

The Family.

For the Provincial Wesleyan. REVIVALS.

The light in its revelations,
First to the closet comes;
God's people in their feelings,
Purview in their homes.

The preacher in his study,
The mighty working knows;
His mind no longer heavy,
With heavenly ardor glows.

The people gladly gather,
Unto the place of prayer;
And God the Heavenly Father,
Is never absent there.

The foul backslider trembles,
His heart with grief is broke;
None in his mind dissembles,
Beneath religion's cloak.

The tears of new contrition,
Make furrows in the face;
How earnest each petition,
Unto the throne of grace.

Firm fixed the resolution,
Henceforth for God to live,
In face of persecution,
Which godly ones receive.

Now washing in the fountain,
That purifies the heart;
He feels the guilty mountain,
At Jesus' word depart.

The voice of adoration,
Rings through the house of prayer,
It comes, it comes salvation,
From sin and guilt and fear.

Freely by grace forgiven,
Adopted and renewed;
Henceforth they run for heaven,
Along the narrow road.

Canning, 1872.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA

Let us note two things: the children's happy meeting with Jesus in his Father's house, and the joyful song they sung to Him.

First, they met with Jesus in the temple. The temple was the house of God, the place of solemn worship. It was a happy company that entered it to keep the Passover, in remembrance of God's great goodness in the times gone by; but how much happier those who met their Saviour, and who owned him there!

Now, this is a happiness that we may all gain. True, we have no temple and can not expect Jesus to enter before our eyes. But we know that it is to go to worship "where Christians meet to praise and pray," and there Jesus himself, though unseen, is willing and ready to come to those who seek him. Do you understand this?

Said a very little girl to her mother one day, "Why do people always cover their eyes—just so," imitating the action, "when they come into church? I saw you do it, mamma, and the gentlemen in the next pew; and the two ladies next him knelt down for a minute. Were they saying their prayers?" "I suppose so, my dear," the mother answered. "What had they forgotten their prayers in the morning before they came?" No, no; but they wished to say again, that God would teach them and bless them. The child was quiet for a few moments, then said, "That must be very nice; can not I say a prayer there too?" "Yes, my dear, certainly." "But what shall I say?" "Suppose you say something like this, 'O Lord Jesus, may I meet with thee in thy home to-day.'" "I will, mamma," earnestly replied the little one.

Some years passed by. One Lord's day evening, the mother and her daughter—now a tall and blooming girl—were sitting together at the fireside. Both awhile were silent as if wrapped in thought. Then the daughter said suddenly, "Mamma, do you remember teaching me a little prayer to say before the service when I was quite a child?" "Quite well, my dear," "Yes, mamma, I said it regularly for I can not tell how long; but—and here a tear started in her eye—"I think I never understood it until to-day." "How so, my love?" "O mamma, I never knew how near Jesus was; but to-day while the minister was speaking of his greatness and of his love, I felt, he is here now, he is my Saviour; and my heart seemed to go out in love, I asked him to forgive me, and make me his child, and I believe he has, mamma, and I am so full of joy. Yes, that happy child had met with Jesus in his house. And you, dear reader, with the same love, with the same joy, may meet him too.

Let us also think of the children's song. Or can we call it a song? I dare say it was not uttered in time or tune; the young folks were all too full of excitement for that. Well, song or shout—it comes much to the same thing—their hearts were full of joy, and they expressed it in the readiest way.

HOSANNA! Do you know the meaning of this word? It is not English you know; it is Hebrew. Not many of you, I dare say. Turn, then, to the hundred and eighteenth Psalm, the twenty fifth verse:

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee now speedily.

That verse is *hosanna*, written large as it were. In fact, the first five words and "hosanna" are exactly the same. "Save now, I beseech thee." How much meaning can be packed into one of those wonderful old Hebrew words! For the rest of the verse is but its explanation.

You see, then, that *hosanna* is properly a prayer rather than a word of praise. It was said to God to "save," but to save whom. In the year 1851 Queen Victoria, with her noble husband Prince Albert, took a journey to Manchester to be present at the opening of Peel Park. It was the greatest holiday which that city had ever known. In thousands and thousands the people came out to welcome her; and among the rest a place was provided in the park for the thousands of Manchester Sunday scholars. On two vast platforms, range above range, about thirty thousand of these young people were gathered. They had all been trained very carefully to sing the National Anthem, and they practised it together till they could sing it well; as one said, "loud as the sound of many waters, and surely almost as musical as the song of angels."

tears started to Victoria's eyes and ran down her cheeks as her young subjects thus told her how much she was loved. In remembrance of that scene a marble statue of the Queen has been raised chiefly by the scholars' pence. Some of my readers have seen it, as it stands upon the very spot in lasting memory of that day.

Now, the Hosanna of those Jewish children was in like manner their welcome to a king, God save our King—King Jesus. May he reign over us in his power and love; may he reign over all the world. This is the true meaning of our Hosanna. Do we think of it? Do we wish it to be so?

The word of the prophecy in the seventy-second Psalm declares that "prayer shall be made for him continually. This is the prayer, 'Hosanna!' may his kingdom come.

Is not the prayer, too, a kind of promise made by us as we use it? Did not the Manchester children pledge themselves in that joyous hour to be loyal, to honour and to love their Queen, to serve her heartily, whenever and wherever they might be able? So, in a far higher, grander way, the child's Hosanna is a pledge. "Blessed Saviour, thou art my King. I will obey thee, serve thee, while life shall last, forever and forever."

Dear young readers, is Christ thus your King? Do you serve and obey him? Then, you must be his soldiers, too. For the world also is to be brought to honor and serve him. In this work it is yours to help. Hosanna is the best missionary text. Jesus, our Saviour and our King, we long to see thee owned as the Saviour and the King of all!

"Come, then, and added to thy many crowns, Receive yet one, the conquest of the world, 'For thou art worthy!'"

Hosanna, first; and then, at last, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." Bible Sketches.

A BOY'S SOUL WON.

K. A. Burnell, who knows well how to enlist the sympathy of young and old, related this experience of his boyhood at a recent public meeting:

The farm on which I worked was in the suburbs of a Massachusetts village; and a beautiful night in June, when a few scattering drops of rain were falling from fleecy clouds, I was overtaken in the streets by a pleasant-faced young gentleman, as I was driving two fine Durham cows from the pasture to the stable. I cast my eye backward. Hearing footsteps, and seeing a cheerful face, my whole soul was delighted, and I felt it meant me. He approached on the opposite side of the street, did not hesitate to put his nicely blackened boots into the mud, coming to my side and kindly holding over my head the umbrella he was carrying.

So cheerfully he asked the natural questions to interest a boy. Whose cows are they? How much milk do they give? What did they cost? Do you drive them night and morning? With many others, to which with a real pleasure, I answered. Then, with the same pleasant, winning way, asked if I was a Christian. "No, sir."

(Wonderful, I thought, to talk about a cheerful face, my whole soul was delighted, and I felt it meant me. He approached on the opposite side of the street, did not hesitate to put his nicely blackened boots into the mud, coming to my side and kindly holding over my head the umbrella he was carrying.)

"Do you want to be?" "I've always wanted to be, sir." "Do you pray?" "I've prayed, sir, night and morning, since I was old enough to understand what it meant." "Have you a mother?" "No, sir." "Where is your mother?" "She is in heaven, sir." "When did she go there?" "Last December, sir." Was she a Christian? "A Christian, sir; the best mother a boy ever had." "Tell me about her sickness." "She had the consumption, coughing for three years, and confined to her room for six months." "Did she talk with you after being a Christian?" "She was not a talking woman, but she prayed and lived before me, sir." "Tell me about her dying." "My father called my brother and self, about two o'clock on a very cold December morning, saying, 'Hasten, boys, your mother is dying.'" "How did you feel when you were dressing?" "It was very cold in that unfinished attic where we slept, and I shook from head to foot. Putting on my coat, I got my hand between the lining and the sleeve, and I could scarcely get it back, I shook so." "What did you think then?" "Think sir, what could I think? Only that I had no mother to mend it. For it was never like that—no, never when mother could get about the house." "Feel sir, if I were to be buried here, side by side with you?" "All the time, sir." "Why so?" "Oh, sir, it seems to me no one loves me." "Have you a Sunday school teacher?" "Yes sir." "Don't he love you?" "I don't know sir; he never said so." "How do you expect he would say it?" "Oh, sir, not to talk it out, but to speak to me on the street and seem interested in me." Does he never do that?" "Never sir; he does not seem to know me on the streets, and us boys feel that he doesn't care much for us. Why, sir, he went to school in our class a few Sundays since."

The stranger seemed so interested in me, his face glowing with love, as he continued: "Can't you tell me something your mother said to you during her sickness?" "Yes, sir, I used to watch her occasionally, the last few weeks of her sickness, calling my father, at midnight or one o'clock. One morning I stepped to the bedside to kiss my mother good night, before calling my father, and she said, 'Hand me the glass of water, my boy.' Giving it to her, she drank the contents. Handing back the glass, and dropping her tiny bony hands upon the sheet, she said, 'It is very hot, but it will be whiter in a few days, and you won't have to sit up and watch with your mother.'"

The stranger's interest in me seemed to overflow as he passed his umbrella from his right to his left hand, seizing my right hand with his, exclaiming, "My dear boy you ought to be a Christian now." "Yes, sir, I would like to, if I knew how."

At this point in the interview, we came to the street corner, where the cows turned to go to the stable. Grasping my hand with increased warmth, he said, "Do you turn here?" "Yes, sir." With a look of tender love that I have no power to describe, he said, "My dear lad, you must become a Christian, and grow up, and be useful, doing good in the world." Then bending toward me, and drawing down the umbrella that he might be unobserved by passers by, he offered, in substance, this prayer, still firmly holding my hand, "O God, bless this motherless boy. He says no one loves him, but, dear Lord Jesus, show him how much you love him, and how you will wash away his sins, and make him happy here, and give him a home with his mother in heaven, forever. Hear the prayer, his mother offered when on earth, and hear the stranger's prayer now, and bear his own prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

When I opened my eyes at the close of that wonderful petition, and looked into the stranger's face, the tears were dropping from his cheeks. He withdrew his hand from mine with a strange reluctance, saying, "Good-by, my

lad, the stranger loves you some, your mother loves you more, but Jesus Christ has died that you might live eternally with him." He followed me with his eye, till his vision was cut off, as he passed behind a fence. Going a few years I stopped with amazement to think what had occurred, and watched the umbrella as it passed along at the top of the high board fence, till it was lost behind a barn.

Dear young friends, love to be taken by the hand and be talked with of the life to come; and, beloved teachers, love to take your pupils by the hand, weeping over them in your soul longings.—S. S. Workman.

IMPROPER POLITENESS.

Among the minor disagreeable things is the man who in conversation, is continually interrupting with "Certainly," "Exactly," "I understand." He anticipates, or attempts to, all you are about to say. He says, "I understand," when you are satisfied he don't understand anything about it. He repeats "Exactly," when there is no exactness to speak of, and exclaims "Certainly," when the matter in hand is surrounded by the greatest amount of uncertainty. You open a conversation with him as follows:

"My dear sir, do you remember—" "Certainly."

"When—" "I understand."

"Exactly; exactly, sir."

And still the person hasn't the remotest idea what you are driving at, or to what particular circumstance you desire to call his attention. Sometimes he assumes a very knowing look, that carries fraud on the face of it, and then again, while exclaiming "I understand" in the most confident and positive manner, his countenance is as expressionless as a mud ball, or alive with bewildering enquiry.

EVERY BIT OF IT.—One evening at a prayer meeting many newly converted persons, old and young, arose to tell what God had done for their souls. Among the rest a little girl about seven years old jumped up, her face beaming with happiness, and said, I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it.

Obituary.

Died at Stoney Creek, Albert County on the 31st ult., Ann, beloved wife of Mr. James Duffy, and daughter of Mr. James Wright, in the 31st year of her age. From childhood the deceased was remarkable for amiability of character, and while yet in early youth delighted in the ordinances of God's house. It was to her a pleasure to walk miles to the sanctuary. About fifteen years ago she experienced the pungent sorrows of repentance amid the solemnities of a funeral occasion. That ever memorable day found her many times upon her knees in earnest prayer for mercy. From that time there was a thoughtfulfulness about her evident to all. At length, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Slackford, she gave herself fully to the Lord, and to His church by the will of God. The Methodist church was the church of her choice and most ardent affection, and of that church she was a worthy and consistent member until death. About three years since she was joined in marriage with Mr. James Duffy who now mourns her early removal. That union was eminently in the Lord, and was in all respects cemented by mutual sympathy and aid. She was amiable and cheerful disposition no noticeable in childhood shown with steady and sacred lustre upon the little family circle. Here her Christian graces found a congenial sphere for their manifestation and exercise; and certainly none could fail to discover in our departed sister that "adornment of a meek and quiet spirit which is the sight of God is of so great price." One very marked trait in her character was her tenderness to the failings of others, and her great caution in alluding to them. To us, it is no matter of wonder that her acquaintances and neighbours are all so unanimous in the expression of their regrets at her removal. Her illness was short but severe. During the brief intervals of release from pain she freely conversed about her Christian experience. The hour of her decision for Christ was to her a joyous memory. Her entire Christian life came under careful review, there was no fear of death, no doubts agitated her mind as to her acceptance with God. If the Lord pleased she was ready to depart. The heart felt, as was natural, the strong ties of a wife and mother, and their severance blighted the fair prospects of the present life and caused much pain, but faith conquered. She was released. Indeed her resignation rose to the height of holy rapture, and there came to the eager ear from the gathering darkness of death's shadowy whispers of "glory to the Lamb." Then came the hard and prolonged struggle of death, and the freed spirit went to enjoy the presence and share the triumphs of the Lord.

D. C.

Hillboro' N. B. Feb. 27th 1872.

Capt. Samuel Perry died at N. E. Harbor, Shelburne Co., Jan. 23rd, aged 53 years. Bro. Perry was convinced of sin in the year 1844, under the ministry of Rev. J. McMur-ray. He immediately united in the service of God with the people of his choice "called Methodists," but remained in doubt as to his acceptance with God till under the ministry of Rev. J. V. Jost, when he realized that God for Christ's sake pardoned all his sins. He became sensible of the necessity of a deeper work of grace under the ministry of Rev. J. S. Spanglow, and was made very happy in God his Saviour. Afterward he was appointed as a "Class Leader" and was well qualified to be a guide, instructor and comforter of others. This position he retained satisfactorily to all until the previous to his death, when he unthinkingly gave up the office. Notwithstanding this trouble, damaging as it was to the tone of piety in the community, Bro. Perry assured me that his faith in Christ was unshaken, and that he in his trials was in possession of a blessed sense of sins forgiven and acceptance with God. Neither did he, I am fully convinced, change his religious views—as has been asserted, but he was anxious only that the church of his first, and only choice might regain its former position in the community.

His last hours were seasons of comfort. All fear that bathed torment was taken away. The burden of his prayer was—"not my will, but thine be done." His mind was elevated above his worldly business, his whole desire was to keep his spiritual eye fixed on "Jesus the author and finisher of faith." He spoke words of comfort to his wife, children and friends. He assured them that Jesus was "precious," and that he was going to be with Christ which is far better." He told them that he had no cause to weep for him, but to weep for their sins. May the bereaved receive a comforting Saviour.

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