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Whole No. 228.

## The Rainbow.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

It was morn, lovely morn, and I wandered away  
To a spot where the ripples and wind were at play—  
Where trembled the dew in the wild flower's cup  
Till the sunbeam stole down and transported it up.

There was beauty around me and beauty above,  
And my heart was aglow with emotions of love;  
For the verdure, the blossoms, the birds, and the stream,  
Made a picture as bright as a beautiful dream.

Light clouds on the wings of the zephyr were borne,  
That were sent by the breeze to awaken the morn.  
Transparent as crystal they seemed to the eye,  
Like the perfume of blossoms suspended on high.

Away in the distance a dark cloud was seen,  
Hanging gloomily over that garden of green;  
It grew, till like hearts moved by doubts and fears,  
It burst—and its being was melted in tears.

And, while they were dropping like jewels of worth,  
A hew was suspended 'tween heav'n and earth;  
One wing was concealed in Elysian bowers,  
And one sought the prairies to rest on earth's flowers.

Like a vision of light it unfolded to view,  
And stretched far away through the regions of blue;  
A part and it seemed that the angels had dove,  
'T seemed all fresh from the heavenly above.

So we shall see," responded the pastor.  
"So we shall see," added the lady.  
"There'll be no meeting here around  
And Parson Surely met his people at the church.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, arising  
Upon the platform, "I have come to hear  
your request. What is it?"  
"We want rain," blunty spoke farmer  
Sharp; "and you know you promised to  
give it to us."

"Aye! rain! rain!" repeated half a dozen  
voices.  
"Very well. Now, when will you have  
it?"  
"This very night. Let it rain all night  
long," said Sharp, to which several others  
immediately assented.

"No, no, no, no!" cried Deacon  
Smith; "I have six or seven tons of well-  
made hay in the field, and I would not have  
it wet for anything."

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck.  
"We won't have it rain to-night."  
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"There would I ever have longed to remain,  
In those regions of brightness, and never again  
Have strayed back to earth, unless hidden to  
move."  
Unseen and unheard near the dear ones I love,  
—Louiseville Journal.

## Parson Surely's Experiment.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

The moral in the following article justifies  
us in giving publicity to it—  
"The small parish at Fallowdale had been  
for some time without a pastor. The members  
were nearly all farmers, and they had not  
much money to bestow upon a clergyman;  
yet they were willing to pay for anything  
that could promise them any due re-  
turn of good. In course of time it happened  
that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fal-  
lowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his  
sojourn, he held a meeting in the small  
church. The people were pleased, and  
some of them proposed trying him to  
remain with them, and take charge of their  
spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition, there  
was a long discussion. Parson Surely had  
signified his willingness to take a permanent  
residence at Fallowdale, but the members  
of the parish could not so readily agree to hire  
him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson,"  
said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place.  
"He can do us no good. If we've any  
money to spare, we'd better lay it up for  
something else. A parson can't learn me  
any thing."

To this it was answered that stated reli-  
gious meetings would be of great benefit to  
the younger people, and also a source of real  
social good to all.  
"I don't know 'bout that," said Sharp,  
"but I'll be bound to see the arguments against him.  
Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the  
parish, and consequently one of the most in-  
fluential. "I have heard him," he continued,  
"of a parson that would pray for rain,  
and have it come at any time. Now if we  
could hit upon such a parson as that, I would  
go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated  
minds of Fallowdale. The farmers of the  
parish suffered from long droughts, and after  
arguing awhile longer they agreed to hire  
Parson Surely upon the condition that he  
would give them rain whenever they wished  
for it, and, on the other hand, that he would  
also give them fair weather when required.  
Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputed  
to make this arrangement known to the  
parson, and the people remained in the  
church while their messengers went upon  
their errand.

When the deacons returned Mr. Surely  
accompanied them. He smiled as he entered  
the church, and with a graceful bow he  
saluted the people there assembled.  
"Well, my friends," said he, as he  
ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I  
have heard your request to me, and, strange  
as it may appear, I have come to accept  
your proposal; but I can do it only on one  
condition: and that is that your request  
for a change of weather should be reasonable,  
and that every member of the parish had been  
interested in the farming business, and ere long  
it was arranged that Mr. Surely should be-  
come the pastor of Fallowdale, and that he  
should give the people rain whenever they  
sawed for it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodg-  
ings, his wife was utterly astounded upon  
learning the nature of the contract her hus-  
band had entered into, but the pastor only  
smiled, and bade her wait for the result.  
"But you know you cannot make it rain,"  
persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too,  
that the farmers here will be wanting rain  
very often when there is none for them—  
You will be disgraced."  
"I will learn them a lesson," quietly re-  
turned the pastor.  
"Aye, that you cannot be as good as your  
word; and when you have learned it to  
them, they will turn you off."  
"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply,  
as he took up a book and commenced read-  
ing.

This was a signal for the wife to desist  
from further conversation on the subject,  
and she at once obeyed.  
Time flew on, and at length the hot days  
of midsummer were at hand. For three  
weeks it had not rained, and the young corn  
was beginning to curl up beneath the effects  
of the drought. In this extremity the people  
began to think of the promise of their  
pastor, and some of them hastened to his  
dwelling.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm  
was suffering severely, "we want some rain.  
You remember your promise."  
"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If  
you call for a meeting of the members of the  
parish, I will be with you this evening."  
With this the applicants were perfectly  
satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call  
the flock together.

"Now you'll see the hour of your dis-  
grace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors  
had gone. "I am very sorry you under-  
took to deceive them so."  
"I did not deceive them,"  
"Yes, you surely did."  
"We shall see," responded the pastor.  
"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour for the meeting came around,  
and Parson Surely met his people at the church.  
They were all there; most of them  
anxious and the remainder curious.  
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upon the platform, "I have come to hear  
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## Closet Musings.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.

No. 2.

"Holiness is taught upon the page of God's revealed  
will to man."  
Among the churches of Christendom, the  
Wesleyan is singular in two articles of her  
faith—the direct witness of the Holy Spirit  
to the sinner's acceptance with God; and  
Entire Sanctification. The earnest enquiry  
ought to rest upon the mind of every think-  
ing member of her communion,—"Does the  
Bible give its sanction to my fervent breath-  
ings at the Throne of Grace for entire con-  
formity to the Divine will in all things?"

Shame upon many professors of the reli-  
gion of Jesus, they are content to live with  
a name among God's people, while their  
hearts are cold and lifeless, and devoid of  
spiritual health and vigor. With them,  
there are no earnest wrestlings with the  
Sinner's Creed—no strong desires for the conversion  
of their fellow men—no powerful efforts  
to see some sorrowing, crushed, wandering  
soul to the feet of Jesus for pardon, holiness  
and peace. Lying, they are wrapped up  
in self and calculating desire for worldly  
aggrandizement, and dying the church of  
Christ mourns not, nor drops a tear at their  
departure. Shall the youthful Christian—  
his heart warm in its first love, and his  
energies newly consecrated to Christ and his  
church—the work of the world's widely  
minded Christian, taking him for his model  
of imitation in the service of his Heavenly  
Father? God forbid! Rather let the " babe  
in Christ," perchance, the man in years take  
"the Bible in his hand, and wandering to  
some lonely spot, there creep and pray over  
passages teaching with light and encourage-  
ment; and authorizing him to claim by faith  
the blessing of "perfect love" to God and man.

But what do we understand by the terms  
"Holiness." Perfect Love, or of Entire  
Sanctification? Let us hold to the doctrine—  
"A full and unreserved consecration  
of the whole man to God. 2. The  
entire conformity of every power of body,  
soul and spirit, to the will and likeness of  
God."

"Lord, I believe that thou remainest  
to all thy people known.  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
A rest where all our souls desire  
Is cast on thine altars;  
Where death's dread hour fair expires,  
Fixed on perfect love."

Sanctification commences in the heart of  
man at the moment when the soul is regene-  
rated by the power of the Holy Spirit;  
but Regeneration is not Entire Sanctification.  
Regeneration is that great change  
which is wrought in the soul, when it is  
released from a death of sin into a life of  
holiness; Sanctification is the carrying on  
of this work; and Entire Sanctification is  
its maturity, when the heart is cleansed from  
all sin, and filled with pure love to God and  
man.

Clear and simple are the declarations  
of the Inspired Writings as to the enjoyment  
of Entire Sanctification—the believer's pri-  
vilege; and the seeking of the blessing—the  
believer's duty. "For this purpose the  
Son of God was manifested that he might  
destroy the works of the devil. And if sin  
be a work of the devil, surely it may be de-  
stroyed in the human heart. "God is light  
and in him is no darkness at all. If we  
walk in the light as he is in the light, we  
have fellowship one with another, and the  
blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us  
from all unrighteousness. "If we confess our  
sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our  
sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."  
And the prayer of the Apostle is very ex-  
pressive. "And the very God of peace  
sanctify us wholly; and let us pray for you  
that ye may be preserved blameless until  
the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. The  
word *wholly* in this interesting passage  
clearly marks the distinction between  
Sanctification and Entire Sanctification.  
And the Apostle adds—"We will do it."  
"We will do it," says the Lord, "if we  
will." Many, however, are led to suppose that  
it is impossible for a soul to be entirely  
sanctified until the hour and article of death."  
But why limit the power of God? If the  
Holy Spirit can cleanse the soul entirely  
from sin one minute before death, why not  
an hour before final dissolution takes place,  
or an hour before, why not a day before,  
or a week, or a month, or a year? But  
what does the Apostle John say upon this  
point? "Herein is our love made perfect,  
that we love one another, that we may  
know that we have attained to the true  
knowledge, because as he is so are we in this  
world." Hear too, St. Paul—"Having these  
promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all  
filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting  
holiness in the fear of the Lord." And again,  
"Christ loved the church, and gave himself  
for it, that he might present it to himself  
a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle,  
or any such thing, but that it might be holy,  
and without blemish." Comment upon such  
passages is quite unnecessary.

O blessed thought! Thy worth towers high  
above all human estimate—a priceless gem  
—the valued gift of Heaven's mercy to dying  
man. Not shut up in the archives of a  
Romish church, excluded as well from the  
palace of the king as the cottage of the lowly  
peasant; how simple are thy teachings  
in matters of salvation! Take from man  
health and wealth and friends; but let him  
have the Bible with its hallowed truths,  
and light irradiating from the mercy-seat  
shining upon its sacred page; and alone with  
God, he may read and weep and pray, and  
guided by the light of heaven, find his way  
to the ocean of redeeming love.

"O that the perfect grace were given,  
The love diffused with gladness,  
Forever filled with God."  
Nor. 31A. SENA.

## Standing at Church Doors.

It is a common practice, when a congrega-  
tion is dismissed, to see a line of young  
gentlemen ranged along the curb-stone, start-  
ing impatiently at every female that comes  
out, and often indulging in impertinent re-  
marks that cannot but be heard by those  
who are the subject of them. Very rarely  
there may be found, among the mob of dan-  
dies, dunces, a husband, father, or brother,  
whom unavailing circumstances has pre-  
vented attending church, and who is waiting  
to accompany a wife, daughter or sister  
home.

Such, of course, we do not censure. But  
as scarcely one in ten belongs to this class;

## New Testament Incidents.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYANS.

No. 10.

THE RESURRECTION.  
Hail glorious morn! Scene of the  
grandest miracle of the Son of God. He  
who creates a universe and gives it laws,—  
holds in subjection to him all his vast  
machinery. The Resurrection of Christ  
stands forth to Jew and Gentile, Infidel  
and Christian, the grandest monument of power  
divine—the climax to a long, bright array  
of miraculous achievements. The many  
stones—the public seal—the guard of Roman  
soldiers are powerless to hold in the sepul-  
chre the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.  
Weep not heart-stricken mother, thy son  
of promise—the stay and comfort of de-  
caying years—cut down like the flower just  
blossoming—sleeps not eternally—He comes  
forth immortal and indestructible in the re-  
surrection morn. Thy Saviour's triumph  
over death—thy sure confiding pledge—  
"But if there be no resurrection of the dead,  
then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be  
not risen then is our preaching vain, and  
your faith is also vain."

But yesterday, great joy rung its loudest  
notes of triumph amid ruder ranks of the  
Jewish Capital—Governor and Subject,  
Priest and People, Pharisee and Sadducee,  
all gloried in the crime which had stained  
the temple in the name of the King of  
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Two sunsets are registered in the book  
of time. Calvary was stained with the  
blood of Christ. Disciples, timorous as the  
stricken deer, mourn in deep desolation the  
loss of Jesus; for bright visions of an earth-  
ly kingdom, more splendid than Jerusalem  
in her days of ancient greatness, had stolen  
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of the temple is rent in twain—graves open  
by supernatural power—the Sun in his glo-  
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The sun and moon are darkened, and the  
earth from the mind deep delusion which had bur-  
dened man to crucify their Saviour and their  
God.

Two sunsets are registered in the book  
of time. Calvary was stained with the  
blood of Christ. Disciples, timorous as the  
stricken deer, mourn in deep desolation the  
loss of Jesus; for bright visions of an earth-  
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in her days of ancient greatness, had stolen  
upon the minds of the disciples. The veil  
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ained, which, like a favoring gale, would  
wait the hour and to its rest in the  
Sabbath morn, you need not expect to ex-  
perience the full advantages of the blessed  
day. If on other days you can awake early  
to serve the world, and on the Lord's day  
you take the liberty to indulge the flesh, be-  
lieve me, you will not ordinarily prove to  
you a delight, nor will it close upon  
you with edification and peace.

Only a refined female knows how annoy-  
ing it is to run the gauntlet of these imma-  
ture boys. Not that they annoy her body,  
the matron is just as much at their mercy  
as the maiden; the plain face as subject to  
remark as the beautiful one; the poorly  
dressed as open to impertinence as the more  
richly attired. One female meets a sneer  
from a boy, because she does not happen to  
please the fancy of some young fool, while  
the cheeks of another are made to tingle by  
his loud and insolent admiration. Even  
when the lady escapes without verbal in-  
sult, she is started out of countenance, and  
has no resource, except to drop her veil, hur-  
ry on, and escape into a more respectable  
atmosphere as fast as possible.

THE WIFE AND INFANT'S GRAVE.  
Shrine of the heart! where love with beauty  
sleeps,  
And 'mid the grass, sweet bloom the flowers  
true;  
To nature true—the sorrowing father weeps  
O'er the ashes of his wife and child.  
Dear, silent ones! though all the world forget  
That once you formed of busy life a part—  
Thought friends no longer speak your praises—  
yet  
Your forms still live within a father's heart,  
And memory bills her bygone scenes appear,  
Urged by the thrilling magic of a tear!

Again he seems to view his wife's sweet smile,  
As oft she doats on her infant's charms,  
When clinging to her breast in sportive play,  
Like some fair seraph in an angel's arms,  
Your heavenly strains come o'er his mind, and he  
shines.