

# The Provincial Wesleyan.

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HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1899.

Whole No. 1019

## Religious Miscellany.

### The Burden-Bearer.

O the biased promise, given on the hills of Galilee,  
To the weary heavy-laden, still is made to you  
...  
Many a broken contrite spirit, lonely, sorrowing  
...  
Blind Bartimeus, by the way-side,  
...  
Every page of human sorrow, fills the path we  
...  
Conversion of a Jewish Rabbi.

acquaintance with human nature, men who have  
...  
But no one of them had obtained such a hold  
...  
who has lived seventy years, in an unconverted  
...  
Life is inexorably real—eternity is a great  
...  
The Last Idol.  
It is said, in one of the ancient wars, the con-  
...  
The Bab and Bahim.  
The January number of the *Hours at Home*  
...  
General Miscellany.  
After a Funeral.  
An hour to die,  
A week to live,  
...  
Blank and bleak  
In the world to the weak,  
...  
A New England Priest.  
I witnessed a Catholic service, a summer  
...  
The Coming Man; or, 1909.  
BY FANNIE WILSON, FRANKLIN, N. S.

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## WILSON'S BILLY'S

his own Physician  
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of the Stomach,  
and Bowels.

is the great centre which influences  
...  
WILSON'S BILLY'S

Old Sores and Ulcers  
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The Family.

The Crow's Children.

BY FRANK CARY.

A huntsman, hearing his gun a-bleed, Went whistling merrily...

"You are going to kill the thrush bird?"

"And I would if I were you; But you mustn't touch my family, Whatever else you do!"

"I'm only going to kill the bird?"

"That is eating up my crop; And if your young ones do such things, Be sure they'll have to stop!"

"O," said the crow, "my children Are the best ones ever born; There isn't one among them all Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones are?"

"Do they resemble you?"

"O no," said the crow, "they're the prettiest birds, And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman, whistling, And off, too, went his gun;

And his strutting cocker never ceased Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled, Cawing away in her nook;

For she said, "He'll never kill my birds, Since I told him how they look."

"Now there's the hawk, my neighbor, She'll see what she will see, too; And that saucy, whistling blackbird May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter, Taking his homeward track, With a string of crows as long as his gun, Hanging down his back.

"Alack, alack!" said the mother, "What in the world have you done? You promised to spare my pretty birds, And you've killed them every one!"

"Your birds?" said the puzzled hunter; "Why, I found them in my corn; And besides they are black and ugly As any that ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"

Said the angriest of crows; "How good and fair the children are, There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter, "It isn't as you do, quite; It takes a mother to be so blind She can't tell black from white!"

—*Riverside Magazine for February.*

The Little Stranger.

Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor and ready wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy who asked him if he wanted any slaves, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a thing was a market-man. "No, sir; my father is," was the prompt answer.

The doctor said, "bring me some squashes, and passed into the house, sending out the errand boy. In a few moments the child returned with a basket full of squashes. The doctor told him he was welcome to it but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such strange manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the boy attentively. He was evidently poor; his jacket was patched with every kind of cloth, and his pants darned with so many colors that it was hard to tell the original fabric; but very neat and clean white. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face. At last he said: "You seem a nice little fellow. Won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?" "Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him. A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy a bundle down stairs waiting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. "Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes (but so much himself as we shall see); he was dressed in a new though coarse suit of clothes, and his hair nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a homespun check handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor saying: "I have come, sir." "Come for what, my child?" "To live with you, and be a doctor," was the naive reply.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperious gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At the time he felt he needed no addition to his family. "Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "What did he say?" "I told him that you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother—what said she?" "She said Doctor Byron would do just what he said would, and God had provided for me. And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes, and here is another in the bundle; undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two white shirts, as new, and a couple of neat check aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother could have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the fearless, unobscuring trust with which the poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the wilderness, abandoned to Providence; and, above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the Divine Saviour had said, "Blessed be little children;" and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "what then?" "And the doctor said, 'Whoever receive such a child in His name and take care of him.' And from that hour the good couple received him to their hearts and home. I did not then occur to them that one of the most ancient physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature,

Mr. Biffin's Baby.

That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into "this breathing world," as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance-wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six weeks of that precious existence he had me up on an average six times a night.

"Mr. Biffin," said my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!"

"Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fat like a little white bear as he was."

"Mr. Biffin," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

"Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well."

"Mr. Biffin," says my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you should have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again.

"Mr. Biffin," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broom to-day for the baby?"

"My dear, will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that insectible child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the excuse. I forgave her and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Biffin," said my wife, waking me, "you must not scare so, you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Biffin," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby?" The dear child! If it weren't for his mother, I don't know what would befall him.

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired."

"O, his very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if I had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the poet. Having aided in answering the baby's request, I stepped into the bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Mr. Biffin," said she in a louder key, "I said nothing. 'O dear,' said that estimable woman, in great apparent anguish, 'how can you be so stupid as to arrive at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he doesn't know that the dear creature will live till morning!'"

I remained silent, and after a while deeming that Mrs. Biffin had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Biffin was sitting up in the bed, adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-syncope, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she had put down for a nocturnal pillow. She was not content with pointing to several portions in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such a trifling thing for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty, as a parent to that young immortal, required the surrender of my forehead for a pin-cushion.

This was one of many nights passed in this way. The truth was that the baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

Such was the story of Biffin's, as he related it to the other day. It is a little exaggerated, but it pleases almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Good Advice.

If a wife wishes to be happy, and have peace in the family, she should never reprove her husband on alight, even if the reprobe be ever so slight. Indifference will sometimes produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes, and, if he be perplexed or discouraged, assist him by your smiles and happy words to persevere. If a wife is careful how she conducts, speaks, and looks, a thousand happy hearts would cheer and brighten on our existence, where now there are nothing but gloom and sorrow, and discontent. The wife, above all others, should strive to please her husband, and to make home attractive. It is a great many respects, these remarks apply to all husbands.

A Wife's Temper.

A gentleman's diary of his wife's temper: Monday—a thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly; unreasonable weather. Wednesday—frosty, at times sharp. Thursday—Butter cold in the morning, led snow; by flying clouds, portending bad weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with much thunder; six clear afterward. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A slight snow eater in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner time; hurricane and earthquakes at night.

Plants and Flowers in the House.

It is always pleasant to enter a home made attractive with flowers. We admire the pictures on the wall, the sound of rich music as it comes to us from some richly toned instrument, but we admire, more than all, plants and flowers, because they are more beautiful than any work of art, and lift our souls upwards more than the sound of music. The Giver of all good has created them for our enjoyment, to be used by us, that we may, even in winter, in this cold climate, see the springing bud, green leaves, and fragrant flowers. The love for such things is happily on the increase. If the time ever was, when it was an evidence of weakness to love flowers, it has gone by.

Let plants be cultivated, not only in the garden in summer, but in the parlor window in winter. Let them receive regular attention and care as though they were of consequence. They help to educate and cultivate the taste, to enlarge the soul. If the plants can only be of the commonest sort, in boxes and pans, still cultivate some. They will need constant attention to keep them in good condition, but do not begrudge the time and labor, for the fragrance of a single heliotrope or hyacinth will reward you.

Excelsior Spinner.

Look out for the Agents of TAYLOR'S PATENT EXCELSIOR SPINNING MACHINE.

Do not say that you use this beautiful Spinner, until you have seen it. You will find it a most valuable and convenient machine. It spins even, smooth yarn, and will spin any kind of wool, cotton, flax, or tow. It is attached to the wheel, and will spin any kind of yarn from the spindle. It spins even, smooth yarn, and will spin any kind of wool, cotton, flax, or tow. It is attached to the wheel, and will spin any kind of yarn from the spindle.

Temperance.

It's just like Him.

The following incident, illustrating the true manliness of a Christian soldier, the power of right early training, the constant solicitude of friends at home, and the way in which the Christian Commission was, not unfrequently, the direct channel of good news, has been preserved by an agent of the Commission, who was for a short time on duty before Vicksburg:

The night before we sometimes grand incidents, shells discharged from the land batteries crossed their beautiful fiery paths high into the air above the beleaguered city, and meeting there the missiles ascending on the same errand from the batteries, the meeting beholder almost forgotful of the mission on which the monsters were sent. One of these brilliant nights, I came upon a regimental prayer meeting, under a bluff within short market range of the enemy's works. Whenever there was a discharge from our batteries, the rebel sharpshooters along their lines would reply by a shower of minute balls, which would descend to the ground at our feet. By order of the Brigade commander, to prevent drawing the attention, and perhaps the fire of the enemy, the hymns were sung in a low, muffled voice, but loud enough to make melody in our hearts. The meeting was led by one of the Captains of the regiment. There was something genuine and manly in the piety of the leader, which seemed to give the affection and attention of the soldiers. I was so much struck with that I could not forbear seeking his acquaintance; and on invitation, meeting him the next day, we walked over to the Colonel's tent.

As the custom was, we were courteously offered a drink from the ubiquitous bottle. As the single glass passed round the circle, bearing me every moment, I questioned in my own mind what terms I should use in declining; but I was more interested to see what course my Christian Captain would take. When the Colonel called upon him, he declined; was invited again, and again declined; and the third time did it so decidedly, and yet respectfully, as not to give offense, nor to be further importuned. I said to him afterward—

"Captain, do you always do that?"

"Yes," said he.

"Do you mean that you have never taken any intoxicating liquor?"

"Yes, just that."

"What, not even to 'corral' this Yocco water?"

"Never."

"You must have belonged to the cold water army in your boyhood?"

"Yes; but I learned something better than that; my mother taught me this one thing—that is right, is right, and coming to Mississippi next day, we walked over to the Colonel's tent. As the custom was, we were courteously offered a drink from the ubiquitous bottle. As the single glass passed round the circle, bearing me every moment, I questioned in my own mind what terms I should use in declining; but I was more interested to see what course my Christian Captain would take. When the Colonel called upon him, he declined; was invited again, and again declined; and the third time did it so decidedly, and yet respectfully, as not to give offense, nor to be further importuned. I said to him afterward—

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"What, not even to 'corral' this Yocco water?"

"Never."

"You must have belonged to the cold water army in your boyhood?"

"Yes; but I learned something better than that; my mother taught me this one thing—that is right, is right, and coming to Mississippi next day, we walked over to the Colonel's tent. As the custom was, we were courteously offered a drink from the ubiquitous bottle. As the single glass passed round the circle, bearing me every moment, I questioned in my own mind what terms I should use in declining; but I was more interested to see what course my Christian Captain would take. When the Colonel called upon him, he declined; was invited again, and again declined; and the third time did it so decidedly, and yet respectfully, as not to give offense, nor to be further importuned. I said to him afterward—

"Captain, do you always do that?"

"Yes," said he.

"Do you mean that you have never taken any intoxicating liquor?"

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