

The Family.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)
HAPPY RESULTS OF A CHILD'S QUESTION.

One of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world is found in Nova Scotia, stretching in an easterly direction, from the ancient town of Annapolis to Cornwallis on the Western shore of the Basin of Minas.

Here the sons of France had travelled, fabled, hunted and planted before the Mayflower landed the pilgrims, "on the wild New England shore." Here the scene depicted so graphically and touchingly by Longfellow, in "Evangeline" of Grand Pre, had transpired at least fifty years before the settlement of the family whose little daughter is referred to in this narrative.

Among the "olive plants" that surrounded the table of this little girl of five summers, who possessed more than ordinary intelligence and seriousness. Her frequent questions indicated a marvellous thirst for knowledge. This the parents endeavoured to gratify in a judicious manner.

One of those questions in connection with a strange incident, gave rise to some of the principal events we are now about to relate. It was a stormy night in mid-winter. The fierce wind howled without, while the drifting snow added to the darkness and dreariness of the dismal night. Many anxious thoughts of the poor sailor, and the weary traveller, entered the minds of the inmates of this happy home, as the long winter evening hours passed away.

After committing themselves to God in prayer, they sought repose, but in vain. The storm was so exceedingly boisterous, as to forbid the usual sound sleep enjoyed by the farmer. During a few moments of uneasy slumber, the head of the family dreamed that something was wrong in his barn, requiring his immediate attention, he informed his partner, but as it was only a dream they concluded that it might be disregarded with safety.

Again falling into a doze the dream was repeated, making a very strong impression on his mind, that he ought at once to hasten to the place intimated in the vision. For a time he hesitated, in consequence of the unusual violence of the storm, but the conviction that he ought to go becoming stronger as he delayed, he resolved to venture out and brave the strife of the contending elements. The distance was not long, but he wished that it was shorter before the barn was reached, he had not, however, taken many steps until he heard alarming sounds of agony, whether from man or beast he could not at first determine. Soon, however, he ascertained that the distressing and unearthly tones mingling with the moanings of the blast, were those of a man in a perilous and dying condition.

It appeared that a drunken man in seeking a place of shelter endeavored to enter his barn near the road, but in doing so the wind had blown the door with such violence, as to detain him by his feet while his head was downwards. He was nearly exhausted, besides being severely frost bitten. A short time longer in this position and he would have died. With great effort the farmer conveyed him to his dwelling, the household was roused, and every thing that could be done to restore, relieve and recruit the strength of the suffering man was done. As soon as returning consciousness and sobriety enabled him to realize his position and previous danger, he showed signs of unfeigned gratitude for his deliverance from a premature death. While these things were transpiring, and it became evident that the man's life would be spared this time, the little girl referred to, seemed full of thought, and now in a low tone of voice, said to her father, "If this man had died before you got to the barn, would he have gone to hell?" The father very wisely replied by quoting from the Word of God, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Neither parent nor child were aware at the time, that the stranger in distress heard either the question or answer. But he heard both, and felt what he answered. The solemn question of the child entered his soul like an arrow from God, he did not however let his deliverer know it then. But it rankled in his bosom until he realized that brokenness of heart which God will not despise. From that time he was a reformed drunkard, a saved man, saved through the instrumentality of a little girl only five years old.

Several years after these events, the farmer from this rich valley visited one of our western towns, and while there, as he was one day travelling one of the streets, an apparent stranger accosted him thus, "Are you not Mr. C—?" Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he further said, "Do you remember a terrible snow-storm in the winter of — and how you saved a poor drunken man from a miserable death?" "I do," said the visitor. "Do you remember the question your little daughter asked you on that occasion?" "I scarcely do," he replied. "Well, sir, I remember it, and shall do it as long as I live, for it was the means of my salvation. I am now a member of a Christian church on my way to heaven, had it not been for your kindness I should have been ere this beyond the reach of mercy. Tell your daughter, now grown to womanhood, that she has been the instrument of saving a sinner from the pit of woe."

These facts were given to the writer by this farmer himself, who has recently passed away from earth.

punishment or hell. He only tried to tell them all about Jesus, using the words of the Bible as much as possible. As he told them how weary, and hungry the Saviour often was, all was silence. Then, as the end came near, trying to make the last awful scenes seem true to them, he heard an occasional shuffle as one and another pushed nearer to hear how good Lord had suffered for him. They listened with faces of awe, dirty enough, but solemn to hear of his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion; and by and by he heard—

God-blessed little vulgar sob of uncontrollable emotion. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces; and their round eyes never moved from his lips as he told them that now, while he spoke to them, Jesus was standing among them; and that he loved them just as much as when he died on the cross for their sakes. The story ended, no one spoke. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Now, lady, he loved us very much; ought not we to love him? Who loves him? Let every one that wishes to love hold up his hand. I do," and he held up his. They looked at one another. Then one held his up. A little mass of rage, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair, scarcely confined by an old battered hat with no rim held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching sight. One and another followed, till all the hands, just twelve in number, were up.

The gentleman then said slowly, "You all wish to love him. Now, dear boys, bear what he says to those who love him." "If you love me, keep my commandments." Then going straight up to him who had first held up his hand, the gentleman, holding out his said, "Shake hands on it, that you will promise me to try and keep his commandments." At once the little black hand was put in his; and the gentleman shook it hard, saying, "God bless you!" So he went round to all. He then gave them three shillings, to be shared among them for bread and bread, and said, "Good night." So they parted.

About three weeks after this, the same gentleman was going under St. Clement Dances' archway. A little ragged shoe-black was kneeling at one side. After the customary "Clean your boots, sir?" the boy made a dive forward, and stood grinning with delight, right in front of the gentleman and his friend. The former had not the least notion who he was; so at last he said, "Well, my boy, you seem to know me, and who are you?" "Please sir, Pa Jack."

"Pa Jack? Pa Jack?" "Only Jack, sir, please sir." All at once it came across him who the lad was. "I remember you now he said. "Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love him by obeying him?" "Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have," he added with greater earnestness. Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean his shoes.

"Can you read, Jack?" he asked. "Yes, sir, not over well; but I can make shift to spell out a page." "Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story you heard the other night?" There was no answer, but half a chuckle of happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenward.

"I see you would like it Jack," added his friend. "Come to my room at — tomorrow, and you shall have one. Good-by." Exactly at the appointed hour on the morning came one modest, earnest tap at the door. In walked Jack. The gentleman shook hands with him, and made him come and sit by him. "Jack, why do you want a Testament?" "To read about Jesus you told us of," said he shortly. "Why do you want to read about him? Because you love him, is it?" Jack nodded once short and decisively. There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

"Why do you love him?" Jack was silent. His little ordinary features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break. "Cause they killed him," gasped poor Jack. His name was written, or rather printed, at his request, "teary large," in his Testament. The gentleman then prayed with him that the Good Shepherd might help and guide his poor little lamb in his dark and difficult path; and with a little more talk about his prospects, they parted.

We need scarcely point out the secret of this happy history. Poor Jack believed that what the Lord did in dying on the cross, he did for him, even for him who was so sinful, so unworthy. The belief of this was his heart, as it always will be the hearts of those who really believe it. Nothing else was needed. This and he longed to tell other dying sinners of the way in which they, too, might be happy—Christian at Work.

COLD FRAMES. In the absence of materials for making up a hot bed, we would advise the use of a cold frame, which is so easy of construction and management, as to be available by all. The cold frame cannot be sown so early as the hot-bed—depending as it does, on the sun's rays for its heat. The middle of April, is, in our opinion, sufficiently early in this latitude, to commence its use. Seeds then sown will make plants strong and vigorous for transplanting, by the time the danger from frost shall have passed away. In fact, we prefer those plants grown in cold frames to those grown in hot beds. Cold frames require very little trouble or labor. Prepare a good rich soil in the sunny part of the garden, thoroughly pulverize and level the same; put on the frame and keep it tightly closed for a number of days, in order that the soil may become thoroughly warmed. The seed may then be sown in drills, as advised for the hot bed. In the management of the cold frame, the cold frame should be kept closer than that of the hot bed; owing to the absence of the heating material which the latter contains.

ERROR CORRECTED. I readily acknowledge ability to err, and confess that I did so in reference to the name Aquila. Perhaps the impression long entertained, had been made by the fact that in more than one place in the New Testament, the names of two females stand associated together, as Mary and Martha, Euodias and Syntyche, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James. Females are also mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as heads of houses. There are also various opinions in reference to some names, whether they refer to men or women. Dr. Clark thinks, contrary to the gen-

erally received opinion, that Syntyche was a man, the husband of Euodias. But the 18th chapter of Acts, and 2nd verse shows clearly that Aquila was the husband of Priscilla, who had come from Italy, and were at Corinth when Paul made his first visit there. But does that prove that they were the same persons greeted by Paul in his letter to the Romans? Perhaps it would puzzle your correspondent "J" to prove that.

Priscilla and Aquila are mentioned three times in the Acts, once in the Epistle to the Romans, once in first Corinthians, and once in the second Epistle to Timothy. In all probability the same persons are referred to in all those places, but who can prove it? I shall continue to search the Scriptures, as in times past, and endeavour to avoid writing errors either for babes or adults. One who has read the whole Bible through carefully every year for thirty-five years ought not to make many Biblical errors. "Humanum est errare." G. O. H.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

Obituary. Mr. John Tilly was the son of Joseph and Elizabeth Tilly, Old Perican, Newfoundland. He was converted to God when about twenty years of age, through the earnest preaching of Rev. Mr. McDowal, a Wesleyan minister. About the same time he was married to Miss Elizabeth Bursley of the same place. Shortly after his marriage the happy couple removed to Hants Harbour, where Mrs. Tilly bore him ten children, all living a short time since. Mr. Tilly in early life gave attendance to reading, and before he was fifty years of age, he had accumulated a large and well chosen library, and having a retentive memory his mind was well stored with facts and figures rarely found in men of his occupation. His library was a collection of some of the best English writers in prose and poetry. But amongst these Mr. Wesley's works were preferred. Whilst residing at Hants Harbour, Brother Tilly had a rather severe attack of paralysis which lamed him for life. This shock only gave him more time for reading, and religious devotion.

There was a manifest growth in grace in our brother, accompanied with a gentleness and a simplicity which words cannot easily paint; but wearing a softer mould, by an extensive acquaintance with the new Testament. His eldest son, Mr. Moses Tilly, states that he had lived with his parents ever since he was born, that he was now over fifty years of age, that he never heard his father say a vain word, and that he never failed to improve it in others. Brother Tilly was converted to God in perian times, when the vital truths of the Bible were ignored, and treated with contempt. But he was not easily moved by the gainsayers, having once found the pardoning love of Jesus, he could not be moved from the hope of the Gospel. Persecution prevailed to an alarming extent. Yet the little band of Christian soldiers, who were converted to God about the same time with Bro. Tilly had put on the whole armour of God; and thus they were enabled to fight against all "the wiles of the devil." From the time of our brother's conversion nothing could move him to mix with the multitude to do evil; and thus walking in the light of his Heavenly Father's countenance, he sang in the fullness of his heart:—

"What we have seen, With confidence we tell, &c. At Hants Harbour Bro. Tilly turned his attention to the cultivation of the soil and raised wheat that would compare favorably with that grown in Nova Scotia or in Eastern British America. It was in 1847 or near that time that I paid my first visit to his house, I soon saw that Bro. Tilly's religion was of no common kind, that his attainments were in advance of most Christians who belonged to the same church. His conversation was ever as becoming the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and both by precept and example, his light so shone before men, that there were but few persons who knew him, who did not either respect or love him. Our lamented friend was a thorough Wesleyan from principle, though no bigot to a party. In minor things he was easily persuaded and yielding, but in things which concerned his eternal welfare, he was firm as a rock. His house was ever open to the ministers of the Gospel, while each member of his family took pleasure in contributing to his comfort, nor was he forgetful to entertain the poor and the stranger. It was about the year 1850 that our brother first turned his attention to Random Arm, Trinity Bay, North. He said he believed it was the will of God that he should settle his family there, but fearing lest he should go out of the way of providence, he hesitated until the cloud removed, and now feeling that it was the will of God, he made preparations for an early removal, and settled in the North West Random Arm. Here also he set up his Ebenezer "having obtained help of the Lord."

In addition to his other business, our brother with his sons, erected a saw mill; which has since proved remunerative beyond even their expectations, and these, with a small farm rendered the family independent of the merchant, and made our brother feel at ease as regarded the world. About ten years since, he expressed a wish that a Wesleyan minister should be invited to reside among them, and so take the oversight of the many Wesleyan families that resided in the Arm. And in the hope that the Wesleyan Conference would finally send them a minister, a small but neat Wesleyan Chapel was erected by, and at the expense of the Tilly family, and furnished with books, and a good organ melodeon. Brother Tilly longed to see a minister residing in the Arm before he departed this life; but "he died without the sight." During the year 1868, he with his dear partner, were both laid prostrate by heavy cold, accompanied by fever, which lasted several months, and laid Mrs. Tilly low with the dead. She died in hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ. Brother Tilly, though rallying somewhat, never rose above this painful paring. And now a nervous affliction set in, which at times caused delirium; and the great enemy came, "in like a flood" to destroy him; but his faith was firm, and his language was; "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come." "I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Not a murmur was heard to escape his lips from first to last. Night and day he called unto God for help, and realized the fulfilment of that promise, "call upon me in the day of trouble, I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

Bro. Tilly's prayers were mostly made up of short sentences, but full of meaning and power, a child could understand them. At last the messenger, Death, came, but brother Tilly was found ready, and he died in great peace in the early part of the year 1871, aged 55 years. THOMAS FOX.

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Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

APRIL, 1872. New Moon, 7th day, 8h. 17m., afternoon. First Quarter, 15th day, 5h. 57m., afternoon. Full Moon, 23rd day, 5h. 23m., morning. Last Quarter, 30th day, 4h. 7m., morning.

Table with columns: Day, SUN. Rises, Sets, MOON. Rises, Sets, H. TIDE. Rows for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

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

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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 the sun's setting from 24 hours, and the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

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