

### THE HOPE OF FAITH.

From the Provincial Wesleyan.  
The Hope of Faith.  
When a young man on his way to his  
the Conference Appointment,  
On the beautiful spot, for a moment I dwell,  
With all nature seems hushed for the night;  
As my feet roll the Ocean whose beautiful  
Mark the beach with its billows so white,  
Swished out to the right, far, far in the sea,  
Is that island which I am bound!  
And you dark, towering mountains seem whis-  
pering to me,  
"We will echo the sweet gospel sound."  
Here are souls to be saved, here are hearts to  
be won;  
Here are homes that will welcome the youth;  
Let thy voice be heard, thy commission be  
done!  
And these spirits will bow to the truth,  
"Ye Lord! I respond from the depths of my  
soul;  
I will go, tho' those mountains look dark;  
Every doubt and temptation is hushed at thy  
call,  
While assured of thine aid in the work."  
Thou wilt ye robes to yonder dark Isle,  
And thou, Satan, shrink from me with shame,  
Fly back to thy prison of darkness and guilt  
At the sound of Lammanuel's name.  
Come forth all ye warriors who bow to the  
Lord;  
Nor mourn o'er the lost and the dead!  
Fight with me for the living—God's word is  
our sword,  
Christ's banner that over our head.  
May there soon be a shout heard from moon-  
tain to hill,  
From center to shore may it ring,  
Proclaimed from each river and murmuring rill  
"Lift up your voice, O Emmanuel is King!"  
Little River, N. S.

### A Real Occurrence in a Circle of Friends.

Which is the lagged of death to die?  
"O! and that I might close,  
Long at the gates of bliss would I be,  
And best my spirit ere it fly,  
With bright eternal day."  
Mine were a lingering death with pain,  
A death which all might love to see,  
And mark how bright and sweet should be  
The victory I should gain.  
Fan would I cut a hyacinth root,  
From the angel-chapels which ring above;  
And in my parting breath,  
Quered and expired in death—  
"So those on earth might hear,  
The last note of another sphere,  
Nor the frame which mortal and dies,  
What strings of heavenly life arise,  
And gather, from the death they view,  
A ray of hope to lighten their though,  
When they should be departing too."  
"So! said another, "so not I;  
Sullen as thought is the death I would die,  
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,  
Nor bear a single pang at parting,  
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,  
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,  
Nor the frame which mortal and dies,  
Nor the heart, where love's soft hands are  
breaking,  
So would I die!  
All bliss without a pang to cloud it!  
All joy without a pain to shroud it!  
No day, but caught up as it were,  
To meet my Saviour in the air!"  
So would I die!  
Oh how bright  
Were the realms of light  
Bearing a crown upon the sight  
Even so,  
Thy parting hour, how sad and slow!"  
His face grew faint, and fixed was his eye,  
As if gazing on visions of glory;  
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,  
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;  
They looked—he was dead.  
His spirit had fled!  
Painful and sweet as his own desire,  
"No father, not yet," she replied,  
"What do you wish us to wait for, my  
child?"  
"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray  
to Jesus first," she answered. And then  
kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and  
offered up her prayer with the patience of a woman.  
How beautiful this little girl appears un-  
der these trying circumstances! Surely  
Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour,  
and he will love every child that calls upon  
his name. Let every boy and girl learn  
how to pray; and let life boys be careful  
how they throw stones.

### Indian Summer of Life.

In the life of the good man there is an  
Indian summer more beautiful than that of  
the season; richer, sadder, and more sub-  
lime the world ever knew—it is the Indian sum-  
mer of the soul. When the glow of youth  
has departed, when the warmth of middle  
age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of  
spring are changing to the sore and yellow  
leaf, then the mind of the good man, still  
rigid and vigorous, releases its labors, and  
the memorials of a well-spent life rush forth  
from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing  
and fortifying; then the tranquil resignation  
of the Christian sheds around a sweet and  
wonderful warmth, and the soul, assuming a  
new lustre, is no longer restricted to the  
narrow confines of business, but soars far be-  
yond the winter of hoary age, and dwells  
peacefully and happily upon that bright  
spring and summer which wait him within  
the gates of Paradise forever. Let us  
prayerfully and lovingly wait his coming  
for and look trustfully forward to an  
Indian summer like this.

### Let me Pray First.

An intelligent little girl was passing quietly  
through the streets of a certain town a  
short time since, when she came to a spot  
where several little boys were amusing them-  
selves by the very dangerous practice of  
throwing stones. Not observing her, one of  
the boys, by accident, threw a stone towards  
her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.  
The surgeon was sent for, and a very pain-  
ful operation was declared necessary. When  
the time came, and the surgeon had taken  
out his instruments, she lay in her father's  
arms, and he asked her if she was ready.  
"No father, not yet," she replied,  
"What do you wish us to wait for, my  
child?"  
"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray  
to Jesus first," she answered. And then  
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### To-Morrow.

Who ever saw "to-morrow"? They to  
whom the midnight cry brought no alarm,  
because they were sleeping; they who could  
meet suddenness with readiness—  
They whom, when the bridegroom gave  
time for no more than instant following,  
found that time enough, and went in with  
him to the marriage; who, at the cry,  
"Come ye forth to meet him," had nothing to  
do but to go forth; whose lamps burned  
clear when their companions had gone out;  
who lacked no oil when there was no longer  
time to go and buy; who were "entering  
in" when others were hastening in terror  
to begin their first work; who were shut  
out by the King by the same door which,  
but that they were ready, would have shut  
them out; who were singing salvations  
songs when the foolish were crying without,  
"Lord! Lord! open unto us," and receiv-  
ing their answer, "Depart, I never know  
you." They who needed no "to-morrow,"  
having rightly used today, and could, there-  
fore, with joy, and not with grief, prove  
"to-morrow" and eternity to be the same.  
Who ever received mercy "to-morrow"?  
None. Not to find mercy today is to lose  
it forever.  
Where is God's invitation to be found  
"to-morrow"? No where! God is too  
true to be mocked—too pitiful to mock.  
Who ever was put off by God "to-  
morrow"? No one. When God says  
"Now," he means "now."  
Who ever died on "to-morrow"? No  
one.

### Of Sinners.

Are not they miserable, who, if they had  
the will, could not be happy?  
They that will not hear Christ say, *Come  
unto me*, in a day of grace, shall hear him  
say, *Depart from me*, in a day of judgment.  
If we are graceless here, we shall be  
speechless hereafter.  
Sinners are first driven, then drawn to  
experience.  
The conversion of a sinner is a greater  
wonder than the creation of the world.  
If a sinner's thoughts be not changed by  
grace, they will be changed hereafter by  
experience.  
Sinners, if you are least serious, have the  
greatest reason to be so; their condition is  
awful, and therefore their disposition ought  
to be so.  
Hatred is due to sin, compassion to the  
sinner.  
Sinners, if you will not hear God call  
to-day, you will harden your hearts to-day.  
And if you harden them to-day, God may  
harden them to-morrow. If you will not  
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If you will not do that which God hath  
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If you would not go to hell, you must  
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Let not your hearts flatter you; nor the  
world comfort you, when God threatens  
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God tells you, if you repent, you shall  
find mercy; and will you not believe him?  
Because thou hast been a sinner, wilt thou  
make God a liar?  
Sinners, you must be changed; if your  
hearts be not changed for the better, your  
condition will be changed for the worse.  
The worst of the ways of God are better  
than the best of the ways of sin.—*Select  
Remains of Rev. J. Mason.*

### Missionary Valetudinary Service.

From the London Watchman, Oct. 27.  
AT THE CENTENARY HALL.  
On Friday evening, an interesting Valetu-  
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of several Wesleyan Methodist Ministers  
and Missionaries to various parts of the  
world, was held in the Large Room of the  
Centenary Hall and Mission House, Bish-  
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large and attentive assembly.  
The proceedings commenced with the  
singing of the 78th Hymn—"Lord, if at  
thy command," &c.; after which, the Rev.  
John Scott engaged in prayer.  
The Rev. Dr. Bunting then took the  
Chair, and was very cordially greeted. He  
said—Blessed, my Christian friends,—blessed  
are your eyes tonight; for they see a  
spectacle which is not often to be seen.—  
They see a number of the servants of Christ  
firmly—who at the call of God, as they  
think, and at the call of his church, and  
meet the pressing cry from certain modern  
Macedonians, who say "Come over and  
help us," are prepared to leave their homes  
and country, and all the advantages of this  
Christian land, and all that their country  
affords, in order to preach the Gospel, and  
to promote the interests of true religion in  
foreign lands. This is no ordinary sight.  
Had you lived in any century but this, you  
if in this country you would not have seen  
such a sight;—had you lived here even at a  
comparatively recent period, you would not  
have seen it. We greatly rejoice in the  
fact. Christianity is not dead. We are in  
danger of being too much alarmed by the  
noisy boisterous predictions of modern infidels.  
They make a great show of opposi-  
tion, certainly; and we fear,—and ought  
to fear, and take proper measures to coun-  
teract the results apprehended,—that they exert  
injurious influences upon some members  
of the community; but if infidelity be awake  
and alive and has shown recently more  
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that we are about to expire,—being speedily  
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of all errands, or whilst our people and  
friends at home and the Christiana public gen-  
erally are willing to support such enter-  
prises, such as in its proper place, and in  
the midst of to-night. What we have re-  
ceived, we "thank God and take courage."  
Dr. Hoole, the Secretary of our Society,  
will in the first place, read the list of names  
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The Rev. Dr. Hoole requested that the  
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promise, however, that in the first class, there  
was one Minister, who was about to proceed  
to Western Africa, as a Deputation, having  
kindly acceded to the earnest request of the  
Missionary Committee, to undertake this  
important duty. The second class consisted  
of three Ministers, who had formerly been  
abroad in the service of the Missionary So-  
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foreign fields of labor, not indeed, to stations  
which they had previously occupied, but to  
such parts of the world as were considered  
that they were peculiarly fitted for.  
The third class was formed by those Minis-  
ters, who having travelled some years in this  
country and gained considerable experience,  
were now for the first time going abroad.  
The last class consisted of several young men,  
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Dr. Hoole then read the following list, each  
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state, progress, and prospects of the mis-  
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ten years a Minister in Australia and  
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The last class consisted of several young men,  
who now for the first time were accepted as  
Probationers for the Christian Ministry.  
Dr. Hoole then read the following list, each  
Minister rising on the mention of his name,  
and offering up his prayer, and then, in suc-  
cession, about to go to Cape Coast as a  
Deputation, for the purpose of visiting the  
Mission Stations included in a range of  
1,000 miles in that country, and of report-  
ing to the Committee, on his return, the  
state, progress, and prospects of the mis-  
sion. The Rev. John Weatherstone, for  
ten years a Minister in Australia and  
Van Diemen's Land, who, having returned  
to this country for satisfactory reasons, was  
about to take the General Superintendency  
of the Missions in the Sierra Leone Colonies.  
The Rev. John Richards, who, after  
eight years' service in South Africa, was  
now prepared to return to that part of the  
world—to be located at Grahamstown.—  
The Rev. Wm. Ingram, who returned to  
England from the West Indies and South  
Africa, after five years' service in those islands,  
and who now offered himself for the work in  
the Australian Colonies. The Rev. Alex-  
ander John Gurney, appointed to the Cam-  
bodia, West Africa. The Revs. Wm. Hoole,  
Edward King, George Long, Theophilus  
Heiley, James Wm. Dowson, Charles Du-  
bourg, Wm. Fidler, (son of the Rev. W. Fidler,  
late of the West Indies), Charles Lane,  
Thomas Lloyd, and Wm. Thomas Mayne,  
(the last seven of whom were from London),  
who had also offered themselves for the Mis-  
sionary work in connection with the Aus-  
tralian Colonies.  
The Chairman again rose, and said—"You  
ought to be told, for your satisfaction, and  
joy, and hope, that there are other brethren,  
very esteemed brethren—who have been  
the last Conference proceeded to several dis-  
tinct stations,—two have gone to India; one  
left only yesterday morning for the West  
Indies; and I may add to these, Mr. W.  
West, to whom it is not convenient to  
present with us to-night; and those others  
who shall very shortly go out to supply dis-  
tinct stations,—all of us great reason to be  
thankful to God,—thankful to Him who still  
opens our way before us in various parts of  
the world,—thankful to Him who still raises  
up men who are fit instruments for the work  
to be done,—and thankful to God that your  
zeal and liberality, and those of our brethren  
in various parts of the kingdom, exhibit no  
declension, while those brethren are at the  
same time quite willing to undertake the  
toils, and privations, and risks of the service  
in which they are about to be engaged.

### The Finishing of the Temple.

Suppose the period arrived when the sea-  
folding is struck down and the rubbish mor-  
d away; that is, suppose this earth, which  
was the stage for its erection, now moved  
from beneath it, and the wicked, the re-  
fuge of mankind, cast far away out of sight—  
Conceive that you see nothing but the build-  
ing. Lo! it stands high in view, for the ad-  
miration of the surrounding universe.—  
"Walk about Zion, and go around about  
her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well  
her bulwarks; consider her palaces,—that  
ye may tell it to the generation following."  
What is her foundation? The Rock of ages:  
Who is her inhabitant? Her inhabitant is  
God! Not a flake nor a blimch is to be  
seen, every stone in its proper place, and  
all contributing to the beauty of the whole!  
No want of symmetry in the general out-  
line—noting imperfect in the execution of  
each part. Behold, it stands an eternal  
monument, the glory of God, of his power,  
wisdom, and grace! It is all bright  
and glorious, wherever you take your view  
of it—radiating in every part with the beam-  
ing of divine glory! Her light is like unto  
a stone most precious, even like a jasper!  
It is a temple of souls—every stone is a living  
stone—blood-bought spirit! Every one is a  
chosen warrior, who has fought his battle  
in his day, and has conquered! They have  
come out of great tribulation, to be stones  
for this building. Affliction gave them their  
polish; and the cement which unites them is  
love.—*Rev. H. Martin.*

### Let me Pray First.

An intelligent little girl was passing quietly  
through the streets of a certain town a  
short time since, when she came to a spot  
where several little boys were amusing them-  
selves by the very dangerous practice of  
throwing stones. Not observing her, one of  
the boys, by accident, threw a stone towards  
her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.  
The surgeon was sent for, and a very pain-  
ful operation was declared necessary. When  
the time came, and the surgeon had taken  
out his instruments, she lay in her father's  
arms, and he asked her if she was ready.  
"No father, not yet," she replied,  
"What do you wish us to wait for, my  
child?"  
"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray  
to Jesus first," she answered. And then  
kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and  
offered up her prayer with the patience of a woman.  
How beautiful this little girl appears un-  
der these trying circumstances! Surely  
Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour,  
and he will love every child that calls upon  
his name. Let every boy and girl learn  
how to pray; and let life boys be careful  
how they throw stones.

### To-Morrow.

Who ever saw "to-morrow"? They to  
whom the midnight cry brought no alarm,  
because they were sleeping; they who could  
meet suddenness with readiness—  
They whom, when the bridegroom gave  
time for no more than instant following,  
found that time enough, and went in with  
him to the marriage; who, at the cry,  
"Come ye forth to meet him," had nothing to  
do but to go forth; whose lamps burned  
clear when their companions had gone out;  
who lacked no oil when there was no longer  
time to go and buy; who were "entering  
in" when others were hastening in terror  
to begin their first work; who were shut  
out by the King by the same door which,  
but that they were ready, would have shut  
them out; who were singing salvations  
songs when the foolish were crying without,  
"Lord! Lord! open unto us," and receiv-  
ing their answer, "Depart, I never know  
you." They who needed no "to-morrow,"  
having rightly used today, and could, there-  
fore, with joy, and not with grief, prove  
"to-morrow" and eternity to be the same.  
Who ever received mercy "to-morrow"?  
None. Not to find mercy today is to lose  
it forever.  
Where is God's invitation to be found  
"to-morrow"? No where! God is too  
true to be mocked—too pitiful to mock.  
Who ever was put off by God "to-  
morrow"? No one. When God says  
"Now," he means "now."  
Who ever died on "to-morrow"? No  
one.

### Of Sinners.

Are not they miserable, who, if they had  
the will, could not be happy?  
They that will not hear Christ say, *Come  
unto me*, in a day of grace, shall hear him  
say, *Depart from me*, in a day of judgment.  
If we are graceless here, we shall be  
speechless hereafter.  
Sinners are first driven, then drawn to  
experience.  
The conversion of a sinner is a greater  
wonder than the creation of the world.  
If a sinner's thoughts be not changed by  
grace, they will be changed hereafter by  
experience.  
Sinners, if you are least serious, have the  
greatest reason to be so; their condition is  
awful, and therefore their disposition ought  
to be so.  
Hatred is due to sin, compassion to the  
sinner.  
Sinners, if you will not hear God call  
to-day, you will harden your hearts to-day.  
And if you harden them to-day, God may  
harden them to-morrow. If you will not  
set about repentance to-day, God may justly  
deny you his assistance to-morrow.  
If you will not do that which God hath  
enabled you to do, how can you look that  
he should do that for you which, of your-  
selves, you cannot do?  
Do not think to begin to live, when thou  
art nearly to die.  
If you would not go to hell, you must  
know that you have deserved it.  
Let not your hearts flatter you; nor the  
world comfort you, when God threatens  
you.  
God tells you, if you repent, you shall  
find mercy; and will you not believe him?  
Because thou hast been a sinner, wilt thou  
make God a liar?  
Sinners, you must be changed; if your  
hearts be not changed for the better, your  
condition will be changed for the worse.  
The worst of the ways of God are better  
than the best of the ways of sin.—*Select  
Remains of Rev. J. Mason.*

### Missionary Valetudinary Service.

From the London Watchman, Oct. 27.  
AT THE CENTENARY HALL.  
On Friday evening, an interesting Valetu-  
dinary Service, on occasion of the departure  
of several Wesleyan Methodist Ministers  
and Missionaries to various parts of the  
world, was held in the Large Room of the  
Centenary Hall and Mission House, Bish-  
opsgate-street Within. There was a very  
large and attentive assembly.  
The proceedings commenced with the  
singing of the 78th Hymn—"Lord, if at  
thy command," &c.; after which, the Rev.  
John Scott engaged in prayer.  
The Rev. Dr. Bunting then took the  
Chair, and was very cordially greeted. He  
said—Blessed, my Christian friends,—blessed  
are your eyes tonight; for they see a  
spectacle which is not often to be seen.—  
They see a number of the servants of Christ  
firmly—who at the call of God, as they  
think, and at the call of his church, and  
meet the pressing cry from certain modern  
Macedonians, who say "Come over and  
help us," are prepared to leave their homes  
and country, and all the advantages of this  
Christian land, and all that their country  
affords, in order to preach the Gospel, and  
to promote the interests of true religion in  
foreign lands. This is no ordinary sight.  
Had you lived in any century but this, you  
if in this country you would not have seen  
such a sight;—had you lived here even at a  
comparatively recent period, you would not  
have seen it. We greatly rejoice in the  
fact. Christianity is not dead. We are in  
danger of being too much alarmed by the  
noisy boisterous predictions of modern infidels.  
They make a great show of opposi-  
tion, certainly; and we fear,—and ought  
to fear, and take proper measures to coun-  
teract the results apprehended,—that they exert  
injurious influences upon some members  
of the community; but if infidelity be awake  
and alive and has shown recently more  
than ordinary signs of energy, so also has  
Christianity,—so also has our Gospel,—and  
so also has our Master, who fields that  
Gospel as the great instrument for accom-  
plishing the purposes of his own redeeming  
love. Christianity is not dead. There are no  
signs of the prediction which was uttered,—  
that we are about to expire,—being speedily  
accomplished,—while such a number of us  
as these are prepared to go forth on the  
of all errands, or whilst our people and  
friends at home and the Christiana public gen-  
erally are willing to support such enter-  
prises, such as in its proper place, and in  
the midst of to-night. What we have re-  
ceived, we "thank God and take courage."  
Dr. Hoole, the Secretary of our Society,  
will in the first place, read the list of names  
more, be pleased to read the list of names  
of the brethren, who are about to depart on  
their Christian errand.  
The Rev. Dr. Hoole requested that the  
Missionaries would stand up whilst their  
names were being called over. He would  
promise, however, that in the first class, there  
was one Minister, who was about to proceed  
to Western Africa, as a Deputation, having  
kindly acceded to the earnest request of the  
Missionary Committee, to undertake this  
important duty. The second class consisted  
of three Ministers, who had formerly been  
abroad in the service of the Missionary So-  
ciety, and who were now returning to  
foreign fields of labor, not indeed, to stations  
which they had previously occupied, but to  
such parts of the world as were considered  
that they were peculiarly fitted for.  
The third class was formed by those Minis-  
ters, who having travelled some years in this  
country and gained considerable experience,  
were now for the first time going abroad.  
The last class consisted of several young men,  
who now for the first time were accepted as  
Probationers for the Christian Ministry.  
Dr. Hoole then read the following list, each  
Minister rising on the mention of his name,  
and offering up his prayer, and then, in suc-  
cession, about to go to Cape Coast as a  
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