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ments of the services are highly approved. Mr. Marmaduke Osborn is the new man brought forth this year. He is a pleasing, earnest, and thoroughly practical preacher. He is a singular union of the poetical and the practical. He is very fond of quoting the poets, and does it with great effect and to the profit of his hearers...

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been universally despised, and his name very justly branded with infamy. His imprisonment does not add anything to his punishment. He counted his life too dear; and in his weakness, after trial, until six times, the formula of restoration. Yet Cranner redeemed his reputation, and by his fortitude in his last moments, applied stored for his past failure. The triumph of the closing scene was complete. After a memorable confession he went cheerfully to the flames which he signed the restoration was first plunged into the fire, and first consumed. On March 15th, 1836, the name of Thomas Cranner was added to the long roll of witnesses, whose blood has sealed the Truth, and his spirit still vivifies, joined the "noble army of martyrs," and receive the garland of martyrdom given.

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have consecrated themselves entirely to God, is certainly more moralizing than companionship with women who have nothing so much in view as a good salary. The tribunal of penance is necessarily more influential among lapses from virtue, than the staid advice of ladies who themselves have no settled principles of faith, and who, consequently, cannot be safe guides in morals...

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Mr. Hoskins, but to Mr. Coughlan. With this alteration, and the accuracy of this statement cannot be questioned, it still gives a priority of one year to Methodism in Newfoundland, over Methodism in the States; and demonstrates our position, that Newfoundland was the first Mission ground occupied by the Wesleyan church in any part of the world.

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so that to shut up any other design with me, I am sure it is high time that I should be removed. Who God will provide for this people I know not. But he appears to be providing for my coming next year. He has graciously agreed to meet me in a congregation of his disciples, which I look upon as a great blessing in this land, and he has been so kind as to bring me to my little meeting. And from the next spring will be very comfortable to me. Dear Sir, Your dutiful Son in the Gospel, J. L. S.

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Provincial Wesleyan. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1864.

Divine Guidance. The people of God now, as in every age, acknowledge themselves to be strangers and pilgrims upon earth, their destination being the eternal world. As such, do they not need a guide? Consider their ignorance of the future: The way before them is unknown. A different path is trodden by each one, for the lives of two persons correspond to every respect. To whom shall they look for direction? Whom shall they lead them? Shall they presumptuously undertake to be their own guide? Or shall they depend for guidance upon the dim light of reason? Or shall they listen to the testimony of others, and rely solely upon it? True! by giving heed to the experience of those who have preceded us in the journey of life, we may learn much that is profitable, but not that is essential to know, for our history will vary from theirs in many particulars.

To God we must look for wise, unerring, continual guidance. He has been the guide of his people in every generation. By whom were the Patriarchs conducted—and the Israelites led through the wilderness for forty years—and directed in heaven guided to their glorious rest? Was it not by the infinitely good and wise Being, whose presence is in all places of his vast domain, and who is unchangeably the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? In amazing contemplation this Omnipotent, Omnipresent Immutable One, we are persuaded to be the guide of his people, even until death. He is the guide of each member of the household of faith, who declares unobscuredly, and with childlike trust "Thou, O God! shalt be my guide."

How will he guide? Not by going before us visibly, as he went before the ancient people in pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire at night. Not by an audible voice as the dread Hagar in the desert. He will guide by his Word and Spirit. The believer thus provided, may prosecute his journey through the intricate paths of life with unobscured step and undimmed lantern. He is supplied with an infallible Directory, with a compass that ever points heavenward, with a chart that reveals every hidden danger, with a Monitor whose teachings are divine. The mariner's compass may at times mislead, and his chart may be imperfect, for

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Provincial Wesleyan. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1864.

Divine Guidance. The people of God now, as in every age, acknowledge themselves to be strangers and pilgrims upon earth, their destination being the eternal world. As such, do they not need a guide? Consider their ignorance of the future: The way before them is unknown. A different path is trodden by each one, for the lives of two persons correspond to every respect. To whom shall they look for direction? Whom shall they lead them? Shall they presumptuously undertake to be their own guide? Or shall they depend for guidance upon the dim light of reason? Or shall they listen to the testimony of others, and rely solely upon it? True! by giving heed to the experience of those who have preceded us in the journey of life, we may learn much that is profitable, but not that is essential to know, for our history will vary from theirs in many particulars.

To God we must look for wise, unerring, continual guidance. He has been the guide of his people in every generation. By whom were the Patriarchs conducted—and the Israelites led through the wilderness for forty years—and directed in heaven guided to their glorious rest? Was it not by the infinitely good and wise Being, whose presence is in all places of his vast domain, and who is unchangeably the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? In amazing contemplation this Omnipotent, Omnipresent Immutable One, we are persuaded to be the guide of his people, even until death. He is the guide of each member of the household of faith, who declares unobscuredly, and with childlike trust "Thou, O God! shalt be my guide."

How will he guide? Not by going before us visibly, as he went before the ancient people in pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire at night. Not by an audible voice as the dread Hagar in the desert. He will guide by his Word and Spirit. The believer thus provided, may prosecute his journey through the intricate paths of life with unobscured step and undimmed lantern. He is supplied with an infallible Directory, with a compass that ever points heavenward, with a chart that reveals every hidden danger, with a Monitor whose teachings are divine. The mariner's compass may at times mislead



The Family.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

The Wesleyan Church at Saint Andrews.

It boasts no lofty temple dome, No high, aspiring tower...

And yet my steps would gladly turn From scenes of pomp and pride, To worship in this little church...

The pulpit, in its olden style, In high unassuming art, May curl its lip, and prompt a smile...

For all its aid and holy memory, The voice that from that sacred desk, Rose in impassioned prayer...

The hand that led the little flock, To feed in pasture fair, One Sabbath morn, the great duty o'er...

Close up the book, and opened it no more, For when another changing west, Brought back the glow of day...

Those reverend hands who gently laid Upon a silent breast; While the new song of his redeeming love...

Made grander music in the church above, Then through these old familiar walls, A long procession led...

And on the altar, draped in black, They laid the sainted dead; While, as in token of the victory won...

Rose the glad strain, "Servant of Christ, well done!" How oft my heart hath well, Within these humble lowly walls...

The Saviour's throne power to bless, While at his throne I kneel; My faith, in communion with the friends I love...

Has hitherto caught a glimpse of joys above, O Halls of God! O hallowed spot! Thy walls may lowly lie...

And generous hands above these rear A temple vast and high; But dearer far, to my heart, must be...

For all thy sweet and holy memory, St. Stephen, March, 1864. H. S.

Little Ballard's Praying and Re- signation.

A little boy by the name of Ballard lived in Trenton, N. J. He was converted at the age of eight...

And never afterwards let a day pass without the military exercise of 1861 be- cause it was so sacred a drum...

He did not want a toy, or a piece of a drum, He did not want a toy, or a piece of a drum, He did not want a toy, or a piece of a drum...

He had no money, and his father, if willing, What should he do? His eldest sister, Estie, to whom he was accustomed to reveal all his plans...

And she would suggest something by which he could obtain his father's desire. "O, Estie, I'll tell you what I'll do. Mr. B., who is a member of our church, has all kinds of drums to sell...

He would like to buy a drum, and he would like to buy a drum, He would like to buy a drum, and he would like to buy a drum...

After some time he asked with great earnestness, "O Estie, shall I pray for it?" His sister replied, "Do as you think best. If you would like to pray about it, I see no objection to your doing so."

After speaking thus, he went to his room and remained about fifteen minutes. He came back and seemed perfectly satisfied. He said he had talked it over all about it. "Yes, Estie, I told the Lord how big and how long I want it; what colors I would like to have; and I told him the name of a little boy down town who has one just like I want, and now," said he, "I am going to give it all up to the Lord."

He continued to pray thus three times a day for three weeks. He then came to his sister and said very seriously, "Estie, I guess I won't try any more about the drum." "Why not?" she asked. "Well," said he, "I don't think the Lord wants me to have one; I have been praying three weeks, and he don't send me any, and don't think I'll pray any more about it, for it seems so much like worrying mother for something she don't want me to have." He then gave up the matter entirely.

The fact of Ballard's having prayed for a drum reached the ears of a friend who had heard of his unpardonable, and he was moved at once to do something for the little fellow. He bought a drum, marked it, and gave orders where to forward it.

When it was taken to Ballard's home on "New Year's day," he was out with his sister. His mother received it, and set it carefully away under the counter of the little trimmings store kept by his sisters. When he came home his sister Estie, who knew all about it, told him to fold up his drum and lay them slowly away under the counter. In doing this he counted the sticks, which were lying on the top of the drum, and as they fell to the floor arrested his attention.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, in great surprise; and then discovering the object for which he had so long prayed, set down by its side a completely overgrown, and motioned that he should sit on the floor and attend to his attention.

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Little Bessie's Dying Charge.

Little Bessie was dying. Miss Alice, her teacher, and her weeping, unconverted father and mother, stood beside her bed.

"Am I going to die, Miss Alice?" she asked. "I think you are going to see the blessed Father very soon, my dear," replied her teacher.

"Are you willing to go?" "O yes," said Bessie, smiling sweetly, "I am glad, I love Jesus, and I want to go to heaven, Miss Alice, when I go to my little Bible in my hands. God will let me carry it to heaven, I think because I am so little. When Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' I can run to the place, and I know he will be glad I learned it while I was down here. Will you Miss Alice?"

"Yes, my darling," said Miss Alice, who burst into tears for she almost broke his heart to think that she was going to lose him.

"Shan't I see you again my little girl?" he sobbed out at length.

Little Bessie looked troubled.

"Shan't I ever see you again, dear?" he repeated.

"If you will love the dear Saviour, father, you shall go to heaven," she whispered, putting her weak little hands in his. "Will you love him?" she asked.

"I don't know what to do. I don't know how to love him," she said.

"Don't put my Bible in my hands when I go," she said.

"I want father to have it; and when I go to heaven I will tell Jesus that I left my little Bible to show my dear father and mother how to find the way. Be sure you come, father, be sure you come."

These words were the last little Bessie spoke. Her father and mother wept over her coffin, and held her little Bible in their clasped hands. They never forgot her dying charge, and that precious book was read and studied by them both until they gave their hearts to Christ and learned the way to heaven.

Fire and Water.

If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate, and apply fire to it, it will go out, put on another stick and there will be a half dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed, and repent. But suppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the other members of the group, and let one harsh answer be followed by another, and there will soon be all its kindred splendors. The venerable Philip Henry understood this well; and when his son Matthew, the commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedding party:

Love one another; pray oft together; and see you never both together angry. If one speaks first, the other will come; if one provokes, he'll be other soft or dumb.

Ladies Paste this on your Mirrors.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantage that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner on all and every occasion. Never forget, then, that you are a gentleman, and let all your words and actions make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear mother—say a hard or hasty thing in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me more trouble and pain than I can describe. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever underwent."—Am. paper.

A Brilliant Success White-Wash.

A brilliant success white-wash—Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, sink it in the water, it should then be covered to keep in the steam, a small tub, and pass through a fine sieve in a fluid form to obtain the flour of lime. Add one quarter of a pound of whiting or burnt alum, two pounds of sugar, three points of rice flour made into a thin and very well boiled paste, and one pound of fine sand, and mix together. Cleanse the wall to be washed with a sponge of Paris, and will last fifty years. It should be put on warm with a paint brush.—Rural New Yorker.

Agriculture.

Importance of Manure.—It is useless—no crops will succeed—nor will it be so well as if the land were covered with the vegetable kingdom, as it is, in many respects, inexhaustible, yet enough of light has been thrown upon the path of the husbandman, by the lamps of science, to demonstrate the fact that vegetation is capable of receiving very important assistance from man, and that in a very various way.

Without manure, the farmer can do no more produce a series of remunerating crops—never from the best and most fertile lands—than he can produce fat animals without hay and grain. Every plant which springs from the soil, takes from it a certain quantity of organic and inorganic matter, which is not returned to the soil, and so the soil is gradually impoverished by the application of manure, or some equivalent matter. The sources from which we are enabled to supply this waste are numerous. Every product of the soil contains within itself the elements of reproduction, and when the vitalizing spirit ceases its functions, and the chemical affinities separate, a certain part is produced to prevent the soil from becoming sterile, and the rest is returned to its elements, constituents, and becomes humus, or food for plants. The leaves of the forest, small bushes, rotten wood, the various species of fungi, as well as many substances of an animal and mineral character, present themselves as valuable assistants in the labors of the farmer, and when judiciously applied, produce both immediate and permanent results.

Muck, which, in its pure state, is composed almost exclusively of organic matter in a state of semi-putrefaction, is a valuable adjunct, and one that can be obtained in quantity on most farms, or in their immediate vicinity. Mixed with lime, or macerated in the barn-yard or sty with the liquid and solid excreta of the stock, it constitutes one of the most energetic and efficient fertilizers that can be produced. Composting is a branch of farming which has not yet received the attention it deserves from the generally of our farmers. It should be studied as a science, and will, when done properly to appreciate its importance.—N. E. Farmer.

Pruning Apple Trees.

Mr. L. G. Brown, in the Boston Cultivator, says: "The pruning of apple trees is a very important matter, and the sap in full flow, is a very bad time. Yet there are many who prune more or less every spring. He is right. More apple trees are destroyed by such injudicious pruning than by all the canker worms and caterpillars combined. Prune in June, when the sap is comparatively at rest; or in October, soon after the fall of the leaf, and so on for a month or two. This will depend much on the state of the weather. A few bright, warm days in succession, even in the first part of February, would be quite likely to cause considerable activity in the sap, and make it unsafe to prune. The rule should be to prune when there is the least flow of sap. This occurs between the first and second growth of the tree, and after the falling of the leaf in October. We are speaking of limbs that have attained a diameter of half an inch. Smaller 'suckers' may be cut at any time, though not without some danger of bleeding.

Beauty in Stock has no Invariable Standard.

In the estimation of some it results from small bones, and close, compact frames; while others consider that structure the most perfect, and therefore the most beautiful, which is best adapted to the use for which it is destined. With such beauty is relative. It is not the same in the dairy cow as in the horse, and in the one designed for the dairy or work, the beauty of a milk cow is the result of her good qualities, and her milkers are rarely cow that pleases the eye of such a skilful judge. They are generally poor, sleek their food goes mainly to the production of milk, and they and their mother to be there."

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