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Religious Miscellany.

Sojourning as at an Inn.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Look abroad upon the verdant fields,
The song of birds in the summer air;
How many a treasure sometimes yields,
To bless my life, and round the edge of care.

And yet the earth and air,
All that seems good and fair,
This still is mine, or ever shall be,
Now teach me, I am but a Pilgrim here.

Without a home, and dwelling at an Inn,
There have been days when stormy gusts went
Over my head, and I was all alone,
And God seemed further off than stars and sun.

Yet then when grief was nigh,
My soul could sometimes cry
Out of the depths of sorrow and of sin,
That at the worst I was but a Pilgrim here.

With home beyond, and dwelling at an Inn,
I complain not of this life of mine,
I live of shade have had than the sun;
The gracious Father, with a hand Divine,
Has crowned with mercies His unworthy one.

My cup has overflowed,
And I His will adore,
He has blessed His blessings in my sin,
As I forgot I was but a Pilgrim here.

Homeless at best, and dwelling at an Inn,
I have not need to pray
That this fair world, which gives so much to me,
Should ever lead my steps so far astray.

That at the end they leave me not with Thee,
Dear Lord, let not this be;
Nay, rather let me see
Beyond this life my way, a Pilgrim here.

Rejoice that I am dwelling at an Inn,
Dear God! by whom this world was made,
Yet homeless had not where to lay thy head;
Not 'as by kindred was thy body laid.

In Joseph's tomb—thou Lord of quick and dead,
By thy example led,
When I shall rest and peace begin,
He lived as one who was a Pilgrim here.

And found his home while dwelling at an Inn,
—Home at home.

The Pulpit and the Pew.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

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Do You Confess?

I do not ask you now what your opinion is
about matters controverted in the present day.
I ask you a plain, practical question: Do you
know anything of the daily habit of confessing
sins to God?

You will not pretend to say that you have no
sin at all. Few probably are so blind and ignorant
in the present day as to say that. But
what do you do with your sins? What measures
do you take about your sins? Do you use any
steps to get rid of your sins? Do you confess
your sins to God? Do you confess your sins to
any one? Do you confess your sins to any one?

Reader! If you know nothing of the habit of
confessing sin, I have only one remark to make
to you. Your soul is in imminent danger! There is
no step between you and hell! If you die as you
are, you will be lost forever! The kingdom of
God contains no silent subjects. The citizens of
the heavenly city are a people who have all known,
felt, and confessed their sins.

I give you one simple warning: You will have
to confess your sins one day, whether you will
or no. When the great white throne is set, and
the books are opened, your sins will all be
exposed before the world! The secrets of all
hearts will be revealed. You will have to ac-
knowledge your transgressions before the eyes
of an assembled world, and an innumerable com-
pany of angels! Your confession at last will be
most public! And, worst of all, your confession
will be too late!

Where is the man who would not shrink from
the idea of such an exposure? Where is the
woman whose spirit would not fail at the very
possibility of such an exposure as this? Reader,
this public confession will be the portion of mil-
lions. Take heed lest it be yours.

I invite you, in my Master's name, to begin the
habit of confession without delay.

Go this very day to the throne of grace, and
speak to the great High Priest, the Lord Jesus
Christ, about your soul. Pour out your heart
before Him. Acknowledge your iniquity to Him,
and entreat Him to cleanse them away. Say to
Him, in David's words, "For thy name's
sake pardon my iniquity; for it is great." Hide
thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniqui-
ties." Cry to Him as the psalmist did in the
parable, "O God be merciful to me, a sinner." (Pa-
salms 119: 136.)

Arise, dear reader, and call upon God. If
Christ had never died for sinners, there might
be some excuse for doubting. But Christ having
suffered for sinners there is nothing that need keep
you back. Only acknowledge your iniquity, and
cast yourself wholly on God's mercy in Christ,
and life eternal shall be yours.

Thought your sins be as scarlet, they shall be
made as snow; though they be red like
crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1: 18.)
But, oh! reader, begin, to confess without delay.
—J. C. Rule.

Wandering Thoughts.

"I thought of almost everything in church to-
day except of what I ought," said my church-
mate sadly. My own conscience made me the
same confession. Yet the suggestion of our re-
verend pastor and the mental vigor of his colleague
should have prevented wandering thoughts.

Did Satan make forbidden things unusually
attractive in God's house, or was the current
of my worldly thoughts through the week so strong
and unbroken that the Sabbath could not arrest it?

How many Sabbaths have I thus mispassed!
How many blessings for myself and others may
have been lost by my failure to join in the prayer,
how much food for my soul by intention to the
sermon!

How few of these preparation seasons may
be known only to him who bends over
his congregation to note the pulses of our
spiritual life.

Let me then, by constant watchfulness and
prayer, seek strength through this easily besetting
sin; and let me enter the house of God, meditate
on the sacredness of the place and the great in-
terests at stake.—Overseer.

The First Step.

There is an old Latin motto, often quoted, which
is designed to convey in concise language a les-
son of vast importance: *obtemperare* is the
beginning. However insignificant the fault
may seem to be, however slight the departure
from the strict line of rectitude, if we are but
careful not to take the first step in the down-
ward course, we are safe. If there be no first
error, there certainly can be no second.

On the other hand, if we yield to the first
temptation, we shall be less able to resist the re-
peated. The indulgence we have already allowed
prepares us for another. Gradually, and more
easily than we are apt to suppose, habits are
formed; and that which might have been a chain-
let resisted at the beginning has become a chain
that binds us in a cruel bondage.

The traveler on an Alpine height amused him-
self with setting in motion a small mass of snow;
and long an avalanche spread run through the
valley, and descended to the sea. The children at play on
the Holland dyke were delighted to guide the lit-
tle rolling pile into mimic waters, which their lit-
tle hands controlled at will; ere long a mighty tide
covered over the fields its devastating floods. The
first oath—the first theft—the first intemperance—the
first Sabbath desertion—how easy it seemed
to wander to retreat his step, and regain the
straight path from which he had only begun
to swerve! Was it easy? Alas! almost impos-
sible.

That first ungentle word, wounding the heart
of a friend, how easy it had been to repress it
together, how slight the self-control it would
have required; and how low the breach
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Died Yesterday.

Every day I written this little sentence, "Died
yesterday." Every day a flower is plucked from
some sunny home—a broken is made from some
happy circle—a jewel is taken from some treas-
ure of love by the ruthless hand of the angel
of death. Each day from the summer life of
earth, some harvest disappears. Yes, every mo-
ment some cherished sentinel drops from the
rugged ramparts of time into the surging waves
of eternity. Even as we write, the church-bell
tolls the doleful funeral of one who "died
yesterday"—his solemn tones chill the blood in
our veins, and make the heart sad and sad.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was
a gentle, innocent babe, stainless as an angel,
pure as the sapphire's gentle music, and whose
laughter was as gushing as the summer rills loiter-
ing in a rose-bower—whose life was but a per-
petual litany—A my-time crowned with bloom-
ing, delicate flowers which never fade. Or may-
hap it was a youth, hopeful and promising—pos-
sessed the fire and animation of perennial life—
whose path was strewn with sweet flowers of
rarest beauty and verdure, with no serpent lurk-
ing beneath—whose soul panting for com-
munion with the great and good—but that heart
sank away, and "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, in men, women, and
children are passing away; and hourly, in some
lonely, silent graveyard, the cold, cheerless soil
drops upon the coffin of the dead. As often in
the morn we find some rare flower that had
blossomed sweetly in the sunset has withered
forever, so daily, when we rise from our couch to
begin our day, we miss some kind, cheerful
soul, whose existence, perhaps, was dearly and
sacredly entwined with our own, and had served
as a beacon-light to our weary footsteps. But
they are now gone, and future generations will
know not their worth or appreciate their pre-
cepts. Yes, remember each day some sacred
pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship
—some sweet heavenly life that we have
been wont to listen has been hushed forever.

—Miss Notice.

Religious Intelligence.

South Africa.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. William H.
Milward, dated Edendale, Jan. 29th, 1865:

I have accomplished the quarterly visitation
of the classes in this Circuit for the June quarter,
and making up my numbers, I am rejoicing to
find that we have now about one hundred pros-
perous, young and old, on trial, as the fruit of the
gracious spiritual quickening we have been favoured
with during the present year. For nearly
four months we have had the satisfaction of
seeing one or more added daily, who were either
inquiring the way to the Saviour, or rejecting the
offer of peace with God through faith in
Him. More than two months have rolled
away since the last of these visits, and dur-
ing that time one only has returned to the yoke
of bondage from which she had been freed. At
least, I cannot ascertain that any other has
grown weary of the Lord's service. We who
toil and earnestly pray for, but who seem bent
on the work assigned us by the Great
Master is not all done. There are many prom-
isers of Israel on this station; men whom we
have warned of their danger, invited to Christ,
and earnestly prayed for, but who seem bent
on their own destruction, and determined to drag
down to everlasting death as many souls as they
can. Under these circumstances, we may per-
ceive that while we have indeed much cause for
rejoicing, yet we "rejoice with trembling." But
we "pray for them and earnestly" will the Pen-
itential sinner, the "Holy Ghost sent down
from heaven."

You will doubtless have heard from other
quarters what times of commercial depression in
this colony these are. Our people here have
suffered severely. We had hoped to get up the
shell of the chapel this winter; and I have en-
deavoured to induce the people to give labour
instead of money. Many have promised to do
so, and one or two have already commenced to
make bricks in performance of their promise.

Our school matters here, I hope, than a
turn for the best. If a Missionary needs the
grace of patience more in one part of the world
than another, I am disposed to think that part
is South Africa, and I am really doubtful whether
a Missionary can be tried more in his respect
in any part of South Africa than at Eden-
dale. Well, I will not complain. I expected
difficulties when I left the shores of England,
and of course I have not been disappointed. I
shall no disappointment has been more than I
have been enabled to bear, and I yet believe that
from every coming trouble God will make a way
for my escape.—Miss Notice.

Western Africa.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Joseph May,
Native Missioner, dated Freetown, May 19th,
1865.

Progress of the Work.—It will, I am sure, af-
ford you satisfaction to hear that in this Circuit
we are going on with encouraging prospects of
success. Through the blessing of God, the
hearts of our Missionaries are good. The Gen-
eral Superintendent, who arrived here a few
months ago, (last November) suffering in the
first months of the first summer in England,
after an absence of so many years in the West
Indies, appears now improving. His family, I
am glad to be able to say, are well.

The Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon us
in several places we have evidence of His Di-
vine presence and blessing. The attendance on
our religious services continues good. All our
chapel on the Sabbath morning are filled with
attentive hearers, and in most places the
chapel are crowded, and frequently the
word preached evidently has been in de-
monstration of the Spirit and power.

The preacher could not be cheered who

The Voice of the Pestilence.

[This splendid poem was written in 1841, on the
return of the cholera from the East towards the
Western parts of Europe, and is appropriate to the
present appearance of that pestilence, as men-
tioned in recent journals.]

Breathless the course of the Pale White Horse,
Rearing the ghastly form—
Rapid and dark as the specter bark
When it sweeps before the storm;
Balfly bright through the torrid night
E-scourged meteors glare—
Firely the spires of volcanic fire
Stream on the sulphurous air!

Shades of the slain through the Murderer's brain
Fit trill and drear—
Shadowy and swift the black storm drift
Dust trample the atmosphere!
But swifter than all, with a darker pall
With terror round my path,
I have arisen from my lair in prison—
Slave of the high God's wrath!

A deep voice from the Firmament,
And I pierced the caves of Earth—
Therefore I came on the wings of flame
From the dark eastward of my birth!

And it is said, "Go from the South to the North
Over your wandering bill—
Sin is the King of that doomed thing,
And the sin-begotten must fall!"

Port from the Gate of the Unrest,
From the portals of the Abyss—
From the caverns dim where vague Forms swim,
And shapeless Chaos lie!

From Hades' womb—the joyless tomb
Of Erebos and old Night,
From the unseen deep where Death and Sleep,
Brood in their mystic might,
I come—I come—before me dumb—
The Nations aghast for dread—
Lo! I have passed as the desert blast—
And the millions of earth lie dead!

A voice of fear from the hemisphere
Travels where I lie—
Earth weeping about her widowed—
And I and desolate cry!

Thence and di-millions beneath my pinions
Cover like the most things
Melt from my presence the pride and the pleasure
Of palmer-stricken kings.

Sorrow and mourning supremely mourning,
O Erebos and old Night,
From the unseen deep where Death and Sleep,
Brood in their mystic might,
I come—I come—before me dumb—
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I come—I come—before me dumb—
The Nations aghast for dread—
Lo! I have passed as the desert blast—
And the millions of earth lie dead!

A voice of fear from the hemisphere
Travels where I lie—
Earth weeping about her widowed—
And I and desolate cry!

Thence and di-millions beneath my pinions
Cover like the most things
Melt from my presence the pride and the pleasure
Of palmer-stricken kings.

Sorrow and mourning supremely mourning,
O Erebos and old Night,
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192 Obituary

MISS EMMA A. SHENSTONE, BRIGGS, N. F. Emma Alder Shenstone was born in the floury and beautiful islands of the Bermudas, on the 4th of January, 1844. She died calmly triumphantly in the Lord, on Sabbath morning, the 8th Oct., at 8 o'clock. She had been a member of the Wesleyan church for some months but did not enter fully into the glorious privileges of the children of God, until a short time previous to her death. Consumption seized this beautiful flower and laid her low when she had attained her 21st year; and her mortal remains were committed to the same grave, in our cemetery at Briggs, in which lies all that was mortal of her sister, Mary Ann Hammond, who died at the same age, of the same fell disease. Very hallowed and blessed are the recollections of this little saint of the Most High. In her patience had its perfect work. She was well acquainted with the living oracles of divine truth, it had been her habit to peruse the word of God for years; and as she thus honored Him, he honored her, and took her to himself, to the cloudless realms of eternal blessedness. She frequently conversed at great length with her parents upon the things of God, and delighted them with the accuracy and clear views she had obtained through the study of the Holy Spirit. The sympathy and attentions of the kind friends at Briggs, and elsewhere, were unwearied. She referred to this, and said if they could by any possibility keep her alive, they would. "I want for nothing; beautiful flowers to please my eyes, and delicacies to tempt my appetite; thank them, Papa, thank them all when I am gone. As the end of the weary days and nights appointed her, drew near, she desired her attendant domestic, to meet her in heaven, and gave her a solemn and affectionate charge. To others of her friends, she spoke most appropriately, and in the most delightful manner. It was very kind of her to witness the grace and simple dignity of manner which this young disciple displayed when speaking to those who were her elders. Very gracious and powerful were the divine manifestations of the love of God to her at several times; yet was she followed by temptation to the very gate of eternal life, and more than once expressed her desire that she were chained behind her. The morning before that on which her happy spirit burst its bond to earth, as the early light dawned, she said, "I see a light," and then looking upwards, said, "I see another," and her face illuminated by the ecstasy of her soul, she exclaimed, "Wichamen what do you think," and then added with joyous accents, "the morning cometh." Several times she most sweetly sang in low strains, and just before her departure, the first part of the "Dying Christian." "Vital spark, etc." On one occasion she repeated the lines,

"Though the road be long, And the journey be long, And the path be so rough, And smooth it will soon."

The calmness and composure with which she contemplated the approach of the last enemy, and her triumph when his hand was upon her, was great; putting forth her arms, and laying her fingers upon the pulse. For fifty-one hours, she might be said to be in the arms of death, during which her parents did not leave her scarcely for a moment, but with other members of her family, surrounded her bed. Her sufferings at times were very great, and more than once, of her own accord, she made that if it was the Lord's will, she might be released. She took a most affecting leave of all who were with her, embracing each most tenderly, and mentioning all her absent brothers and sisters, and her nephews and nieces. She said at one time, "If it had been possible, I should have liked to have lingered until Christmas, but it was all right, all well. At that time she would have seen her brothers once more, and when asked, if they should be sent for, she said, "I will give them my love." She also inquired how it was that so many beautiful verses of our hymns were brought to her mind, and why she should have so much love for her, saying she had not done anything for Jesus, not so much as collected for the missions. At length the messenger came, when saying hold of the hands of her parents, she said, "no more temptation now; the evil one cannot come near me; did I not say that I should not leave you without some manifestation of the love of God?" and other gracious utterances, and calmly fell asleep in Jesus. Thus passed away from earth, the spirit of Emma Alder. Delightfully solemn was that blessed and beautiful Sabbath morning, and when the bells called the worshippers to the houses of prayer, her parents thought of the perfect worship of the heavenly sanctuary, and thanked God, that another of their children had joined the music of the skies. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. W. E. S.

MR. HENRY CASEY. In 1810, Brother Casey became savingly acquainted with the truth under the ministrations of that useful and eminent servant of God, the Rev. Mr. Busby, whose memory here is lovingly cherished. Shortly after his conversion he identified himself with that section of the "Holy Catholic Church" in connection with whose ministry he had been quickened into a new and blissful life, and he continued a worthy member of our communion up to the period of his decease, which took place at his residence, White Point, on the 23rd January last, at the age of 77 years. Our brother was an earnest Christian. His profession of religion did not assume a merely outward form; it was of the burning, vitalizing kind. The secret of all this lay in his deep and ever deepening sympathy with the Redeemer's holy purposes in the work of human redemption. He loved the message of grace; a missionary season was his delight. And the thought has often arisen in our mind that a man's inner life in religious matters must either be in a very unhealthy or strangely misquainted state when the Lord's house has no attractions for him. Our brother had a trial of faith here—increasing infirmities and sickness compelled him to remain at home; but faith triumphed—the Good Shepherd graciously sustained and comforted him. The personal of the Holy Book was one of brother Casey's most delightful and faithful exercises. He regarded its teachings as his only promise as eternal. Among his last utterances were—"Lord I am alone—Trust at my Shepherd—Fear no evil." We may simply add—as he lived, so he died. He has left an aged widow who will soon meet him in the land of the living. May the Good Shepherd sustain her. R. W.

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RECENT DEATHS ON BOSTON CIRCUIT.

"Help Lord: for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fall from among the children of men." The presence of the Philistia has been brought to our mind very frequently of late, by the departure in rapid succession to a better world, of some, who for years were useful and accredited members of our church in these parts. Our loss, we have no doubt in their gain—they are gone to swell the ranks of the glorified Church. But while we mourn the confident persuasion that they are entered on their eternal rest; we are anxious that those whom they have left behind may improve these dispositions; and that the vacancies which these departed ones have left in the militant church, may be filled up by others, men by the example of their holy lives and peaceful deaths to Christ and to true religion.

Sister Reid, of Canaan, died in August last. The distance of her residence from the place of worship, made it possible for her even in health, to participate only in a very small degree, in the privileges of sitting beneath the shadow of the tree of life. She was a member of the church, and as she thus honored Him, he honored her, and took her to himself, to the cloudless realms of eternal blessedness. She frequently conversed at great length with her parents upon the things of God, and delighted them with the accuracy and clear views she had obtained through the study of the Holy Spirit. The sympathy and attentions of the kind friends at Briggs, and elsewhere, were unwearied. She referred to this, and said if they could by any possibility keep her alive, they would. "I want for nothing; beautiful flowers to please my eyes, and delicacies to tempt my appetite; thank them, Papa, thank them all when I am gone. As the end of the weary days and nights appointed her, drew near, she desired her attendant domestic, to meet her in heaven, and gave her a solemn and affectionate charge. To others of her friends, she spoke most appropriately, and in the most delightful manner. It was very kind of her to witness the grace and simple dignity of manner which this young disciple displayed when speaking to those who were her elders. Very gracious and powerful were the divine manifestations of the love of God to her at several times; yet was she followed by temptation to the very gate of eternal life, and more than once expressed her desire that she were chained behind her. The morning before that on which her happy spirit burst its bond to earth, as the early light dawned, she said, "I see a light," and then looking upwards, said, "I see another," and her face illuminated by the ecstasy of her soul, she exclaimed, "Wichamen what do you think," and then added with joyous accents, "the morning cometh." Several times she most sweetly sang in low strains, and just before her departure, the first part of the "Dying Christian." "Vital spark, etc." On one occasion she repeated the lines,

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Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1865.

Thanksgiving Day.

The appointment by the Government of Nova Scotia, of a day of Thanksgiving, in recognition of the mercies of God toward our Province during another year, must meet with the approval of every Christian man and woman with us in our land. To-morrow, we venture to hope, will be religiously observed by many thousands of the people of this Province, of different positions in the home, of different professions, and of different ages. A very general attendance at public worship on Thanksgiving Day, as circumstances may admit, will be certainly an outward expression of acknowledgment to the God of Providence and grace for the numerous mercies of His hand. To go up into the house of the Lord cherishing a grateful sense of the divine goodness toward us severally and as a people, will surely be a reasonable service on such an occasion. This, however, in itself will be but a small part of that which we are obligated to render unto the Lord in return for the grace of God. The public observance of the day is by no means to be rested in as the whole expression of our thankfulness, but is rather to be regarded as an occasion which the grateful heart readily embraces for the purpose of giving utterance to its gratitude, and at the same time a means of deepening our convictions of indebtedness to the Giver of all good.

Perseverance will not be necessary to induce, on the part of the true Christian, a cheerful tribute of praise to the Most High, and yet none will hesitate to confess that there is a strong tendency in their heart to lose sight of the great and undeserved mercies of the Lord: all must feel the need of being reminded of their obligations, and of frequently renewing themselves, and bringing up their souls to magnify God as the author of all their mercies. Herein we note a great advantage of a day of general thanksgiving, as serving to recal to memory how great things the Lord hath done for us, and how much of gratitude we owe to Him.

As individuals we have much to remember of God's goodness; and it will be well at this time to have our hearts awakened to a lively recollection of personal and family mercies. As a people we are inexpressibly obligated to that God who reigneth above all, and by whose Providence we are so highly favored.

"Not that we ourselves do deserve, Yet God hath given us more."

Evils which might have overtaken us, have, by divine protection, been warded off. War has not been permitted to cast its dark shadow over our country. Grant famine and wasting pestilence have not stalked through our land. We have peace, and we have health. Man and beast have been preserved. Our wants are well supplied. There is a living for every man, even for the poorest. The industries can find employment. Our fisheries have been successful; our agricultural and commercial interests have not materially suffered, and the country is generally well supplied with the necessaries of life. The sea has yielded its treasures, and the land her increase. Every branch of labour and industry has proved remunerative. Manufactures and trade have not been unproductive. In fact, on comparing our circumstances with those of the people of other lands, in whatever parts of the world, we are enabled to acknowledge that we are a highly favored people; the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, we have a good heritage. And if to all our natural and providential advantages, we add our high religious privileges, and the spiritual blessings which are bestowed in connection with the church of God, we are enabled to be impressed with the conviction that the goodness of the Lord toward us, surpasses all our thought. Surely we should show forth His praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving ourselves up to His service, and by walking in the paths of His commandments. O that men would praise the Lord for all His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

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Mount Allison College and Academies.

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