

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## Poetry.

### "O Lord, how happy is the Time!"

FROM THE GERMAN OF DRESSLER.

O Lord! how happy is the time,  
When in thy love I rest;  
When from my weariness I climb,  
Even to thy tender breast!  
The night of sorrow endeth there,  
Thy rays outshine the sun,  
And in thy pardon and thy care  
The heaven of heavens is won.

Let the world call itself my foe,  
Or let the world allure,  
I care not for the world's applause,  
To this I trust I cling and sure.  
And when life's stormy waves are sent  
Upon life's widest sea,  
My little bark is confident,  
Because it holds by Thee.

When the law threatens endless death  
Upon the dreadful hill,  
Straightway from its consuming breath  
My soul mounts higher still;  
She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,  
And finds in him her home,  
Whence she shall not go forth again,  
And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness,  
Where thou hast been before;  
Nay, rather would I daily press  
After Thee, near Thee, more!  
Thou art my strength: on Thee I lean,  
My heart thou makest sing,  
And thy pastures green as length  
Thy chosen flock will bring.

And if the gate that opens there  
Be closed to other men,  
It is not closed to those who share  
The heart of Jesus then.  
That is not losing much of life  
Which is not losing Thee,  
Who art as present in the strife  
As in the victory!

Therefore, how happy is the time  
When in thy love I rest,  
When from my weariness I climb,  
Even to thy tender breast!  
The night of sorrow endeth there,  
Thy rays outshine the sun,  
And in thy pardon and thy care  
The heaven of heavens is won!

## Religious Miscellany.

### My Friend's Family.

BY J. L. HANLINE.

(Concluded.)

On my way I determined that I would not receive the threatened whipping without saying something more in justification of my course than I had yet done. I determined, too, to say something to my father of his responsibilities as a parent. But what should I say, as any way? On my arrival at the house, I found my father up and walking his room. He had, in fact fastened the doors and remained awake all night, so as to meet me at the door. "Well," said he, "this is the fruit of your religion, is it? Where have you been all night you disobedient rascal?" I have been up in the grove praying, since class-meeting, said I, very frankly. "Praying, ha! a pretty story that! I'll see if it can't be cured after breakfast." So saying he left me, and I did not see him again till at breakfast table. Breakfast over, taking the whip, he bade me follow him, and led the way to the stable, where I was ordered to take off my coat and vest, preparatory to the whipping. "Father," said I, "is it customary for you to condemn without giving a chance for defence? Of what have I been guilty that I deserve the severe punishment you propose to inflict?" "Defence! ha! he; what defence can you make for wilful disobedience? You deserve to be punished for trampling on my authority, and I will show you that that authority shall be maintained." I expected opposition, continued I, "when I embraced religion; but I embraced it in view of both worlds. I am prepared for any suffering that may be inflicted in this, but must save my soul in the other. Nothing can induce me to forsake it. Is it not possible that in the exercise of a father's authority, you have transgressed the proper bounds of parental control? And have you, dear father, fulfilled all the duties growing out of your relation to me, as a son?" Our duties grow out of our relation to our Maker and each other. It is my duty, as a Maker and obey you in all things you as your commands do not conflict with a higher authority, with those of my Maker, and on the other hand it is your duty as a parent to study my highest interest. You have been the means of bringing me into being, of giving me the Diet of Eternal, an eternity of existence, which after the passage of a few short years of this life must end in woe or bliss; and it is not your duty dear father, and author of that eternity of being, to help me with all your might to escape the one and gain the other. "Oh father," said I, clasping his hands in mine, "has not the course you have pursued been directly opposite to this; has not your whole life, and the administration of your government tended to bring myself and dear sister directly to ruin, with wealth to sink us down to hell?" "Oh father, dear father, and here my feelings overcome me and I burst into tears. I regained myself as soon as possible, and the whip had fallen from my father's hand, who stood before me motionless and white as a marble block. I picked up the whip, and placed it in his hand. "No," said I,

"I shall defer using the whip, but you must leave my house." I told him that I preferred the performance of every duty as a faithful son, but must abide his decision; at the same time reminding him that nothing could relieve him of his high responsibilities as a parent. He dropped the whip, and left the stable, evidently in great agitation. I knelt down by the side of it, and thanked God for his goodness, and prayed that what I had said might result in the greatest good both to myself and father. In the course of the day but little was said by myself, mother, or sister. They supposed I had received the whipping which had been threatened; and as I was silent, they did not feel like broaching that or any other subject. During the whole forenoon, and also from our dinner table, my father was absent. Our residence was in the outskirts of the village, not more than fifty rods from the grove which I have already referred to, to which I again resorted after dinner for another season of prayer. Some time after entering it, to my surprise, I discovered my father some distance from me, walking back and forward, apparently in deep study. Seeing that I was not observed, I withdrew, and repaired to my chamber, where the afternoon was spent in prayer that God would be with my father in the grove; for I was certain that he was under the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. At the usual supper hour he had not returned, and after waiting for him till dark, my mother, fearing some accident had befallen him (as such an absence had never before occurred) requested me to go and see if I could find him. I proceeded directly to the spot where I had seen him a few hours previous. When I first came in sight of him, he was sitting with his head leaning against a tree; but on observing me, he rose up and met me. I extended my hand to him, saying, "I am glad to see you, father—"

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## Obituary Notices.

Died, at Newport, on the 30th of Dec. last, Mrs. ELIZABETH ELDER, widow of the late John Elder, Esq., of Falmouth in the 72nd year of her age.

She was the daughter of the late John Allison, Esq., of Newport, and became the subject of the converting grace of God in early life, and, I believe, under the ministry of the late Rev. John Mann.

My first appointment in Nova Scotia was in the year 1812, and I witnessed the Newport circuit as a part of the field of my labours. I found Elizabeth, with her two sisters and their venerable parents, all useful members of the Wesleyan Society.

As Mantua was the regular stopping place for the Circuit preachers, it gave me an excellent opportunity in my fortuitous visits of noticing the advancement of the work of grace in this worthy family.

In reflecting on the history of our departed sister, I have a lively recollection of the opening I then formed of her deep piety, sterling goodness and noble deportment in all the relations of life she then sustained.

As the eldest sister, I considered her well qualified to give an excellent example to the junior members of the family, and rejoiced to hear that she looked on in her old age with much more of her early piety, but the above mentioned members of the family.

Shortly after I removed from the Circuit she was united in marriage to John Elder, Esq., of Falmouth; who was esteemed as a gentleman of great respectability, though not a professor of religion at that time.

The duties of the Missionary were called on to labour in other parts of this extensive District, so that I had but seldom the opportunity of personal intercourse with our good sister for several years; yet, as far as I could observe, she ever manifested those excellent graces which subsequently adorned her Christian character.

The failure of my health in 1819 induced me to return to England to seek its restoration. By the good providence of God, I succeeded in this object, and in the year 1831 I was sent to labour on the Windsor and Falmouth Circuit.

The two years that I spent with this people, gave me an excellent opportunity of cherishing the work of grace in sister Elder and her interesting family; and although I had not the pleasure of witnessing their conversion to God at that time, yet I have never regretted my humble endeavours to do them good.

## Religious Intelligence.

### Four Years Old.

It is edifying to find the *Church Journal*, a High Church Episcopal paper, containing the following counterblast against Rome, worthy of John Knox:

"The creed of the Church of Rome—that church which boasts that she is the most ancient of all churches, and *semper eadem* her creed, we say, in its full and complete perfection, with the latest postscript of Pope Pius the Ninth, is just precisely four years old to-day. It was on the eighth of December, in the year of grace 1854, that the new dogma was declared to be *de jure*—dogma utterly unknown before that day, to any branch of the Christian church as an article of faith.

There have been a few significant circumstances accompanying and happily illustrating the definition of that new dogma. The secular sovereignty of Christendom now wearing the crown. He has broken the most solemn oaths that a king could take. He has attempted to wash out the remembrance of his perjuries in the blood of those whom he had thus deceived; and has only rendered himself as cordially abhorred for his crimes, far to labour in other parts of this extensive District, so that I had but seldom the opportunity of personal intercourse with our good sister for several years; yet, as far as I could observe, she ever manifested those excellent graces which subsequently adorned her Christian character.

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## A Higher Calling.

It is said that Agassiz was lately offered another post than that which he occupies at Cambridge, Mass. He declined. It was urged upon him by the consideration, generally considered fortuitous, that he was thereby to be advanced his pecuniary interests: the salary attached to the new call was much larger than he was receiving. "Excuse me," exclaimed the man of science, "I can't throw away my time making money."

His nineteenth, utilitarian century opens its eyes and mouth, prets its ears, puts its hands in its pockets, rises on tiptoe, and wonders at the man. Surely, fixing up fables and hammering rocks that have no gold in them, and staidy vertebrae, makes fools of us. As if there was any higher calling in this world than making money—any more important than mere pay. "Thru' away time making money. Did ever a man be beside yourself enthusiastic philosopher. Much learning doth make thee mad. Let us stop and not down that saying. It is the least valuable lesson Agassiz has taught us. He is devoted to material science, and confides himself in the right place, wherever that place is, from which he can stimulate others to investigation and direct their research, and upon which he can gather the best lights, and at which he can enjoy the largest facilities for doing the work to which he has given up his life; a work that seems greater as he pursues it, more important as he perfects it, more important to verify theories, to systematize knowledge in his department, takes time. But life is short, and its working hours few. He grudges to leave anything undone, which can be done, to widen the horizon of science, lights up a dark path, and more important to verify theories, to systematize knowledge in his department, takes time. But life is short, and its working hours few. 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curved in these... they furnish... Drunkenness, quors, or drink... extreme neces...

important points, is plainly contradicted by it... Church Witness.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John has written and published in the Freeman, a long letter respecting the speech of his Honor Judge Wilton, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Bible Society.

The English Mail. BY R. M. S. ARABIA. The Arabia arrived on Friday. The state of Europe is becoming more and more unsettled.

The Rev. Ewd. Mysore. The Secretaries Society received the address of the modern J. Hardey, by the English Bible Society.

Intelligence. 1859—As our country... the temperature of the weather...

delivered a very interesting... Church in the Cathedral, on Saturday...

French Government to affect a sympathy with the Roman population, and to redress those grievances which a priestly Government inflicts on them.

What is to become of the Churches? In a duodecimo volume of 107 pages now for sale at the Book Room we have 'A Layman's Response' to the above inquiry.

The Atlantic Monthly, February 1859. The Atlantic Monthly has now established a reputation which renders praise of its literary merits a superfluous offering.

Guide to Holiness. We want one hundred subscribers to the Guide. We have undertaken the general Agency for the bounds of this Conference.

Church Dedication. The new Wesleyan Methodist Church in the village Hillsburgh, (Annapolis Circuit) will be dedicated (D. V.) to the worship of God on the second Sunday of next month.

Deaths. At the residence of Mr. Benjamin Brown, his second wife, on the 31st December, Mr. Joseph O'Connor, in the 86th year of his age.

New Books. We are again indebted to the courtesy of E. G. Fuller, Esq., for laying on our table the following New Works:—

Commercial. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the 'Provincial Wesleyan' up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, February 2.

New Goods per Steamer Arabia. CHEAP DRY GOODS Warehouse. 144 Granville Street, Halifax.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. A LECTURE delivered before the Protestant Alliance of the City of Halifax, on the 21st of February.

O. H. ROBINSON, Musical Instrument Maker. MARKET SQUARE 1 door East of Dungham's Book Store.

Shipping News. PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED. Wednesday, January 28. Brigs: Arab, Mason, St. Thomas.

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