

THE  
Provincial Wesleyan,  
—ORGAN OF THE—  
Church and Conference in Eastern British America,  
And the only Methodist Paper published in the  
Maritime Provinces.  
AS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
POSTAGE PREPAID BY THE PUBLISHER.  
Having a large and increasing circulation in Nova  
Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, New-  
foundland and Bermuda, as an Advertising medium  
it has, in these Provinces, no equal.  
(For rates of Advertising see last page.)  
—10—  
All Wesleyan Ministers are Agents for the Pro-  
vincial Wesleyan.  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,  
A. W. NICOLSON,  
125, Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

# PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.

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Wesleyan Book Room,  
125 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.  
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discount.  
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Parcels forwarded promptly and at  
cheap rates.  
A. W. NICOLSON,  
Book Steward.

### Religious Miscellany.

PSALM XXX. v. 1.  
"In Te, Domine, speravi,  
Non confundar in eternum, in iustitia tua  
Libera me." — Vulgate Edition.  
Not, in the hour of peril,  
Not, in the day of danger,  
Not, when my spirit trembles,  
Not, when my heart is sore,  
Not, when the aliens press me,  
Not, when by foes surrounded,  
Not, when thy snares distress me,  
Let me, Lord, be confounded!  
Not, in the hour of pleasure,  
Not, in the day of joy,  
Not, when my spirit gladdens,  
Not, when no sighs annoy,  
Not, when dear friends are absent,  
Not, when hope seems unobscured,  
Not, when the Lord is nearest,  
Let me, Lord, be confounded!  
Not, in the daily struggle,  
Not, in the rash of life,  
Not, in its strivings weary,  
Not, when its care is rife,  
Not, when its toil is ceaseless,  
Not, in its hopes unfounded,  
Not, when it courts reproach,  
Let me, Lord, be confounded!  
Not, in the time of weakness,  
Not, in the time of falling,  
Not, when my heart is heavy,  
Not, when I touch the river,  
Not, when its depths are sounded,  
Not, as I rise forever,  
Let me, Lord, be confounded!  
MARGARETH.  
MATTHEW WILLIAM ROWE.

### THE LAST JEWEL OF THE CITY.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.  
Just before Christ died, as he sat on the  
Mount of Olives, over against Jerusalem, gal-  
ling at the high walls, the domes, and the pa-  
laces, and especially the great Temple, he warn-  
ed his disciples that all this should become a  
heap of ruins,—not one stone left upon another;  
and that when they saw the Roman army sur-  
rounding the city, his friends should flee out  
and escape.

### THE THRONING THAT ARE WALKING.

BY REV. A. STEWART DESBRISAY.  
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and  
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Through the stems of the beeches;  
Through the screen of the willow it shimmers  
In long, winding reaches:  
Flowing so softly, that scarcely  
It seems to be flowing;  
But the reeds of the low little islands  
Are bent to its going;  
And soft as the breeze of a sleeper  
It rustles and sighs;  
In the cove where the seats of the lilies  
At Anchor are lying.  
It looks as if fallen asleep.  
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling  
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep  
Of the flowers ad their golden beguiling.

#### THE OLD MANSE.

Dr. Guthrie's first charge was the Parish  
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table it rolled down the gutter, and found its  
way through rotten roof and broken slates to  
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the floor of our bedroom that rood over it,  
which saved a bell, and as the planks were  
thin with washing and age, permitted easy com-  
munication between us and the servants;  
and I well remember how in the dark winter  
mornings we used to hear the click of the flint  
and steel as the kitchen-maid struck the sparks  
on the rolled ox, and kindled thus a match  
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primitive, and then the only method of pro-  
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#### DEATH OF DR. COBLEIGH.

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space, and are too much affected personally by  
this very sudden providence, to give any ade-  
quate expression to our estimation of the loss  
of the Church in the decease of this estimable  
Christian minister and able editor. We have  
been familiar with each other since our college  
days, and our early acquaintance on the part  
of the writer, has ripened into warm fraternal  
regard, and a high estimation of the faithfulness  
and usefulness of Dr. Cobleigh. We were just  
reading in his last paper his interesting etio-  
logical account of the session of the late South  
Carolina Conference which he attended.  
In the midst of life we are in death. It be-  
hooves us, his ministerial brethren, to re-  
view and improve the impressive lesson of his unex-  
pected departure, and what our hands find to  
do, to do with our might. The details of his  
sickness, and a sketch of his life will appear  
hereafter.—Ch. Ad.

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York Mills auction to Mr. R. Pavin Davis of  
Gloucestershire, England, at the enormous  
price of \$40,000, was effected through a mis-  
take. The agent of the purchaser, during the  
excitement of the bidding, became confused as  
to the relative value of the pounds sterling and  
dollars, and offered far beyond his authorized  
limit. His principal immediately, on learning  
of the bargain, ordered the sale of the animal,  
which was recently consummated to Colonel  
Lewis G. Morris of Fordham, N. Y., for  
\$20,000. The highly valued animal, the  
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#### FROM THE ZION'S HERALD.

We learn that the revival at the Congress St. Church, Portland,  
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There is but a little physical manifestation of ex-  
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ness pervades the whole work. An old man of  
nearly eighty rose in his seat a few evenings  
ago, and remarked that some said it was only  
enthusiasm; but, "Thank God!" he said,  
"for an excitement that has brought me, an  
old backslider, a wicked sinner of years to God  
again."

#### Obituary.

REV. A. B. MORRIS, A. B., departed this life  
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of religious impressions, and had led a very moral  
life, so much so that it was frequently said of  
him, "he is a very good young man." It was  
early impressed upon his mind that he should  
become a preacher of the Gospel. With this  
object in view he diligently applied himself to  
study. After attending Prince of Wales Col-  
lege in Charlottesville for some time, he  
entered college at Sackville, N. B., in 1866,  
where he afterwards graduated. While at  
this place there was a gracious revival of re-  
ligion among the students, in which Brother  
Morris became the subject of renewing grace,  
and gave himself wholly to the Lord and to his  
church.

#### THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

The New York Observer gives an account of  
a singular law-suit in North Carolina. A good  
man named William Linkhaw, said to be a good  
man and a member of the Methodist Church,  
was indicted for misdemeanor by disturbing a  
congregation, and tried before Judge Russell  
as Robeson Superior Court. The evidence of  
several witnesses was substantially this: He  
sings in such a way as to disturb the congre-  
gation. At the end of each verse his voice is  
heard after the other singers have ceased. One  
of the witnesses being requested to describe de-  
fendant's singing, testified by singing a verse  
in the voice and manner of the defendant,  
which produced a burst of prolonged and ir-  
resistible laughter, convulsing alike the spec-  
tators, the bar, the jury, and the court. The  
defendant was represented as a man of exem-  
plary deportment. It was admitted that he  
had no intention or purpose to disturb the con-  
gregation, but was conscientiously taking part  
in the worship. There was a verdict of guilty,  
judgment, and an appeal by the defendant.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The Church of Deity, which shall  
be for use by the general convention of the  
Protestant Episcopal Church, A. D. 1870,  
reserving full liberty to alter, abridge, enlarge  
and amend the same, as may seem most con-  
ducive to the edification of the people, pro-  
vided that the substance of the faith be kept  
entire.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

This church contains and rejects the follow-  
ing erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary  
to God's word:—  
First.—That the Church of Christ exists  
only in one order or form of ecclesiastical  
polity.  
Second.—That Christian ministers are priests  
in another sense than that in which all believers  
are "a royal priesthood."  
Third.—That the Lord's Table is an altar  
on which the oblation of the Body and Blood of  
Christ is offered anew to the Father.  
Fourth.—That the presence of Christ in the  
Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of  
bread and wine.  
Fifth.—That the Regeneration is inseparably  
connected with Baptism.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The *Halifax Chronicle* of last Friday says  
of the Temperance crusade, time only gives  
new strength to the movement of the Ohio  
women against intemperance. One of the  
most notable occurrences of the campaign was  
recently witnessed in the village of Franklin,  
where four weeks ago there were seven flour-  
ishing whiskey-shops. The women went to  
work with heart and soul enlisted for the strug-  
gle, and at the end of a fortnight only two  
held out. A few days later the sixth closed,  
leaving but one open, and that one is open  
still, although four weeks have elapsed. In  
fair weather and in foul, in snow and rain, they  
have gathered by day and by night and prayed.  
At first the keeper of the place, Monger by  
name, allowed them to enter his bar-room and  
hold their devotional exercises around a warm  
stove and sheltered from the weather, but of  
late they have found the doors locked and the  
ladies have attended in equal numbers out of  
doors. While a prayer-meeting was being  
held outside his saloon many a strong man  
wept, but Monger could be seen inside his  
fortress sitting behind the bar, cigar in mouth,  
a newspaper in his hand, his feet stuck upon  
the counter, and occasionally winking and  
smiling at some invisible sympathizer in the  
dark recess of the same room. Rain began to  
fall, the little pools of water on the sidewalk  
were deepened, and the streets became muck-  
ier than before, but the exercises continued,  
and are still in progress. Yet Monger has  
withstood these women for weeks. "How  
long do you expect to keep this thing up?"  
was asked of a Quaker lady who had for days  
besieged a saloon in an adjoining town. "I  
don't know," replied the mother in Israel;  
"until the day of judgment, unless he closes  
his saloon sooner."

#### THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

The Cincinnati Gazette very graphically  
describes a scene lately witnessed in Hill-  
boro'—  
"Turning a corner on last Saturday fore-  
noon, I came unexpectedly upon some fifty  
women kneeling on the pavement and some  
steps before this store. A daughter of a  
former governor of Ohio was leading in prayer.  
Surrounding her were the mothers, wives and  
daughters of former Congressmen and legis-  
lators, of our lawyers, physicians, bankers,  
ministers, leading business men of all kinds.  
Indeed, there were gathered there representa-  
tives from nearly every household of the town.  
The day was bitterly cold. A piercing north  
wind swept the streets, piercing us all to the  
bone. The plaintive, tender, earnest tones of  
that pleading wife and mother arose on the  
blast, and were carried to every heart within  
their reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads,  
for the place where they trod was holy  
ground. The eyes of hardened men filled with  
tears, and many turned away, saying they could  
not bear to look on such a sight. Then the  
voice of prayer was hushed, the women arose,  
and began to sing softly a sweet hymn—some  
old, familiar words and tune—such as our  
mothers sang to us in childhood's days."

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The Secretary then read the following:—  
1. The Reform Episcopal Church, holding  
the faith once delivered unto the Saints, de-  
clares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the  
old and new Testaments as the Word of God  
and the sole rule of faith and practice; in  
the Creed commonly called the Apostles' Creed;  
in the divine institution of the sacraments of  
baptism and the Lord's Supper; and in the  
fourth in the thirty-nine articles of religion.

### Religious Miscellany.

So they went down into the dark cellar,  
where they found an old, crippled woman, pale  
with starvation, covered with disease and ver-  
min, full of pains, and hardly able to breathe.  
It was plain that she would die shortly.  
"That cannot be the jewel we are seeking,"  
said one of the angels.  
"We shall see," said the other. Then  
stepping down and tanning her with his wings,  
he said, "Poor woman who are you?"  
"Oh, I am one left forgotten when my  
friends, all fled, for I had but just come here,  
sick and a cripple. I have not a friend in the  
world, and there is only one face in any world  
that I would like to see."  
"Well, what face is that?"  
"Oh, sir, I fear you cannot understand me,  
but once—a long-long time ago. I was a servant  
in a palace, the palace of the governor. Well,  
one day they brought in a prisoner, a strange  
one. I never saw such a man. I could not  
keep my eyes off from him. They accused him  
of crime, and he said not a word. A lamb  
could not be more dumb. Then they spit on  
him, and struck him, and put thorns King, but  
he said not a word. Then they scourged his  
back till it bled, and still went on mocking him.  
He looked weary, worn out, and full of pain.  
Oh, how I pitied him, and longed to do some-  
thing for him! My heart was drawn to him,  
and I cried like a child. All I could do was to  
snatch up a gourd shell, and fill it with cold  
water, and put it to his lips, for his hands were  
bound so that he could not take it to himself.  
He drank a little, and oh, what a look he gave  
me! I can see it now! And that is all that  
my circumstances ever allowed me to do for  
him. But I knew I did that out of love to him,  
and only wish I had words to give him. Shall  
I ever, ever see him again?"  
"Brother," whispered the angel, "this  
must be the last jewel of the city which we  
were sent to save."  
"Indeed it is; and now you see she is draw-  
ing her last breath. She is dead."  
So the two messengers took the soul, lifted  
it up—now pure as the lily on the top of the  
water, and gently bore it up to heaven.  
"Room, room for a new jewel!"  
"Was she a queen, and did she make her  
throne an altar of prayer?"  
"No, she was not a queen."  
"Was she the daughter of affluence, and did  
she give her riches for Christ?"  
"No, nothing of that."  
"Was she a learned author, a brilliant liter-  
ary star?"  
"No, nothing of that. She was only a poor  
servant maid."  
"But what did she do for Christ?"  
"She gave him a cup of cold water because  
she loved him, simply out of love to him!  
Room, room for the jewel!"  
And so they put this new jewel in the crown  
of Christ, where it will sparkle forever and  
ever. And in the day when God makes up  
his jewels, they will all see it, and rejoice over  
it.—S. S. Times.

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as Robeson Superior Court. The evidence of  
several witnesses was substantially this: He  
sings in such a way as to disturb the congre-  
gation. At the end of each verse his voice is  
heard after the other singers have ceased. One  
of the witnesses being requested to describe de-  
fendant's singing, testified by singing a verse  
in the voice and manner of the defendant,  
which produced a burst of prolonged and ir-  
resistible laughter, convulsing alike the spec-  
tators, the bar, the jury, and the court. The  
defendant was represented as a man of exem-  
plary deportment. It was admitted that he  
had no intention or purpose to disturb the con-  
gregation, but was conscientiously taking part  
in the worship. There was a verdict of guilty,  
judgment, and an appeal by the defendant.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The Church of Deity, which shall  
be for use by the general convention of the  
Protestant Episcopal Church, A. D. 1870,  
reserving full liberty to alter, abridge, enlarge  
and amend the same, as may seem most con-  
ducive to the edification of the people, pro-  
vided that the substance of the faith be kept  
entire.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

This church contains and rejects the follow-  
ing erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary  
to God's word:—  
First.—That the Church of Christ exists  
only in one order or form of ecclesiastical  
polity.  
Second.—That Christian ministers are priests  
in another sense than that in which all believers  
are "a royal priesthood."  
Third.—That the Lord's Table is an altar  
on which the oblation of the Body and Blood of  
Christ is offered anew to the Father.  
Fourth.—That the presence of Christ in the  
Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of  
bread and wine.  
Fifth.—That the Regeneration is inseparably  
connected with Baptism.

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The *Halifax Chronicle* of last Friday says  
of the Temperance crusade, time only gives  
new strength to the movement of the Ohio  
women against intemperance. One of the  
most notable occurrences of the campaign was  
recently witnessed in the village of Franklin,  
where four weeks ago there were seven flour-  
ishing whiskey-shops. The women went to  
work with heart and soul enlisted for the strug-  
gle, and at the end of a fortnight only two  
held out. A few days later the sixth closed,  
leaving but one open, and that one is open  
still, although four weeks have elapsed. In  
fair weather and in foul, in snow and rain, they  
have gathered by day and by night and prayed.  
At first the keeper of the place, Monger by  
name, allowed them to enter his bar-room and  
hold their devotional exercises around a warm  
stove and sheltered from the weather, but of  
late they have found the doors locked and the  
ladies have attended in equal numbers out of  
doors. While a prayer-meeting was being  
held outside his saloon many a strong man  
wept, but Monger could be seen inside his  
fortress sitting behind the bar, cigar in mouth,  
a newspaper in his hand, his feet stuck upon  
the counter, and occasionally winking and  
smiling at some invisible sympathizer in the  
dark recess of the same room. Rain began to  
fall, the little pools of water on the sidewalk  
were deepened, and the streets became muck-  
ier than before, but the exercises continued,  
and are still in progress. Yet Monger has  
withstood these women for weeks. "How  
long do you expect to keep this thing up?"  
was asked of a Quaker lady who had for days  
besieged a saloon in an adjoining town. "I  
don't know," replied the mother in Israel;  
"until the day of judgment, unless he closes  
his saloon sooner."

#### THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

The Cincinnati Gazette very graphically  
describes a scene lately witnessed in Hill-  
boro'—  
"Turning a corner on last Saturday fore-  
noon, I came unexpectedly upon some fifty  
women kneeling on the pavement and some  
steps before this store. A daughter of a  
former governor of Ohio was leading in prayer.  
Surrounding her were the mothers, wives and  
daughters of former Congressmen and legis-  
lators, of our lawyers, physicians, bankers,  
ministers, leading business men of all kinds.  
Indeed, there were gathered there representa-  
tives from nearly every household of the town.  
The day was bitterly cold. A piercing north  
wind swept the streets, piercing us all to the  
bone. The plaintive, tender, earnest tones of  
that pleading wife and mother arose on the  
blast, and were carried to every heart within  
their reach. Passers-by uncovered their heads,  
for the place where they trod was holy  
ground. The eyes of hardened men filled with  
tears, and many turned away, saying they could  
not bear to look on such a sight. Then the  
voice of prayer was hushed, the women arose,  
and began to sing softly a sweet hymn—some  
old, familiar words and tune—such as our  
mothers sang to us in childhood's days."

#### THE CHURCH OF DEITY.

The Secretary then read the following:—  
1. The Reform Episcopal Church, holding  
the faith once delivered unto the Saints, de-  
clares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the  
old and new Testaments as the Word of God  
and the sole rule of faith and practice; in  
the Creed commonly called the Apostles' Creed;  
in the divine institution of the sacraments of  
baptism and the Lord's Supper; and in the  
fourth in the thirty-nine articles of religion.

### Religious Miscellany.

So they went down into the dark cellar,  
where they found an old, crippled woman, pale  
with starvation, covered with disease and ver-  
min, full of pains, and hardly able to breathe.  
It was plain that she would die shortly.  
"That cannot be the jewel we are seeking,"  
said one of the angels.  
"We shall see," said the other. Then  
stepping down and tanning her with his wings,  
he said, "Poor woman who are you?"  
"Oh, I am one left forgotten when my  
friends, all fled, for I had but just come here,  
sick and a cripple. I have not a friend in the  
world, and there is only one face in any world  
that I would like to see."  
"Well, what face is that?"  
"Oh, sir, I fear you cannot understand me,  
but once—a long-long time ago. I was a servant  
in a palace, the palace of the governor. Well,  
one day they brought in a prisoner, a strange  
one. I never saw such a man. I could not  
keep my eyes off from him. They accused him  
of crime, and he said not a word. A lamb  
could not be more dumb. Then they spit on  
him, and struck him, and put thorns King, but  
he said not a word. Then they scourged his  
back till it bled, and still went on mocking him.  
He looked weary, worn out, and full of pain.  
Oh, how I pitied him, and longed to do some-  
thing for him! My heart was drawn to him,  
and I cried like a child. All I could do was to  
snatch up a gourd shell, and fill it with cold  
water, and put it to his lips, for his hands were  
bound so that he could not take it to himself.  
He drank a little, and oh, what a look he gave  
me! I can see it now! And that is all that  
my circumstances ever allowed me to do for  
him. But I knew I did that out of love to him,  
and only wish I had words to give him. Shall  
I ever, ever see him again?"  
"Brother," whispered the angel, "this  
must be the last jewel of the city which we  
were sent to save."  
"Indeed it is; and now you see she is draw-  
ing her last breath. She is dead."  
So the two messengers took the soul, lifted  
it up—now pure as the lily on the top of the  
water, and gently bore it up to heaven.  
"Room, room for a new jewel!"  
"Was she a queen, and did she make her  
throne an altar of prayer?"  
"No, she was not a queen."  
"Was she the daughter of affluence, and did  
she give her riches for Christ?"  
"No, nothing of that."  
"Was she a learned author, a brilliant liter-  
ary star?"  
"No, nothing of that. She was only a poor  
servant maid."  
"But what did she do for Christ?"  
"She gave him a cup of cold water because  
she loved him, simply out of love to him!  
Room, room for the jewel!"  
And so they put this new jewel in the crown  
of Christ, where it will sparkle forever and  
ever. And in the day when God makes up  
his jewels, they will all see it, and rejoice over  
it.—S. S. Times.

### General Miscellany.

THE THRONING THAT ARE WALKING.  
BY REV. A. STEWART DESBRISAY.  
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and  
come to Zion." Here is still the figure of the  
return from Babylon. That city whose joys  
were not joyous to the captives, whose magnif-  
icence was not dazzling to them. There are  
climes where the birds are rich in plumage, but  
songless, and the flowers beautiful but scent-  
less. Such is this world to the soul. Gay  
with an unnatural gaiety. Beautiful with an  
empty beauty. Out of it as it rolls on to its  
destruction, we are redeemed. Christ has plac-  
ed us on the road not builded by millions of  
money, but by his own blood. Every soul  
walking there bears a purchased whiteness as  
such as no fuller on earth can whiten. Through  
every traveller vibr