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## Religious Miscellany.

### "Come unto Me, when Shadows Darkly Gather."

A SACRED SONG—COMPOSED AND SET TO MUSIC BY ARNOLD DODD.

Of the Royal Academy of Music. Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather, When the heart is weary and distressed, Seeking comfort from thy Heavenly Father, Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground, When the lord's sleep brighter comes to waken, When their pale brows with spirit waters were crown'd.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Bright are the homes that surround never dim, Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling, Glad are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

There like an Eden, blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers of the earth too ruddy, "Praise'd," "Come unto Me, all ye that droop in sadness, Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

### The Worm at the Heart.

BY REV. THEODORE CUTLER. In the island of Cuba they will show you sometimes a piece of timber in a dwelling, or in the framework of a sugar-mill, that looks sound and firm. But if a sudden pressure comes on that timber it will snap, splinter, and fly to pieces. So it is with the human mind. It may be sound and firm, but if a sudden pressure comes on it, it will snap, splinter, and fly to pieces. So it is with the human mind. It may be sound and firm, but if a sudden pressure comes on it, it will snap, splinter, and fly to pieces.

godliness without its spirit. They still float the ensign of orthodoxy at the masthead. They often venture out where a gale of temptation strikes them, the rotten timbers crash up in the hurricane, and the broken spars floating on the billows tell the tale of the shipwreck.

Why do we write these painful truths? Do we seek to bring Christianity into contempt, and lead the impetuous to believe that all church members are secret impostors? God forbid! We only utter these sad words in warning to the followers of Jesus. My brother in Christ, let us warn you against the real indulgence of secret sin. As soon as you begin to love sin, you are in danger. The worm has been hatched, and he has commenced his fatal work. As soon as you begin to neglect your duty—to forsake the closet or the place of prayer, or your Bible, the inward dry-rot has struck the very heart of your piety. The friend of the sinner is the enemy of Jesus. Not the love of sinners, but the love of sinners' sins is the Christian's danger. Beware of any intruder that shuts out your God, that keeps you from the spirit of prayer, of any associate that leads you to forsake God's people, of any books or papers that make your Bible distasteful, and of any secret thought that grieves away the Holy Spirit. Beware of the worm at the core! Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Keep yourself in the love of Jesus as the holy master-passion of the soul. Watch upon thy prayer. And again I say unto you all—watch!—*Zion's Herald.*

### Sabbath Morning Musings.

It is Sabbath morning. How glad I am that I need not hasten so early with fearful, trembling steps to the door of the sepulchre to seek a buried Saviour. He hath arisen, and is knocking at the door of my heart, and I open to him so gladly. In answer to earnest, believing prayer, he comes to be my guest to-day, and O the glimpses of heaven my spirit-eye shall see, the sweet communion with Jesus each hour. Truly to-night shall I be "a day's march nearer home." What fitting rest can I set before my Saviour? What gifts can I offer to show that have him ever in remembrance? Ah, I can only gather up all my little heart, that only Jesus knows, all my little care and sorrow that daily try me, and cast them at his feet, saying, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." While Jesus is my guest I need not be careful about many things; need not be "cumbered with much serving." I have only to sit at his feet this blessed Sabbath, and learn of him. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin;" then just now, I lay all upon the altar. I plunge beneath the purple flood, and rise pure in heart. I see God with the eye of faith as never before. So I am no more the servant of sin, but the loving child of God—"Ask, and ye shall receive." Obeying, I will claim from my Father all I need. Ask that I may walk only in the footsteps of his Son; heed not whether the way lead up to Calvary's mount, or down by the peaceful, quiet waters of joy. Only I would never lose sight of my guide, so steadfastly beholding, shall I grow to be like him. Then shall I do all to the glory of God, and know that perfect love which casteth out all fear. Once again, Jesus bids me go work in his vineyard. With a heart never consecrated I obey, and duty will no longer cross each other, but sweetly blend, for a holy, filial love unites them. How blessed to work for Jesus when he tells us just what to do, just how to do it; and when heathen and strength fail, we can trust in his all-sufficient arm. We open the journals and read that the Rev. Mr. A., or that Dr. B. had been disciplined and degraded for "immoral conduct." This is but the final result. The eye of God had seen, for a long time, the secret gnawings of indulged sin, that were slowly devouring the poor man's conscience.

In their heart the fatal worm was sensual appetites. It has slain Christian professors who are tempted with the wine-glass on his table because that thirst for stimulant may become the "worm that never dies." Let every Christian too who is spending his Lord's money for tickets to the theatre or the ball-room beware! He is nursing an insect in the soil that will eat away his piety. Here at Stratford—where I write this paragraph—I sometimes hear of church members being sent in strange places and in strange company. Then I say to myself—the all-seeing Eye must detect in these backsliding professors a worm at the core.

Paul tells us of such a deserter in the circle of his associates. The poor man had once been a co-worker with him, and even a fellow-prisoner for Jesus' sake. But by-and-by Paul sorrowfully writes: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." The busy hour of our *Love of the world* has led his loyalty to Christ. Demas's heart was not strong enough to withstand the outward strains of godliness to bear the strain.

In these days of worldly conformity and self-indulgence God's people are in peculiar danger. Infidelity is not doing one-tenth part as much mischief to the cause of Christ as the *Love of the world* and the spirit of self-indulgence. The world has to be rich with its pleasures, its luxuries, its amusements. Its brethren attend to its pleasures, its luxuries, its amusements. Its brethren attend to its pleasures, its luxuries, its amusements. Its brethren attend to its pleasures, its luxuries, its amusements.

Sudden temptations often overthrow these worm-eaten professors; and then "their sin finds them out." At the navy yard in Brooklyn there was a stately receiving ship that was never sent to sea. She looked stout and gallant, and the stary flag streamed brightly from her peak. But she was dry-rotted to the keel, and could not have lived on hour in a tempest. In nearly every church there are members whose hearts become dry-rotted with the *Love of the world*. They still preserve the "form of

## The Mysore Mission.

We take from the *Waldman* the following letter, dated, Wesleyan Mission House, Mysore, 26th of July, 1867:—"The subject of Missions among the heathen finds a responsive chord in every benevolent heart; conscious of this, we bring before you with the least reluctance our present position and prospects in the royal city of Mysore."

The Great Head of the Church has been graciously pleased to bless us of late years in this field of labour to such an extent, that the room at present in use for preaching to the natives is by far too small, and it is by no means unusual to find it unconsciously crowded, and attentive hearers listening at the door.

The number of Christians among the heathen in Mysore city has, during the last four years, increased fourfold. We occasionally meet with the remark that the result of modern Missions has been a failure; thousands of missions fields, and amongst them Mysore, contradict this statement. A few years since we had only one Congregational Christian in Mysore, now more than thirty meet regularly for church-fellowship and receive the Lord's Supper. The hopes of blessing are now revealing a cloud, little perhaps at present, as a man's hand, is raising and gathering strength, and we are earnestly praying and humbly expecting that the promised showers of heavenly blessing may soon fall upon us richly, and that an abundant harvest of precious souls may soon be gathered into the garner of God.

## Religious Intelligence.

### The Religious Life of the Negroes.

GEN. RUFUS SAXON, IN THE INDEPENDENT. I noticed in a late editorial that mention was made of the need there was for articles on religious topics. I thought then that, if for no other reason, I should be glad to write to you their experience in life and religion as simply and earnestly as they relate them to us, your columns need never be lacking in that particular. This was forcibly brought to my mind by a little incident which occurred at my house a few mornings ago, an account of which was written, at my request, to send you, thinking it might prove as interesting to some of your readers as it did to us.

While sitting on the piazza, we saw an old colored woman, bent with age and rheumatism, coming up the path slowly and painfully, leaning on a stick. After we had exchanged the customary "how do you do," she asked, "I had a bit 'fore I come out. What I wants is some old clothes to go to meakin' in." My husband drew to a close, and "pears I do want to go to meakin' in 'fore I'm out." "I ain't no no clothes but dose, and dey ain't decent for a meakin'." She had on an old dress made of coarse bagging, which reached only to her knees. A dress was soon found for her; but as it needed some alteration, she sat on the piazza to wait. At length she turned round and said, "I knows you's a Christian?" "I don't know Aunty," was the reply. "Some hours are so cold and hard, and the world is so strong?" "Ah darsy," she said, looking up earnestly, "does you hang on de world or let it go? I tell you chile, you must let it go. It ain't worth hangin' to. I never got peace in my soul till I let it go." I looked at her, in her rags and poverty, and wondered what the world could have done to her. "Yes," she continued, "de Lord is fightin' in de right side of your heart; and de world and de devil in de left side; and which will you let de devil in? And about dem clothes, he'll come to your heavy heart; and when he goes away, de path he leaves behind will be full of spangles!" Then clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy whose sincerity could not be doubted, she exclaimed in broken tones, "Oh what a lovin' Jesus he is! His Father says to him, 'All down, Jesus, to de poor sinners in de world; and all de strugglin', wounded souls you finds on de way, bring 'em to me.' Den dis lovin' Jesus comes down from Glory, picks up de poor souls dat's clean from Glory, and in His bosom, and carries 'em to His Father's Throne." Here she seemed transported with the thought, and rocked her body to and fro, her rapture and joy being too manifest to the old wrinkled face to be mistaken. She said, presently, "Do sing, Missus, a burial hymn." I replied, "Will come in where the street is but not here." "No, no," she said, "I would like to be in the street, but not here." "I would like to be in the street, but not here." "I would like to be in the street, but not here."

## General Miscellany.

### Inside the Palace.

BY GEORGE GREENWOOD. When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family, from a lady who resided then from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received news of her serious illness, she applied to the Queen for permission to resign her situation, feeling that her mother she owed a more sacred duty than to her royal mistress. Her Majesty, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice—but said, in a tone of the most gentle sympathy, "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. I will keep your place for you. Prince Albert and I will bear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother; then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daises in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowing heart beyond endurance, had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen, who came every day to her school-room, and the consideration of her young pupils. A year went by; the first anniversary of her loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household, knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a

## Long Dresses.

Oliver Wendell Holmes uses the following language, none too strong, in reference to one of fashion's foolish and offensive freaks: "But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Not out of Boston parlors, I trust. Why there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid of all work or factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the streets, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarly into your bones and marrow. Show over if it is the attribute of vulgar people. If an man can walk behind one of these women, as she takes up all the room, and feel squeamish, he's had a rough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts! Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I don't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has a right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these. It is an instinct to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with."

## The Uses of Adversity.

The following is an extract from Dr. Smith's *Physiognomy* journal, in relation to a patient whom he found blind, in poverty, and dependent on the earnings of his wife for his daily bread, yet who thanked God for his mercies, which were very great: "In my travels, long ago, it was once my lot to fall among Mexican robbers, who stripped me of all I had with me; and yet the event, I believe, made a good, as well as a very permanent, impression on my mind. Once I was detained as a spy, and came near being hung for my supposed crime; then, it is true, I was careless of my fate. Twice have I been shipwrecked, once in the Mediterranean, and once on the Atlantic—losing all, and escaping through death by exposure and starvation. But none of these events were remembered by me in such spirit and to such an extent, as would adversity designed them."

## The Human Voice.

A correspondent relates the following stories:—"Since the prevailing Indian troubles commenced, an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws and some half-breed white captives, boys and girls, from six to twelve years of age. Word was sent throughout the country, inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children, as none of them could give any account of their parents, where they were taken from, so young where they were taken from by the Indians. Numbers went to the camp—many more than there were children—and, of course, many returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones."

Among the number who went hundreds of miles to the camp was a mother who lost two children—a boy and girl, one three and the other five years of age—years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, as so long a time had elapsed it was certain she could not identify her children, even if they stood before her. But she could not resist—the mother and child were found. On arriving at the encampment she identified her children, and was much surprised to find them, first, from a distance—her anxious heart bounding in her bosom. But she did not see her children—

## Obituary.

### A Requiem.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN S. THOMPSON, ESQ. BY HIS FRIEND AND FORMER PASTOR, MARY E. HERBERT. I stood, to-day, beside the dead, The form from which the soul had fled; With tears that would not be suppressed, I mourned thy entrance into rest. Ah, selfish grief, earth's galling chain, I would not have thee wear again; Thought's lofty impress on thy face, Disease or death might not erase,— But every line of caring care, Seemed to have fled forever there; Why should I mourn, since thou art blest, Hast sweetly entered into rest!

### Long Dresses.

I weep, as memory calls to mind, The earnest teacher, faithful, kind; Knowledge, with thee no empty name; With winning speech thou didst proclaim; His labors' time seems make clear, And onward urge with words of cheer. Thine, too, the pure, ethereal fire, That will might kindred souls inspire,— The poet's song, the painter's art, Touched chords, responsive, in thy heart,— And oft, delighted, have I heard Some glowing strain thy spirit stirred. By thee, breathed forth, in tones so clear, It seemed an added charm to wear.

### Long Dresses.

WAS THINE, FOR DUTY NERVED THY HEART; EAGER AND ZEALOUS TO FULFILL, THROUGH CARE AND TOLL THY MASTER'S WILL; READY BY EVERY KINDLY DEED, TO ANSWER A WAY-WORN MOTHER'S NEED. In friendship, precious words, how true, How strong the bond thy spirit knew! Faithful and firm, no fortune's change, Thy warm affection could estrange,— And they who prized that friendship well, Alone its priceless worth may tell!

### Long Dresses.

But thou hadst passed away, no more Shall we hold converse as of yore,— And they who loved thee, with their tears, Shall keep thy memory green for years; Yet still rejoice to know that thou Shalt never more in sorrow bow; Oh happy spirit, truly blest, We joy that thou hast gained thy rest!—*Dr. Smith, Oct. 24th.*

### Long Dresses.

THE REV. JOSEPH BUTLER, who departed this life at Westford, Newp., in the Greenwich Circuit, on the 30th of Sept., 1867, was born at Cornsbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England. He was the second son of Mr. Benjamin Stottell, Cotton manufacturer, Cawling. He was early dedicated to God in baptism. This ceremony was performed by that great and good man, the Rev. Dr. Coke. Carefully trained up by his parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, he became impressed with the importance of divine things in early life. At the family altar, his heart was frequently wrought upon by the Spirit of God, while his dear father was fervently pleading with him for the salvation of his children; mentioning, as he frequently did, each child by name; and glory to God, he has heard and answered his prayers, in the conversion of almost all of them to himself. God forbid that one shall be found missing "in that day." Under the preaching of the Rev. J. Woodhouse, he was converted, and soon obtained redemption through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

He became a teacher in the Sabbath School where from a child he had been a scholar. He was employed as a prayer leader and exhorter, and in these efforts to do good, God blessed him with a measure of fruit. Not long after this he was proposed and accepted as a Local Preacher, and for a number of years, in various parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, he preached Christ with acceptance and success.

For the last ten years, he has laboured in this Conference, and on the various Circuits to which he has been appointed, he has endeavoured to do "all with a single eye to the glory of God." In April last he took a severe cold riding on horseback, to attend an appointment, at a distant part of the Circuit,—he was punctual in fulfilling all his engagements. His congregations were never disappointed if he could reach them at all—on reaching home he was very ill, the subject of fever and great prostration. His medical attendants and others entertained fears that he would not recover; and he himself was heard to say, "My work is done, I have preached my last sermon."

For nearly five months he has been the subject of severe suffering, wrought down to the feebleness of a child. He however felt, that "while his flesh and his heart failed, God was the strength of his heart, and his portion forever." He spoke to his brother of being much comforted by that portion of the word of God which says, "They shall be wise, shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." He said, "When I think of heaven, its magnificence, its glory, I feel as if it were too much for me, a poor, sinful worm, to expect it; but God will give it me." For the last three days of his life he appeared to be more free from pain, more composed. On the morning of the day he died, his brother inquired if he felt happy, and repose on the Saviour, he answered "yes."