The Family.

SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill:
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men,
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold;
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death or life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow, ripening ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sow in tears.

Check the forward thoughts and passion,
Stay the hasty, heedless hand,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant land.
Father, help each week endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.—*Selected.*

SAVED BY A LITTLE KINDNESS.

A correspondent of a Western paper describes the following scene at one of the Tremont Temple meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association:

The time of the meeting was up, when a rough looking man arose. He was plainly clad, and on his features were the evidences of long dissipation. He spoke under great embarrassment.

"My friends," he said, "for I may call you my friends, or I will if you will allow me to, you see in me a man who has been a burden to himself, and a nuisance to others for years. I have been a drunkard for twenty years. I don't feel that I am worthy to stand here among these good people.

"But I want to tell you that although I have been drunk every day for twenty years, God has spared my life, has had mercy on me, and I believe He is going to save me, as bad as I have been. I will tell you how He has begun to do it.

"Last Sunday night God sent an angel to me in the form of a man. There he is—pointing to one of the young men of the Association—and he, by the help of God, saved me. But for him I should to-day be dead."

The man, overcome by his emotions, paused and wept like a child. He proceeded:

"I'll tell you how it was. I found myself after dark at one of the depots of the horse-cars. I was cold and wet, for it was a rainy night, and I went to the car shed and laid down. A man came along and kicked me on the shoulder, and said, 'Get up and get out of this.' I got up and went out into the storm, and came along up as far as Scollay's Building, a building that has open stairs running down to the pavement.

"I went in there to lie down; a police officer tapped me on the head with his mall. 'Out of this,' he said; 'you can't stay here.'

"I went out into the storm again, and came up along by this building, where the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association are. The door was open, the light was shining on the floor, and I thought that it looked warm, so I ventured in and lay down there.

"I fell asleep, but was awakened by that man (pointing to the young man again) who came to me as he was going round to close up the building, and spoke kindly to me, and said, 'Get up and come up stairs, and I will give you a better place to sleep.'

"Such a kind word I had not heard for a year. It broke my heart, again the poor man wept, and others wept.

"He took me into a warm room, and let me sleep on the carpet by the stove—the best bed that I have had for a year. I was all rags. In the morning he took off all my rags, and gave me these clothes I have on. I have not had any thing like this for years.

"He took me to a coffee-house and gave me breakfast, and brought me back here, and locked the door and took up his Bible, and asked me if I would like to hear him read in that book and pray. I said I would, and I did. I wanted to pray myself. I wanted to thank God that He had sent an angel to save my life and snatch me from eternal death.

"I wanted to hear him pray. He did pray. He prayed for me that God would forgive me, and help me to leave off drunkenness. This was too much. After doing so much for me, to go to God and ask Him to forgive me—that was too much. It broke me down. I prayed too. I said, Lord forgive me, and I will never drink any more. And the Lord did forgive me. Right there. I felt it. I felt in my soul an utter hatred of every thing under the name of liquor. I could not drink now if it was offered me. The thought of it sickens me.

"This man has found me a place to work, and I am a happy man, for I feel that I am saved from a drunkard's death. I feel that I may live now a few years, and do some good somehow, and every day bears testimony to the power of God in man—every day tells the world that *a drunkard can be reclaimed.*

"But it was all the Lord's doings through this society. But for this society I should not now be here. While I live I shall pray for them. And while I live I shall pray for the poor drunkard. For I know now that he can be reclaimed.

"Christian friends, when you pray, do not forget the poor wanderers that are kicked from shed to shed—the poor drunkard that the world don't care anything for."

The meeting closed, and many a friendly hand was reached out to greet the poor reformed man, who seemed to be already in the vestibule of heaven.

The Youth's Companion.

"JUST FOR FUN."

BY D. T. T.

So said a gay young lady who in company with pleasant friends was walking one summer day near the railway in a Canadian city. The train was coming. Nearer and nearer it thundered along its way towards the depot. The thoughtless girl proposed crossing the track in front of it "just for fun." With quick ejaculations of alarm her friends pleaded with her to desist from so dangerous an adventure, but paying no heed to their entreaties, in a mere spirit of frolic she sprang upon the track, her dress caught in the ponderous engine, and in another moment the fair and beloved form lay a mangled, crushed and lifeless mass under the relentless iron wheels. These gay words were her last;—she never spoke again. We have seen the young man leave his country home, and all the hallowed associations of parents and sisters, whose affections were twined about him, to seek employment in the crowded city. A good situation was secured,—his prospects were fair. But evil comrades came around, and, lured by their flatteries, he went with them to the haunts of vice. Its mad pleasures were described in smooth words; "I'll keep myself," he boastingly said; "I'll go once, just for the fun of the thing." He passed on to the chambers that take hold on death and hell, and that night the angels mourned over one who despite a pious mother's entreaties and warning began a downward career of ruin from which he has never recovered.

And so men and women are every day stepping into the path of destruction, "just for fun." Multitudes of people, young, gay, and proud, are doing evil, or putting themselves in harm's way, not because they are so desperately wicked or vicious, but because they are careless of consequences, and heedless of their ways, not stopping to seriously consider the end of putting one's self in the track of temptations.

Says the apostle, "Young men likewise exhort to be sober minded." Life is a serious reality. Rocks and wrecks are all around us, and those who leave the safe channel of duty and venture in the untried ways of sin "just for fun," will find by sad experience that "there is a way that seemeth good unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

In the case of such we cry with affection and alarm—"Take care!" The fun which begins in lightness and vanity ends in death and destruction. Beware of the dangerous path. Shun the approaches to it. There is a safe way; walk ye therein. It is a dreadful thing to perish through the indulgence of a little brief fun, when the gate to happiness and life unending stands open wide. Oh, will you to-day commence to think upon these things, and be wise, for—

"Time will end our story,
But no time, if we live well
Will end our glory."

The Christian.

A Christian is a companion of all them that fear God; in them is all his delight.

Obituary.

Robert F., son of the late George and Susan Kingston, died at St. John, N. B., May 11th 1871, aged 12 years and 11 months. It was his privilege to be blessed with pious parents who were anxious that their children should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Of their teaching and example, however, he was at a very early age deprived by their removal from earth to heaven. Though now an orphan, he was not left alone. Kind relatives took him under their guardianship, he was early sent to the Sabbath school in which he was one of the best behaved, and towards which he manifested much love. When exceedingly young he took much delight in reading the Word of God, and in singing the hymns there taught him. About nine months before his death we were called to visit him and found him suffering intensely from the effects of a tumour on the brain, which ultimately terminated in the loss of his sight; but, now though blind to earthly objects his spiritual vision became clear, and without a cloud he beheld the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. A few months before his death, he seemed to improve in health, and his friends began to cherish hopes of his recovery, but whilst engaged with his young companions in play, he was taken suddenly with a pain in his head, and in a few hours was in the spirit land.

Robbie was interred by the side of his sainted parents, in the Carleton cemetery. He is removed from his school companions below, with whom he loved to join on the Sabbath day in singing:—

The realms of the blest,

where he is now keeping an eternal Sabbath—yet being dead he still speaks to each in his class—Oh! my God, who is the tender Shepherd guide their footsteps to Himself.

T. J. D.

(From the Methodist Recorder.)

DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS VASEY.

It is our mournful duty to announce the death of the Rev. Thomas Vasey, which event took place at Harrogate about midnight on Friday Sep. 29th. It has been generally known for some months past that Mr. Vasey's health was in a feeble and even critical state; but probably many of our readers will be unprepared for the intelligence of his death, which will be received throughout the entire Connexion with profound regret. Mr. Vasey was the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was educated at Woodhouse-grove school. Mr. Vasey, sen., died in 1826, before his son had completed his term at school. In 1839 he was accepted by the Conference as a minister on probation, his first year being spent in supplying for ministers who required assistance. Owing to his delicate state of health, his ordination was delayed a year beyond the usual time; this event took place at Birmingham, at the Conference of 1844. The next year he received an appointment to the City-road Circuit, and from that time to the present his name has been prominently before the Connexion.

Although frequently suffering from extremely severe attacks of pain, and in a condition which a man of less fortitude would have regarded as an imperative call to retire from the active duties of the ministry, Mr. Vasey continued regularly in the full duty of a Circuit until June last, when his shattered condition enforced a retirement which it was hoped would only be of very short duration. He went to Harrogate, intending to take a voyage to Lisbon in the hope that the rest and change might remove the threatening symptoms. But soon after his arrival, symptoms of a serious character made their appearance, the heart disease, from which he had long suffered, being coupled with dropsy. He became confined almost entirely to his room, and afterwards was so alarmingly ill that there appeared little probability of his surviving. From this attack he rallied surprisingly. He even resolved to attend the Conference, and would have done so but for the absolute prohibition of Dr. Bealy, his medical attendant, whose care and attention from first to last have been beyond praise. Being forbidden to attend Conference, he spent the time at the house of a friend at Horsforth, near Leeds, and in the meantime a house was taken and furnished for the reception of Mrs. Vasey and her family, it having become certain that Mr. Vasey could not resume the duties of the Sunderland Circuit. About the end of August, at the usual time of the removal of the ministers, Mrs. Vasey arrived at Harrogate in a distressingly feeble condition, having been for many years a great sufferer. So extreme was her weakness, that it was quite expected she would die before arriving at the house; and the care and anxiety of mind consequent on these painful circumstances could not but have an unfavourable influence. It was, however, a great comfort to her to be able to minister to her husband, and she was enabled to do this in a way which was really wonderful, though at the expense of a degree of effort which, we fear, has told with disastrous consequences on herself. By degrees Mr. Vasey became worse, the old symptoms of dropsy returned; and on the 18th of September his sons were telegraphed for. On that day he remarked to the Rev. Josiah Pearson that his work was done, and that he was perfectly calm and happy, trusting in his Saviour and ready for his change, though feeling a natural anxiety to have his family around him once more. For two or three days his prostration was so extreme, that it appeared as if he must have died at any moment; and on Sunday special prayer was offered at the chapel that, if it pleased God, his life might be prolonged. The worst symptoms somewhat abated, and a ray of hope seemed to appear; but Mr. Vasey himself expressed the belief that his time for departure had come, and that he was being held back by the prayers of the people. All this time his state of mind was calm and happy in the extreme. Mr. Pearson who visited him constantly states that in all his ministerial experience he had never witnessed so glorious a triumph over agony and death, or such unclouded sunshine while passing through that valley which to so many is a valley of darkness. To many other friends who visited him he expressed himself in a similar way; his naturally cheerful wit did not at all forsake him; only three days before his departure, referring to the sudden death of Rev. Richard Felvus, he remarked in his own cheery way that "Brother Felvus had given him the slip, and got into heaven before him." He expressed especially his satisfaction and delight at the course of life which, following the call of duty he had chosen; and declared with emphasis that, if life had to be spent over again, he would neither choose nor desire anything higher or better than the work of the Methodist ministry. On Friday towards evening he became alarmingly worse, and after some hours' struggle passed away to his eternal reward shortly before midnight. His triumph over the last enemy was complete. "If this be dying," he said to Mr. Pearson, "our friends need not fear it; it is glorious."

MR. JOHN LOCKHART OF PARRSBORO'.

"And it came to pass when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven," a chariot and horses and fire were awaiting the word of command to conduct the Lord's faithful prophet to the place of the blest. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and will be until the last chariot shall go up to the eternal city, with blood-washed souls amidst the shouts of the redeemed saying grace, grace unto it. The eye of faith rests on the wisdom and goodness of God as having a right to choose the means to remove the faithful, by accident or otherwise, as sudden as a "whirlwind," and this fact was happily recognized by our dear Brother. Mr. John Lockhart, who is not, for God took him on the 7th of August last, in the 84th year of his age. A short time previous to the accident (his carriage being nearly ready for him to take a short drive) he was heard to say, "a day to be remembered." Shortly after this he was raised from the ground to which he had been thrown, and as soon as consciousness returned, he said "it is all right; I am in the hands of my heavenly Father;" and although suffering the keenest pains for nearly four days, yet every expression was in harmony with the perfect and upright man; and as he neared the dark valley and death's gloomy shadow falling fast around the "step" between life and death; he said, "happy, happy, happy," earth's weary wheels stand still and another glorified spirit is safely conducted into the presence of God and the Lamb. In early life Father Lockhart became the subject of God's regenerating power and grace, he united himself with the Wesleyan church and lived and laboured in connection with it, and for the good of all others until life's end. His love to God and His cause led him to warn men day and night with tears; his earnest exhortations and sincere prayers can never be forgotten; he lived in the spirit of a revival, and was constantly waiting and looking for the consolation of Israel. The secret of the Lord was with him. On the eve of some gracious revival of religion F. L. was among the first from whom the Lord did not hide the knowledge of the blessed fact, and more than once has the writer thought that the reason may have been the same as in the case of Abraham, "For, I know him that he will commend his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord;" for in earnest special prayer for his family more than thirty years ago he received a direct, satisfactory answer that not one "hoof" would be left unsaved. In his attention to the sick and dying he was deeply imbued with the spirit of his Master, he went about doing good. To the latter he was faithful and frequent in his visits, and never gave up pleading and believing in their behalf until God saved or death removed them. One young man whose life had been a failure nearing the dark valley received a visit from F. L.; he began at the Scripture that tells most of Jesus and His love to poor sinners; the dying youth listened, his whole soul became interested in the happy theme—expressed his regret at his past life—repented of his sins—believed in Jesus and then and there in life's last extremity God plucked him as a brand from the burning. He possessed that wise, ingenious persuasiveness combined with the mellowing constraining love of Christ, which made him a blessed power in winning souls to Jesus. No man susceptible of a good impression could be in his company one hour without being impressed with the sincerity of his attachment to his Blessed Master. And many a solemn vow has been made to enter the service of the Lord while listening to the plain, pointed, powerful appeals commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. His whole life, both private and public, for the space of fifty years, was in perfect harmony with all that is pure and lovely and of good report, and every grace and virtue that adorn the Christian character had a blessed development in his life, conduct, and conversation. All that have seen his useful life, his triumphant and happy death, will gratefully listen to the voice from heaven saying, Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

J. S.

Parrsboro', Oct. 10th, 1871.

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Certain, Safe and Effectual

Remedy for Worms in children and adults discovered.

They contain no Mercury

For sale everywhere.

Factory and Wholesale Depot,
CITY DRUG STORE,
sep 21 Halifax, N. S.

IF

You wish GOOD, wholesome and Nutritious

Biscuit, Buns, Tea Cakes, Pastry, &c.

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Woodill's German

BAKING POWDER.

In its use you save

Time, Trouble and Expense;

☞ Diploma and honorable mention awarded at Provincial and Industrial Exhibition 1868.

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British American Book AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

HALIFAX.

66 GRANVILLE STREET.

The following are a few of the Magazines and Papers for sale at the Depository, with the prices per annum, and postage when mailed for the country:—

MAGAZINES.

Sunday Magazine $1 75; Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home Family Treasury, Good Words, $1 50 each per annum; 25 cents additional when mailed for the country.

PAPERS.

Christian at Work, 56c; British Messenger British Workman and Workwoman, Cottager Artizan, Child's Companion, Children's Prize Children's Friend, 25c each, postage 3c. per annum; Gospel Trumpet, Child's Paper, Children's Paper, S. S Messenger etc, 12½c each, postage 1½c additional per annum. Single Papers, 10c additional.

Please send for circular with list and prices in full. (feb23) A. McBEAN, Sec.

FOR SALE AT THE

Prince Albert MOULDING FACTORY.

DOORS.

1000 KILN DRIED PANEL DOORS from $1.50 and upwards. Keeps on hand following dimensions, viz., 7x3, 6 ft, 10x3 10, 6, 8x2, 8, 5 6x2, 6.

WINDOWS.

1000 WINDOW FRAMES AND SASHES, 12 lights each, viz. 7x9, 8x10, 9x12, 10x14. Other sizes made to order.

SHOP FRONTS

And Window Shades, inside and out, made to order.

MOULDINGS

One million feet kiln drird Mouldings, various patterns.

Also, constantly on hand—

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1 1-2 M grooved and tongued spruce, and plain jointed 1 in. Flooring well seasoned.

LININGS AND SHELVINGS

Grooved and tongued Pine add spruce Lining Also, Shelving and other Dressed Material.

PLAINING, MATCHING, MOULDING TIMBER! JIG and CIRCULAR SAWING, done at shortest notice.

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Orders attended with promptness and despatch. Constantly on hand—Turned Stair Balusters and Newal Posts.

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Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Lumber; Pitch Pine Timber and 3 in Plank. Also—Birch, Oak, and other hard woods.

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Sawed and Split Pine and Cedar Shingles,

CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, LATHS, and JUNIPER POSTS.

ALSO,—*SHIP AND BOAT KNEES.*

All of which the Subscriber offers for sale, low for cash, at Prince Albert Steam Mill, Victoria Wharf, foot of Victoria Street (commonly known at Bates' Lane), near the Gas Works.

June 22. HENRY G. HILL.

Provincial Wesleyan Almanac

NOVEMBER, 1871.

Last Quarter, 5th day, 8h. 41m., morning.
New Moon, 12th day, 0h. 54m., afternoon.
First Quarter, 19th day, 4h. 32m., morning.
Full Moon 26th day, 4h, 39m., afternoon.

D. M.	Day Wk.	SUN. Rises	SUN. Sets.	MOON. Rises.	MOON. South.	MOON. Sets.	H. Tide at Halifax
1	W.	6 41	4 47	7 48	2 45	10 25	9 49
2	Th.	6 42	4 45	8 37	3 34	11 20	10 18
3	Fr.	6 44	4 44	9 32	4 24	A 11	10 53
4	Sa.	6 45	4 42	10 32	5 13	0 54	11 34
5	SU.	6 46	4 41	11 35	6 2	1 32	A 16
6	M.	6 48	4 40	morn.	6 50	2 5	1 18
7	Tu.	6 49	4 38	0 42	7 38	2 34	2 47
8	W.	6 51	4 37	1 50	8 24	2 58	4 6
9	Th.	6 52	4 36	3 0	9 11	3 22	5 12
10	Fr	6 54	4 35	4 11	9 59	3 47	6 1
11	Sa.	6 55	4 34	5 26	10 50	4 14	6 45
12	SU	6 56	4 33	6 44	11 44	4 44	7 22
13	M.	6 57	4 32	8 4	A 42	5 20	8 2
14	Tu.	6 59	4 30	9 22	1 43	6 4	8 43
15	W.	7 0	4 29	10 34	2 46	6 58	9 26
16	Th.	7 2	4 28	11 36	3 50	8 4	10 11
17	Fr.	7 3	4 27	A. 25	4 50	9 15	11 3
18	Sa.	7 4	4 26	1 7	5 47	10 27	11 59
19	Su.	7 5	4 26	1 40	6 40	11 40	morn
20	M.	7 7	4 25	2 5	7 26	morn.	1 3
21	Tu.	7 8	4 24	2 28	8 12	0 47	2 24
22	W.	7 10	4 23	2 51	8 56	1 56	3 42
23	Th.	7 11	4 22	3 13	9 39	3 1	4 54
24	Fr.	7 12	4 22	3 36	10 22	4 5	5 46
25	Sa.	7 14	4 21	4 0	11 6	5 8	6 32
26	U.	7 15	4 21	4 31	11 53	6 12	7 11
27	M.	7 16	4 20	5 4	morn.	7 15	7 46
28	Tu.	7 18	4 19	5 44	0 40	8 16	8 23
29	W.	7 19	4 19	6 30	1 29	9 14	8 55
30	Th.	7 20	4 19	7 24	2 18	10 6	9 27

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

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hours and 11 minutes *later* than at Halifax. At Annapolis, St. John, N. B., and Portland Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes *later*, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes *earlier*, than at Halifax.

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 of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

THE

PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN,

ORGAN OF THE

Wesleyan Methodist Church of N. B. America.

Editor—Rev. H. Pickard, D.D.

Printed by Theophilus Chamberlain.

176 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Terms of Subscription $2 per annum, half cash in advance.

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All communications and advertisements to be dressed to the Editor.

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