## The ©ratincial đteslenam

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| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 1 |  |  |  |  | privelege hav ney |
|  |  | ｜East．Ift the sere face to face with J | no vito of prite some ryy | ， | Wercuan M a |  |
|  | And bistul thoughts | the civilizations of Europe，and most of all upon the land which when it，also， | to labour its style．If you have any mance within you，make use of it，t | eternity＇s crystal lamps，and pageautry， will chant on |  | vided howcever，that mendation of three－fo |
|  |  | yougg ns，we are，and ever fighting existence，laid by her great Alfred＇s bai |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | No joy of itione no mut denie |  |  |  |  | $\mid$ resricions exe |
|  | His spirit cries，＂Not satisfied，＂ Wrapt in the body＇s pampered el | rely for support．Like the vicar of Wake－ for was nately too large for the parsonage，so the | the French cheer，he gave the Northers ＂hurrah，＂and its very sound so familiar and thrilling swept his men back to victor | licence of Catholic orthodoxy，must be re－ cognized as among the grandest agencies at work in the world．Hence the framers of our <br> last Educational Report remind the Church |  | passed by two－thirds of the General Confor－ ence，so soon as thrce－tourths of the member |
|  |  |  | \％r Leara by his the theteret powers thatare ind | Of ibee Provines＂Mhas if if would | ieged stall be Tus Wwewry Mutruobur |  |
| Their latest hour we vainly deemed Would prove their virtue more than name And crown the glory of their tame With good as lasting as it reemed． | Be richer far in beaven＇s estate <br> And good evolve from seem． <br> Then must I seek the murky night， | When sketthed out mas be found greater than the publice mind，just now，is pre． pared It is receive． |  |  |  |  case there oball be Lay delegation in the Geo eral Conierence，the appeai to resictions，shall |
|  |  |  |  | Physical eduatation，to tot inemellectualism |  |  |
| But vanished all＇he might that bound A myriad list＇ners to their breath： No wardens at the gates of death For them an easier entrance found | jewels pure and br $r$ the ashes and the $c$ |  | also is a spirit that will fling its mastery upon the page，the profession and the world． Or if you are among those whose eyes | of the Athenian School，we add spiritual truths that have dropped upon the world out of the very heart of God．Truths so |  | 12．Any act of the General Conter volving oonstitutional chagges，shall |
|  |  |  |  |  | Quarterly Mectings ol the toe exititing Con－ |  |
| And yet we seek the envied boon， We wrestle for it in the strite； We crave the sun to cheer our life That，＇chance，will set lefore its noon |  |  | （ront，to woom not hop pas but toe futur |  | Th |  |
|  |  |  |  | ooly of tee thiogs oo earit，add | Ot either one Minitere tore everf（our member |  |
|  | sood may yeren anas： | Mp and down，githerig togoterer lium bey |  |  | Andon |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { Twas thus I spoke as hall alone, } \\ & \text { And balf to her wbo with me rov'd } \\ & \text { Thro'many a glade and gioom we lov'd } \\ & \text { And made each other's thoughts our own. } \end{aligned}$ |  | ${ }^{\text {a }}$ |  |  |  |  |
|  | die |  |  |  | ${ }^{\text {Provide }}$ | ot the wembers of the evereral next eanuives |
| （My childhood＇s triend，what mem＇ries thrill， My widow＇d beart where thou hast been！ E＇o fho＇the green turf grows between I teel thy presence with me still ） | Who shomemot trood tud |  |  |  | Conferene shall be neo or the |  |
|  | N |  |  |  |  | The Gee |
|  | direre efinin |  | ＂The post of hoour，and the post of |  | Lunder dod we | ne ord duminichen tuo number |
| Then in reply to what I said Sbe breathed her deep life－thought to me， And shamed my low philosophy， As thus she taught ber faith instead | Or bis estate in glory high |  | mer， |  |  |  |
|  |  | comel | Lhe mire and workhouee ，ibe woole |  |  | ${ }_{\substack{\text { speri } \\ \text { cione }}}$ |
|  | Ot gall and wormwood pow＇r the most， | the words of Tupper which to rruth |  |  | （1）The Laymen in onath Amun 1 |  |
| When I was a child with a nature as wild As the winds in their frolicsome glee， My pulses were stirred with the joy of a bird As I roved by the shore of the sea； <br> And I thought no song but in heaven so sweet <br> As the song that the waves brought to me． | Liated to the iime tiat |  |  | Piole |  | 16．Tomard meeting the expenee of the |
|  |  |  | is ineoud．Mese are word which make |  | bern of our Courct witin the |  |
|  | Who happily learn to trust and And patient tread the rugged road | In reathery snows，in whisting winds，in dim elec－ tric sk ies； For she hideth everywhere，that Reason＇s child may |  | line runuing through one portion，and be retushed to lay chisel upon it．Such is the |  |  |
| So daily I trod on the summer green sod， On the banks where the tide rose and fell， And wrote on the sand in a mystical hand Which the art of a sage might not tell－ Aye，there on the sand wrote my four－let ter name， <br> On the shore where I loved best to dwell． |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { her, } \\ & \text { ing found the } \\ & \text { s crown." } \end{aligned}$ | We will stand is it he end highter up than it |  |  | dor |
|  |  | $s$ idea of an inetelectual obeer |  | spiriual truth that seience atuais tee | linece | 边 |
|  | Bruised hearts that beat the walls of tit But short the record of your pain． |  |  |  | den | 17．The |
|  |  |  | panting．The courser must come out of the quiet field，where he has pastured with | our human oature producing the a． and the man ！ | （2）The Lay Meuting making |  |
|  | Oitaded byp and drappled crovin |  |  | Youg laties， you | General | rot，and St，Le |
| Each wavelet was bright with its jewels of light One fair morn as I stood by the sea， A bright gem that was wafted to me 0 never a gem，thought my rapturous heart Halt as tair as this treasure could be． | Ye may not tell of lost renown |  | may be feeere that he eet the ring of his |  | 6．The s |  |
|  | dies onomin | hood，which ligerers long in ine the remem－ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | study，and the honorable dismissal，hav |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | ${ }_{\substack{\text { conien } \\ \text { pointum }}}$ |  |
| So jealous my care ot my jewel so rare <br> That I hid it in fondness from view <br> Gar dearer to me was my gitt fiom the sea <br> Than the rest of the world ever knew； <br> And 1 hid it away in the depths of my beart， <br> And around it my heart＇s tendrils grew． | ene cof |  |  |  | than twent．five yeari | 20． |
|  | It all we prize beneath the evicie | arangers have met tor an hour in railwa or hotel，the words，Mount Allison，have |  |  | ${ }^{\text {begen }}$ iog | ${ }^{\text {bracee }}$ |
|  |  |  |  |  | bise elec |  |
| It filled all my days with sweet magical lays <br> Like the stars sang one morning of yore； <br> It wrought in my dreams with its mystical beams <br> Fairest visions of joy yet in store； <br> And the years in their flight wrought no change <br> in my heart <br> But the change that I loved it the more． | Tot empt our eagers tepp 10 olimb． | Ltat hour of couversee It has been under |  |  |  | of Eaterem Mritith maerican ，batl bod |
|  | The bratid o | dream hase beend dramed，which future |  |  |  | ione |
|  | vox et praterea nimu： | as when Hatiogs dreamed by the brook． | your brain fashioning its mental gold into shape－the beatings of your heart，alive |  | or in ine |  |
|  |  | his name，and then came bronzed and bearded a | with courage and hope MHeart withion |  |  |  |
|  | ${ }^{\text {LSam}}$ |  |  |  | one |  |
| But never a rose may its beauties disclose <br> But to fade ere the summer is o＇er ； <br> And never a star rise in glory afar <br> But at morn is a beacon no more； And long lost to me is wy gift from the sea <br> That I tound when a child by the shore． | ${ }^{\text {Br Reve }}$ A．Strwnat Deskriar． | hane been sulighted，natid the sward out | Starest word can be made lopy enough |  |  | Nen Bruanerick ad Prineo Edsocd L |
|  | We are gathered | and lived orer the |  | Pampeii，ween the voicano thadedered forth |  | ${ }^{24 .}$ Neeroundadad thall conatituo |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | land |
| Yet daily I stray in my own shildish way， <br> To my haunt by the broad ocean＇s side， |  |  |  |  | An |  |
|  |  | ata | Lhat rue gathered here，we are one in |  | 10．Each Seearal Conterene | nexioen and orthe |
| Long I watch for a sail on the tide； <br> watch for the sail of the boatman pale |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ate |  |  |  | all lie right，por |
| Who will bear me away as his bride． And patient I wait，for he＇ll not tarry late | wisdom．Every grand institution has had its origin in thought．A conception was |  |  | and salpes of haroro glare poon bim，yel and | core | 27．Eneot Anoual ${ }^{\text {a }}$ |
| Soon bis sail will appear in the west <br> And this well I know，for my heart tells me so <br> When I pray for a season of rest <br> ，but＇tis all changed |  | Iake would explain oo us how the hill off |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | son more grand and true than in the Con－ | have power to makes rules and regulations for |  |
| My child－world was bright，but＇tis all changed <br> to night， <br> And I think that to go will be best． | Thee thought of af few unduated men | Cloud，skimming straight pp the no |  |  |  | of a Prusident withi feronve electing bim． |
| But when I shall stand with the glorified band By the river that flows by the throne， <br> I kñow there will glide o＇er its clear crystal tide A bright gem in its glory alone， <br> And come to my band far more radiant and yrand－ |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  | and seremery |
|  |  |  | the sun，assumes affinity with intelligence |  | （2）They shall not destroy the Itinerant system． |  |
|  | are making freo the mind．unurappiog | made the mind sinewy， muscular． | go out from these halls can hang up your |  | （tay |  |
| My dear treasure forever my own， A part of my joy to become evermore | ignorance，and sayiug＂loose him aud let him go．＂They are spanaing the years |  |  |  | （4）They thall not do onyy yith the prix．， | that nominate as a Gioveral Sperinter |
| As L tread on the banks of the heavenly shore； Yes，the future I know will bring back to me |  |  |  |  | lege of our Ministers and Preachers，of trial by a Committee of Ninisters，and of an appeal ； |  |
|  |  |  |  | He heeded not reviling to Nur sold his heart to idie |  |  |
| We parted then ：full well she taught <br> Giood may be lost but not for aye ； <br> Its worth unknown to meaner thought |  | and pratiol．They are ono a loely soog， |  |  | They stall not approrititat the profisu eliza | eneans；Pra |
|  | Alisou， |  |  | Semen | of the Book Room，to any purpose other than |  |
| Disclosed in never ending day． | o live in heart we leave tehind |  |  |  |  |  |
| Then rose before my faith＇s clear sight <br> A garden clad in Eden＇s flowers， <br> All bathed in hues of nameless light <br> Entwined in amaranthine bowers | How far reaching were those thoughts | of life，have come to me between the shadows of care．I would charge you to cultivate your days here，in such a manner， | the waves and rescued life，will uot lightly appreciate the man who will go down | complete beauty．From the temple of truth the scaffolding that so disfigures shall be the scaffolding that so disfigures shall be |  | enemer ine erteender |
|  |  | that when they are mememeres and ontin |  |  |  | Harce tiom |
|  |  | Let then be days of hooest oill and sal． |  |  | at any Rule or Regulation noy in loce，ree |  |
| And tho＇in beauty far outgrown， <br> 1 knew they were what I had lost． | and and laid their foundatious．Poiticel ideas |  | is for hhem who will satith，it from the | gone．When Plotemy built Pharos tratus，the architect，wrote the king | pee | lod freaterer |
|  | come realitesi OVer tee chas or our |  | ata |  | Prasiers their | 33．Each Anoul Conitenese that |
| And knowledge spread its path of light， Which winding oer a plain began，Then circling up in mountain beight， Far lost in giddy distance ran． | hane pondered，and their dreams have |  |  |  | 为 |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Prea | Commiteo |
| And toilers thronged the path along， some old，some launching on lifc＇s tide |  | other by your name having found on the college register． |  |  | orateration，slaill |  |
| A few had pass＇d the common throng <br> And clinb＇d far up the mountain side． | provinee，and haie stood upon our feet－an Empirie！ | It is a strange feature of this practical |  |  | Con | Ieeing bly |
| And heee were the of of denemn |  | every eiterprise．The sorreot， | are of botere Dieel than those．＂ADid | Cuast！The Alpara，wo ofrat prepared | Do coneurres | coir |
| And back trom day＇s majestic crown lise setiled clouds of ages flung． |  | Hrae back the s．epeping |  |  | （idid rue or regulution betorere ilem）of tho． | ogor to |
| Bat ever thus must loss reveal <br> The treasured boon that is in store？ <br> an mortal never trust in weal |  | Peace or war，you will ind ind |  |  |  |  |
|  | 隹 |  |  | Is int |  |  |
| To gind wath the has lost betore？ And what is good，and what is ill ？ Who knows the import of the twain？Not almays good what suits the will， |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

