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Religious Miscellany

"Come Away, Come Away."

OR, DEATH'S CALL TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Come away, come away to thy rest in the skies,

The tear, the last tear wipe away from thine eyes,

Come away, weary pilgrim, thou must not delay,

Let us haste, let us fly, come away.

Come away, hoary head, thou hast fought a good fight;

Come away where thy faith shall be turned into sight.

Thy pathway illum'd, it will speak, it will say,

He has gone to his rest, come away, come away.

I have come, tender father, to smother the fire

Which binds thee to earth, O hear, thou must die;

To the wife of thy bosom, thy children so dear,

Bid adieu till in heaven they all shall appear.

Come away, blooming youth, full of hope, full of joy,

The Saviour invites thee to sweeter employ;

Come away from a world which may lead thee astray,

O come where thy name shall be said, come away.

Come away, child of sorrow, disappointed, forlorn,

A crown now awaits thee, thy head to adorn;

Come away from thy sadness, be not in despair,

Away to yon mansions, no weeping is there.

Let me smother, let me fly, to thy bosom above,

Dear Saviour! O had I wings of a dove,

Soon, O soon I would enter where sin cannot come,

Welcome death, I am ready, I now would go home.

The Sky-Lark.

The sky-lark, when the dews of morn

Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,

And voices round his nest exhale

The fragrance on the early gale,

To the first sunbeam spreads his wings,

buoyant with joy, and roars, and sings.

He hests not on the leafy spray

To warble his exulting lay;

But high above the morning cloud

Mounts in triumphant freedom proud

And swells, when nearest to the sky,

His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator! thus the more

Thy Spirit's wings I thus adore,

The more she triumphs to behold

Thy love in all thy works unfold.

And bids her hymn of rapture be

Most glad, when rising most to thee.

—Mrs. HEMANS.

Firmness of Religious Principle.

Frank Edwards, a young married man,

employed as a workman in an English manufactory,

was converted. His conversion

was deep and genuine; he was

devoted to his work, and his

life. The change was complete, and

from being notoriously trifling and thoughtless,

he became a proverb for cheerful gravity and serious deportment.

Very delightful was the first experience of that young man. A good workman, he enjoyed constant employment, with wages sufficient to procure the comforts of life. He had a thrifty wife, who was led to Jesus by his own influence. Their cottage was the house of prayer. Religion, plenty, health, and contentment dwell with thrift; probably there was not another home in England more pleasant than that of this young, pious mechanic.

But pety is not an effectual shield to defend from trouble. It supports, gloriously supports, the sufferer; but his path to heaven is appointed to lead through much tribulation. As in nature, the storm-cloud gathers in the horizon while the sun shines with splendor in the heavens; so in the kingdom of grace, while the child of God rejoices in ease and prosperity, and ascends the summit of Pisgah, he may rest assured that events are in preparation which will hurl him down to the vale of Baca—to the place of weeping and lamentation.

It was thus with Frank Edwards and his happy family. In the midst of their prosperity, adversity looked in at their cottage door; poverty sat down at their table. Let us trace the cause of their trouble.—One day a lucrative order came, and all hands were set to execute it with the utmost haste. The week was closing, and the work was unfinished. On Saturday evening the overseer entered and said to the men, "You must work all day to-morrow."

Frank instantly remembered the fourth commandment. He resolved to keep it, because he felt that his duty to God required him under all circumstances to refrain from labor on the Lord's day. Offering an inward prayer to God, he respectfully addressed the overseer.

"Sir, to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, but our order must be executed."

"Will you excuse me, sir, from working on the Lord's day?"

"No, Frank, I can't excuse any one. The company will give you double wages, and you must work."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why not, Mr. Edwards? you know our necessities, and we offer you a fair remuneration."

"Sir, it will be a sin against God, and no necessity is strong enough, no price high enough, to induce me to offend my Maker."

"I am not here to argue the morality of the question, Frank; you must either work to-morrow or be discharged."

"I cannot hesitate, sir, a moment; I have resolved to please God. Cost what earthly price it may, I will keep his commandments."

"Then, Mr. Edwards, if you will step into the counting-room, I will pay you what the company owes you, and you will then leave the establishment."

To say that Frank's heart did not shrink from this trial would be to deny his humanity; but his faith came to his help. Casting himself upon God, he adhered to his tools and entered the counting-room.

The overseer was extremely unwilling to part with Frank, for he was a superior workman, and since his conversion had been the most trusty man in the employment of the company. He therefore addressed him very kindly, while handing him his wages: "Mr. Edwards, had you not better reconsider your resolution? I remember, work is scarce, we pay you high wages, and it is not often we require you to labour on Sunday."

"Sir," replied Frank, "my mind is fixed. I will not work on Sundays if I have to starve."

"Very well, sir," was the cool answer of the overseer, who, not being a Christian, could not appreciate the noble heroism of Frank's reply.

On reaching his humble cottage, the mechanic could not forbear a sigh, as the thought flitted across his mind, that possibly he might soon lose his home comforts. But the sigh was momentary. He remembered the promise of God, and grew calmly peaceful. Entering his house, he said to his wife, "Mary, I am discharged!"

"Discharged, Frank! What has happened? O what will become of us! Tell me why you are discharged?"

"Be calm, Mary? God will provide! I left the shop because I would not break the Lord's day. They wanted me to work to-morrow, and because I refused they discharged me."

Mary was silent. She looked doubtful, as if not quite sure that her husband was right. Her faith was not so strong as Frank's, nor was her character so decided. In her heart she thought as thousands of fearful disciples would under similar circumstances, that she had had gone too far. But although she said nothing, Frank read her thoughts, and grieved over her want of faith.

Sweet was the hour of family prayer to the Frank that evening; sweeter still was the secret devotion of the closet; and he never closed his eyes without more heavenly calmness of spirit than when he sunk to sleep on that eventful evening.

The following week brought Frank's character to a severe test. All his friends condemned him; even some members of his church said they thought he had gone beyond the strict requirements of duty. "It was well," they said, "to honor the Lord's day; but then a man like Frank Edwards ought to look at the wants of his family, and not strain at a gnat, and perhaps be compelled to go to the workhouse."

This was a deadly language for Christians, but there are always too many of this class of irascible tight-walking disciples. Frank sat them on all sides, and felt himself without sympathy. A few noble, enlightened Christians, however, admired and encouraged him. Frank held to his purpose with a spirit worthy of a martyr.

The cloud grew darker. Through the influence of his former employers, who were vexed because he left them, the other companies refused to employ him.—Winter came on with its frosts and storms. His little stock of savings gradually disappeared. Poverty stared them in the face. Frank's watch, Mary's silver spoons, their best furniture went to the auction block. They had to leave their pleasant cottage, and one small garret held the little afflicted family, and the slender remains of their cottage furniture.

Did Frank regret his devotion to God? No! he rejoiced in it. He had obeyed God, and God would take care of his Light would break out of darkness. All would yet be well. So spoke his unyielding faith; his fixed heart doubted not. The blacker the cloud, the more piercing grew the eye of his triumphant faith. With his Mary's case was different. Her faith was weak, and she was often weeping and bemoaning her lot.

The winter passed away, and Frank was still in the fiery furnace, rejoicing, however, amidst the flames. Some friends offered him the means of emigrating to the United States. Here was a light gleam. He rejoiced in it, and prepared to quit a place which refused him bread because he feared God.

Behold him! that martyr-mechanic, on board the emigrant ship. Her white sails catch the favoring breeze, and with a soul full of hope, Frank looked toward this western world. A short, pleasant passage brought them to one of the Atlantic cities.

Here he soon found that his faith had not been misplaced. The first week of his arrival saw him not merely employed, but in the position of foreman in the establishment of some extensive machinists.

Prosperity now smiled on Frank and Mary once more rejoiced in the possession of home comforts.—They lived in a style far better and more comfortable than when in the English cottage. "Mary," Frank would say, "I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth."—*Ignatius.*

"I bless thee, O Lord, that thou hast thought me worthy to have part in the number of thy martyrs, in the cup of thy Christ. For this, and for all things, I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee."—*Polycarp.*

"O how I long for that blessed moment, when this poor unworthy creature, the last and least of thy creatures, shall be called to put off this load of sin and corruption, and to mingle with that harmonious host above, doing homage with them in the blessed presence of my glorious Lord.—*Augustine.*

"O Heavenly Father, thou hast revealed to me thy Son, our Jesus Christ. I have preached Him, confessed Him, and I worship Him, as my dearest Saviour and Redeemer. Into thy hands I commit my spirit; God of truth, thou hast redeemed me."—*Luther.*

"Rejoice with me, I am going to a place of everlasting joy. In a short time I shall be with the Lord Jesus."—*Bealampadius.*

"I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God, with the holy angels. It is sweet to me to think of eternity. I am almost there. I long to be there."—*Bonaventure.*

"O what blessed prospects are before me in the blessedness of glory! I am going; Will you not share my joy, and help me to praise, that soon I shall leave this body of sin and death behind, and enter on the perfection of my spiritual nature? Sweet affections, now it worketh glory, glory."—*Samuel Pearce.*

for it, and I wish you to enter my establishment with me. I was already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred; He has cancelled all I owed."—*Isabella Graham.*

"All is well, well for ever. I see wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. I am cradled in the arms of love and mercy. I long to be at home."—*Lady Huntingdon.*

"There is nothing at all melancholy in the death of a Christian. I feel very happy in the prospect of death."—*Sarah Lammam Smith.*

"I see, indeed, no prospect of recovery, but my heart rejoiceth in my God and my Saviour. Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express."—*Dodridge.*

"My heart is full, it is brimful, it can hold no more. I now know what that means, 'the peace of God that passeth all understanding.' I cannot express what glorious discoveries God has made to me, how love to endure, with a smile, Jesus when one is dying."—*Lanercost.*

"I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy it heaven already in my soul."—*Toplady.*

"I am ready to die, through the grace of our Lord Jesus, and look forward to the full enjoyment of the society of holy men and angels, and the full vision of God for evermore."—*Carey.*

"All things are mine. God sustains me through wearisome days, and tedious, painful nights. Simple faith in his word keeps my mind in peace, but He generously adds strong consolation. Death has no sting."—*David Abel.*

"If the Lord has no more for me to do, I can cheerfully leave the world now. My trust is in the Lord. I have no fear to die, my faith is fixed on Jesus."—*G. S. Cox stock.*

"This is heaven begun. I have done with this house for ever. Nothing remains but light and joy for ever."—*Thomas Scott.*

"Home, home!—I see the new Jerusalem—they praise Him—they praise Him."—*Normand Smith.*

"The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to praise the whole heart for every separate emotion."—*Payson.*

"I am going, I am going; the cords of life are breaking; O the pain—no, the bliss of dying! There is no pain. Blissful, blissful, blissful!—*H. M. Adams.*

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

General Miscellany

The Playmate.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,

Their songs were soft and low;

The blossoms in the sweet May wind

Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,

The orchard birds sang clear;

The sweetest and the saddest day

It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,

My playmate left her home,

And took with her the laughing spring,

The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kind and kin,

She laid her hand in mine;

What more could ask the faithful boy

Who fed her father's kind?

She left us in the bloom of May;

The constant years told o'er

Their seasons with as sweet May morns,

But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round

Of uneventful years;

Still o'er and o'er I see the spring

And rear the autumn eare.

She lives where all the golden year

Her summer roses blow;

The dusky children of the sun

Before her come and go.

There, happily, with her jeweled hands

She smooths her silken gown—

No more the homespun lap wherein

I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wreathe us by the brook,

The brown nuts on the hill,

And still the May-day flowers make sweet

The woods of Follymill.

The lilies bloom in the pond,

The bird builds in the tree,

The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill,

The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,

And how the old time seems—

If e'er the pines of Ramoth wood

Are sounding in her dreams?

I see her face, I hear her voice;

Does she remember mine?

And what to her is now the boy

Who fed her father's kind?

What cares she that the oracles build

For other eyes than ours,

That other hands with nuts are filled,

And other laps with flowers?

O, playmate in the golden time!

O'er many a green and sunny year

Its stinging violets bloom yet,

The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,

A sweeter memory blow;

And there in spring the vernal song

The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood

Are moaning like the sea—

The moaning of the sea of change,

Between myself and thee!

Will the Coal-Beds Last?

That one hundred millions of tons have been taken annually out of the mines—with the certainty, judging from the past, that the amount will be doubled and trebled, and still go on to increase as time and the world advance—a startling fact to contemplate. The following is a table of the areas and solid contents of the coal-fields in the principal countries of the world, as given by Prof. Rogers, in his "Description of the Coal-Fields of North America and Great Britain," annexed to the "Government Survey of the Geology of Pennsylvania."

Total square miles

United States 196,650

British Provinces 20,180

of North America 7,530

Great Britain 5,400

The rest of Europe 3,564

The estimated quantities of coal in the principal countries are as follows:

Belgium 36,000,000,000

France 59,000,000,000

British Islands 190,000,000,000

Pennsylvania 316,400,000,000

Great Appalachian coal-field (this name is given to the bituminous coal-field which extends thro' parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia) 1,387,500,000,000

Indiana, Illinois, and Western Kentucky 1,277,500,000,000

Missouri and Arkansas 729,000,000,000

Basin 729,000,000,000

All the productive coal-fields of North America 4,060,000,000,000

A survey of the figures will serve to tranquillize any immediate apprehensions of a short supply of coal. It will be seen that at the present rate of consumption, 100,000,000 of tons per annum, the coal-fields of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for 3,164 years. If this consumption were doubled—namely, 200,000,000 tons—the "Great Appalachian field" would meet the demand for 6,327 years. If it were quadrupled—namely, 400,000,000—the productive coal-fields of North America would suffice for the world's supply for 10,000 years to come. To this we must add the consideration that new coal-fields are brought to light as exploration becomes more extensive in the Arctic regions, announces that he discovered anthracite coal as far north as Spitzbergen. One of the most remarkable features of the coal system of the globe is its liberal distribution over the northern hemisphere, where it is most needed; and it will probably be found in the still unexplored regions of central and northern Asia.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Singular Cravings.

Standard medical publications give well-authenticated facts, showing that, following the cravings of the appetite, the animal instinct has accomplished far more than the physician's skill was able to do—has saved life in a multitude of cases, when science had done its best, but in vain.

About three years ago, the little daughter of a farmer on the Hudson river, had a fall, which induced a long, painful, and dangerous illness, ending in blindness; medicine availed nothing. By accident, a switch containing maple buds was placed in her hands, when she began to eat them, and called earnestly for more, and continued to eat them with avidity, improving, meanwhile, in her general health, for some fifteen days or more. When this particular remedy left her, and she called for candy, and, as in the case of the buds, ate nothing else for two weeks, when this also was dropped, a more natural taste returning with returning eyesight and usual health. This was instant calling for those articles of food which contained the elements, the want of which lay between disease and recovery.

A gentleman, aged thirty-six, seemed to be in the last stage of consumptive disease, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire for common table salt. He spread it thick layers over his meat, and over his bread and butter; he carried it in his vest pocket, which was daily emptied by eating a pinch at a time. He regained his health, and remained well for years afterward.

There are many persons who can record, from their own personal experience, the beginning of a return to health from gratifying some insatiable desire. The celebrated Professor Charles Caldwell was fond of relating in his lectures, that a young lady, abandoned to die, called for some pound-cake, which "science" would have pronounced a deadly dose; but as her case was considered hopeless, she was gratified, and recovered, living in good health afterward. But in some forms of dyspepsia, to follow the cravings is to aggravate the disease—life is made more intolerable, and suicide closes the scene. In low fevers, typhoid, yielding to the cravings is certain death.

To know when and how to follow the instinct of appetite, to gratify the cravings of nature, is of inestimable value. There is a rule which is always safe, and will save life in multitudes of cases, where the most skillfully "exhibited" drugs have been entirely unavailing. Partake at first of what

Chinese Language.

What is its language? It has neither conjugation nor declension, neither affixes nor termination; neither syllables nor alphabets, but is composed of symbols or characters, numbering forty thousand. Many of these have in common the same sound, undistinguished by the ear, but each has a separate significance, and without a change of form may be used either as a noun or adverb, or adjective.

The original mode of recording facts was by means of the knotted cord. About twenty-seven hundred years before Christ, Hiawhage, an ancient sovereign, or one of his statesmen, was the credit of originating the Chinese written language. He is said to have derived his first idea of the invention by observing the various forms in nature, and endeavoring to imitate them. In this way some six hundred symbols were formed, in which a resemblance may be traced between the appearance of the character and the thing signified. The second class seems to have been formed by the combination of characters, whose significance had been settled by the union—so, for example, the word Hiawhage, an ancient sovereign, or one of his statesmen, was made to signify brightness; the sun above the horizon used for morning; the mind, with loud placed over it, signifies to forget; man and word, side by side, signify sincere; three ears and a mouth united signify to listen; a word placed under a cover signifies tranquility. The reason for many of the combinations is to us less apparent, though it is presumed that the author's mind they were not arbitrary. The whole forty thousand characters and more are arranged in two hundred and fourteen classes, each marked under one root or radical which forms a component part of each character in its class. This facilitates the labor of finding any character in the dictionary, as we look for its signification.

The symbols are also arranged in family groups, which lessen the tax upon the memory of the student; still he has to learn the sound and significations of these forty thousand and emblem of thought, as much as a man has to learn the names and characters of forty thousand men to whom he was before times passed unrecognised, when seen in a new position, so one of these old characters you have known for years, when unexpectedly in some new place, his face may seem familiar, but you fail to call to memory his name or occupation and former history.

This is an unwieldy instrument for the transmission of thought, and it requires a long apprenticeship to learn how to use it; but on the other side of the equation it offers a canceling consideration, in that fact that it is intelligible to so large a portion of the human race. The Bible translated into Chinese books printed in this language, may be read by the millions of China, the people of Cochinchina, as well as by the Coreans, Luchewans, Japanese, and multitudes in the surrounding countries of Siam, Borneo, the Straits of Malacca, not to speak of those who have emigrated to India, Java, and California. No one language was ever understood by so many men; no language is so purely its own, and so unlike every other; no living language can claim such high antiquity and hoary-headed veneration. It is the oldest language now spoken, and accepting the Hebrew, it is perhaps the most ancient written language ever used by man. The Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, and Sanscrit, are found only in books, while the classic