

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## Religious Miscellany.

ST. JOHN.

The following anonymous poem was found, about eight years ago, in a magazine published in Philadelphia. Its beauty of language, fervor of feeling, and exalted religious sentiment, have for a wider circulation than it has yet attained:

I'm growing very old. This weary head  
That hath so often bowed on Jesus' breast,  
In days long past that seem almost a dream,  
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.

These limbs that followed Him, my Master, oft  
From Galilee to Judah; yes, that stood  
Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans,  
Refuse to bear His even though the agony  
To press upon my children. How my lips  
Refuse to bear the words my heart sends forth.  
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sob  
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;  
My eyes are dim; they cannot see the gleam  
Of God's life that shines upon my hand,  
And now His soul—the gentle hand that felt  
Felt those three years, so often pressed in mine,  
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect  
The faces of my friends, and I forget  
The words and deeds that make up daily life;  
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,  
Grows more distinct on shadowy fade away,  
More than I live with Him and holy deed  
More than with living.

Some several years ago  
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.  
It was as sunset, how the tranquil tide  
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light  
Crested up the distant hills, and in its wake  
Soft purple shadows wrapped the deep fields!  
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed,  
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,  
From out of which, as from a window, shone  
Divinity, looked on my unworthiest.  
And lighted it forever. Then His words  
Broke on the silence of my heart and made  
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love  
Took hold of me and claimed me for His own.  
I followed in the twilight, holding fast  
His mantle.

Oh! what holy walls we had,  
Through harvest fields and desolate dry wastes;  
And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,  
Weighed and wayworn. I was young and strong,  
And He who spake, "I am thy Father,"  
And old and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!  
So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!  
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace.  
Come, let us have these noisy streets and take  
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile  
Awaits us as the gate of Peace, Gabriel came  
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal:  
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, too,  
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?  
This is Ephesus, and Christ has gone  
Back to His Kingdom. "Ay, 'tis so,"  
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed  
To stand once more upon my native hills  
And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen  
The smiling life of His garments bring back brightly  
To my childhood's days, as if they were mine,  
I heard me once more to my church—once more  
There let me tell them of a Savior's love;  
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice  
Just now, I think, he must be very near.—  
Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time  
Has woven so thick that I can see beyond,  
And watch His footsteps.

Hardly drowned, the vivas of those who were  
determined to impress their enthusiasm upon  
the startled "drum" of others. About noon  
there was a wonderful king of the pageants of  
older lands, for the King of the Carnival re-  
ceived from the Mayor the keys of the city,  
which were duly presented on a velvet cushion  
in front of the City Hall. The Mayor's ad-  
dress of welcome and the King's gracious re-  
ply are worthy of a State-paper-office immor-  
tality. The Mayor's speech was printed on  
white satin, and ran thus:

August and Gracious Sovereign,—  
In the name of the people of your new empire,  
and in the name of your chosen people,  
I give you welcome. You come to us from clas-  
sical lands, where your reign is glorious with  
the stirring memories of a thousand years, un-  
veiled by revolt, undimmed by the shadow of disloy-  
alty. You enter here upon fresh fields of  
peaceful conquest over the hearts of loving  
and obedient subjects; may the triumphs of  
your future be equal to the history of your past,  
and your benign sway be extended over States  
yet unknown and nations yet unborn.

By virtue of my office, I freely tender to you  
the loyal obedience of your lieges, and place  
at your disposal the keys of your capital city.

The King's reply was couched in stately  
terms, and was a fine specimen of pathos.

Honorable Mayor, and most noble Gen-  
tlemen and Ladies,—  
The exercise of the powers of absolute so-  
vereignty during so many centuries (I) amid the  
joyous acclaim of loving subjects has not dulled  
the generous enthusiasm of my heart; it is  
therefore with the deep emotion of intense plea-  
sure that I accept the homage of the Western  
world in my capital city. I hail the glad op-  
portunity to establish my reign over regions  
yet unknown, but which in the light of your  
past progress reveal to my prophetic vision  
new and glorious parts of my extending king-  
dom; even as to the eye of the night-watcher  
who turns his telescope upon the sky, the fiery  
nebulae resolve into myriads of glittering stars,  
and new constellations shake their flaming  
hair. I accept the keys of my capital, and will  
rule but for a day, granting to the city the  
whole of the ensuing year to prepare for my  
next coming.

I have said.

Shortly after these time-honored ceremonies  
the procession of masquers began to move, and  
such was its length that it was upwards of an  
hour in passing the balcony on which I sat to  
see it. To attempt anything like a description  
unless a newspaper of many columns were be-  
spoke for the occasion is simply impossible. A  
few of the more salient features of it only can  
be recorded here. A squadron of mounted  
police, about a baker's dozen, led the way,  
then followed the Earl Marshal of the Empire,  
gaily attired, and behind him, in a carriage  
guarded on either side, the Mayor and a  
colonel in the army, who were facetiously called  
"State Prisoners," and were the only parties  
in the procession who were unmasked. The  
Royal Guard of Araba, Egyptians, and Turcos  
followed, looking as fierce as they conveniently  
could—the Arabs very passable Arabs, though  
strongly drawn toward the management of lanes.  
At the rear of the company of lanes were com-  
monly reputed to be. After these came His Majesty,  
with a flowing ermine robe, with a crown upon  
his head, and riding on a prancing charger. He  
looked every inch a king. Following the  
young lord came the Court, simple and knew,  
grotesquely robed, and masked as dogs, asses,  
and hideous or mirth-provoking men. The  
pages of the realm, all dukes, numbering about  
eighty, from the Duke of Kent on to the Duke  
of Bull Run, the latest creation, were next in  
order. "The royal elephant with the royal  
baggage," was the next imposing announce-  
ment; a man masked in an elephant's head,  
with a little black trunk about the size of a bi-  
scuit in his shoulder, was the laughable re-  
sult. In a carriage, spreading beneath or him-  
self, for the gender was not doubtful, was the  
personation of the "Daughter of the Regi-  
ment," a free and fervent lady (!) wearing  
some three hundred pounds. The Quarter-  
master and Medical Departments, bearing ri-  
cious devices and mottoes, preceded the  
Lord High Admiral, the very model of an old  
ruler, rubicund and gaily swayed in enormous  
bandages, with his infant foot resting on a  
pillow, and the bottle beside him, thus pre-  
sented cause and effect at one view. The  
Royal Navy was represented by twelve boats,  
hoisted on waggon, and manned by masked  
little blue-jackets, each of whom wore the sil-  
ver-blue of his day's wages as his medal of  
honour. The Lord High Constable of the Em-  
pire, bearing the foot of the monarch, of whom  
about 200 were in the procession, made into  
the shape of every conceivable creature, and  
his own sang and otherwise deformed himself  
as if they had been bitten by the Naples spider.  
They were followed by the Baufr-Gas, the  
sacred ox, weighing 2,250 lbs. The Master  
of the Horse led the representatives of the an-  
cient order of Ox-anion, each with a front-de-  
piece in chain armor, and archers in Lincoln green,  
and this division was appropriately closed by  
Don Quixote on Rosinante, and the faithful  
Sancho Panza, meek and imperturbable, on an  
ass. In the van of the third division, com-  
posed of mounted masquers, was the Lord's of  
the Carriage. In this division were tab'aux re-  
presenting Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man,  
and a waggon, containing two genuine speci-  
mens of baculae humanitatis, labelled, "From  
the country, but not green." The masquers in  
this division followed, a motley and grotesque  
crew, the most noticeable of whom were Jack the  
Giant Killer, the heads of the giants being  
decreased out of beforehand, the original  
Pekwick, and three portentious-looking crea-  
tures about ten feet high, who were supposed  
to be the representatives of the drowned King  
Klan Klan, and who were every now and then  
swept down upon their lofty height, and placed  
downwards upon their face in close contact with  
the front of some absorbed and moonstruck  
stranger. The next division was a fine illus-  
tration of that ubiquitous American smartness  
which turns even festivity to commercial ac-  
count, and is labelled to have one eye steadily  
on business while the other is closed eye steadily  
upon the pleasures of the Guild in beer. The  
Lord High Sheriff followed, which introduced  
a long, ingenious, and following, which was  
called the Advertising Division, and in  
which, on vans of various construction, and in  
tableaux more or less literally rendered, the  
merchants made known their wares and puff-  
ed them to the public. There were advertisements  
of sugar, and whiskey, and bacon, safes to hold  
money, and cisterns to hold water, the man-

their human models. The walrus brings up  
the rear, and so the *Gerrilla* are introduced.  
The serpent, tall as a giraffe, with basilisk eye  
and dangerous coils, and, in due succession,  
the chameleon, scorpion, iguana, and salamander.  
There is then an abrupt transition to the  
Vegetable kingdom, for the next two divisions  
are those of *Fruit and Flowers*, all happy con-  
ceptions—in the first, maize, carrot, pine, ban-  
ana, grape; and in the second, blossoms, vine,  
magnolia, passiflora. The two latter, represent-  
ing the blonde and brunette styles of  
female beauty, were especially attractive. The  
*Jaqueta* came next, and we gazed successively  
upon the fly, locust, grasshopper, and cricket.  
Death's-head-moth, stag-beetle,  
tobacco-grub, mosquito-hawk, spider, and but-  
terfly, all used, as their instincts or habits were  
caught, to point a moral or to shame a sinner.  
Of the *iodonta*, besides the hare, squirrel,  
mouse, rabbit, opossum, and kangaroo, the  
mole and the rat were the two most sugges-  
tive figures, the one representing a man, doing  
honest underground work, and the other a shy  
and whiskered conspirator with a dark lantern  
and a bunch of keys—ready to undermine any  
figure, however ancient or venerable or of good  
report—it is the Houses of Parliament, or the  
English Sabbath, or perhaps, for rats are  
dangerous, our pure homes and our Protestant  
religion. The harmless *Zusimonia*, including  
the ram, sheep, goat, bison, deer, camel, and  
giraffe, are completed by the bull and cow, the  
former a selfish, party, middle-aged individual,  
with hands in pockets, cheek-aid, and Sunday  
hat, who stalks along with supreme indifference  
even to the uncomplaining consort at his side.

As we advance in the scale, the *Carrosora*  
appear. The hedgehog, the fox (a bland and  
courtly gentleman in a carpetbag. This was  
a hit against the Northerners who have come  
as adventurers into the southern States since  
the war, and who are known by the name of  
carpet-baggers), the racoon, the bear, the  
bat, and the cat. Then came several varieties  
of the dog tribe—the greyhound as a coachman,  
the sky-tetter as an English dandy, the  
bull-dog as prize-fighter, and the bulldog as  
a politician, but who has lost the scent, and  
is too great wary to recover it. The hippo-  
potamus was typified by a retired sea-captain;  
and the leopard, hyena, lion, and tiger  
make up this division. Next come the *Pachy-  
dermata*—composed by the elephant, rhino-  
ceros, hog, horse, and ass, who is made to fit  
after this fashion by the post of the specta-  
cle.

As a counter-balance, from fountain far and wide,  
Unit to form the river's rushing tide,  
So all these types, in Darwin's matchless plan;  
Converged, assert the lineage of man.

Thus well-endowed—ah! Darwin! thou, alas!  
Wastest his science to the highest power,  
Room for the last division! The *Quadrum-*  
and the solid of all things are at hand!  
The chamois monkey, the bearded ape,  
the baboon, the chimpanzee, the orang-outang,  
march past in ever-increasing pretentiousness,  
majesty, and then, in regal splendor, in all  
the pomp and state of which so near a pro-  
ject is worthy—but prose is weak and I  
must summon the poet again—

Oh rosy hues of Time's dim twilight morn,  
Unit to form the river's rushing tide,  
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The procession passed, the revelry was  
carried on indoors far into the small hours of  
the morning, the city woke up next day to its  
accustomed work, and the *Mardi-Gras* was but  
the memory of a dream. It was worth seeing,  
once in a life-time, if only as an illustration  
of the saturnalia of beastliness are re-  
produced in modern times; as a rebuke to the  
proud-making of some other nations, in that  
neither cruelty nor impiety, in the gross-  
ness of that word, were mingled with the  
folly; and as a lesson to us all that if we  
turn aside for a moment to the pursuit of holiness  
as these were in the pursuit of pleasure, we  
should be much nearer our Divine ideal than,  
alas! some of us are.

PERN AND SCISSORS.

The N. Y. *Advocate* says of Prof. Agas-  
si's wife:—  
Bless the woman! A recent writer says,  
since Prof. Agassiz's death:—"What the profes-  
sor lacked in order, method, or business man-  
ner was abundantly supplied by Mrs. Agas-  
si. It was her graceful and assiduous pen  
that recast and put into more classic mold the  
professor's ready English. It was her constant  
encouragement and stimulus that supported the  
professor in new and difficult undertakings.  
Her counsel was always listened to with re-  
spectful attention, and she showed that if we  
were half as expert in the pursuit of holiness  
as she is in the pursuit of pleasure, we  
should be much nearer our Divine ideal than,  
alas! some of us are.

MEMORIAL OF MRS. NANCY FELLOWS, LATE OF CANNOING.

Numbered with the multitude who have gone  
from our beloved Zion here, to be forever with  
the Lord, the name of Sister Nancy Fellows is  
fragrant in the memory of those who knew her best.

Our departed Sister, who was from childhood  
amiable in disposition, and one who respected  
religion, was led by the increasing drawings of  
the Divine Spirit to associate with the people  
of God in the class meeting held for many years  
in the home of Brother Amos Burdige, in  
Canard, Cornwallis. Being led to the conscious  
enjoyment of personal religion, she received  
the ordinance of Christian baptism, and was  
admitted to full membership into the Meth-  
odist Church by the Rev. Richard Smith, then  
the resident Methodist Minister on the Canning  
Circuit. Our Sister won the affections and  
respect of all who had the privilege of being  
acquainted with her, while her consistency  
of deportment illustrated the genuineness  
of her religion. She was indeed, to the utmost  
of her power, ready to every good work. To  
her salutary efforts, I am told, we are indebted  
for the fine toned bell we now have in the Canning  
Church. Several years ago she was called to  
mourn the loss of her loved husband, Mr. G.  
Fellows, but it was to her a source of comfort  
that he died in hope of eternal life. It was a  
strange coincidence that her much loved mo-  
ther-in-law, Mrs. J. Fellows (a woman whose  
friendship she had long enjoyed) was the friend  
of the afflicted, to whom she had gladly devoted  
her attention), should only a few hours  
after her death follow her to the home of the  
blest.

For some time Sister, in a feeble state of  
health, gave much anxiety to those not ac-  
quainted with her; but whenever practicable,  
she was found in the sanctuary of God, and  
her melodious voice still rings in the memory  
of her Christian friends. As she drew near  
the end of her life, her interest in all that  
appertained to the glory of God continued to in-  
crease.

Suddenly the messenger, to release her from  
all mortal care, arrived. In the set of pre-  
paring for the funeral of her departed mother-  
in-law, she was suddenly seized with hemorrhage  
from the lungs, which soon terminated  
her life on the 24th Nov., 1873, in the 46th  
year of her age. In the absence of the Pastor  
of the Church, the funeral service was conducted  
by Dr. DeWolf, who preached a most approp-  
riate sermon on the occasion.

J. G. HERRINGAN,  
Canning, December.

It is a joy to me to know that the Christians  
within the communion of this church are not all  
the Christians to be found in the congregation.  
We are richer than we appear to be. Here are  
growing pear trees, apple trees, cherry trees,  
and shrubs, and blossoming vines, and flowers  
of every hue and odor; but I am glad that some  
seeds have been sown on the wall, and that  
fruit trees and flowers most pleasant to the eye  
are springing up there also. And though I  
wish they were within the enclosure, where the  
bear out of the wood could not waste them, and  
the wild beast of the field devour them, yet I  
love them, and am glad to see them growing  
there. To all such I say, God nourish and pro-  
tect you, and bring you, with us, to the garden  
above.—*Decher.*

THE LATE JOHN CHAPMAN, Esq., OF DORCHESTER, IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMORLAND, N. B., WAS BORN FEB. 2, 1792. HE DIED ON TUESDAY, DEC. 30th, 1873. HE WAS ALMOST 82 YEARS OF AGE AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH. ONE OF THE PROMINENT MAGISTRATES OF THIS COUNTY, AND WAS JUDGE OF COURT OF COMMON PLEAS A PORTION OF THAT PERIOD. THROUGHOUT HIS LONG PUBLIC LIFE HE INvariably maintained a character of unimpeachable integrity as a Magistrate. He commanded respect and esteem by his legal

where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope, in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love." J. S. C.

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