

# The Provincial Westeyan.

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## Religious Miscellany.

### Our Burden Bearer.

Let us not go stooping, groaning, underneath our load of care; There's a better way to journey, There's a lighter load to bear.

We are pilgrims travelling homeward, Only pilgrims on our way; Society we should make as we go, Just as light as we can make.

There are many, many crosses, To be lifted as we go; We must climb the rugged mountains, And the darkness valleys know.

Rightly steep and fragrant meadows Will be mingled in our way; Society skies of arch above us, Darkness often hides the day.

But all of us remember, All who thus as pilgrims go, There's an easier way to journey, Than all we have come to know.

There's an easier way of going, There's a lighter load to bear, Than the greivous, grievous burden, That so many of us wear.

There's a voice forever sounding In the weary pilgrim's ear; Vision of transcendent compassion, Framing sweetest words of cheer.

Do not let your heavy burdens, Drag on me your load of care; I will carry you, I will carry you, I will carry you, I will carry you.

Give to me, not to carry, And do morning with the rest; All your cares now cast upon me, I will bear them on my breast.

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### Christ the Burden-Bearer.

Christ is not only "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," but is the burden-bearer who bids us cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us. Many overburdened and anxious Christians find their relief illustrated in the following:

A poor man, says one, was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A fish was passing by, and the man took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his basket behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he was allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could presume to ask for more. "O foolish man," was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able to carry burden?"

### What Harm?

"I hope you will not go the ball to-night, Thomas," said Mrs. P. to her son, a young man who had just attained majority.

"Why not, mother? I can't see any harm in dancing."

"There is harm in anything, Thomas, which diverts your mind from the concerns of eternity. You have lived twenty-one years, and have not yet commenced the great work for which life was given; and is it right for you to trifle with God's patience and forbearance by spending your time in frivolous amusement?"

"Mother, you are too strict and puritanical in your notions. I wish you would become as liberal as my former teacher, Miss P. There was a time when she seemed to think of nothing but religion, and she made me uneasy and unhappy by talking about my sins and my danger; but lately she is more lively and agreeable, and last week she was persuaded to attend a dance; and if it is a proper amusement for her, it certainly is for me."

The mother's heart sank within her. She had hoped much from Miss P.'s influence; she believed it had one day led her son very near the foot of the cross. But Miss P. had yielded to the worldly influences which surrounded her; she had let down her watch; she had returned to the gayeties which had once been solemnly renounced; and now her example was telling on the interests of an undying soul.

Thomas went to the ball, and from that hour he plunged with mad eagerness into all the forms of earthly pleasure. Sometimes he was impressed with a solemn providence; some times conscience would awaken under the clear light of God's truth; but he lulled it to sleep by the reflection that he was only a little more gay than Miss P. and others, who were members of the Church; that if they found religion so dull and unsatisfactory that they were obliged to resort to worldly amusement, it could not be wrong for him to do the same, and he would certainly secure religion to die by.

Thus he passed on until a moment's warning, at an hour when he was not aware, the last summer came. While sunning himself with a favorite horse, he received an injury which proved fatal in a few hours. Agonizing pain, followed by utter insensibility, filled up the time which he had purposed when in health to spend in securing the salvation of his soul; and then the tolling of the bell announced that he had passed to the judgment-seat of Christ.

Did Miss P. hear in that sound the knell of a lost soul? and had she no fear that the blood of that soul would be found in her garments?

Followers of Christ, take heed lest your backsliding endanger not only your own soul, but become the stumbling-block over which others shall plunge to remediless woe.—*Christian Banner.*

### Laying Foundations.

How varied the work to which the Master calls his servants. Some spend their lives in laying the foundations for other men to build upon. Deep down and unseen their work lies, and not even in their own eyes are they successful workers; and yet here they feel that the Master has called them to work and they dare not desert their post. Thus blocks of granite and massive beams of oak seem to be swallowed up in the insatiable depths of the sea; yet here God bids them to toil on. As one has well expressed it, "Not in your day may it outcrop above the wave. You shall be judged of your generation to have wrought in vain. Men shall call it and you visionary. But another day other builders shall find it towering up rigid and broad and strong, fit foundation for some pyramid of human advancement."

A faithful pastor had toiled on for years in deep poverty, and often with downcast heart seeing but little fruit of his labors. In the process of time another man entered the field and at once there was a great outpouring of God's Spirit, in which many souls were converted.—The work of the old pastor was all forgotten, while the praises of the new were in every one's mouth. Yet had he not toiled so long and faithfully laying the foundations, there would have been no such blessed structure to the glory of God. The young man had entered a harvest field of waving grain ready for the sickle, he had but to reap the fruits of the other's planting and long and patient culture.—Though the old pastor received not honor from men, God's eye had noted all his labor of love, and not even the smallest service above loss its reward.

### That is too Simple.

I was attending a protracted meeting in a neighboring town, and had been endeavoring, according to the ability given me by God, to assist souls in finding Jesus.

One brother, who had for years been stumbling at the simple way of faith, called on me, desirous of instruction respecting it. I endeavored to simplify it in various ways, but all had no effect, and I was on the point of giving up, thinking that I could not in any way help him.

At length, in reply to my remark that he must make the unreserved surrender of himself to God, and that it was his privilege, while all was consecrated, yes, and duty, when he did this, to believe required at his hand was accepted when presented, through the merits of the atoning blood of Christ—he exclaimed, "O, that is too simple; I must do something more than that?"

Just then an illustration struck my mind. It was this:

Brother, suppose you had a watch, and it would not keep good time. You try to regulate it, but all your effort is vain. Now, what would you do with it?

### How much of the labor in missionary fields is only foundation work.

Yet how important, how indispensable to the progress of God's work in heathen lands. What a foundation he laid, who has translated a book of the gospel of Jesus into a language which thousands of darkened idol worshippers may read.

Mother, faithful Sabbath-school teacher, you, too, are laying foundations deep and broad, and though you may never see the results, yet the Master builder will own and bless it all at the last.—*S. S. Times.*

### Wreck of the Mission Brig, "John Wesley."

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the total wreck of the mission brig *John Wesley*, which was wrecked on the coast of Natal, on the 11th of December, 1865.

We annex an account of the wreck, from the *Rev. Mr. Dyson*, who was on board the *Wesley* at the time of her destruction.

You will know probably that the *John Wesley* was wrecked, Rev. W. J. Davis, G. Lee, W. S. Baker, myself, and two passengers from Samoa; together with Mr. and Mrs. Moss, of Tongatabu, Captain Welch and crew, were on board when she struck on the Tau Reef. We left Ha-bai on Friday, 17th Nov., in her, in order to attend our District meeting, at Natal.

Everything went well for a time. About two o'clock on Saturday morning land was sighted, and the vessel's course was changed. About twenty minutes past four a.m., we bumped on the reef very gently, again and again this was repeated until we struck fast. We remained on a shelving reef in this plight in the midst of the breakers—the sea washing over the deck in showers of spray, and drenching us through and through until nearly six o'clock. I must not omit, however, that we managed to get one boat off with Mr. and Mrs. Moss, another passenger (Captain Smith) in it, while on the reef. The brethren—Davis, Lee, Baker, and myself went down into the cabin, and three or us engaged in prayer; the brig, meanwhile, bumping every few minutes on the reef. We had scarcely concluded when she gave a fearful crash and broke her back, and, of course, filled rapidly.

Meanwhile, just at the right time (twenty minutes or so), a great earthquake took place, which was followed by a few immense waves of the sea, the like of which have never been seen before in the neighborhood. These waves lifted us up and carried the vessel inside the reef, and she tumbled, leaving us in less than three feet of water. The wreck was total; but our lives and all the ship's cargo were, by this special favor from God, placed out of serious danger. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness to us in our trouble. But for the earthquake and the extraordinary waves at the time, the vessel would most probably have filled, pushed off the reef on the change of the current, and gone down in deep water like the *John Williams*, at Pukapu.

We are kindly permitted to make the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Davis, wife of the Rev. W. J. Davis, one of the missionaries, who was on board the *Wesley*—

"The ship left us on the 17th for District meeting at Natal. On board were Revs: Davis, Lee, Dyson and Baker; Mr. and Mrs. Moss, a Captain Smith, and Mr. Cobden—passengers; a few natives; they ran on until twelve o'clock, and then lay to, as is customary, intending to wait until the tide should come in. A little before four, Captain saw a faint light upon the water, and thought it was daybreak; but to his horror it proved to be a reef.

"Before the sails could be set to catch her, she struck the reef, and the vessel heeled over. He ran to the deck, and sent the man forward. The vessel again struck, and threw the captain over the board; a fearful fall he had, yet he sustained no harm. The brethren were all asleep, but not undressed; and was confusion, but no fear. The vessel began to take in water directly—the waves beat over her fearfully. A boat was lowered, and Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Captain Smith, and a few natives, hastened away to inform the mission. They did not reach Natal till some time. As soon as they did so, King George hastened to board the schooner *Elmore*, and hurried to the wreck of another schooner, *Mary*, dived her anchor and followed. Mr. Wherwell and Mr. Moulton, and native crew followed in a boat. Although every thing was urged on they did not reach the wreck until three o'clock—eleven hours from the time they struck. After the boat had left, the brethren went to prayers, and while thus engaged an earthquake shook the whole group. This brought us among the breakers and upon the reef flat, with but two feet of water. Every one was astonished, no one felt the earthquake; but found only themselves upon the rocks. They involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why, what is this? The sea is receding!' The water that the vessel had taken in upon her striking, now gushed out on the rocks. Here was salvation. Had not this occurred, all must have been lost; but as it was, all were saved. The vessel is now fast on the reef. We thought the 'Johnny' could not be lost. Poor Capt. Welch: our hearts ache for him. But God will bring him through. This was that saved our precious husbands, went far inland at the islands—washed the dead out of their graves—destroyed twenty houses, a boat and two canoes. The sea receded fourteen times at some places. A sound of two cannon was heard at Nukalofa, as though a ship was in distress. This was either from heaven or from the rocks. There was a shaking felt at the wreck the night before—no doubt there was a fearful under-current, which drew the *Wesley* to her death. This earthquake was very severe at Haabai and Vava'u. I was still in bed (twenty minutes to six). The clock stopped, the pictures swung too and fro, the glass lamps rattled. I was very frightened. I wondered how they felt at sea. Oh, my dear Mrs. E., our loss is great in losing the *Wesley*, but what should we have done had we lost our dear husbands—the missionists. Four of us would have been widows, and many children fatherless; but God has had mercy upon us, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. Oh, how much cause have we for praise and thanksgiving."

### Switzerland.

A Missionary in Lausanne gives the following account of the influence of Sabbath schools and Sabbath school papers:

"I do not think I am mistaken in believing that our small paper, *Le Messager*, has been a great means of popularizing this institution. We print now 10,000 copies a week, and this number increases gradually. By the by, could you not help us for that paper in sending us, not money, but fine casts on biblical subjects? We are in great need of them, especially because we intend next year to follow a plan on the life of our Saviour, and we want to have fine pictures which might engrave the facts on the children's memory.

You cannot fancy what influence this paper has had already on a great number of families. I will give you a few examples. One day I was coming down from a village situated on the heights of the Jura. On the way I met a lad, who was driving a few cows. I stopped and gave him a treat. He received it with much joy, and running to his father, he showed him his treasure. The man who was walking in front turned back, and coming to me, asked if I could spare him one. 'No,' said I, 'I have none but what I give to my children.' 'Oh! are you the gentleman who writes the little paper, which our children receive every Sunday?' 'Part of it; do you read those little sheets?' 'I read them every Sunday evening; I read them all together at home!'

In another place, a wicked man coming home on Sunday night, was very much out of temper, and seeing the small paper which his child had brought from school, he took it, blundering away in a grumbling tone. 'What's that?' It appears that something struck him at first; but by little by little his features took another expression; he continued to read, and when he had finished, tears were in his eyes. Since that time, he inquires eagerly, where is the little book, when his child returns from school.

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In another place, a little child received also the *Messenger*, but she was not able to read it herself, and she asked her father to read it to her after supper. He was accustomed to do so to the public house, but he was an indulgent father, and would not refuse the child. He read and explained to the child what she did not understand, and thus the evening passed without his thinking again of going out. Next Sunday, the little paper was there again, and the child's request also. The father remained again. The following Sunday they had visited, so then the reading could not take place; but, on the morning when the father was taking his hat to go out and see his friends, she ran after him and said, 'But, papa, you forget, you did not read it to me!' The father could not resist the appeal, and every Sunday night he remains with his wife and child, and reads to them the Sabbath school Messenger."

### General Miscellany.

From Zinn's Herald.

#### New Cure for Consumption.

Several times in each year some newspaper or medical journal announces some new specific for this disease. The last which we have seen comes all the way from Paris, having been translated for the *Druggist's Circular* of this city. The author, or discoverer of the cure, is no less a personage than Emile De Parade, former Professor of Comparative Physiology, and Proprietor of the Chateau de Bellecros, near Amboise. The following paragraphs give the pith, manner, spirit and quintessence of the wonderful discovery.

It is believed everywhere that there is no remedy for this fearful disease. Iodine and Cod-liver oil are only very powerful palliatives. Well, then a certain remedy, one of the most agreeable of remedies, is Indian meal of good quality used in the form of a pap. A diligent and prolonged use of this excellent food infallibly effects a cure, when the disease, however, has not arrived at its last stage.

But perhaps, some practitioners will ask—How does this act to effect a cure? To this I respond humbly, I do not know. God alone knows how this aliment can dissolve the tubercles which form in the disease of the lungs, and how it dissolves the place which the tubercles occupied. All that I can say is, that I have for proof magnificent results acquired by long experience (the experience on which theory often wrecks). Yes, I could, were the need, cite the names of the persons whom the use of excellent food has reinstated in health; and who would sign their testimony with blood, and wept over their cure. Let me only tell me, moreover, how sulphate of quinine acts against fever, and also what fever is?

Therefore, so long as disease has not reached its last stage, so long as the lung is not in a complete state of disorganization there must be no hesitation in making use of this means of cure, which I repeat, is one of the most agreeable; but it sets only in the long run, since it is an aliment.

In the middle of France, in France Comte, in Italy, in Spain, where the use of Indian Corn is so common, pulmonary consumption is almost unknown. It is the same in Mexico, as several Mexican officers at Tours have assured me. Will not cure set a highly preservative part in these different countries? As soon as it is perceived that a cold, or what is believed to be such, becomes obstinate or of a bad nature, we should not seek to delude ourselves, but on the contrary to inform ourselves well as to the state, which is easily done by consultation. Provided that the lungs be not in their normal state, Indian meal in the form of a pap, with half milk and half water should at once be made our principal nourishment.

Any thing else may be eaten, only avoiding heating food, such as spices, coffee, pure wine, and liquors; but I repeat, corn meal must be the principal food, and be eaten three times a day during two or three months at least, the benefit of such nourishment will soon be perceived.

The pap should be made thin, if too thick it might fatigue the stomach, and thus become indigestible for some persons. Its preparation is simple and requires but little care. It is made like the ordinary pap; it is stirred over a gentle fire till it boils. The fire is then smothered with a few cinders, the stirring is discontinued, the pap is allowed to cook for eight or ten minutes; it is then taken from the fire and a little sugar of salt added. If milk cannot be used, the pap should be prepared with both milk and water, the latter but milk is preferable. The essential thing is to use Indian meal of good quality. Care should be taken that it is fresh. This meal should be kept in a bag, and stirred from top to bottom at least once a week. It is well to say that after the flour of wheat, that of the Indian corn contains the most nutritious substance. The use of this precious meal can only be, then, in all cases, extremely advantageous for the health.

From N. W. Advertiser.

#### The Fenians.

(Our estimate of the Fenian movement is confirmed by the opinion of Dr. Elliott himself an Irishman, and a devoted lover of the Green Isle. Let Americans be on their guard. Drill, some time. As soon as they did so, King George hastened to board the schooner *Elmore*, and hurried to the wreck of another schooner, *Mary*, dived her anchor and followed. Mr. Wherwell and Mr. Moulton, and native crew followed in a boat. Although every thing was urged on they did not reach the wreck until three o'clock—eleven hours from the time they struck. After the boat had left, the brethren went to prayers, and while thus engaged an earthquake shook the whole group. This brought us among the breakers and upon the reef flat, with but two feet of water. Every one was astonished, no one felt the earthquake; but found only themselves upon the rocks. They involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why, what is this? The sea is receding!' The water that the vessel had taken in upon her striking, now gushed out on the rocks. Here was salvation. Had not this occurred, all must have been lost; but as it was, all were saved. The vessel is now fast on the reef. We thought the 'Johnny' could not be lost. Poor Capt. Welch: our hearts ache for him. But God will bring him through. This was that saved our precious husbands, went far inland at the islands—washed the dead out of their graves—destroyed twenty houses, a boat and two canoes. The sea receded fourteen times at some places. A sound of two cannon was heard at Nukalofa, as though a ship was in distress. This was either from heaven or from the rocks. There was a shaking felt at the wreck the night before—no doubt there was a fearful under-current, which drew the *Wesley* to her death. This earthquake was very severe at Haabai and Vava'u. I was still in bed (twenty minutes to six). The clock stopped, the pictures swung too and fro, the glass lamps rattled. I was very frightened. I wondered how they felt at sea. Oh, my dear Mrs. E., our loss is great in losing the *Wesley*, but what should we have done had we lost our dear husbands—the missionists. Four of us would have been widows, and many children fatherless; but God has had mercy upon us, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. Oh, how much cause have we for praise and thanksgiving."

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Marriages

At Napton, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Charles...

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At Mill Village, on the 10th inst., Martha Ellen...

Shipping News

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BRITISH SHOE STORE!

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STOUT WALKING BOOTS.

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The Mount Allison Academy and College.

ORDER OF EXERCISES. Anniversary Week, A.D. 1866.

European

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