

The Family.

HEIRSHIP.

Little store of wealth have I; Nor a mansion fair and high...

I have neither pearls nor gold, Massive plate, nor jewels rare;

Yet to an immense estate Am I heir, by grace of God—

Heir of all that they have earned, Heir of their passion and their tears—

Heir of all the faith sublime, On whose wings they soared to heaven;

Aspirations pure and high, Strength to dare and endure—

Heir of all the Ages, I— Lo! I am no longer poor!

A PRIMITIVE METHODIST. HESTER ANN ROGERS.

"Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

On Monday, November 10th, I had strong conflicts with Satan, who told me I had as good give up...

Where are thy repentance and tears, and brokenness of heart?

My cousin Charles Roe, then much devoted to God, put into my hands a little pamphlet entitled, "The Great Duty of Believing on the Son of God."

"O that's the way you put it?" "No, it is not my way of putting it; it is God's way."

"What a tribute to the might of gentleness!" "What school-child had a good reply, who said that meek people were as those who 'give soft answers to rough questions.'"

"I believe in it," he said. "But," said I, interrupting him, you once denied it."

"O yes," he answered, "but things are different now. I see things differently."

"The Holy Spirit had been reaching his head through his heart, and thus he had grown to the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

"This test from a pastor's note-book may encourage me to labor for the most hardened; and show to some how simple the truth that saves the soul."

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In a new world. I could do nothing but love and praise my God, and could not refrain continually repeating, "Thou art my Father, O God, thou art my God!"

THE DYING GAMBLER—A PASTORAL EXPERIENCE.

"Will you go and see a dying man?" said a friend to me as I was walking home from church.

"Certainly," I answered, "and at once. Where does he live?"

"Just beyond the bridge, in the white house with green blinds; you cannot miss it."

We hurried on and soon reached the sick-room, where a good brother of the Methodist Church was sitting as we entered.

"I said to him: 'You are very sick.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'very sick.' 'How does life look to you?' I asked.

"Bad enough." "And the future?" "Worse still, but I don't believe in everlasting punishment."

"Never mind," I said, "you believe in punishment; let us get out of that if we can."

"Yes," he answered earnestly. "Then, in a very few words, I told him of the merits of Jesus, which avail even for the chief of sinners, and urged him to cast himself at once on Jesus as his Saviour."

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asleep from weariness and weakness, being at the time in bad health, and lurching against another passenger, who woke him with much profane and blasphemous language.

Much practical philosophy lies in the saying of one little boy to another, "Don't speak so cross; there's no use in it."

"He is not likely to live until morning." "And he is dying without Christ!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

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poets." Use it, then, as yourself a faithful steward. Do good with it in your lifetime. Is it by words? Every day of your lifetime is speaking for good. The grave is silent. No word of sympathy, or kindness, or instruction, or counsel, or warning can come from you when there. And it, when departed, you do at all speak by the hallowed influence of what you were when living, this can only be when your life has first been such as to have spoken for good.

"How much do I cost?" "A little daughter ten years old lay on her death bed. It was hard parting with the pet and flower of the household."

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?" "To soothe her, he replied, though with a shaking voice: 'Well, dearest, perhaps ten pounds. What then darling?'"

"Because, papa, I thought may be you would lay it out this year in Bibles, for poor children, to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the strings of comfort! A beam of heavenly joy glauced in the father's heart, the bliss of one noble living spirit mingled with the life. Self was forgotten, the sorrow of parting, the lonely future, the night remains of the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness. "Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw, if God shall bless the means, many after her to heaven."

"The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, joyful, smiling gaze, into her father's eyes, and stilling, she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes, she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy: 'Oh, papa, what a sweet light! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out. Oh, such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was but it meant 'Beloved for my Father's sake.'"

She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I come!" and the lovely form lay there unattended of the lovelier spirit.

John Lee rose from his knees with a holy triumph on his face. "Thank God," said he, "I am richer by another treasure in heaven." Church of England Magazine.

HELPS ON THE JOURNEY. Sometimes there is a way of self-culture attained in the name of religion, having no element of faith in it, and expecting no uplifting help from gracious inspirations.

ARITHMETIC FOR MILLIONAIRES. The following paragraph is going the round of the Indian papers.

"The Chinese have the most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, with numbers of iron one up to one thousand."

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MACHINE BOLTS, NUTS, Washers, Log Screws, &c. THE Star Manufacturing Co's.

NOTICE! CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Orléans, 4th June, 1873. Notice is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General, by an Order in Council bearing date the 30th May last, has been pleased to order and direct that while He, for the manufacture of Hats and Boots, should be admitted free of duty under the Tariff, duty may be charged on all other goods of every description.

THE Provincial WESLEYAN, Edited and Published by REV. H. PICKARD, D.D., Under the direction of the Conference, as its Religious Newspaper, and the ORGANO of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Eastern British America.

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM, 193 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S. EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING. \$2 per Annum—payable in Advance.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac, JULY, 1873.

First Quarter, 1st day, 9h 56m, afternoon. Full Moon, 10th day, 2h 17m, morning. Last Quarter, 16th day, 4h 43m, afternoon. New Moon, 24th day, 6h 10m, morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN, MOON, TIDE. Rows for various days of the month.

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

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 3 hours and 11 minutes later than at Halifax. Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 23 minutes later, and at St. John, Newfoundland 20 minutes earlier, than at Halifax.

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