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Religious & Miscellaneous

Years Past and to Come.

"Last days should speak and multitude of years
Should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man;
And the inspiration of the Holy Spirit with them us-
derstand."—Job xxxiii. 1, 8.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I grieve not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look how they come!—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, and hot and cold;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

Time, time, will seem and blanch my brow;
Well, I will sit with aged men;
And my good glass will tell me how
A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonour lie
Upon my head when I am grey,
Love, yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste the time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Tis pleasure stay till they fall;
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest, and bear'st away our woes,
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.

WILLIAM CHURCH BRYANT.

It is like a man's writing the memoirs of him-
self, making an exact and complete copy of his
entire life, every act and word and thought, with
all the motives and influences by which he is
led himself to be moved in all the circumstances
of his earthly being. What, if we were abso-
lutely obliged and had the entire ability to do it,
what a record could each one exhibit. How few
would be willing to show their books to others;
eye, to themselves even! In such a case how
gladly would we go back and erase, and modify,
and add to the record here and there! But not so
"What is written is written," because what is
done is done, and cannot be undone. "What
if this were so," did I say? It is so. Yes, in
reality it is so, though not in the exact form sup-
posed; the particular form is of no consequence.
Yet really, to all intents and purposes, every one
writes his own history as he passes along thro'
life, and that in the most minute, exact and per-
fect manner. No item is omitted; not even the
meanest thought, quiet or secret though it be, is
overlooked or unrecorded. This book, thus writ-
ten by every one, is as imperishable as his own
immortality, and will appear and be read on the
great day of final reckoning!

How careful then ought I to live—
With what scrupulous care
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

F. REED.

loved; and I was called hither to work in the
mines in the far West because I could not deny
my Lord."

"Bitter grief," said the Jew, "from those
vine-clad southern hills to tell in the darkness
of these cold northern shores."
"Where I am going there will be no need of
the sun," was the calm reply; but the ominous
hectic flash depended on his hollow cheek.
"How, then," said the Druid, "is your faith
maintained in this life of exile and bondage? Here
you can have no temple and no priest."
"Not made with hands; and a Priest, though
not seen by mortal eyes."
"He speaks in parables," said the Druid.
"I speak no parables," said the Christian, "but
simply matters of fact, of which we are all
conscious."
"Have you then also sacrifices?" asked the
Druid.
"We have a Sacrifice," was the low and re-
verent reply. "Ours is not of formal, never
more to be repeated. The Highest gave his
Son. The Holy One yielded up himself. God
has provided the Lamb. The Lamb of God and
the Son of God are one."
"He speaks of his promise made to our fa-
ther Abraham," exclaimed the Jew.
"Life for life," murmured the Druid, "if life
of man for life of man." The Highest gave his
Son. The Holy One yielded up himself. God
has provided the Lamb. The Lamb of God and
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of evil. You will never make it like a pure
white sheet of paper, that you can take to Jesus,
and say, "Here I am, Lord, ready to have my
law written on my heart." Delay not, Better
begin as you are.

O, lingering reader, are not your excuses
broken reeds? Be honest; confess the truth.
You have no excuse for ceasing to read.
Take the advice I give you. Resolve this day
to wait no longer. Begin at once to seek God.
Repent of your sins. Break off your evil habits.
Believe on Christ, and be saved.—Rev. J. C.
Ryle.

"I Mean to take Life Easy."
Dr. —, in his morning round came upon a
thrifty farmer giving the last touch to his new
house, picking up the broken shingles and scat-
tering nails with the carpenter. The doctor
stopped and congratulated him upon his final
completion.
"Thank you, sir," said the farmer; "it is a
good house, and all I want. I have worked hard
all my life for it, and now I mean to take life
easy and enjoy it." And I hope you will live
long to enjoy it," cried the friendly doctor, mak-
ing his parting bow and jogging on.—"Thank
you, sir," rejoined the man, "I mean to take
life easy, and I shall be glad to see you when
I am no longer here."
Nor was the doctor out of sight before the
alarmed cry of "Doctor, doctor!" caught his ear.
Riding in his horse and looking around, he be-
held a messenger from the farm house flying
towards him. "Doctor, doctor, Mr. Winslow has
just fallen from the roof, and we are afraid he is
dead." He hurried back, but to his fears quick-
ly merged into certainty. No skill of doctor, or
power of medicine could restore him. He was
dead and gone; called in a moment, in the twink-
ling of an eye, to render up his final account.
"You have had no sacrifice," said the doctor.
"No," said the Christian joyfully; "I was
a daily, ceaseless sacrifice to offer—a living
sacrifice, according to God through Jesus Christ;
even resolving to do and suffer all the will
of God, we ourselves, body, soul and spirit, to
fill the will of Him who loved us and redeemed
us with his precious blood to God."
"But," resumed the Druid, "is that holy
man, who you say was willingly yielded up for
man, exempt for ever? Will the holy parish
and the guilty heathen be equal?"
"Yes," was the reply, in a tone of con-
centrated fervor, "that immortal He could not
perish. The Son of God is risen from the dead,
and dieth no more. And now," he continued,
speaking eagerly, as one who has good news to
tell, "He sitteth enthroned at the right hand of
God, the Son of the City above."
"Have you then also a sacred city?" said
the Jew in a tone of surprise.
"I hath toward the sun-rising," replied the
Druid, "but not yet."—"And what is it?"
"You speak of an immortal life for each man,"
said the Druid, "but is there never to be a
good time for mankind?"
"It is written, that the King, the Christ, will
come again in glory, to judge the wicked and
to raise the just; and the Holy Spirit will
then, truth and righteousness shall reign on
earth, for he is holy, just, and true, and in
him all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."
Often, during the months that followed, the
Hebrew and the Druid sought that lowly miner's
grave, and there, in the presence of his wife
and children, they would sit and talk of the
deeds of the noble man who had died for them.
The blank wall of darkness, which to the Jew
had seemed so strangely and abruptly to close
the long path of prophetic light and promise,
parted and dissolved, displaying to his admiring
gaze the Sacrifice to whom all sacrifices pointed,
the Priest in whom all priests'hood, all com-
munications, the King who is the Holy King and
prophets sang, in whom all dominion centres.
To the Druid the dim desires of his heart
were at once explained and fulfilled. Sin and
falsehood were discovered and brought to shame.
"Life and immortality were brought to light."
And on both gradually dawned, as the power
and the wisdom of God, not a doctrine merely,
nor a ritual, but the Christ, the son of the living
God.

to endanger the gravity of the hearer, "I'll tell
you what it is. Mike, you'll laugh the other side
of your mouth when the day comes." After
preaching to one hundred persons in one of these
houses, a man roughly said to the preacher,
"When we die, we die like dogs, and are buried,
and there is an end of us. My old mother was
dravay poring over the Bible, and crying because
I would not believe it." The preacher asked
him, "Is your mother alive?" "No," said the
man; "she's been dead some time." "O,"
rejoined the preacher, imitating the man's tone
and manner, "she died like a dog, was buried,
and there is an end of her." "What!" said the
man, livid with rage, "you say my mother died
like a dog?" "No," was the answer; "you say
so. I say she died like a saint, and is with God
in heaven. You see you do not believe what
you have been saying." The man was silenced
and confounded, and a valuable influence was
obtained over the people.

Restoration from desperate backsliding—
I refer to a man for whose restoration to the
church of Christ I am deeply thankful. Shortly
after I commenced my work here, I found him
in an underground kitchen, an avowed and de-
spite atheist. He stated that he had been
brought up like Timothy, had been trained in a
Wesleyan Sunday-school, and had been a Metho-
dist in a class led by one of the most respectable
and influential gentlemen in London. This
man, on one occasion, rushed past me in the
street, shouting in derision, "Behold the Lamb
of God!" I had lost sight of him for some time,
when on a Sabbath afternoon, as I was preach-
ing in the open air, I saw him among the con-
gregation, listening most attentively. I was
amused to speak to him; and at the close of the
service I got him by the hand, and asked him
how he was getting on? "Sir," said he, "I
hardly had said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast
been much good laid up for many years';
I could not labour because of bodily
debility. With neither money nor friends,
what could he do? He determined to go into
the streets and sing hymns. He tried, but the
blyms completely broke him down. To use his
own words, he was a 'broken-down man.' He
obtained peace with God, and his testimony to
the saving power of the Gospel is intelligent,
explicit, and emphatic. After having him on
trial for six months, during which time he never
received a farthing of money from me, but acted
as a servant in a lodging-house; and was there a
light in a dark place, and his shining
which he earns eight or ten shillings per week. He
is most grateful and useful. At our recent
jubilee meeting he contributed £1 to the Mis-
sions. A week or two ago I visited a dying
man. His wife told me that the man referred to
in this account, and who had been turned out
of the lodging-house, had been that morning to
visit her sick husband as an angel of mercy, and
had left money to purchase comforts for the
dying man. As I look upon the past history of
this man, and at his present position and
prospects, I cannot but exclaim, "Is not this a
pledge from the burning?"

eration we should have to contend with serious
physical difficulties, but it might give the ability
to help to annihilate time and space" and make
five Federated provinces "happy." Defence
must gain by centralization; it must gain by
British co-operation with colonial spirit and man-
ner, and, if need be, sacrifice. We have a
country which should preserve from anarchy
within, or aggression without; we have a noble
freehold domain, in which no hereditary bur-
den need crush the efforts, blight the hopes, or
quench the aspirations of future generations. This
inheritance is worth the price of insurance, even
if that should be high. The millennium has
not yet arrived, so we must insure, be the cost
what it may. We do not know that we are not
absolutely certain that we could, even with British
aid, repel all attacks without fearful loss and
damage to our cities and country, but it surely
will not be found easy to smite down, and keep
down, millions of patriotic men, resolved to re-
pel invasion, in a country filled with gunboats
and ships of war, with an old, rich and powerful
nation at their back, fighting in self-defence for
national existence. On our own account we
should at least make the attempt, on account of
old England we should do so. Those who tell
us that she is ready to part with her colonial
prerogative may represent a certain portion of En-
glish sentiment, but there is no reason to think
they represent the views of the British Govern-
ment. English statesmen are too wise not to
recognize the fact that British America, shielded
in its youth, might as its millions increase to tens
and twenties, and upwards, be able to rally to
the defence of the old flag, should it be despoiled
of the Federation as much as possible, so that
here the navies, the armies of England might
find men and material resources, which if no spirit
of self-sacrifice can now be evolved, we would be
of little value to England, and do little credit
to ourselves.

We have not touched upon the political as-
pects of Federal Legislation. We can only
present, note that it would be manifestly unfair
to assume that the design of the majority would
be to crush the interests of the minority. Party
government and national combinations would be
checked upon such a policy, if attempted. We
should rather infer that the central government
would find its account in the Federation as much
as possible, so that it might yield a flourishing
revenue. It might also be expected that "as small
countries make small men," the wider political
sphere would increase the inducements to accept
a higher style of education, and produce a more
enlightened and virtuous population. It would
also be expected that the Federation would be
well known in Halifax and St. John's, and
Montreal and Toronto. The local legislatures
(under proper safeguards) may bring to light
men of great and unobscured capacity; their
aspirations will be towards the Federal Parlia-
ment (with its big salaries and wide fields) and
will supply a motive power to their intellectual
energy. These are some of the more favorable
aspects of Federation. We are inclined to think
that its advantages surpass its probable draw-
backs, and that its acceptance will best secure
and promote the commercial prosperity, and
social and intellectual well-being of the Con-
federated Provinces.

The Early Dawn.

The first chapter of this last production of the
gifted authoress of the *Schönberg Cotta Family*,
is designed to illustrate the religious character
of the British Isles, more than seventeen cen-
turies ago—an age characterized by the writer as
one of "Lights and Shadows of the Early
Dawn."

An old Druidical Priest had just been cele-
brating, on the Cornish coast, and in the dead
of night, the birthday of his worship. It was
after the Roman invasion. His race was con-
quered; their religion was proscribed; their
worship forbidden, and their priests hunted
down. After the solemnities of the worship
were completed, his company, now few and fear-
ful, scattered into the darkness, while he alone
wandered by the light of the dying embers of
the altar fire towards his solitary hiding place.
On the way he encountered a Hebrew, like him-
self hunted and hated by the conquerors, and
from him learned the wondrous Theism and im-
mortality of Old Testament Revelation; also
what to his view was the yet unfulfilled hope
of Israel. At this point we take up the story from
the *Phoenician* to the *Phoenician*.

one of the mines which of old had tempted
the Phoenicians to these shores.
This mine was evidently young, and had the
light grace of the South about its form and
movements. As he walked he sang, and the
tones of his rich Southern tenor rose clear and
full through the clear morning air. The cadence
was different from any music the Druid had ever
heard. There was a repose about the melody,
quite foreign to the wild wails or war songs of
his people. And as they drew near, the lan-
guage was to him as strange. They stepped on
softly behind the singer, and listened.
"Strange words to hear in such a place,"
murmured the Jew at length. "They are Greek
—the language of a people who dwell of old,
and dwell still, in the East, near the home of
my forefathers."
They drew near and greeted the stranger.
There was a gentle and easy courtesy in his man-
ner as he returned their salutations, which, in a
soft "North," would have betokened high
breeding, but in him might be merely the natural
bearing of his acute and versatile race. He
willingly complied when the Jew asked him to
repeat his song, which he translated thus to the
Druid:—

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good-will among men.
We praise Thee,
We bless Thee,
We worship Thee
For thy great glory,
O Lord, heavenly King,
O Lord the Father, ruling all,
O Lord the only-begotten Son,
Saviour, Messiah,
With the Holy Spirit.

O Lord God,
Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the
Father,
Have mercy on us.
For Thou only art holy—
Thou only art the Lord,
Saviour, and Messiah—
To the glory of God the Father. Amen.

"Ask him if he has any other such sacred
songs," said the Druid; "the words sound so
beautiful and true, like an echo of half-for-
gotten music heard long ago in some former
life from which perchance my soul came into
this."
"I will chant you our evening hymn," said
the miner; and he sang again—
Joyful light of heavenly glory,
Of the immortal heavenly Father,
The holy and the blessed
Jesus Christ!
We, coming at the setting of the sun,
Seeing the evening light, the lan-
guage of the Father and the Son,
And the Holy Spirit, God,
Worship art Thou at all times to be praised
with thy voices, Son,
Thou who givest light,
Therefore doth the world glorify Thee.
"Wonderful words," said the Jew, after
translating them. "They seem almost like a
response from heaven to what you say; like the
promise of the dawn for man for which you
prayer." "Friend," he said to the miner, "how
longest thou hither? Thy learning is above thy
calling."
"Not so," replied the other meekly. "I was
never other than a poor man. These truths are
common to the most unlettered among us."
"To whom does he allude by 'us'?" asked
the Druid when he had finished.
"We are the Christians, the men of Christ,"
said the stranger, replying to the Druid's ques-
tion in his own native Celtic language, though
with a foreign accent. "I was a vine-dresser
on the sunny hills near Synnora. My father
taught the faith from the Apostle John, the be-

neath those trees and gathered flowers, and listened
to the flowing of its waters. I was then a
little child, and it seems but yesterday that those
scenes occurred. Many have passed it and en-
joyed its refreshing waters, and sat by its side,
and raised the just to the employment of their
hands, truth and righteousness shall reign on
earth, for he is holy, just, and true, and in
him all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."
Often, during the months that followed, the
Hebrew and the Druid sought that lowly miner's
grave, and there, in the presence of his wife
and children, they would sit and talk of the
deeds of the noble man who had died for them.
The blank wall of darkness, which to the Jew
had seemed so strangely and abruptly to close
the long path of prophetic light and promise,
parted and dissolved, displaying to his admiring
gaze the Sacrifice to whom all sacrifices pointed,
the Priest in whom all priests'hood, all com-
munications, the King who is the Holy King and
prophets sang, in whom all dominion centres.
To the Druid the dim desires of his heart
were at once explained and fulfilled. Sin and
falsehood were discovered and brought to shame.
"Life and immortality were brought to light."
And on both gradually dawned, as the power
and the wisdom of God, not a doctrine merely,
nor a ritual, but the Christ, the son of the living
God.

Every thing here, and eternal beggary! Can
we ponder too seriously upon such an issue.—
Christian Almanac for 1865.

Union of the Provinces.
CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS.
(From the Colonial Presbyterian.)
It is admitted that the political and com-
mercial union of the Lower Provinces, by increasing
the market for manufactured goods, would give
an immense stimulus to trade, but the greater
evil would be the loss of the West India trade,
which would be, indeed, sold to us, but we
shall also sell to Canada. The ramifications of
trade are truly wonderful, especially as regards
the lighter wares. While, not long ago, standing
for a few moments in a wholesale boot and shoe
store in New York, we saw cases of goods dis-
patched to some of the most distant cities of the
Western States, (as they used to be sent to the
Southern States, and, an inquiry (in inquiry
which was answered by a young gentleman from
St. John's) we learned that the cost of transit by
express would only add a very few cents per
pair, to the cost of a pair of boots, leaving a
wide margin for profit. Foreign capitalists in-
vesting in a locality would naturally prefer a
maritime port to an inland city; they would
choose Halifax and St. John in preference to the
"semi-annual" maritime cities of Montreal,
Quebec, or Toronto. The increase of manufac-
tures implies the increase of wealth and popula-
tion, and also increased need for shipping, as
well as railway carriage. If duties shall be im-
posed on ships' materials, as New Brunswick
was with a small tariff against her, now excels Can-
ada in ship-building, with that odds in favor of
the latter, she will surpass her, when they are
placed on equality, whether with or without the
duties. No other nation can build ships under
more favorable circumstances than the Confed-
eration. If manufactures increase, and ships
be built to make a profit, the farmer can see
that his interests will not suffer. The increase of
population in the commercial centres will give
more customers, and at better prices, for his
butter, beef, pork, grain, potatoes, and every-
thing he has to sell; he will undoubtedly pay
more taxes in course of time, but if his real in-
come becomes more and more valuable, if he can,
in a political point of view every one will ad-
mit that, other things being equal, union is
physical and geographical considerations hinder,
would be desirable. Now it cannot be denied,
and no candid reasoner will deny, that in Fed-

eration we should have to contend with serious
physical difficulties, but it might give the ability
to help to annihilate time and space" and make
five Federated provinces "happy." Defence
must gain by centralization; it must gain by
British co-operation with colonial spirit and man-
ner, and, if need be, sacrifice. We have a
country which should preserve from anarchy
within, or aggression without; we have a noble
freehold domain, in which no hereditary bur-
den need crush the efforts, blight the hopes, or
quench the aspirations of future generations. This
inheritance is worth the price of insurance, even
if that should be high. The millennium has
not yet arrived, so we must insure, be the cost
what it may. We do not know that we are not
absolutely certain that we could, even with British
aid, repel all attacks without fearful loss and
damage to our cities and country, but it surely
will not be found easy to smite down, and keep
down, millions of patriotic men, resolved to re-
pel invasion, in a country filled with gunboats
and ships of war, with an old, rich and powerful
nation at their back, fighting in self-defence for
national existence. On our own account we
should at least make the attempt, on account of
old England we should do so. Those who tell
us that she is ready to part with her colonial
prerogative may represent a certain portion of En-
glish sentiment, but there is no reason to think
they represent the views of the British Govern-
ment. English statesmen are too wise not to
recognize the fact that British America, shielded
in its youth, might as its millions increase to tens
and twenties, and upwards, be able to rally to
the defence of the old flag, should it be despoiled
of the Federation as much as possible, so that
here the navies, the armies of England might
find men and material resources, which if no spirit
of self-sacrifice can now be evolved, we would be
of little value to England, and do little credit
to ourselves.

Francis Quarles.

1. Let a short portion of time be spent each
day this year in private prayer, in reading God's
Word, and, if possible, some devotional book.
2. Let it be the great work of the year to be
better acquainted personally with Jesus
Christ as the living and ever present Friend,
Brother and Saviour.
3. Endeavour to concentrate your efforts to
do good upon some definite, unselfish work in
your family or out of it, which may help others,
and it will certainly must help yourself.
4. In all things try to live more toward God,
seeking his approval of your inner and outer life.
The less you talk about yourself or your doings
before men, the better for yourself and for them.
5. Aim this year at being a peacemaker in the
town profiting Christians; ally disputes, and
best benches among friends and relatives;
and to make men respect and esteem each other
more.
6. Do not leave behind you in the old year
guilt unpardoned, but believe in Jesus for the
remission of sins; nor enter a new year with sin
loved and cherished, but accept of and rely upon
his Spirit to sanctify you. Begin the year with-
out enmity to any man on earth, forgiving one
another, if any man have a quarrel against any;
even as Christ forgave you, even so do ye."
7. Endeavour to keep an account of your in-
come and expenditure, that you may be able to
live justly and generously. Give what you can
to assist poor relatives, and poor Christians. Try
this year to tax yourself ten per cent on your
free income for such purposes.
8. Learn to do these things, and many more will
the Lord teach thee to know and do; and may
the God of love and peace be with thee.—*Pur-
tish Papers.*

IMPORTANT INQUIRIES.—Are you reconciled
to God? Can you approach him as a Friend?
Do you love him as a Father? Do you obey him
as a Master? Do you love his word, his people
and his day? In vain do you profess to love
him, if you do nothing for him.
Are you like Jesus, going about doing good?
Do you visit the sick, pity the poor, and seek the
salvation of all around you.
Do you consider your present life as an op-
portunity given you to serve and please God?
Do you improve it as such? Jesus says, "Son,
work to-day in my vineyard." Your work is
day work, and should run through every day.
Do you daily live under the impression, "I
do as I please." I am responsible for my time
—talents—and opportunities to do good?"
Are you growing in grace? Is the heart hard
or soft? Is Christ precious? Are you willing
to receive all he has, and to do all he bids? To
make a complete Saviour of Him, imitating his
example, as well as trusting in his blood?
Are you prepared for death? You will soon
be summoned; how much better to be summon-
ed from the field of labour than from the bed of
sloth! "Work while it is called TO-DAY, the
night cometh when no man can work."
Are you looking for the glorious appearing of
the Lord Jesus, who will come to be glorified
in his saints, and to reward every man according
to his works?—*Sunday School Times.*

But When?
Reader, I dare say you mean one day to be a
decidedly religious man. You think it quite
right to be a Christian. But when is this to
be? I say again, When?
Are you waiting till you are sick? Surely you
will not tell me that is a convenient season.
When your body is racked with pain, when your
mind is distracted with all kinds of anxious
thoughts, when calm reflection is almost impos-
sible, is this a time for beginning the mighty
work of acquaintance with God? Surely you
are not waiting till you have lost your health.
Are you waiting till your members are worn out
and decayed, and your hands unfit to work?
You will go to him when your mind is weak and
your memory failing? You will give up the
world when you cannot keep it? Is this your
plan? Beware, lest you "lose" God.
Are you waiting till you have more time than you
when do you expect to have more time than you
have now? Every year you live seems shorter
than the last; you find more to think of, or to
do, and less power and opportunity to do it.
And after all you know not whether you yourself
live to see another year. Breathe not yourself
to-morrow—how is this?
Are you waiting till your heart is perfectly fit
and ready? That will never be. "It will always
be corrupt and sinful"—babbling fountain, full

of evil. You will never make it like a pure
white sheet of paper, that you can take to Jesus,
and say, "Here I am, Lord, ready to have my
law written on my heart." Delay not, Better
begin as you are.

O, lingering reader, are not your excuses
broken reeds? Be honest; confess the truth.
You have no excuse for ceasing to read.
Take the advice I give you. Resolve this day
to wait no longer. Begin at once to seek God.
Repent of your sins. Break off your evil habits.
Believe on Christ, and be saved.—Rev. J. C.
Ryle.

"I Mean to take Life Easy."
Dr. —, in his morning round came upon a
thrifty farmer giving the last touch to his new
house, picking up the broken shingles and scat-
tering nails with the carpenter. The doctor
stopped and congratulated him upon his final
completion.
"Thank you, sir," said the farmer; "it is a
good house, and all I want. I have worked hard
all my life for it, and now I mean to take life
easy and enjoy it." And I hope you will live
long to enjoy it," cried the friendly doctor, mak-
ing his parting bow and jogging on.—"Thank
you, sir," rejoined the man, "I mean to take
life easy, and I shall be glad to see you when
I am no longer here."
Nor was the doctor out of sight before the
alarmed cry of "Doctor, doctor!" caught his ear.
Riding in his horse and looking around, he be-
held a messenger from the farm house flying
towards him. "Doctor, doctor, Mr. Winslow has
just fallen from the roof, and we are afraid he is
dead." He hurried back, but to his fears quick-
ly merged into certainty. No skill of doctor, or
power of medicine could restore him. He was
dead and gone; called in a moment, in the twink-
ling of an eye, to render up his final account.
"You have had no sacrifice," said the doctor.
"No," said the Christian joyfully; "I was
a daily, ceaseless sacrifice to offer—a living
sacrifice, according to God through Jesus Christ;
even resolving to do and suffer all the will
of God, we ourselves, body, soul and spirit, to
fill the will of Him who loved us and redeemed
us with his precious blood to God."
"But," resumed the Druid, "is that holy
man, who you say was willingly yielded up for
man, exempt for ever? Will the holy parish
and the guilty heathen be equal?"
"Yes," was the reply, in a tone of con-
centrated fervor, "that immortal He could not
perish. The Son of God is risen from the dead,
and dieth no more. And now," he continued,
speaking eagerly, as one who has good news to
tell, "He sitteth enthroned at the right hand of
God, the Son of the City above."
"Have you then also a sacred city?" said
the Jew in a tone of surprise.
"I hath toward the sun-rising," replied the
Druid, "but not yet."—"And what is it?"
"You speak of an immortal life for each man,"
said the Druid, "but is there never to be a
good time for mankind?"
"It is written, that the King, the Christ, will
come again in glory, to judge the wicked and
to raise the just; and the Holy Spirit will
then, truth and righteousness shall reign on
earth, for he is holy, just, and true, and in
him all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."
Often, during the months that followed, the
Hebrew and the Druid sought that lowly miner's
grave, and there, in the presence of his wife
and children, they would sit and talk of the
deeds of the noble man who had died for them.
The blank wall of darkness, which to the Jew
had seemed so strangely and abruptly to close
the long path of prophetic light and promise,
parted and dissolved, displaying to his admiring
gaze the Sacrifice to whom all sacrifices pointed,
the Priest in whom all priests'hood, all com-
munications, the King who is the Holy King and
prophets sang, in whom all dominion centres.
To the Druid the dim desires of his heart
were at once explained and fulfilled. Sin and
falsehood were discovered and brought to shame.
"Life and immortality were brought to light."
And on both gradually dawned, as the power
and the wisdom of God, not a doctrine merely,
nor a ritual, but the Christ, the son of the living
God.

Every thing here, and eternal beggary! Can
we ponder too seriously upon such an issue.—
Christian Almanac for 1865.

Union of the Provinces.
CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS.
(From the Colonial Presbyterian.)
It is admitted that the political and com-
mercial union of the Lower Provinces, by increasing
the market for manufactured goods, would give
an immense stimulus to trade, but the greater
evil would be the loss of the West India trade,
which would be, indeed, sold to us, but we
shall also sell to Canada. The ramifications of
trade are truly wonderful, especially as regards
the lighter wares. While, not long ago, standing
for a few moments in a wholesale boot and shoe
store in New York, we saw cases of goods dis-
patched to some of the most distant cities of the
Western States, (as they used to be sent to the
Southern States, and, an inquiry (in inquiry
which was answered by a young gentleman from
St. John's) we learned that the cost of transit by
express would only add a very few cents per
pair, to the cost of a pair of boots, leaving a
wide margin for profit. Foreign capitalists in-
vesting in a locality would naturally prefer a
maritime port to an inland city; they would
choose Halifax and St. John in preference to the
"semi-annual" maritime cities of Montreal,
Quebec, or Toronto. The increase of manufac-
tures implies the increase of wealth and popula-
tion, and also increased need for shipping, as
well as railway carriage. If duties shall be im-
posed on ships' materials, as New Brunswick
was with a small tariff against her, now excels Can-
ada in ship-building, with that odds in favor of
the latter, she will surpass her, when they are
placed on equality, whether with or without the
duties. No other nation can build ships under
more favorable circumstances than the Confed-
eration. If manufactures increase, and ships
be built to make a profit, the farmer can see
that his interests will not suffer. The increase of
population in the commercial centres will give
more customers, and at better prices, for his
butter, beef, pork, grain, potatoes, and every-
thing he has to sell; he will undoubtedly pay
more taxes in course of time, but if his real in-
come becomes more and more valuable, if he can,
in a political point of view every one will ad-
mit that, other things being equal, union is
physical and geographical considerations hinder,
would be desirable. Now it cannot be denied,
and no candid reasoner will deny, that in Fed-

eration we should have to contend with serious
physical difficulties, but it might give the ability
to help to annihilate time and space" and make
five Federated provinces "happy." Defence
must gain by centralization; it must gain by
British co-operation with colonial spirit and man-
ner, and, if need be, sacrifice. We have a
country which should preserve from anarchy
within, or aggression without; we have a noble
freehold domain, in which no hereditary bur-
den need crush the efforts, blight the hopes, or
quench the aspirations of future generations. This
inheritance is worth the price of insurance, even
if that should be high. The millennium has
not yet arrived, so we must insure, be the cost
what it may. We do not know that we are not
absolutely certain that we could, even with British
aid, repel all attacks without fearful loss and
damage to our cities and country, but it surely
will not be found easy to smite down, and keep
down, millions of patriotic men, resolved to re-
pel invasion, in a country filled with gunboats
and ships of war, with an old, rich and powerful
nation at their back, fighting in self-defence for
national existence. On our own account we
should at least make the attempt, on account of
old England we should do so. Those who tell
us that she is ready to part with her colonial
prerogative may represent a certain portion of En-
glish sentiment, but there is no reason to think
they represent the views of the British Govern-
ment. English statesmen are too wise not to
recognize the fact that British America, shielded
in its youth, might as its millions increase to tens
and twenties, and upwards, be able to rally to
the defence of the old flag, should it be despoiled
of the Federation as much as possible, so that
here the navies, the armies of England might
find men and material resources, which if no spirit
of self-sacrifice can now be evolved, we would be
of little value to England, and do little credit
to ourselves.

New Year's Morning.

The clock has struck the hour of midnight, and
the new year is born. Another milestone in the
journey of life has been passed, and I am again
reminded of my progress toward the tomb. It
tells me not how far I have to go, but how far
I have already come. I may never reach another
like period. The past is all written down, never
to be obliterated. Covered up, it may be, for a
while, but not lost, not forgotten. To this long
and faithful record every moment adds its item,
and thus the account is continually increased,
and the items are multiplied, till the last entry
shall be made, and every close the record!

one of the mines which of old had tempted
the Phoenicians to these shores.
This mine was evidently young, and had the
light grace of the South about its form and
movements. As he walked he sang, and the
tones of his rich Southern tenor rose clear and
full through the clear morning air. The cadence
was different from any music the Druid had ever
heard. There was a repose about the melody,
quite foreign to the wild wails or war songs of
his people. And as they drew near, the lan-
guage was to him as strange. They stepped on
softly behind the singer, and listened.
"Strange words to hear in such a place,"
murmured the Jew at length. "They are Greek
—the language of a people who dwell of old,
and dwell still, in the East, near the home of
my forefathers."
They drew near and greeted the stranger.
There was a gentle and easy courtesy in his man-
ner as he returned their salutations, which, in a
soft "North," would have betokened high
breeding, but in him might be merely the natural
bearing of his acute and versatile race. He
willingly complied when the Jew asked him to
repeat his song, which he translated thus to the
Druid:—

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good-will among men.
We praise Thee,
We bless Thee,
We worship Thee
For thy great glory,
O Lord, heavenly King,
O Lord the Father, ruling all,
O Lord the only-begotten Son,
Saviour, Messiah,
With the Holy Spirit.

O Lord God,
Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the
Father,
Have mercy on us.
For Thou only art holy—
Thou only art the Lord,
Saviour, and Messiah—
To the glory of God the Father. Amen.

"Ask him if he has any other such

The "Bull-Frog" Criticisms.

Mr. Editor: In the Bull-Frog of last Saturday, there is an unkindly, if not an ill-natured sketch of a small town, entitled, "A Descriptive sketch of Nova Scotia, by a Nova Scotian."

It is a very good thing, that the author is a woman, who has written with a woman's tact and delicacy, and who has not been so much influenced by the spirit of party as some of our male writers.

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Arrivals.

ARRIVED. WEDNESDAY, Dec 28. Brig Golden Rule, Patterson, Forto Rio.

ARRIVED. THURSDAY, Dec 29. Steamer Franconia, Nicholson, Boston.

ARRIVED. FRIDAY, Dec 30. Steamer Annie, Sydney, Perth, Perth.

ARRIVED. SATURDAY, Dec 31. Steamer Annie, Sydney, Perth, Perth.

ARRIVED. SUNDAY, Jan 1. Steamer Annie, Sydney, Perth, Perth.

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ARRIVED. TUESDAY, Jan 3. Steamer Annie, Sydney, Perth, Perth.

ARRIVED. WEDNESDAY, Jan 4. Steamer Annie, Sydney, Perth, Perth.

Wesleyan Conference Office.

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Special Notice to our Subscribers and Patrons.

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Shipping News.

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Wesleyan Literature, Hymns, &c.

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General Intelligence.

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Advertisement for Dr. Radway's Pills, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

