The Family.

THE LAND.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade.
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love will not droop, nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die!
Where is that land, O where?
For I could hasten there!
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe!
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender from my path are gone;
O, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know the land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair;
Where is it? tell me where,
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where.

Friend, thus must trust in Him, who trod before
The desolate paths of life:
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain and strife!
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how He longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe;
Think of His weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which His brow was wet,
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thou despair;
Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

TOM'S "GOLD DUST."

"Uncle," said Tom, one day, "it seems to me your things don't look as well as they might." They were in the garden, and "the things" the boy had his eyes on were the currant bushes.

"I don't expect they do," replied his uncle; I'm no great hand at a garden. Well, sir, what can you improve?"

"I can try on the currants," said Tom. "They want to be trimmed out, and the wood cut off, and the right suckers trained. Don't you ever dig around them, and put ashes on the roots?"

His uncle had never done these things; did not know that they ought to be done. He thought, he said, "currrants took care of themselves."

"But they can be cared for," said Tom, "and do all the better."

"Suppose you try, boy," said his uncle.

His uncle did not believe much would come of it, but he had reason to change his mind. Much did come of it. All at once, it seemed to him, for time goes fast to an old man, his bushes were loaded with fruit, fine large currants, such as his garden had not seen for many a day, if ever before. People, when they walked into the garden, exclaimed, "What splendid currants you have!"

"That boys knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said his uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly. That boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys, and girls, and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, or minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. He never spent them foolishly, but only in good bargains; "for value received" was stamped on all he passed away. Take care your gold dust,—*Little American.*

THE MOTHER'S KISS.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, he spoke roughly, and went off, slamming the door behind him.

Instead of saying, "I should really like to go; but if you can not give your consent, dear mother, I will try to do my best to be content to stay," instead of saying and feeling so, he behaved in the way I have described—just as too many boys do. George was fourteen; and, with fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop, hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go sleep on. He thought and tossed, and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words spoken to his mother.

"My mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself, "I can never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved, her eldest boy! How she nursed me through that fever!"

He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning. He would ask him now, tonight, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George, she said, "is that you? Are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one ear and eye open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother; and may God help me never to behave so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms, and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now; but he says that kiss was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act our their best feelings. O, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to!—*Mother's Magazine.*

HOW NOT TO TREAT BOYS.

Half grown boys are too often treated as nuisances, and are thus encouraged to become such. No provision is made for their entertainment; they are not trained to employ their overflowing activity in useful ways; they are treated as if they possessed a peculiar kind of depravity, and as incapable of adding to the happiness of others. It is too much to expect that a boy will prefer reading a dry book to a frolic with his fellows will enjoy being lectured nightly on his particular sinfulness while his sister, or some sick, over-studious youth is held up as a model of perfection. If one half the praise bestowed on three and five year olds, and on "young ladies just coming out," were distributed among young men, we should see a marked decline in loaterism and rowdy conduct. To notice a boy's good intention is to make performance easy. To treat him as a social outcast is to make him sooner or later, a professional disturber of the peace. If home be made pleasant, and pains taken to guide youthful spirits into legitimate channels, there will be less fondness for that independent, roving, selfish existence which marks every boy as an Ishmaelite.—*Christian at Work.*

SPELLING SCHOOLS.

Have you forgotten them? When from all the region about they were gathered in the log school-house with its huge fire-place yawning like the entrance of Avernus? How the sleigh bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees and beautifully less toward the broad brass buckles, chimed in every direction long before night—the gathering of class! There came one to school, "the master." Give him a capital M., for he is entitled to it—Master, and all bundled into one huge red, double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buffalo robes. There are a dozen cutters, each with a young man and a maiden, they two, no more. And then again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish-looking bin heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with a small collection of humanity picked up *ea rouie* from a dozen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe, red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pinked-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the mufflers and fur-tippets they wore then—who does not remember? Who can ever forget them?

The school-house destined to be the arena of the conflict has been garnished; boughs of evergreen adorn the smoked, stained, and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pails of water brought from the spring, and set on a bench in the entry, with an immemorial tin cup—a wise provision indeed, for warm is that spelling-room!

The big boys have framed and replenished, the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace, and as a flame of the battle.

The two "Masters" are there, the two schools are there, and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm?

The ferule cymes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to the armies, the "rule" is to this whispering, laughing company.

The challengers are on one side of the house, the challenged on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats are all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion,

"Shoulder the crutch
And show how fields were won,"

occupy the bench of honor near the desk.

Now the preliminaries: the reputed best speller on each side chooses.

"Susan Brown." Out comes a round-eyed creature, blushing like a peony. Such a little thing!

"Moses Jones." Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly harvested, surmounting his broad brow. The girls laugh at him, but what he don't know in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing.

"Jane Murray." Out trips Jane, fluttering as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, hat's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side would be sweeter than a victory without her.

And so they go, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun.

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and those again of similar pronounciation and diverse signification, until Moses and Susan remain.

The spelling-book has been exhausted, and still they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories are ransacked for

"Words of lengthy sound,"

until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, a little leaf aloft, that the forest and Fall have forgotten.

Pollysyllables follow, and by and by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkle. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle. Then all get into solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go like leaves in Winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is dismissed.

Then comes the hurrying and bundling, the whispering and glancing, and pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter, and hearts that ache; "mittens" that cannot be worn, hopes that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door, and one after another dash up, receive their freight and are gone.

"Our Master" covers the fire, and snuffs the candles—don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with his forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminary head first in the socket?—and we wait for him.

The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in the valley. The school-house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone in the dark.

Merry, care free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some of them are dead, and all we fear are changed! Spell! Ah! the "spell" has come over that crowd of dreamers—over you—over us; will it over be dissolved? In "the white radiance of eternity!"—*B. F. Taylor.*

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING.

I desire to place the medical use of intoxicating liquors where it belongs, namely, in the domestic practice among the households of the land. The wives and mothers have taken this matter out of the hands of the physician. I venture to assert that in the most exemplary temperance community that can be found, few houses will be found that do not contain some spirituous liquors that are kept expressly for medicinal purposes. If they have not got the article in any of its orthodox forms—brandy, gin, or whiskey—the inevitable domestic wines are ever at hand. Many of these wives and mothers are Christian temperance women, who would be almost heart broken if the husband or son partook of a glass of wine or lager away from home, yet have no hesitation about administering these modifications of the beverage for any transient pain or fancied ill, and I am not sure but the key-note of the conflict should be sounded just here.

Dislodge and banish alcohol from the hearthstone where it is so securely lodged and protected among the *Lares* and *Penates* of the domestic circle, and more will be gained than by a half century of labor if it remains there. We should fear less those gilded bells whose costly paraphernalia blazons to the world their character, than the quiet bottle fiend disguised in seductive sweetness and richly colored vegetable juices. If we would war successfully with our powerful enemy, we must throw aside every weight, and, above all, endeavor to have a single jewel blazing in our foreheads whose name is consistency.—*Evangelist.*

Obituary.

MEMOIR OF LAWRENCE PHINNEY, ESQ., OF WILMOT.

How frequently within the past few months have many of the readers of the Provincial Wesleyan been led to realize the language of the Psalmist and say: "Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me." And now we have to add to the death catalouge, the name of our much respected friend and brother, Lawrence Phinney. On my return from our last conference, in parting with Bro. Phinney at his residence, he made the following observation; "I shall not be long here, will you come through, and attend my funeral."

On the 2nd inst., a telegram reached my residence, a short time after I had left the Parsonage to spend the Sabbath on another Circuit, announcing Bro. Phinney's death, with a request to attend his funeral on the following day; this despatch I did not receive until the following Tuesday. Although not able to be present and mingle my sympathies with the bereaved family and friends, I was well assured that our excellent brother Sponagle, the resident minister, had accomplished all that ministerial efficiency and brotherly sympathy could do. In accordance with the request of the family, in which I understand Bro. Sponagle unites: I have now attempted to pen these lines in memory of one of my oldest, and much respected brethren. Bro. Phinney was one of the noble band of God's elect, which was given to Methodism many years ago, on what was then designated the Annapolis circuit. His conversion to God, was promptly succeeded with uniting himself with the Wesleyan church, and from that day down to the moment of his death, his association with the church of his choice was uninterrupted.

The early companion of his choice and mother of all his children, was a woman of God, and although a member of another denomination, the Baptists, was ever delighted to entertain God's people, and on all available occasions, was found by the side of her husband at the Lord's Table. It was Bro. P's., happiness to witness the conversion of several of his children many years ago; one of them has joined our ministerial ranks. His daughter Sarah Dewolf of blessed memory, died in Halifax after a short life of great usefulness in our church in that city, and her memory is fragrant in the recollections of many. His son Charles, a student in law, died in Canada in the triumph of faith, and Bro. P's., excellent wife, years ago joined her children in the Kingdom above.

As one who has been favored with the confidence and intimate friendship of our departed brother, for more than thirty years, with many others, it has been my privilege to "glorify God" in him, as a humble follower of Christ. His personal religious experience was more of the doubting than of the confiding cast. This however was more of a constitutional than a religious defect, but still his fearfulness, never led him to abandon the post of duty. Though ever inclined to minify his own progression in the divine life, he had just views of the efficiency and fullness of the grace of God. He had strong affection for all our ministers, and great respect for their teachings, but ever manifested a decided preference to evangelical, rather than the most oratorical deliverances. His house from the time of his conversion, has been the truly cheerful, and happy home of our ministers; and our excellent sister, his now bereaved widow, like the former Mrs. P. was as much delighted to entertain God's people, as her beloved husband. From the foregoing, it must not be supposed that our brother was a bigot, he was far from this, while he loved the people and church of his choice, he was emphatically a lover of good men, and if there was a person who repudiated a narrow or bigoted spirit, that person was Lawrence Phinney.

Our brother's social disposition and upright course in life won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He held down to the termination of his life, Her Majesty's Commission as Justice of peace and other official relations to the state.

In the Wesleyan church he has held the important offices of Leader, Society Steward, and Trustee, for many years, with the affectionate esteem of all associated with him. He was superintendent of the Lawrencetown Sabbath school for many years, and down to his latest years, took great delight in this department of the work of God.

Our brother's death, as he had for some time expected, was without any premonition. I hereby transcribe from a letter of a young friend who well knew and loved our departed brother from childhood. "On the morning of the 30th of November, although the weather was very cold, he told his wife he would go as far as his son's, a short distance from his residence, she tried to persuade him not to go out, but he thought it would do him no harm, she helped him on with his coat, but little thought it would be their last meeting on earth; he walked to his son's house and sat down, remarking that it was very cold. He had not been seated more than five minutes when Mrs. Phinney spoke to him, but receiving no answer and turning to him, saw him bow his head, fearing he would fall, caught hold of him, when he breathed twice and was gone. Thus passed away so easily, so peacefully, one who had been a loving husband, a kind father and a friend to the poor."

May the Lord comfort the bereaved widow, and may the children of such worthy parents, prove by the consecration of themselves to Christ and his church, worthy of such an ancestry, and finally join the sainted ones who have gone before. Bro. Phinney was seventy three years of age.

J. G. HENNIGAR.

Acondale, December 12, 1871.

Died of Diptheria in Avondale on the 22nd of November, Hessie Jane, the beloved daughter of William and Eliza Forrest; aged four years and nine months. This loving child, like many others who within the past few months, have passed away from this village was remarkable, for her love for her Sabbath school songs, and her last utterances were her favourite verse:

"Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

J. G. H.

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One million feet kiln drird Mouldings, various patterns.

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FLOORING.

1 1-2 M grooved and tongued spruce, and plain jointed 1 in. Flooring well seasoned.

LININGS AND SHELVINGS

Grooved and tongued Pine add spruce Lining Also, Shelving and other Dressed Material.

PLAINING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER and JIG and CIRCULAR SAWING, done at shortest notice.

—Also—

TURNING.

Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constantly on hand—Turned Stair Balusters and Newal Posts.

LUMBER.

Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Pin Timber and 3 in Plank. Also—Birch, Oak and othe hard woods.

SHINGLES.

Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles.

CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, LATHS, and JUNIPER POSTS.

ALSO,—SHIP AND BOAT KNEES.

All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria wharf, foot of Victoria Street (commonly known at Bates' Lane), near the Gas Works.
June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

JANUARY, 1872.

Last Quarter, 3rd day, 5h. 45m., afternoon.
New Moon, 10th day, 10h. 44m., morning.
First Quarter, 17th day, 7h. 48m., morning.
Full Moon, 25th day, 1h, 0m, afternoon.

D. M.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises.	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises	MOON. South.	MOON. Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1	M.	7 42	4 26	10 27	4 13	11 4	10 58
2	Tu.	7 42	4 27	11 32	4 57	11 27	11 36
3	W.	7 42	4 28	morn	5 42	11 52	A 21
4	Th.	7 41	4 29	0 41	6 27	A 12	1 9
5	Fr	7 41	4 30	1 50	7 14	0 38	2 6
6	Sa.	7 41	4 31	3 4	8 5	1 6	3 15
7	SU	7 41	4 32	4 22	9 1	1 40	4 24
8	M.	7 41	4 33	5 39	10 2	2 25	5 30
9	Tu.	7 40	4 34	6 52	11 6	3 20	6 30
10	W.	7 40	4 36	7 57	A. 12	4 27	7 28
11	Th.	7 40	4 37	8 52	1 16	5 40	8 20
12	Fr.	7 39	4 38	9 33	2 16	6 59	9 10
13	Sa.	7 39	4 39	10 8	3 12	8 16	9 58
14	Su.	7 38	4 40	10 35	4 3	9 31	10 46
15	M.	7 38	4 42	11 0	4 50	10 40	11 32
16	Tu.	7 37	4 43	11 22	5 34	11 46	morn
17	W.	7 37	4 44	11 44	6 18	morn.	0 17
18	Th.	7 36	4 45	A 9	7 3	0 52	1 3
19	Fr.	7 36	4 47	0 36	7 48	1 57	1 56
20	Sa.	7 35	4 48	1 6	8 33	3 0	2 49
21	SU.	7 34	4 49	1 41	9 21	4 0	4 7
22	M.	7 33	4 51	2 24	10 10	5 1	5 18
23	Tu,	7 32	4 52	3 13	11 0	5 56	6 19
24	W.	7 31	4 54	4 8	11 49	6 47	7 7
25	Th	7 31	4 55	5 8	morn.	7 30	7 48
26	Fr.	7 30	4 56	6 11	0 38	8 8	8 25
27	Sa.	7 29	4 57	7 16	1 26	8 41	9 0
28	SU.	7 28	4 59	8 20	2 12	9 8	9 34
29	M.	7 27	5 0	9 25	2 56	9 32	10 6
30	Tu.	7 26	5 2	10 31	3 40	9 55	10 40
31	W.	7 25	5 3	11 39	4 25	10 19	11 16

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southing gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport, and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE
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