

DR. J. W. HARRIS  
his only Physician  
WESLEY'S PILLS,  
Wesley's Ointment

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## Religious Miscellany.

### THE MASTER'S PRESENCE.

Where shall we find the Master?

Our yearning hearts entreat:

What service shall we render?

How shall we spend our time?

A voice speaks out from heaven:

With power our souls to thrill,

Ye have the poor and needy;

In them ye have Me still!

Our feet spring up to duty;

The highways and the hedges

Reveal the Master there;

The Master in His children,

Disguised by grief and shame:

O Christ, 'tis sweet to succour,

Because they bear Thy name!

We rather glean Thy harvest,

Than reap in earthly spoil;

We hasten to seek the warning,

For love makes glad the toil;

So weak are we and humble,

The precious trust to hold,

But as Thou lead'st our footsteps,

We bring them to Thy fold.

We gather from Thy bounty,

And in Thy hilted dispensance;

On Thy omnipotence;

And when discrowned and stricken,

The royal form appears,

We deem it highest worship

To wash Thy feet with tears.

O, ever-present Master!

We find, wherever we tread,

Such service for sweet ointment

To pour upon Thy head;

We low with deep thanksgiving,

That Thou our work wilt own;

The joy is ours of serving,

The praise is Thine alone!

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

### A BEAUTIFUL DEATH-BED SCENE.

OR, MEMORIALS OF MARIA A. VAN BUSKIRK, WILMOT, N. S.

In a cottage at Melvern-square, upon the

couch of the consumptive, lay the daughter of

Eric and Henrietta VanBuskirk. Her father,

elder brother and two younger sisters, MARIA

had been companion, counsellor, guide.

She was beautiful in feature, form and manner.

A flower of loveliness—not the peony's

bold style of beauty; nor the hollyhock's, loftily

introducing itself to notice—but the sweet

beauty of the rose, combining with the retiring

modesty of the violet, unconsciously delighting

holders.

Lovely dispositions of a noble spirit, and

amiable development, endeared her to many in

the widening circles of social life.

To complete this fair specimen of youthful

womanhood, one thing was lacking—Religion.

It was felt; earnestly she sought it; it

was graciously bestowed. For nearly five

years she had been the possessor of Divine

peace and Divine love; the inspiration of a new

life on earth; the hope of a new home in

heaven.

Within the consecrated temple of the body

her spirit ministered and rejoiced before the

Lord; the outpouring of His grace denoted

heavenly expression to her countenance; to her

department, heavenly grace. From the time of

her conversion, in the vicinage of her cottage-

home, her name was a synonyme of constant

piety—suggestive of whatsoever is good, beautiful

and true. MARIA was a Christian. Our

testimony to her character and worth is an

humble tribute to her SAVIOUR'S grace and

praise.

Death loves a shining victim. At her death

her spirit ministered and rejoiced before the

sought to bring to a decision for Christ. She

clasped her hands in hers, and with earnest

words besought them to seek the Lord. To

many she said—"O meet me in heaven." And

some there were who promised they would

meet her there.

During the night, Rev. Mr. Crane, through

whose instrumentality it pleased God to make

her an heir of glory, was by her side. He ut-

tered words of Holy Writ, pausing a moment

after each utterance: the emphatic responses of

the dying girl were delightful.

Mr. C.—"I know that if the earthly home

of this tabernacle were dissolved—MARIA—"

I have a building of God, an house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens." Mr. C.—

"The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin,

the law." MARIA—"But, thanks be to God,

who giveth me the victory through our Lord

JESUS CHRIST." Mr. C.—"For me to live is

Christ, 'tis sweet to succour, because they bear

Thy name!"

We rather glean Thy harvest,

Than reap in earthly spoil;

We hasten to seek the warning,

For love makes glad the toil;

So weak are we and humble,

The precious trust to hold,

But as Thou lead'st our footsteps,

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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

### HEAVEN.

If the Promise that I in that temple should shine,

Whose light is the halo of glory divine.

Were promised light ages ago

And still to the promise I am true.

Though ever so distant, it would not be Heaven,

Not Thought's piercing wings yet beyond it

would fly.

In search for what yet in the distance might

lie:

The glory of heaven, through fear would be

dim.

And sadness blend still with its rapturous

hymn.

'Tis endless rapture, unceasing delight,

That makes the blest hope of the Christian so

bright;

'Tis the archers of gems in his heavenly crown

That the sun of his blessedness will never go

down.

With that song everlasting no fear shall be

blended.

For then shall the days of his mourning be ended,

And once in that temple, beside the pure river,

The sainted no more shall be absent forever.

—New York Observer.

### BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY.

A strong conviction of duty impels an affec-

tionate address to you on the momentous im-

portance of entire consecration to God and to

the special work of the ministry to which we

are called. We know well that we have no

right by reason of age or otherwise, to assume

to speak to you by authority; but the work in

which we are engaged is of such transcendent

importance, and our conviction of duty impels

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