscience reconciled to necessity, and fear the world is governed by order to qualify himself to act his part in life, God through Jesus Christ, by a spiritual ex-blind and unbending law? Trust in God perience of the love of God, the whole uni- will raise the mind above these laws, and reture refused to sustain the effort, and his verse will wear a different aspect. The glo-pose itself upon the ever unfolding and ever morning sun sunk ere it attained its meridian rious spectacle of the heavens and the earth out-flowing Spirit of the Law-giver. Does the will appear divine. The voice of the waters soul, wearied with the vanity of its greatest and the winds will be the voice of its thoughts, tend towards passiveness or despair? To the land where the wings of the soul are God. The procession of the sun and stars This trust will bring up the treasures of goodwill be the marshalling of his hosts .- ness and mercy already in the memory, and interview with society a new delight. Of to And now like a star, beyond evening's cold dew, The mountain's everlasting slopes, and the enkindle the hope which will show order Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.', smiling pastures of the vales between, will where we beheld nothing but fate, and will see allure the affections at such a time from this And yet another sound strikes upon my seem the expression of an eternal thought, beauty, love, and goodness every where enworld's sweets? Yes, the christian's hope ear-deep and solemn are its tones. It tells inviting us to trust Him who created, controls, throned. Force is not the king of the uni-This hope, we trust, enabled those to whom that the sainted Burpe is now to be numbered and beautifies them all. But here, even here, verse—but thought is. Away, then, with fawe have referred, to say, even amid these en- among "the departed." He too was one of in the mingling of the love of nature with the talistic explanations. God is present in his chantments, "O death where is thy sting? Acadia's sons-he too studied within these joy of faith, the soul has its dangers. We works to every soul alive in the spirit of a fil-O grave where is thy victory?" walls. Truly it is stroke upon stroke. But ought to look upon the universe as the abode ial trust, and whenever so alive; and it will We ask the young whose future is now he needs no eulogy—he has reared his own of the living and indwelling God; but instead lean upon him as the nearest to us in our fraught with a thousand charms to sympathise monument. Zeal for his God and love for of this it becomes to us his rival. Its unweakness, the only truly loving in our sadness, with us. We ask the aged parent to feel for his fellowmen, led him to consider home no changeable laws—its inflexible steadiness—and the Everlasting Rock underneath our those bereft. Have you an absent son, in thing, country nothing, health nothing, life its relentless march, crushing beneath its iron tottering feet in all our alarms. Brethren, whom all your hopes are centered? Do you nothing. The one question with him was- wheels the fairest flowers of beauty and the when we professed faith in Christ on account look forward with pleasure to the time when What can I do for poor ignorant, depraved, unripened fruits of patient hope-look so of the love of God-which by his ordinances he shall again join your social circle, around bleeding humanity? And what could be do? much unlike the free movements of a free and we appropriated for our pardon, help, and your own happy fireside? Do you recollect, Just what he did. He could excite an inte-loving spirit, that the decrees impressed on hope-we agreed and covenanted to help each when his childish sport excited your mirth? rest in the poor heathen in these provinces, finite matter contest the way of the Infinite other to this sacred trust-to stand together Do you recollect then the first scintillations which may in the future be seen in more Spirit. And there are other sorrows yet to against the godless doubts and grievings sugof his intellect began to excite your admira-united energetic action. He could part with be told-sorrows not merited, not self-incur- gested by our ignorance and sins-to prevent tion, and your hopes of that boy's becoming friends, connexions, home, and go to a distant red which even our fancy cannot link with the inexorable works of nature from enshroudan ornament to society, the support of your land to tell them, that the christian's prayer any sin; and they come upon us with crush-ling the light and love of the Creator-and to