

The Provincial Wesleyan.

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1862.

WHOLE No. 671.

Religious Miscellany.

The Wreaths on the Coffin.

The minute guns are silent,
Hushed their loud echoing roll;
The muffled, mourning wailing
Of the bells has ceased to toll;
And St. George's stately chapel,
Within whose towers tremble still,
Where death's angel stands,
Lies desolate and chill.
Above the silent choir,
All swathed in midnight gloom,
Around the veiled casket,
Behold the quiet tomb.
Where the purple of the palace
In dim and churchyard mould,
Where the crowned brow is pallid,
And the accepted hand is cold.
Down to that vaulted chamber,
Beneath that muffled floor,
Where death keeps watch and ward,
For England evermore.
To-day, where kings and kindred
Sleep on in stony rest,
Victoria's noble husband,
Is borne a silent guest.
For him the organ's anthem,
In bitter wail is heard,
For him the isles are mourning,
As by a tempest stirred.
A star swept from the heaven,
A chink chanted by a sigh,
In manhood's stately glory,
So did Prince Albert die.
So long the nation's safeguard,
So long our monarch's rest,
Of royal race the noblest,
Of princely line the best.
That hour was one of anguish,
The seal of England's woe,
When they lowered the crimson coffin
Down to the vault below.
As its light flashed on the darkness,
Tears so desolate and dim,
Tears, such as fall for penance,
Fell bitterly for him.
Thus kingly state and honor
Faded at the Giver's will,
But Love, on earth glorified,
Remains immortal still.
So when the rites were over,
And all was still beneath,
Life's sorrow with the living,
The dead alone with death.
Down to that lonely chamber,
Love's tenderness was borne,
In the dear old German symbols,
Of the resurrection tomb.
In the distant Fatherland,
Where he passed his boyhood's hours,
All through the pleasant churchyards,
They hang the graves with flowers.
And faithful to this memory,
So beautiful and blest,
Victoria and her children,
Wreathed blossoms for his rest.
Wood staves and scented violets,
Simple and pure as he,
Whose life was so stainless,
Amid earth's pageantry,
Wide a queenly white Camellia,
Widowed and lone like her,
Whose staff of life is broken,
Drooped on his sepulchre.
Things of the dust that perish,
These seeds shall bloom again,
These are our types and symbols,
Nor is their teaching vain—
Even in that silent chamber,
Their presence spoke to death,
Of woman's living faith!
Oh, Love! the crowned and mighty,
Regal where'er thou art,
Up from this human sorrow,
Melt into God's own heart.
Bring them the double blessing,
Who now upon him lean,
In comfort to the Fatherless,
In comfort to the Queenless.

M. J. K.

Short Prayers and Sermons.

In Rev. Doctor Sprague's Annals of the American pulpit, the following anecdote is related in a letter from Rev. J. Sewall concerning the celebrated Samuel Moody, who was the Minister of York, Me., some hundred and fifty years ago, a man eminent for godliness, but who was noted for making long prayers. He was chaplain in the army which captured Louisbourg, under Sir William Phips, in 1745, being then over 70 years of age. After the surrender of the fortress, the General and his staff, with the naval officers were about to set down to dinner. They knew that Mr. Moody must be called to give a blessing, and knowing how deeply his feelings were enlisted in their cause, they very naturally supposed that he would be "carried out" to a great length, and feared that he might even forget himself, as he sometimes did, and pray for his hour at a time. It was, therefore, suggested that some one would hint their wishes to Mr. Moody, and request him to be brief, but no one dared to encounter him. They were soon summoned to the table, and were surprised to hear the following laconic sentences fall from his lips: "O Lord, we have so much to bless thee for; we must defer it to eternity; for time is too short. So bless our God and fellowship for Christ's sake." A case not altogether dissimilar, in some parts of it, happened in Maine, in the year 1813. An association of ministers was held in the town of T., and when the public exercises were closed, and the company were walking back to the house, where, according to their custom, the clergy were to dine together, Dr. P. remarked that having made an appointment to lecture at a village on the way home, they must get off as soon as possible in order to fulfill his engagement. Good Father S. was present at the meeting, and was greatly beloved for his piety, but remarkable for his long exercises. Now, said Dr. P., we must see to it that Father S. is not invited to "say grace," for he will be so long that I shall fall in my engagement. So, as soon as they arrived at the house, he called the host aside, requesting to have his carriage brought to the door, and stating the case, desired that Father S. might be reserved to give thanks after dinner, and some other prayer was called on for the first exercise, saying that he and his company would take their dinner in haste, and leaving the table quietly, would be half a dozen miles on their way before Father S. would get through.

The Sermon with Forty-nine Names.—Good Father S., of whom we have just spoken, was known in all the region as the man who would pray longer and preach longer than any man in those parts. The following account was given of a sermon of his by one who heard it. After naming the text, he proceeded to explain its connection with the context, and to look at it from this and that standpoint. In this introduction he spent about half an hour. He then stated what he supposed to be the doctrine of the text, and named seven "doctrinal propositions," proper to be discussed, naming also seven particulars under each of the seven propositions. Having then raised the frame of his building, the preacher remarked that the limits of one discourse would not suffice to discuss the whole subject, and he should therefore pass over entirely the first six propositions, and would offer a "few remarks" on the seventh particular in the second proposition, and then went on and preached two hours; and this, said the relater of the story, was but a forty-ninth part of the sermon.

Takes Pains in Religion.

The friends of a man sick with the palsy desired to bring him to Jesus that he might be cured. At first they were unable to do it, because of the crowd by which our Lord was surrounded. What then did they do? "They went upon the house-top, and let him down through the tiling, with his couch, and let him down to the ground." At once their object was gained, before Jesus. "At once their object was gained, before Jesus." Our Lord's attention was drawn to their sick friend, and he was healed. By pains, and labour, and perseverance, his friends succeeded in obtaining for him the mighty blessing of a complete cure. The importance of pains and diligence is a truth that meets our eyes on every side. In every calling, and vocation, and trade, we see that labour is one great secret of success. It is not by luck or accident that men prosper, but by hard working. Fortunes are not made without trouble and attention by bankers and merchants. Practice is not secured without diligence and study by lawyers and physicians. It is in the mind of the child that the seeds of his future life are sown. It is one of our favourite maxims, that there are "no gains without pains."

Let us thoroughly understand that pains and diligence are just as essential to the well-being and prosperity of our souls as of our bodies. In all our endeavours to draw near to God, in all our approaches to Christ, there ought to be the same determined earnestness which was shown by the sick man's friends. We must allow no difficulties to check us, and no obstacle to keep us back from anything which is really for our spiritual good. Specially must we bear this in mind in the matter of regularly reading the Bible, hearing the Gospel, keeping the Sabbath holy, and private prayer. On all these points we must beware of laziness and an excuse-making spirit. Necessity must be the mother of

Creation in Earnest.

Unwilling in thy work,
Unwilling in thy course,
Unwilling in thy path,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest stars!

Unfaltering in your race,
Unswerving in your round,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest earth!

Doing thy Maker's work,
Fulfilling his great will,
With all that honors and eases,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest flowers!

With all that brights and beauties,
Shoot up, and spread abroad,
Your fragrance and your joy,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest seas!

Constant to flow and ebb,
Heaving to moon and sun,
Unchanging in thy change,
Teach me your earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest sun!

Through vale and field, or moor,
In darkness or in light,
Teach me thy earnest ways,
That mine may be a life of steadfast work and praise.

Over-earnest powers!

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Religious Intelligence.

Review of Rev. Dr. Johnson's Work on Australia.

(From the London Review.)
Australia, Notes by the Rev. Dr. Johnson, D. D., London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.; and Great Mason, 1862.

Look Up!

A LITTLE FLOWER FABLE.
"I wish I could be of some use," said a newly-opened daisy that grew in a pleasant field, "but I am so small, I wonder why I was made." And the little flower looked timidly around, and as a soft wind played over the field, waving the long grass, it looked the little daisy, and said, "God has made nothing in vain; only look up!" As the trembling flower raised its head, a bright sunbeam glanced by, and dried the tear-drop that dimmed its eye; the daisy felt grateful, and looked up with a smile. Just then a maiden was passing, and she sank down wearily on the grass, close by the daisy, and wept for sorrow had darkened her home, and her spirit was cast down. Presently she raised her head, and caught sight of the daisy at her feet; and as she gazed on its simple beauty, she thought of some words learned in childhood, that ran thus: "If God so much clothe you, O ye, little faith!" "Oh, yes," thought the daisy; "I shall not be forsaken. I too, will look up, even as the daisy." So, with a bright smile, she gathered the tiny flower, and as she pursued her way, she said—

"Alas! in sunshine or in shadow,
I still will trust in thee;
Sit thou, my flower, in a flower,
With much more care for me!"

How happy the daisy felt! And, as the soft breeze kissed its white bow, it whispered, "You were right, kind friends; nothing is made in vain," and it blessed Christ. Though it dropped in Ida's hand, yet, as soon as she reached

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MANSHIP.

Learn to Write.

F. F. STAPLES.
No. 49 GRANVILLE STREET.
The office building is open every day for instruction in writing. Instruction commences itself to such as it simply seeks to improve the handwriting of the pupil, instead of imposing a new system of penmanship.

COFFEE.

For looking for really CHEAP COFFEE.

Robinson & Co's IMPROVED APPARATUS.

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Our Children's Corner.

An Invocation to Spring. Come quickly, O thou Spring! Write love's fair alphabet upon the sod...

Dreaming and Dozing. Daniel Archer and Luke Linger were coming and were both of the same age. They went to the same day school...

Lucifer Matches. Mr. Gore, a recent writer on this subject, gives some interesting statistics respecting this branch of manufacture.

Preparation of Farming Implements. The spring is a proper season for looking up and putting in complete repair the various implements required in the management of the farm.

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Buckwheat.

Buckwheat should never be sown before the latter part of June in our latitude; and if our correspondents' land is nearly destitute of vegetation...

Agriculture.

Hints on Planting Strawberries.

We believe that spring is the best season in the year to set out strawberry plants, and not only that, but as early in the season as the state of the weather and the soil will permit...

Notes & News.

Watch the Health of Your Children. If their sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness; a variable appetite; a fidgety mood...

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The Soldier's True Friend!

Always Ready. A NEW Combination of Remedies, affording a more effectual alternative and more reliable means of curing the most dangerous and fatal diseases...

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Long marches, wars and sieges, blistered and inflamed feet, all these the soldier must endure. Remember, then, when your shoes are grasping...

Wives and Sisters of our Volunteers.

You can not put into the Kapsacks of our Husbands and Brothers, a more valuable or more necessary gift than a supply of this...

Soldiers' Attention.

See that you realize the full value of the Army supplies almost too valuable. These Pills and Ointment have been thoroughly tested, they are the most reliable...

To the Army, To the Army.

Do not let these brave men perish by disease. Place in their hands the most reliable medicine. It will enable them to resist the dangerous exposure, the fever, the cholera, and the wounds which they are liable to incur...

Watch the Health of Your Children.

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Watch the Health of Your Children. If their sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness; a variable appetite; a fidgety mood...

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Those who are looking for really GOOD AND CHEAP COFFEE. Will find that which is Roasted and Ground in the best manner...

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