

The Provincial Wesleyan

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

WHOLE No. 654.

Religious Miscellany.

The Starless Crown.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—DANIEL XII, 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my slumbering sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and merrily
filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened my gentle whitherer,
Said: "Arise, O sleeper! follow me," and through the air we fled;
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was wrapped in silent ecstasy;
I wondered that the end would be, what next should most mine eyes see.

I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light;
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I saw clothed in white;
We stood before a City's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through streets of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold.

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angles paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there.

And some that I had loved on earth stood there around me;
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang, "the glory His alone!"

But fiercer than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.

Lowly I bowed before His throne, O'erjoyed that I had gazed
Had gazed the object of my hopes; that earth as length was past.

And then, in solemn tones, He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?"

I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy forehead should shine?

Yonder thou see'st a glorious throng, and stand on every brow;
For every soul they lead to me they wear a jewel's glow.

And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed—
If thou had'st sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone;
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou had'st thyself most blessed."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break.

And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt overwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below—
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show.

That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto shall be:
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"

And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

A Dying Daughter of Abraham.

A colporteur employed not long since by a Bible society in London was offering Bibles for sale in that metropolis, when he was told that if any of the Jews should purchase his books, and become Christians, they would certainly return to their former belief; "for," said the woman, "you must die in the faith of Abraham."

"To this he replied: 'It certainly is not always so; for I myself have seen a Jewess die who did not forsake her faith in the Redeemer. I was at that time a city missionary, and was desired to call upon her who knew her previous history. This visit happened to take place on the day of her death.

"She had been brought from affluence to abject poverty for the faith of Christ. She had at one time kept her own carriage. One day she cast her eye on the leaf of a hymn book, which had come into the house covering some butter, and she read upon it these words:

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Will the reader follow the example of the poor wounded soldier? Will you "accept Christ? May the Holy Spirit help you to try without delay this living invitation, and induce you at once to make trial of Him who has said, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

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A Missionary in the Nursery.

I am firmly persuaded that a religious reformation amongst us must commence in the nursery; and that if the next generation is to be seasoned and imbued with evangelical knowledge and genuine piety, the nurture must be imbued almost from their mother's milk. Alas! that in the higher walks of society the great object in the education of young females—imparting to them such skill and useful, above all such religious and scriptural instruction as may qualify them to be competent teachers of their own offspring—should be so generally lost sight of amid the dazzling glare of those showy and superficial accomplishments which have hitherto been so much the bane, not only of "the world of the ungodly," but also of what is so significantly called the religious world within the pale of the professing church! To view woman in the true light of her destiny—to see what constitutes her true moral character, when she is not an after-thought, but the first teacher, and therefore the real teacher of the future race—has been hitherto the rare and extraordinary attainment of a few enlightened and highly-gifted minds. Could effectual measures be adopted to elevate the general standard of female education, and to render its character solid and substantial, rather than merely external and ornamental, a most important and useful result would be secured to the view would be rendered to the society at large, and more mothers; said Napoleon: "they are the most influential teachers; with them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more influential than that of the head." "I am a missionary in my nursery," once observed a Christian teacher.

"Six pairs of little eyes are daily watching mamma's looks, as well as listening to her words; and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate."

Early Conversion.

There could not be a worse or more beautiful implication given to a child, than that he is to be a subject of God and all holy principles, till he has come to a mature age. What authority have you from the Scriptures to tell your child, or by any sign, to show him that you do not expect him to come to God till after he has spent his whole years in hatred and wrong? What authority have you to make him feel that he is the most unprivileged of all human beings, capable of sin, and incapable of repentance; old enough to resist all good, but too young to receive any good whatever? It is reasonable to suppose that you have some express authority for a lesson so manifestly cruel and harmful, else you would scarcely give it. I ask you for the chapter and verse out of which it is derived. Meantime, wherein would it be less incongruous for you to teach your child that he is to live in sin, and to believe on Him and be saved. Be in earnest; He will save you from sin and hell. Trust in Him, and He will not let you perish. Ask him to forgive your sins. Come to Him, and you shall not be cast out.

"But, Stanton, are you certain all this is true? You know the life I led; too bad almost to be forgiven."

"As true as God Himself," answered the pious soldier reverend; "and taking a Bible, he read the words, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' This good news was eagerly listened to by Barry, and the words were as cold water to a thirsty soul. He was induced to seek with earnestness and perseverance an interest in that salvation which Christ purchased by the shedding of His own precious blood, and which he so freely bestows on all those who believe on Him. And He did not seek in vain. By the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he found, to the praise and joy of his soul, that Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him."

Will the reader follow the example of the poor wounded soldier? Will you "accept Christ? May the Holy Spirit help you to try without delay this living invitation, and induce you at once to make trial of Him who has said, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Try Christ.

In a ward of the hospital of Seutari, a conversation arose on the subject of religion. A convalescent had crawled with his crutch to the bedside of a comrade, anxious to know how it fared with him who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in more than one fray.

"Well, Barry, how are you to day?" asked the visitor in a cheerful tone.

"I cannot say, 'All's well,' indeed Stanton, either outwardly or inwardly; but you are the man I was wishing to see."

"And what can I do for you, my good fellow?"

"Well, the chaplain was here yesterday, and I told him that I was miserable. I told him I had tried pleasure, drink, anything, and that now my wretched mind was harder to bear than my wounds. What do you think he said?"

"Try Christ, try Christ! But what can they mean?"

"A glorious meaning they have, Barry. The Son of God is willing to save you, if you are willing to believe on Him and be saved. Be in earnest; He will save you from sin and hell. Trust in Him, and He will not let you perish. Ask him to forgive your sins. Come to Him, and you shall not be cast out."

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Home.

The Starless Crown.

This is a popular hymn, sung often in Germany by the whole congregation as they leave the church at the close of Divine service. The melody is our own "Sweet Home," with some modifications.—*Methodist.*

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A Dying Daughter of Abraham.

A colporteur employed not long since by a Bible society in London was offering Bibles for sale in that metropolis, when he was told that if any of the Jews should purchase his books, and become Christians, they would certainly return to their former belief; "for," said the woman, "you must die in the faith of Abraham."

"To this he replied: 'It certainly is not always so; for I myself have seen a Jewess die who did not forsake her faith in the Redeemer. I was at that time a city missionary, and was desired to call upon her who knew her previous history. This visit happened to take place on the day of her death.

"She had been brought from affluence to abject poverty for the faith of Christ. She had at one time kept her own carriage. One day she cast her eye on the leaf of a hymn book, which had come into the house covering some butter, and she read upon it these words:

"Not all the blood of beasts,
From Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the taint of sin."

"The verse haunted her; she could not dismiss it, nor forget it; and after a time she went to a box, where she remembered she had a Bible and, indited by the verse, began to read, and read on till she found Christ Jesus, 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'

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