

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

Whole No. 702.

## Religious Miscellany.

### He Liveth Long who Liveth Well.

He liveth long who liveth well,  
All other life is short and vain;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well,  
All else is being flung away;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; hark to Him  
Who freely gave it freely given;  
Ere it is that being but a dream,  
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well,  
Who wisdom speaks must live it too;  
He is the wisest who can tell  
How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

Be that thou seemest to live; be true;  
Hold up to earth the torch Divine;  
Be what thou prayest to be made;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;  
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;  
Ere it is that thy conscience keep;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest home of light.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

### Thoughts on the Closing Year.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said I will give it you." Num. x. 33.

"Then one who had no possession,  
Looked up to the stars above,  
And said in his simple fashion,  
Dear friends we are going home."

I was thinking as I sat by the glowing hearth at twilight, that hour so favorable to meditation on the past and reveries on the future, of a meeting I attended some years ago. It was one of those gatherings peculiar to Methodism—Love Feasts, that name which has so often excited the amusement and not infrequently, the ridicule of the worldling.

I listened to many recitals given simply and unaffectedly, but with no less power, of episodes in their religious experience, of victories gained over fierce temptation, of strength vouchsafed in time of need, of sorrows alleviated by the presence of the Great Comforter, but one speaker in that humble meeting, particularly arrested my attention. It was an elderly female, one who, doubtless had known life under its varied aspects of toil and grief; whose lot on earth had been, as far as outward circumstances were concerned, a comparatively lowly one, but a polished jewel nevertheless, and one who though unskilled and it may be unappreciated here, shall yet possess "the stary crown of victors due," and shine forth gloriously in the Kingdom of her Father.

Clear and sweet as silver bells was heard that voice though the stillness that reigned around, and though much that she said has been forgotten, yet one or two sentences still linger in memory.

"I sometimes feel," she said "as though I were but a solitary pilgrim pursuing my lonely path, and yet I am not alone, for many whom I know, and countless numbers of whom I have never heard, are treading the self-same way, and He who has declared, 'Lo I am with you always,' is ever present, his gracious spirit ever near to sustain and comfort, while we march our way to the departing year, never to meet again until summoned to appear before heaven's high tribunal, it may therefore confront us with its record of wasted opportunities,—or encourage us by the remembrance that its golden hours have been devoted, feebly it may be, yet with a single eye, to the service of the Master.

Somewhat have I learned, and much forgotten, since those words were uttered,—but they have never been erased from memory's tablet,—and to-night, they returned in all the freshness and force with which they were first spoken.

For we, sons and daughters of earth, are we not all strangers and pilgrims here as our fathers were,—and how justly and beautifully has our life been compared to a pilgrimage,—but there are times and seasons when more forcibly than ever we are reminded of its truth.

Such an one is the present, leading to serious and we trust devout thought, about to bid farewell to the departing year, never to meet again until summoned to appear before heaven's high tribunal, it may therefore confront us with its record of wasted opportunities,—or encourage us by the remembrance that its golden hours have been devoted, feebly it may be, yet with a single eye, to the service of the Master.

The year has nearly past, the kind old year, Who would refuse for it a parting tear? Who pauses not a backward glance to cast, On pleasant scenes, on joys that faded fast? On Friendship's smile, on Love's alliance that blest, On cherished forms we sadly laid to rest.

And now as weary travellers, having been brought thus on our journey, may we not sit down and rest awhile,—and musing on the toils encountered and the dangers escaped, think, too, of the wished-for good to which our pilgrimage is tending.

"We are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you," was the encouraging language of Moses,—words which every sincere Christian may well adopt as his own.

Bill in the wilderness, scorched sometimes by the scorching sun, or chilled by the heavy dews of night; fainting with thirst, and relying too much on earthly springs of consolation, finding them bitter as waters of March; foot-sore, weary and often discouraged because of the way, yet let us not forget that the promised land is before us.

It is true that many, with whom we commenced the journey, have fallen at our side; the graves of our kindred and friends have marked the track, from some, too, we are separated by duty.

"Stern Daughter of the voice of God," yet "mountains rise and oceans roll" in vain, to sever those who are in Christ's system by each other; they journey on, until at length arriving at their Father's home, they shall meet once more, and in that blissful re-union, forget the partings that made earth no dearer.

"We are journeying," and the land to which we hasten is a goodly land.

"Though earth has full many a beautiful spot, As a painter or poet might show, Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright, To the hope of the best and the spirit's bright light."

"Is the land that no mortal may know?" a land purchased for us at an incalculable cost,—at a most costly sacrifice, a land where no track of the spoiler hath ever been; not darkened by human sorrow, nor dimmed by human sighs, but forever basking beneath the sunshine of God's countenance, the final, the blissful home of the ransomed of the Lord.

"We are journeying." Another portion of the wilderness has been traversed, we have advanced somewhat on our way, but fresh paths lie before us, for the goal is not yet attained.

The past, with its conflicts, toils and sorrows; its hours of joy and its seasons of despondency,—the past is inscribed in imperishable characters, on memory's tablet, for doubtless many yearning hearts to-night.

Recall bright skies, That shone on them that soft and soothing light, And bowers of fragrance shared by those whose hearts were true.

Was there in sunny day and clouded night; Blister were the hours affections smiles endured, A Paradise the wilderness appeared,—but the future, the mysterious future, is with God, nor would we desire to lift the veil "even by the hand of mercy."

Fresh paths lie before us in the dawning year, but whether steep or flowery, whether they lead over rugged mountains, or through smiling dales, whether we shall be called to ford fierce rolling floods, or wander by the side of pleasant streams, is known only to our Heavenly Father, but cheered by the remembrance that we are "journeying to the land of which the Lord hath said I will give it you," let us with fresh courage, start anew on our pilgrimage, and thankful for the mercies that have crowned our lives in the past, with unswerving faith pursue our way, bearing aloft our banner, with this inscription "All's for the best," until, crossing the river of Death the shining ones greet us on the opposite shore,—and the "harper harping with their harps," triumphantly welcome us to the promised land.

Halifax, Dec. 30.

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### Letter from England.

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"As to my own views respecting the labors of our esteemed friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in the West Indies, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not know of any field in which they were more successful than in the West Indies. They were warmly welcomed and co-operated with in the way they did in promoting the work of God. Good, great good, and nothing but good, resulted from their visit to us, so far as I know. Very many of those who professed to find peace with God through their instrumentality united themselves with us in Church fellowship, and not a few became members of other Churches in the town. Very many of our old members were greatly refreshed and quickened, and led to consecrate themselves anew to the service of God. Financial improvement resulted from the improved spiritual tone of the societies both in town and country, and the direct as a whole was greatly increased in power and influence.

"I forbear to mention the number of other instances of improvement, but will just say that it is the other circuits of the connection, not visited by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, had realized the same amount of enlargement as is reported in the Minutes of the late conference of those where they have labored, the increase of the Connection last year would have been nearer fifty thousand than five thousand, which it was.

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"Poor Ireland what a pity that Popery has such a hold on her people. Because of the landlords, the pope, and the devil, they have a hard time of it. But they now have a national system of education, which affords to all an opportunity of learning to read, which will give them a great advantage over their fathers.

"Sligo is a very ancient town, of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, on the west coast of Ireland. We are having a good revival here at this time. Secular lines are so clearly drawn here, and there are so few that are not 'churched,' that we can only, as a general rule, gain access to those who live within the 'lines' of Methodism."

General Miscellany.

### An Hour with the Money Changers.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Joining a pleasant friend—of the golden guild—I went with him yesterday, by invitation, to the Board of Brokers. Lending me up into a singularly paved court out of Exchange Alley, and thence through a long, narrow, dark passage, he ushered me at last into a square, high-walled room, in which convened the high parliament of the money-changers. It is not necessary to announce that the meetings of the Board are strictly private; for none but the initiated would surely ever find their way through such a tortuous labyrinth into such a cave of Aladdin as this.

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"I forbear to mention the number of other instances of improvement, but will just say that it is the other circuits of the connection, not visited by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, had realized the same amount of enlargement as is reported in the Minutes of the late conference of those where they have labored, the increase of the Connection last year would have been nearer fifty thousand than five thousand, which it was.

It is not a little remarkable, and is, at the same time, cause for great thankfulness to God, that the Lord is raising up, outside of Methodism, a host of God-fearing men and women, who are devoting themselves, heart and soul, to "extraordinary and systematic" revival efforts. These have been raised up from among all classes of society, from the wealthy aristocracy to the most humble grade in the social scale, and are being extensively and in a marked degree owned of God. It is also a noticeable and encouraging fact that the great Bible doctrine of entire holiness, which has been a distinctive feature of Methodism from the beginning, is now receiving much more prominence than heretofore among other denominations of Christians. I doubt not that the writings of Upham, Mahan, Finney, and Mr. Palmer have contributed very largely to this result.

"Poor Ireland what a pity that Popery has such a hold on her people. Because of the landlords, the pope, and the devil, they have a hard time of it. But they now have a national system of education, which affords to all an opportunity of learning to read, which will give them a great advantage over their fathers.

"Sligo is a very ancient town, of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, on the west coast of Ireland. We are having a good revival here at this time. Secular lines are so clearly drawn here, and there are so few that are not 'churched,' that we can only, as a general rule, gain access to those who live within the 'lines' of Methodism."

General Miscellany.

### An Hour with the Money Changers.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Joining a pleasant friend—of the golden guild—I went with him yesterday, by invitation, to the Board of Brokers. Lending me up into a singularly paved court out of Exchange Alley, and thence through a long, narrow, dark passage, he ushered me at last into a square, high-walled room, in which convened the high parliament of the money-changers. It is not necessary to announce that the meetings of the Board are strictly private; for none but the initiated would surely ever find their way through such a tortuous labyrinth into such a cave of Aladdin as this.

At the entrance to the Board-room is a tall, gaunt apparition. The moment that he takes place within, some interested party hints the fact

## Religious Intelligence.

### Letter from England.

The following extracts from a communication of an English Methodist are from N. Y. Advocate, in relation to remarks made in recent English Correspondence of that Journal.

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