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Volume IV. No. 6.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1852.

Whole No. 162.

could not be dying, with that crimson flush

[SELECTED FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.] My Times are in thy Hand.

My times are in Thy hand ! I know not what a day Or e'en an hour may bring to me But I am safe while trusting Thee. Though all things fade away. All weakness, I

On him rely, Who fix'd the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand Pale poverty or wealth, Corroding care or calm repose Spring's balmy breath, or winter's snow Sickness or buoyant health-Whate'er betide If God provide,

Tis for the best-I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand Should friendship pure illume, And strew my path with fairest flowers, Or should I spend life's dreary hours In solitude's dark gloom, Thou art a Friend Till time shall end, Unchangeably the same: in Thee all beauties

My times are in Thy hand Many or few my days. I leave with Thee-this only pray That by Thy grace I, every day, Devoting to Thy praise

May ready be To welcome Thee Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand! Howe'er those times may end. Sudden or slow my soul's release Midst anguish, frenzy or in peace I'm safe with Christ my friend! If He be nigh. Howe'er I die. 'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy

My times are in Thy hand! To thee I can entrust My slumbering clay, till Thy command Bids all the dead before Thee stand, Awaking from the dust. Beholding Thee, What blise 'twill be

With all thy saints to spend eternity To spend eternity In heaven's unclouded light ! From sorrow, sin, and frailty free, Beholding and resembling Thee-O, too transporting sight Prospect too fair For flesh to bear Haste, haste my Lord, and soon transport me

-From Memoir of Dr. Gordon.

"There is a magic in that little word: It is a mystic circle that surrounds Comforts and virtues, never known beyond The hallowed limit."

dial, sincere. The faults and failings which daughters of our land! thy faults I love thee still."

thoughts.

beautiful. It is a crown of glory on the likely to drop, mend it.

"And oh, if those who cluster round The altar and the hearth. Have gentle words and loving smiles, How beautiful is earth."

be laid under contribution.

the burdens of life: then load it not with heaviness of spirit; sickness, and penury, and travail—these be ills enow; the tide is

The giory of a good conscience; have that, and thou her hope, her life. Let her never be ashamed to confess it her ruling principle, her source will have inward peace in the midst of trought to confess it her ruling principle, her source will have inward peace in the midst of trought thought how good a juicy pear would taste. The giory of a good conscience; have that, and thou her hope, her life. Let her never be ashamed to confess it her ruling principle, her source will have inward peace in the midst of trought how good a juicy pear would taste. The thought how good a juicy pear would taste. The thought how good a juicy pear would taste. The thought how good a juicy pear would taste. The theatre of politics, the platform of the theatre of politics, the platform of the theatre of politics, the platform of a good conscience; have that, and thou will have inward peace in the midst of trought how good a juicy pear would taste. The theorem is the theatre of politics, the platform of a good conscience; have that, and thou will have inward peace in the midst of trought how good a juicy pear would taste. The theorem is the theatre of politics, the platform of a good conscience; have that, and thou thought how good a juicy pear would taste. The theatre of politics, the theatre

that her license hath a limit."

ful spirit."

ency is death, cheerfulness life. But re- nor as the public haranguer, addressing pro- nor the scorn of the skeptic drive woman inber that levity and boisterous mirth miscuous multitudes.

therewith to be content."

capable of being used, is the summum bonum. were unhappy. question.

count, if it do not contain in its bowels like Him. That form, in our opinion, is buried stores of wealth, though it may woman

vision can endure. God's sun is only to darkness forever. lighten us on our pathway of business; His Another evident office of woman, is, to

Woman's Offices and Influence, laughs at music and painting, poetry and look to them for many of our joys, for most cal or moral, but we are not won by the BY PROF. J. H. AGNEW, MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY. sculpture, as things of naught, although they of our happiness. He is vulgar, even barto the love of truth and goodness, while To make home hoppy is one of the offices spirit and the refinement of humanity. her worth and respect her character. Hence, hold of the springs of action, and leads us of woman. Home, blessed word. Thanks Classical learning it discards, because with everywhere, hers is the first place, the best to our Saxon fathers for it. Not the name its dusty eyes it can not just see how that place; and an American gentleman would merely, but the realities it expresses. An can qualify man or woman for the better rather suffer an agony than subject woman which constitute woman's idiosyncracy. Her English, an American home is a Bethlehem- enjoyment of life, or how it will help us to a discomfort.

hand knows no betrayal, the smile of joy Shakspeare and Milton, of Goethe and will be reflected on him. plays no deceiver's part. All is candid, cor- Schiller, come and alight at least on the And is it so, that woman is responsible, in

wife, mother, let kindness and cheerfulness There is a poetry of life worth cultivat- moulding. It is what she bids it be.

racter, tending to the happiness of home: and be better qualified to form and express a but also as a reforming power. All this is just the opposite of cheerfulness. them the oil of love to still the waters into woman is naught.

strong against us: struggle, thou art better the cry, that even woman's ambition has seeds, that she may everywhere behold its for the strife, and the very energy shall conquered her judgment and her delicacy, lily-flowers.

hearten thee." Can it ever be well said of woman, "she

must run off; and sooner will the lake be plaudits of a noisy populace. O tempora! her heart: she thirsteth for no purer heaven. clear, relieved of turbid floodings. Yet see, O mores! Save us from such a race of Let such an one be decked in all the gorgewomen! " For empty fears, the harassings of pos- Now woman has rights, many rights, and crowned with the coronet of rank, let her sible calamity, pray, and thou shalt prosper: let them be well guarded; but she has no girdle hold the key which unlocks the treatrust God and tread them down." "The right to be a man. Yet no wonder 'tis, if sures of California, and yet she wants that stoutest armour of defence is that which is amid the stirring enterprises and new disco- which ennobles her sex, and would render worn within the bosom, and the weapon veries of the age, some half-amazon should her an object of love and a source of joy to

which no man can parry is a bold and cheer- defy the customs of social life, and assume others. the right of levelling all distinctions between Beautiful in the family is this spirit of the sexes, walking forth a la Turk, and be cheerfulness; and surely it is an office of coming the gazing stock of the street. Oh, woman to cherish it. It can be wooed and let beauteous, winning woman wear the won. Wherever woman goes, and especially gracefully-flowing robes of modesty; let her at home, let it be as an halo of light around not be met by us "up to the eyes" in politics, her head, and then shall she be a blessing nor at the ballot-box, nor the caucus, nor in to the circle in which she moves. Despond- the legislative hall, nor on the judicial bench,

are no essential ingredients of this whole- Let us rather see her in the quiet retire- crucified Master, nor make her ashamed to some cordial. Its chief element is rather ment of home, not doomed to the busy be seen early at his sepulchre. Rather let that which Paul spake of when he said, "I drudgery of hard housekeeping merely, but her glory in the cross, and make the most have learned in whatsoever state I am, there the refined woman, whose pure sensi- of her high mission here to send its healing bilities are shocked at the thought of a pub- influence to every sick and sorrowing crea-Another office of woman is, to check the lie notoriety; who shuns the wistful gaze of ture on this green earth. Why should any utilitarianism, the money-loving spirit of the the crowd, and finds in her own family circle poor, perishing mortal be left in all the deday. There is something beside bread and her kingdom and her rights, and seeks to gradation of idolatry, when there is in our water to be cared for in this probationary adorn that with all that is lovely and of possession a power that would lift him to world of ours, inhabited by living spirits. good report. Thus will she win our admira-heights of bliss, temporal and eternal? Why And yet one is almost compelled to the contion and secure our love. Were her intel-should the world be left to its wailings and clusion that the whole race, at the present lect and her eloquence displayed at the bar its woes, when Christianity diffused, in its day, has given itself up to the worship of or on the platform, we might indeed wonder benign spirit, would convert those woes into

Cui bono, in a terrene sense, is the great While sensible, then, of her equality with gies to place this word of life in the hands "Will it pay," the grand idea of man in the possession of a soul like his own, of every pilgrim over the deserts of time? the age. And men are hurrying along, life capable of the highest enterprises in science And may she so breathe its spirit and feel in hand, breathless and bootless, over the and literature, may she yet recognize, as the its power, that it shall never again be thus highways and byways to the Great Mogul's appointment of her all-wise Creator, suber- written of her: temple, where there is no Divinity to revere. dination to man in power, superordination in We almost wish the return of the old influence. Be content to be woman. It is a Grecian's faith, who enveloped himself with province high enough. If not cherubic, it is a spiritual world, and this, at least, elevated seraphic. It is that phase of humanity we his intellect, if it did not renovate his heart. think most godlike; for if Jehovah's highest To him the majestic mountain was peopled expression of himself is Love, then that form with august entities. To us it is of no ac- of humanity expressing most of it, is most

awaken the feeling of the sublime, and lift Let her not, then strip herself of her chief the soul up to God. To him the shady glory, and depart further from her God and tree was the habitation of dryads, the rip- Saviour, by shooting out from her own femipling brook of naiads: to us, neither has nine orbit, and aiming to revolve in that of beauty, unless the one can turn a mill, and the other sex, under the false impression the other furnish us fire-wood or lumber. that it is a higher one. Even if it were it is We have made the soul slave to the body; not hers, and by thus battling with the order have stripped the Universe of its glory, as of nature, and swinging loose from the a reflecting mirror, pouring down upon us proper relations of her being, she might besuch rays of Heaven's brilliancy as our come a wandering star in the blackness of

mighty ocean only to bear the burden of our regulate the forms and control the habits of commerce; His magnificent lakes to carry social life. In this land, especially, do the our trade; His beautiful hills and smiling "lords of creation" bow with due deference and be the substratum for our railways.

This utilitarianism of the day, too, has but little sympathy with the fine arts. It on them, amid the trying times of life, and fore the exhibition of power, whether physimay tend mightily to the culture of the barous, we think, who does not appreciate influence steals in upon our hearts, gets

shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The mere discipline of the mind, the life, and say to man, "hitherto shalt thou go symmetrical development of man's higher and no further." The tone of morals will powers, the asthetic evolution of himself; be such as she makes it. Man will be conall this, though it expand his intellect and formed to the model she exhibits. He selenlarge his heart, though it impress on him dom, if ever, rises above the level of his subdues, and thus unseals the soul for the more of sthe lineaments of the skies, and female associates. Surround him with the infusion of her own sentiments. Her Yes, home is the centre of all that is sweet bring him nearer to his great Original, is vulgar, the thoughtless, the impure, and you winning smiles, her tender sympathies, her when I was a boy, than almost anything in the sympathies, dear in the affections of but waste of time and thought, because it shall not see him pure, thoughtful, refined. the soul. There the kiss of love is impress- falls not within the described circle of the Place him ever in the society of intelligent. ed in its purity, the warm pressure of the utilitarian. Shades of Bacon and Locke, of dignified, Christian women, and their virtues

a great measure, for the fashions and habits belong to humanity fallen, are there covered Here is a wide field of influence for of the community in which she lives? It is by the mantle of charity, and the feeling of woman. You are the vestal virgins to even so. If she discard that foolish frip with the oleaginous serenity of gentle story:—" My father grafted a pear-tree: it every member of the family is, & With all watch the fires on the altar of the fine arts. pery and passion for display, which occasion-Yours it is to check the sensuousness of ally characterize her own sex, it will not How the traveller climbing Alpine sum- man, to recall him from his ceaseless toil long live. It must be buried in its own folmits, looking forth on the sublime creations after the manmon of this life, his restless lies, and have no resurrection. If she frown of Jehovah, thinks of home, and wishes the ambition to turn every thing to account in upon him who robs woman of her jewel, he How the wrecked mariner on some desert stocks; railroad-stocks. Tell your sons and discountenance the use of intoxicating beveisle longs for a mother's fond endearments, your sires that there are higher sources of rages, the young man will learn that abstia sister's kindly care. Home is in all his joy. Point them away from earth's sordid nence on his part is the price of respect and joy. Point them away from earth's sordid nence on his part is the price of respect and gold to the brighter gems of literature. love on hers. Her office here is magnified:

de la terre—" conqueror of the conquerors off the pear; and he gave express directions.

Direct their energies to the intellectual and her infifience has become a power. The office here is magnified:

of earth," and do more to bless the world,

The goal was low and easily reached by hond and kissed with It is worth while, then, to strive to make Direct their energies to the intellectual and her inffence has become a power. The home happy; to do each his part towards moral advancement of their age. Help them other offices were guiding and directory; this and make it truly happy, than all political The graft was low, and easily reached by heads pillowed in the coffin; and kissed with rendering it the spot of all pleasant associations. In the several relations of child, sister, fountains of knowledge and religion.

Society looks to her for its institutions, fiscal agencies, and merely interesting institutions, and merely interesting institution

ing. There are spiritual entities around us What a potency! Let her wield it for woman despise it, though it exclude her there is some prospect of our having good and anon, to take from earth, another, and Kindness comes over the spirit like the to which we are linked by ethereal chains. her country's welfare. Then shall it be a from the senator's seat and the chair of pears." music of David's harp over the passion of Let us not struggle to throw off those chains, beacon light to other lands now in darkness state. Let her rather remember that she Saul. It softens and subdues. It manifests but rather to bind them faster about us. and degradation, because there woman is honours herself more, glorifies her God he took to the graft; and everybody said, waters of my soul, the whisper—" Let His itself in a thousand nameless forms, but all And when you see a link broken, and others still the slave of man's passions, and has better, and elevates her race higher, by 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear." will be done "! and yet my lips were closed, never risen, under Christianity, to know her adorning the sphere which her very physical It began to look very beautiful: it was full the words were still unspoken. head of old age, a jewel on the breast of Woman's office is it also to soften political dignity, and make her brutal master feel her organization prescribes. Never will she be

need be ignorant of the great questions of notice at present—the exemplification and more potent in effecting the happiness of the "'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bit," the age; better be familiar with them. But diffusion of Christianity - of Christianity, world, by aiming at the proper dignities of I cried, as I followed my father one day left more deeply lone. A tiny bud, for let her not become absorbed in them: rather not so much in its forms and dogmas, as in man, throwing herself out upon the arena of down the alley to the pear-tree. Cheerfulness is another attribute of chakeep so aloof from exciting occasions as to its spirit; not solely as a redeeming scheme, public life, meddling and mingling in its

Some there are, ever disposed to look on the and measures. Let her opinions be well debtor. It has breathed into her its breath enough to discern the wisdom of God in thing eigenvalues. The her opinions be well debtor. It has breathed into her its breath enough to discern the wisdom of Looks." Child whom I had so proudly cradled in my line; 'I wish arms blessing it is its broats. The her opinions be well debtor. It has breathed into her its breath enough to discern the wisdom of life, and she has become a living soul. her proper relation, and that man shall still longing up to this. 'O, how good it looks." Child whom I had so proudly cradled in my line; 'I wish arms blessing it is its breath. dark side of life; and thus they not only becloud their own spirits, but cast a shadow and caution. When her dearest friends of Else had she been but a dead manikin. To and ever have the privilege and the joy of I used to think, smacking my lips: 'I wish arms, blessing it in its beauty, was passing where I can and leaping down to reover the smiling precincts of home. Every the other sex seem embittered toward others, it she owes her present advanced position, admiring and loving her as gentle, retiring, it was all mine.' single sour grape portends a cluster; every and in danger of forgetting the sweet chariber commanding influence. Even all the delicate, yet influential woman. - Harper's flash of lightning a riving thunderbolt. ties of life amid the chafings of party rivalry, literature and refinement of Greece and Magazine. Earth's actual cares are not enough; troubles let her pour out the milk of human kindness Rome could not confer on woman the boon The present does not fill into the cup of courtesy, and ask them to which the religion of Jesus has brought her. their hearts with sadness; the future must drink of it. When the waters are troubled He was woman's son, and his religion tells it. and the billows roar, let her diffuse over Go where that religion is not, and there

hold the seeds of many little joys, that the higher, better far, than to be pressing on, wall of partition between male and female, have received from a Father, whose proving in my mind. When the week of small vexations may be kept under, as some would have her, into the busy but has opened the sealed fountains of her dent care has kept your life, in health, in "One night and ever and anon the sickle be thrust in bustle of out-door politics. Here is influ- soul, and caused them to send forth rills of comfort, while others every way your equals, and a harvest of good fruits be garnered for daily use. It gazes on the bright side of Who that loves woman, that really adhumanity and poured out gladness on a dark turely cut off, or spared to live in misery. the picture, and throws its delighted glances mires her worth as woman, that thinks of and dreary world. Let the cross, then, be Think of this; think of it with gratitude. a warm, still, summer night: there was no long a mortal's love or care. One wailing upon every eye. And thus it not only aug- her as the delicate. refined, tasteful, sensi- woman's standard, Jesus woman's trust, Calmly and carefully review the transactions moon, no noise except the hum of number- sound, a sob that rent the heart strings, ments present bliss, but in hoary years the tive development of humanity, the incarna- Christianity woman's charter. That thrown of the week. Have you been industrious memory of other days around the family tion of all that is lovely, gentle, modest, overboard, we are wrecked. Its principles and frugal? Have you habitually controlled dow, and peeped into the garden. I snuffed "With Eddie now, my darling," broke hearth will be sweeter, and the influence on peaceful, and pure, the highest earthly abandoned, the world sinks again into barba-your temper and your tongue? Have you pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines the deep silence, "with Eddie, it is well." It manifestation of God as love; who that rism, and woman to brute degradation. "The thought of the poor and infirm, and relieved of the trees. I glanced in the direction of was his mother's voice, the low sweet voice "Cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient remembers her as the "help-meet," can last at the cross and earliest at the sepulchre," them? strength is duty." "Not few nor light are bear the thought of hurrying her out upon must remember to cling to Christianity as The glory of a good man is the testimony My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I checked my tears, even as I heard it, and mar-

"In thy day of grief let nature weep; and fitting sphere, to be gazed on by a careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a leave her alone; the freshet of her sorrow curious crowd, and perhaps to hear the time of retribution; pleasure is the idol of ous trappings of wealth, let her brow be

"On, what is woman, what her smile, Her Hip of love, her eyes of light, What is she, if her lips revile The lowly Jesus 'Love may write His name upon her marble brow, And linger in the curls of jet. The light spring-flower may scarcely bow Beneath her step-and yet-and yet-Without that meeker grace she'll be A lighter thing than vanifis."

A lighter thing than vanify Never, then, let the sneer of the infidel from compounding the spices to embalm her with deep amazement, but we should not joys, those wailings into hallelujahs? How That which is a physical fact, which is love: and wanting this, both she and we can woman, owing her all to the religion of the Bible, refrain from exerting her ener-

"There came
A stranger bright and beautiful
With steps of grace, and eye of flame.
And tone and look most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent;
Oh, then I looked for tears. She stood
Before the prisoner of Calvary.
I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the writhe of agony.
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
'Father, lorgive them'—all was there
I turned in bitterness of soul,
And spake of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control:
For weman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment on it carelessly.
Then coldity curl'd her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment! Could it be
That look was meant, lear Lord, for thee:

few words on Influence. This is woman's power. That distinctively belongs to man, and is exercised by authority. Law and penalty grow out of it. It regulates actions, it punishes crime. Influence, on the other hand, awakens feeling, generates opinions, implants sentiments in the soul, silently yet emphatically: and thus it crushes vice, promotes virtue, and avoids the necessity of penal infliction.

Now this is pre-eminently lever in the hands of woman in into its own ways. It is the inflowing upon heart is a great reservoir of love, the waterworks of moral influence, from which go out ten thousand tubes, conveying off the ethereal essences of her nature, and diffusing them quietly over the secret chambers of

man's inner being. Even the weakness of woman softens and sensible expressions, her gentle ways, all else," said a gentleman the other day. "I woman? No more can the yeasty waves my mother taught me." dash and foam when superinfused by the mollifying touch of oil, than can the passions said I. of man rage with impetuosity in contact He answered me by relating the following

woman. -

Woman's office is it also to soften pointed asperities in the other sex, and themselves to asperities in the other sex, and themselves to shun political publicity. Not that woman our threshold, a fond link let me commend it to woman's cultivation. deliberate and unbiased judgment on men To Christianity woman is emphatically a hope that woman will have good sense let me commend it to woman's cultivation.

Some there are, ever disposed to look on the some deliberate and unbiased judgment on men and measures. Let her opinions be well debtor. It has breathed into her its breath longing up to this. O how good it looks." child whom I had so promise and unbiased judgment on men and measures. Let her opinions be well debtor. It has breathed into her its breath longing up to this. O how good it looks." child whom I had so promise and unbiased judgment on men and unbiased

Saturday Evening.

That scatters wide over the soil of the house- a great calm. Surely this is an office Christianity has not only broken down the view the week; sum up the blessings you selfish thought that gradually got uppermost feeling that soon one angel more would be

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN. Lines,

Suggested on hearing the experience of

Not in the paths of worldly ease Surrounded by a giddy throng Where wealth and fashion ruled supreme And gaily sped the hours along-

My foolish heart had learned to bow Submissive, to thy gentle sway,-And, moved by love, my feet had run Thy blest commandments to obey

Nor yet, when Friendship's cheering smiles, All gloomy thoughts afar had chased,-When loving eyes looked into mine, And loving hands in mine were placed.

Their voices sounded in my ear .-And every simple word bespoke Affliction constant and severe Not then did I, with grateful heart.

When sweeter than soft music's strains

The "giver of all good" adore,-But closer clung to earthly ties And loved the creature, more and mor A change passed o'er life's smiling morn.

Riches took wings and sped away, And they who once had flattered, now Were glad to shun my darkened way. Yet some there were, by sorrow pressed,

Firm, faithful friends in gloomiest hour.

Forgetful of a higher power. I deemed that adverse blasts were o'er. For skies shone smilingly again .-But, quickly, was I taught to prove,

And soon, consoled, again I smiled.

For soon, within my happy home, A cruel spoiler, stealthy, came,-And faded grew each blooming cheek, Oh, need I tell that spoiler's name.

How fragile earthly joys, and vain.

Subdued became the buoyant step, Languid the once bright, flashing eye While tones that wakened nought but mirth Now moved my soul to agony.

They passed, like summer's glory, by The loved ones vanished from my sight While all earth's beauty seemed, to me, Eclipsed by one long, cheerless, night Nature, that I had loved so well,

Grief's tempest hadeno power to calm There was no flower or herb could yield To fainting spirit, healing balm. But lo! a ray of heavenly light, Shone through the depths of my despair,

And withered hope revived again,

Sweet settled calm, now fills the soul,

Where giddy mirth, or dark despair,

Smiles chased away the falling tear. A voice had wispered, "Peace, be still," And passion's storm, that moment, ceased, While, from the chains which long had bound, My weary spirit was released.

Once reigned supreme, and lent to life Its flickering light, and gloomy air. While heavenly hope forbids vain grief To ponder on the silent tomb. But, through death's valley, points to where

The Four Words.

The loved, in fadeless beauty, bloom.

M. E. H.

"Four little words did me more good influence us, flow in upon our spirits. Who cannot reckon up all the good they have can be long boisterous in the presence of done me: they were the first words which "Indeed: what were the four little words?"

exemplify and diffuse Christianity. Thus father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; our dimned eyes, and say—"Thy will O In the storm, I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt which had

man, throwing nersell out upon the area of public life, meddling and mingling in its chafings and chances. Ah no let us still be fully ripe for a week, said my father. The stricken mother who a few hope that woman will have good sense "I thought I loved pears better than any to rest, came to the old homestead, that it too there?"

"I was born high up the recountain, but

the currants were not so relishing, and the in the quiet chamber, where years, before, on my margin—where I may drive the mill damsons I thought nothing of in comparison (when she who wept over it now, was herwith this pear. The longer I stopped alone self a child) a hoary-headed man of God, into the great river and bear up his steamunder the pear-tree, the greater my longing had passed away, leaving her fatherless.— Reader, do not let this season pass without for it; until I was seized with the idea of There some who stood around his dying bed Reader, do not let this season pass without for it, such that it was the some profitable reflections. Carefully regetting it. 'O, I wish I had it!' was the were watching the parting of that little one, perhaps come back in the cloud to my own

less insects. I put my head out of the win- and then how still the room was. the pear-tree; the pear tree, then the pear! that had so often soothed them both to rest. I

"A few moments found me creeping whose heart even then yearned over her

down the back-stairs, with neither shoes, lost darling, thus calmly gave back to its stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest God, the treasure, Oh so fondly cherished. creaking frightened me. I stopped on Surely she had learned to say-" Thy will every stair to listen. Nancy was busy some- be done"! Time passed. Summer, Autumn, where else, and John had gone to bed. At and the Winter came. The snow laid deep last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. upon the ground; fires glowed bright, and It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages warm, on sheltered hearth-stones. The misleto unlock it, so fearful was 1 of making a to wreaths were borne to, and fro, from home noise: and the bolt grated. I got it open, to home, and many hearts were bounding in went out, and latched it after me. It was anticipation of the joys, anothers sun's rise

ran down the walk. The patting of my Festivals.

good to get out into the cool night air. I and setting would bring-" The Christmas

feet made no noise on the moist earth. I In our home, we were planning pleasant stopped a moment, and looked all around, surprises, for a home-gathering, when a hurand then turned in the direction of the pear- ried summons came to throw a shadow over tree. Presently I was beneath its branches. all. The death-angel had come all un-Father will think the wind has knock- thought of, to a fair young girl, who was so ed it off : but there was not a breath of air often our pleasant companion. Yet startstirring. 'Father will think somebody has ling as was the summons, it came to one stelen it, -some boys came in the night and who feared not death. She had given her

robbed the garden: he'll never know." I heart to the Creator, in the days of her trembled at the thought of what I was about youth. Again I entered the chamber of to do. 'O, it will taste so good! and father death, and for a moment my heart bounded never will, never can, know it; he never joyfully. Surely they were mistaken. She would think I took it."

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree upon her cheeks, and her eyes beaming so and raised my hand to find it, and to snatch brightly. It could not be. Alas! it was it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and even so. Gradually the rose faded, leaving my head turned upward, I beheld a star a marble paleness there, but the eyes still looking upon me through the leaves .- met our own undimmed in lustre. She Thou God seest me! escaped from my longed to go, she joyed to be free.

lips. The star seemed like the eye of God "Father kiss me," were among the last spying me out under the pear-tree. I was words I heard her speak, and a touching so frightened that I did not know what to thing it was to hear him speak to his child do, 'Thou God seest me!' I could not in the words of hely writ, of the glorious belp saying over and over again. God home opening to receive her, while the seemed on every side. He was looking me burning tears coursed down his cheeks, tellthrough and through. I was afraid to look, ing that the earthly was struggling with the and hid my face. It seemed as if father spirit-voice. Sing for me, she whispered

and mother, and all the boys, and everybody and solemnly, tremblingly from voices that in town, would take me for a thief. It ap- she loved, the triumphant hymn arose. Once peared as though all my conduct had been she mingled her dying tones with theirs, seen by the light of day. It was some time and her face grew rapturous in its joy, as before I dared to move, so vivid was the she looked heavenward. There, ere the impression made upon my mind by the awful daylight faded from the earth, she was truth in those four words, "Thou God seest chanting with saints, and angels round the me!" I knew He saw me: I felt that He throne, the praises of Him who had loved

"I hastened from the pear-tree: nothing The snow has long since laid upon her on earth would at that moment have tempt- grave, meet covering for the shrine where ed me to touch the pear. With very differ- once her spirit dwelt; the Summer sun ent feelings did I creep back to bed again. has shone there, since she went to dwell I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a forever in the light of the Sun of Righteous condemned criminal than anything else. ness; but it seems as yesterday that thrill-No one in the house had seen me; but, O, ing scene-the weeping father, and the it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I dying girl, yet both showing the love, and should never dare meet my father's face trust, which made her strong to pass through again. It was a great while before I went the dark valley, and taught him unmurm to sleep. I heard my parents come home, ingly to yield her up. Then more fully did and I involuntary hid my face under the I realize, that mortals in the strength of sheet. But I could not hide myself from a grace can say, and teel,-" Thy will be done sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed on earth, even as it is in heaven! everywhere diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences, which, God be praised! I never got over

If I was ever tempted to any secret sin. 'Thou God seest me!' stared me in the face; and I stood back restrained and awed." The gentleman finished: his story intergreatly. I think it wil many children. I hope it will do more than read concerning the great end of life?

interest them: I hope it may do them much od.
"Thou God seest me." These four little "Why do you hang there, beautiful flowwords are from the Bible. Hagar uttered er?" them. She fled in anger from her mistress "I hang here to sweeten the air which Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An man breathes-to open my beauties to kinangel met her by a fountain of water. The dle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand angel bade her return to her mistress, and of Gop, who pencilled every leaf and laid it told her some things in her life which Ha- thus carefully on my bosom. And whether gar thought nobody knew but herself.— you find me here to greet him every morn-ing with my opening face, or folding myself Then she knew it was the angel of God; for up under the cool curtains of evening, my

nobody but He could look in the most secret end is the same. I live not to myself." Children, learn these four words. Im- mountain-side instead of the garden? press them upon your heart. Think of "Why then I should live in brightness them, when you lie down, when you get up under the bare possibility that man might and when you go by the way; when alone, direct his footsteps there, and smile to see or when with your companions, both at home me there already awaiting his arrival, or that and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest other spirits might see that Gop loves to

me."-American Paper.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

Leaflets. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." and live for itself alone. was a very choice graft, and he watched it "Thy will be done"! Hath the trem-Let man, then, exercise power; woman with great care. The second year it blos- bling heart weighed down with sorrow, an exert influence. By this will she best personed, but it bore but one pear. They were echo for these holy words? Oh! it is hard form her offices, discharge her duties. Thus said to be a very nice kind of pear; and my to gaze upon the idol of an earthly home, and sheltered the panting flocks which has loved ones there could share his rapture. available funds, in bank-stocks, copperis a fugitive on the face of the earth. If she
restrain utilitarianism, allay party asperities, up to the man's promises. This single pear, loving eye closed—very hard, to bow in will she most effectually make home happy, father was quite anxious to see if they came, when the eloquent voice is hushed, and the regulate the habits of social life, and both then, was an object of some concern to my submission, amid the storm of grief, to lift

> Surely this is a mission exalted. Let no many times to my mother. 'I hope now, grave seemed all darkness, opening ever, yet another treasure. At such an hour, danced and refreshed its giddy wings ere it " Everybody who came into the garden, there came full oft, stealing over the troubled

> > Death was on our threshold, a fond link myself." must be broken, and hearts already smitten silver brook, in the distance resembling the whose blos-oming, so many watched, was t was all mine.'
> >
> > "The early apples did not taste so good, that summer night. A hushed group, was cattle may drink—where the lark may sing "One night after we were in bed, my hands, that had so often been stretched out brothers fell asleep long before I did: I to meet me. I had held it in my arms at

on the desert in vast profusion. Even there I should not live to myself." Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say surely that must stand "No," says the tree : " Gop never made me for a purpose so small. I am old. I have stood here more than an hundred years. tened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests

Baltimore, Md., August 2, 1852.

None of Us Liveth to Himself."

What does Gop teach us in his works?

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs

"But suppose you hung on the distant

give so freely that he throws his glories even

been carried far and wide, and groves of fo rest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched the insect that has found a home with the folds of my bark; and when I shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to

On yonder mountain side comes down the ribbon of silver, running and leaping, as it

"I was born high up the mountain, but native mountain to live my short life over in heaven. I knelt beside it to kiss the tiny again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel on whose bright face you may not read, 'None of us liveth unto himself.' Speak now to that solitary star that hangs

n the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler, "What are you doing there?" Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries, "I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the Creation, and had all my duties marked out. I was among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the crea-

tion of the earth. Aye I was there.

When the radient morn of Creation broke.

And the world in the smile of Gol aweke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breed
And order of beauty and spheres of dama.

April 24. Clothing Store,

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