

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## Religious Miscellany.

### Heaven's Regalia.

'Twas night; a Christian lady slept,  
And dreamt of glory's crown;  
She thought within its dreamy gates  
To her was entrance given.

She stood upon the Sea of Glass,  
Amid the white-robed throng;  
She walked the golden streets, and sang  
The everlasting song.

The conquering palm was in her hand,  
She tasted bliss untold;  
And on her radiant head she wore  
A crown of shining gold.

O! clime of glory, no regret  
May ever mar thy rest;  
Yet slumber the sleeper as she dreamed—  
She was not wholly blest.

She marked the flashing diadem  
O'er many a princely brow,  
Rependant with the diamond blaze  
And the rich ruby's glow.

O'er turquoise and princely pearl  
The emerald glowed;  
But in her heavenly crown, alas!  
No radiant jewel beamed.

O! that to grace her coronet  
One gem she yet might win;  
O! could she but return to earth,  
And save one soul from sin.

For well she knew what jewels gave  
Those crowns so rich in bliss;  
They were the souls of sinners  
The error of their ways.

She woke, and lo! 'twas but a dream;  
But, in the Book divine,  
She read who in the courts of bliss  
Shall first in glory shine.

That they who unto righteousness  
Do many sinners turn,  
Like stars in heaven's firmament  
For evermore shall burn.

### True Counselors.

Thy testimonies are my delight and my comfort,  
Amid the duties and difficulties, the cares and perplexities of life, how many a pang and tear would it save us if we went with chastened and inquiring spirits to these "counseling" oracles?

How many trials would be mitigated—how many sorrows cooled and temptations allayed—how many a weary step in life with the inquiry, "How should I walk?"

Let us walk in the Scriptures? "making the Bible a final court of appeal—an arbiter for the settlement of all the vexed questions in the consistency of the soul; with the docility of little children listening therein to their father's counsel—recognizing every utterance as indorsed with the words, "Thus saith the Lord."

God keeps us from that saddest path and dogmas of modern infidelity—the sacred volume regarded with only that misnamed "veneration," which the antiquary bestows on some piece of medieval armor—a relic and memorial of bygone days, but unsuitable for an age which has superseded the cruelties of those old "shadows" and inaugurated a new era of religious development. "Vain deceptions!" For every O, God, thy word is settled in heaven! "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." "The word of the Lord is tried."

"Thy word is very sure, therefore thy servant loveth it." What a crowd of witnesses could be summoned to give personal evidence of its preciousness and value! "How many aching hearts have been raised themselves from their pillows and told of their obligations to its soothing messages of love and power! How many deathbeds could send their occupants with pallid lips to tell of the staff which upheld them in the dark valley! How many, in the hour of bereavement, could lay their finger on the promise that first dried the tear from their eye, and brought back the smile to their saddened countenances! How many voyagers in life's tempestuous ocean, now lashed on the heavenly shore, would be ready to hush their golden harps and descend to earth with the testimony, that this was the blessed beacon-light which enabled them to avoid the treacherous reefs, and guided them to their destined haven!

Alas, Philosophy! thou hast never yet, as this Book, taught man how to die! Reason! with thy flickering torch, thou hast never yet guided to such sublime mysteries, such comforting truths as these! Science! thou hast penetrated the recesses of nature, sunk thy shafts into earth's treasures, enriched its stores, counted its stars, measured the height of its towering pillars, down to the very pedestal of primal granite. Thou hast tracked the lightning, traced the path of the tornado, unscathed the distant planet, forecast the coming of the comet, and the return of the eclipse. But thou hast never been able to gauge the depth of man's soul, or to answer the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

No, no; this antiquated volume is still the "Book of books," the oracle of wisdom, the beacon of life; the poor man's treasury; the child's companion; the sick man's health; the dying man's life; shallows for the infant to walk in; depths for giant intellect to explore and adore! Philosophy, if she would but own it, is indebted here for the noblest of her maxims; Poetry, for the loftiest of her themes; Science, for the grandest of her subjects; Inspiration, for the noblest of her inspirations. Methinks has ransacked these golden stores for the grandest of her treasures. And if there be life in the Church of Christ; if her ministers and missionaries are carrying the torch of salvation through the world, where is that torch lighted but at these sacred, life-giving altars? When a philosopher "faintly calls" a child become ignorant, and seek, with its proud dogmas, to supersede this divine philosophy—when the old Bible of David and Timothy and Paul is despised and closed—the only morality and philosophy worth speaking of will have perished from the earth.

Dogmas will have taken the place of God's ark; the world's throne will be empty; and the love of your Bible. As they are the necessary part of our earliest childhood—the gift of a mother's love, or the pledge of a father's affection—let them be your last and dearest treasure; let them be your last and dearest treasure; let them be your last and dearest treasure.

### Keepsakes and bedfellows which you are most desirous to transmit to your children's children.

In taking to you "the whole armor of God," forget not "the sword of the Spirit." What noble words are these, addressed to a saintly hero more than three thousand years ago; may every youthful soldier girding himself for the great battle of life especially listen to them; they will prove to him, as they did to Joshua, the sure guarantee of "prosperity" in his noble career. "Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Joshua 1, 7, 8.

"The word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Psalm cxix. 11.—J. R. Medford.

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A crown of shining gold.

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### A true Christian will rejoice to confess Christ everywhere and before everybody.

He will make his daily life illustrious and legible; he will glorify his Master by every deed of loyalty and love. He will live for Christ. And when duty bids him open his lips, he is ready to speak for Christ. At such a time silence would be treason. The Christian who will sit with sealed lips when his Master is seated, when religion is attacked, when wickedness is hushed and defended, when truth is denounced, is a denier of his Lord, as guilty as Simon Peter in Pilate's hall.

It is painful to observe what cowardly shifts some professed Christians resort to in order to avoid an acknowledgment of their loyalty. We are all guilty of too many non-serving—too much concealment of truth—too much compromise with Christ's enemies. The boldness are not bold enough; and the cowards are as much despised by themselves as loathed by their Master in heaven. When will we learn that the only course for a Christian is to "stand up for Jesus?"

"Man expect of us; if they turn despise us for our shame-freeness, doubt the sincerity of our professions."—Rev. T. R. Capler.

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### though there is a great deal of suffering in the world, it is almost wholly owing to the want of education.

"Education" is the key to the door of "enlightenment." The ignorant man is the slave of his passions and the prey of his enemies. The educated man is the master of his passions and the friend of his enemies. The ignorant man is the enemy of his fellow-men and the enemy of his country. The educated man is the friend of his fellow-men and the friend of his country.

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### Application of the Lime Light.

For some evenings past the completed portion of the Westminster bridge has been lighted by the new lime light, and has presented a brilliant appearance. There are ten lights on the bridge—about one-third of the number of old gas lights.

The light is of a pure white color and of dazzling brilliancy, making all the old gas burners in the proximity appear as dull as though they were burning in the bright sunlight of noonday. It was to this description of light that Professor Faraday referred, when he stated it was so intense that it could be distinctly seen for a distance of ninety-five miles, and the correctness of this statement was verified during the ordination of the new bridge, when one of these lights, placed at a station mark on the top of Ben Lomond, was distinctly seen at the Knock Laid, between ninety and one hundred miles distant.

A single jet of the lime light of medium size is equivalent to forty argand, or eighty saltil gas burners, or to four hundred wax candles, and its intensity of brilliancy may be measured by the quantity of gas. As compared with the illuminating power of common gas, a single jet consuming four feet of the mixed gases of hydrogen and oxygen, is said to be equal to four hundred feet of ordinary gas.

The mode by which the light is produced is by the combination of lime under the great heat caused by the flame of the mixed gas. A stream of common gas, which is used instead of pure hydrogen, is conducted through one pipe, and a supply of oxygen is sent through a second one, each being attached to separate gas holders. These pipes terminate near the lamp in one single tube, where the gases are allowed to mix in the way through a curved jet, to what may be called the wick of the lamp, which is simply a lump of lime held in close proximity to the mouth of the curved tube by a piece of metal. In lighting the lamp, the first step is to direct the stream of hydrogen upon the lime, it is lighted and gives forth a small flame of pale yellow color. In a few seconds after, this pale color gives place to a deep red, caused by the combustion of the metal calcium in the lime, under the great heat of the hydrogen flame. When the lime is in this state the oxygen is turned on, and instantly the bright white light is produced, which will continue as long as the lime remains unexhausted. The supply of lime is kept up by the action of simple clock-work machinery, which raises the material as it burns down, at a rate of speed varying according to the progress of the combustion. There is nothing of an expensive character about the light, and with any ordinary care may be used with perfect safety.—London Observer.

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### Ministerial.

#### Don't Leave any Soda.

Not long since I tried to work a garden in a little piece of ground that had been poorly tilled for two or three years. In tilling I found many large sods that had been left to rot by the carelessness and laziness of the man, who had the garden before me. Often, as after hard tilling and piling I had turned a sod over, knocked it to pieces and shaken out the roots, did I, with a heavy heart, think how much labor would have been saved to me by a little industry and care in the previous summer. When those roots were young and small and tender, very little effort would have got them out, but now they have spread through the ground and grown tough, so that even much pulling and shaking will not rid the ground of them.

Very much like this is the work in the vineyard of the Lord. Often the devoted minister finds sods left by the carelessness of former years. And they have grown hard and strong, so that scarcely any amount of praying, and pulling, and digging, will get the things out of the ground. Difficulties, which ought to have been removed when they were small, have been allowed to increase to a great size. Two brethren disagree, and much more by human nature than by divine grace, will spring up in their hearts. Now the sprout is tender and could be easily pulled up. But the inattentive minister does not see it, or, if he does, he has not interest enough in the cause of God, or sufficient energy to attempt to bring about an understanding and reconciliation. So matters grow worse. The sod gets larger, and stiffer, and tougher every day. By and by from sullen displeasure the brethren come to hatred and taking revenge; other parties are drawn into the quarrel; the roots of the sod run far and wide into the ground. A few bits, sown in the ground, aided by some heavy pulls of pastoral love might even now tear up the sod, and throw out the roots; but our easy-going, lazy minister says to himself: Oh! my time is almost up here. I guess it will not pay to meddle with this matter and get myself into trouble, just as I am going away. I will leave it for the next preacher. So he leaves the sod grow. And it does grow, and it sends its roots farther and farther into the ground, and gets a firmer and firmer hold.

In due course the energetic successor comes to his work. He brings on his implements of spiritual husbandry, and expects by putting them into a prepared soil to do much for God. But, the first thing he knows, by coming upon one of these old sods. He, of course, has to stop, root it up and knock it to pieces. This done, he goes again with high hopes; but this, another sod. The ground is full of them, and the roots are through all the soil; so he must spend at least one year in cleaning them out, and he will do well if he does not break his hoe and give up the effort. A little care in the previous year, had the effort before him would have left the soil rich and soft and clean, ready for the seed; or it may be covered with a large growth ready for the harvest, but as it is, much of his time is lost, and he only gets things in nice working order just as he is about to leave.

Brothers, don't leave any soda. We do not like to find them; why should we leave them? Every one of us is accountable for himself to God, and bound by all the means in his power to leave his field of labor in the best possible condition to his successor, that he is not impeded in the work of the gospel.

Our ill-timed system, so much blessed of the Lord, and so effective in most respects, has the danger that its ministers may become lax in discipline. This will they do unless fortified by divine grace, and constrained by the highest considerations of duty. Let us not be of those, who let hard cases lie for successors to settle, who shrink from difficult and unpleasant tasks in the way of duty, thinking others will perform them. Don't leave any soda.—Canada Advocate.

The conquering palm was in her hand,  
She tasted bliss untold;  
And on her radiant head she wore  
A crown of shining gold.

O! clime of glory, no regret  
May ever mar thy rest;  
Yet slumber the sleeper as she dreamed—  
She was not wholly blest.

She marked the flashing diadem  
O'er many a princely brow,  
Rependant with the diamond blaze  
And the rich ruby's glow.

O'er turquoise and princely pearl  
The emerald glowed;  
But in her heavenly crown, alas!  
No radiant jewel beamed.

O! that to grace her coronet  
One gem she yet might win;  
O! could she but return to earth,  
And save one soul from sin.

For well she knew





The Family.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

"Through a Glass Darkly." We look so much of Heaven, we seem to think our finite minds can grasp the dark unknown.

Of glory circling round the Eternal Throne. As though our human hearts could o'er conceive The effluence of that happiness and bliss.

As though the radiant of the angelic band, Or the glad rapture of the seraphim band, Was ever dreamt of in a world like this.

We talk so much of Heaven, of friends regained, Of blessed meetings in the golden streets, Of harps and crowns and foliage ever green, And the great centre where all glory meets.

As though earth's greetings give our faint idea Of holier meetings in the heavenly land, As though the semblance of the verdant shore Was ever painted by a mortal hand.

As though the mines of earth's most precious gems Combined would form one crown that angels wear, Or all her richest, noblest strains of song Form one low note unto the angels there.

Oh! we may talk of Heaven, and breathe our hopes, Our faith may open wide the peery gate, Imagination's eye may pierce the veil, And trembling at the Heavenly threshold wait.

But while these eyes are dim with earthly light, These hearts are blinded by human hope and care, And while these souls, lit by the head of God, The garb of frail mortality must wear.

Let us not seek to penetrate the veil That hides the future from our longing sight, But calmly wait till every cloud shall drop In the great ocean of Eternal light.

H. S. St. Andrew, April 3rd, 1863.

Silly David.

In the city of New York there lived many years ago, a poor widow, with a family of several children, of whom two were idiots from their birth. Her name was, I think, of Dutch extraction, and was a member of one of the Dutch Churches, from which she also received assistance in her necessity.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer is that of hearing the widow say, with a trembling voice and tearful eyes, to one who had been a friend through many years of trial: "I do think, Mrs. —, that my David is a real Christian, as well as he knows, and it does often seem to me as if God teaches him."

She then related many circumstances which had led her to form this hope, all of which, save one, have passed from my memory. This was his unceasing efforts to impart to his idiot brother some notion of God's love, and of their duty to please him by doing right.

It was, indeed, after an interval of many years that I again saw David, a pensioner upon my charity, as he had been upon that of my parents and grandparents. I can recall vividly his singular figure, his shambling walk, his vacant and repulsive face.

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Infant Classes.

I was pleased to see the excellent pieces on Infant Classes by a "Sabbath-school Man," published in some recent numbers of your paper, concluding with a proposal that some one should take the hint and add more on the same subject.

I thought, should you devote a column or part of one to the Boys and Girls' Department to correspondents on Infant Classes in our Sabbath-schools, it would be profitable not only to those who are engaged in such classes, but also the parents to estimate the course of early moral instruction so as to become co-laborers with the teachers.

From thirty years' acquaintance with this method of training infants and the beneficial results in practical life, I have become an admirer of the system. As no one else has commenced, I will lead the way by sending you my preliminary lessons, which, if you think proper, please publish. With diffidence it is presented, and should you think it unsuitable for your paper, I shall be satisfied with its rejection.

For the information of inexperienced teachers, I will give my plan of organizing a class:

1. Best all in an easy position directly in front of the teacher, each sitting erect with hands placed on their laps so as to be raised and patting when the signal is made to imitate the teacher while slowly saying the lesson all in concert with him.

2. That is to say, we want you to be happy—shall we teach this art? Yes, ma'am.

3. Now begin with three rules which must always be practised in the class. Order, Attention, Harmony.

4. All clap your hands and say with me, Order, Attention, Harmony.

5. Order means you may have everything in its time and place. All in right time and place.

6. Attention, look at your teacher and do as she tells you to do. Hear and do as you teach as she tells you to do. Hear and do as you teach as she tells you to do.

7. Harmony is to speak together and act the same in love. Do every act in love and together.

8. Explain and make practical applications of these rules in various ways, as, for example, "When I raise my hands, rise on your feet; when I let them fall, sit down. What is this?"

9. Now you hear what I tell you? Yes—that is Attention.

10. Give an example of Harmony, by all repeating your rules. Order, Attention and Harmony.

11. The rise and progress of Sabbath-schools, with their gradual improvements within the last half century, must be cheering to the faith and hope times every day. My mother, she often tells me, sister tell him; but the bad men, they give him rum make him very bad.

How old are you, David? I inquired, to turn his mind from this sad subject.

"Mother says I be fifty years old to-day; she told me just now."

"Has she taken care of you fifty years, then; you must love him very much."

"Yes, Miss, I love him; I do love Jesus very much, he is so good to me. I think he loves poor silly David. O, he is very good to me."

He then made me understand how he managed to scatter the tares, which he often begged of him, in the homes of poor creatures more wretched than himself, because they had no hope of heaven and knew no Saviour, and how he even prostrated with his artillery the stronghold of Satan, where his poor brother had been stripped of the Bible sense he had, and set up as a mark for the jibes and jeers of wicked men and idle boys; he evidently felt a kind of triumph in the latter exploit.

The last time I saw David was not many months after the interview which I have described. As I entered the little room, to which I had been summoned by his request to see an old man, my heart smelt within me; my weak man turned away, fainting, sickening at the sights it contained.

In one corner was the mother's bed. She lay upon it, her face covered with a linen cloth like the face of a corpse; and imagination would picture the horrors which lay concealed there.

Everything about the room was spotlessly clean, for the noble, self-sacrificing daughter and sister who cared for the favorite never omitted in her love. In the opposite corner, diagonally, was David's bed. I went up to him, fearing to look upon his poor face, lest it should unnerve me; but I took the hand he stretched out, and waited for him to speak.

"I wanted you to come, Miss," he said. "I'm going to see Jesus; I'll see him soon. Want you any, Good-by, David?"

I turned and looked at him. The dull eyes were shining with hope and happiness; something heavenly light seemed resting upon those unshapen features.

"Good-by, David; you are very happy to go to Jesus; are you not? I knew you would be."

I stepped to the mother's bed. "Dear Mrs. R.," I said, "your prayer is granted; you will not leave David behind you."

"O I am so thankful," she replied. "I am quite ready now to go whenever it is God's will to take me. It seemed as if I could not leave my poor boy behind me. I did wish they might both go before me, but my Lord knows best."

"Your daughter will care for him while he lives."

"Yes, and she is the only one who can manage him now, he has got so bad."

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