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Religious Miscellany.

'Take up thy Cross and follow Me.'
The way seems long, dear Leader, and my feet
Are weary, pressing of these thorns—twere
sweet,
Methinks, to rest—this heavy cross remove;
Thou surely meant not thus my love to prove.
'Rest not, weak heart, nor lay thy burden down;
For earth's short rest, would'st thou lose thy heavenly crown?'

The way is dark, dear Leader; mist arise
That hid thy blessed presence from my eyes:
Fathomable on this lonely mountain wild,
Loving Father! spare me, spare thy child,
'Dost hear my voice? then follow as I bide,
Thou'rt safe, if firm on me thy trust is laid.'

But I am faint, dear Leader, and I sink,
My steps are well-nigh gone—'upon the brink
I heave me fall; yet forth thy mighty power,
And save me, loving Father, in this hour.
'Drink freely of the brook that floweth by;
Then lift thy head—thy Leader still is I.'

And must it thus, dear Leader, ever be?
And may we here no resting-place see?
Thou faint and weary, light or dark the way,
Press forward 'er, to reach heaven's blessed day.
'Enough, that as the Master, thou shouldst live,
Faithful to death, thou shalt the crown receive.'

Onward, dear Jesus! safely by thee led,
'Faint yet pursuing,' still the path I tread;
Gird me with strength, then 'er my prayer shall
be:
'Father, 'er so, it seemeth good to thee,'
'And as thy days, thy strength shall ever be:
White heaven's eternal glory waiteth thee.'

For the Provincial Wesleyan.
Reminiscences of an aged Disciple.
PRAYER IN ALL THINGS.
In the summer of 1834 one of our horses had
strayed when he was much wanted to "set up"
the potato drills, and two of our farm servants
spent nearly a fortnight in search of him, until
one day he was found in a meadow near the
brook. I like to walk with me and
ascend the hill, and if the horse is anywhere on
the plain, we shall make him out. I compelled,
and, as I walked behind him, lifted up my heart
to the God of heaven to prosper our search—
When he reached the top of the hill he spied all
round for some time, but had to descend without
seeing the animal. He said,—"we may as well
return home. We'll not go the same way. Let
us walk along the side of the brook, and go
through the grove to the westward." We proceeded
until we came to a narrow path which led
through the thicket to the common. Suddenly
we heard a rustling among the trees. Our
approach had started five horses who were there
sheltering themselves from the rays of the sun,
one of them being our runaway. My husband
had a halter with him, and he drove the beast
out on the common, and with the help of some
men who happened to be there, soon secured him.
I had given up all hope of succeeding, and
concluded that the God whom I served did
not attend to the voice of my prayers, or that
it was presumption in me to trouble Him with
such a request; but, when we had the horse
in our possession, I could say,—"I know Thou
hearest me." My simple prayer had accom-
plished more than the man's search or the ap-
plicants.

The following spring, a man with whom I had
been acquainted in my youth as a dealer of my
father's, came to our port to take charge of a
sawyer. He was a professor of religion, but
seldom spoke of his prayers, and he readily
admitted to doubt whether his prayers entered
into the ear of God. In the course of our
conversation I tried to lead him to the subject
of his prayers, and he said,—"I have not
heard of the voice of my prayers, or that
it was presumption in me to trouble Him with
such a request; but, when we had the horse
in our possession, I could say,—"I know Thou
hearest me." My simple prayer had accom-
plished more than the man's search or the ap-
plicants.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He
shall direct thy steps."
A. R.
The loss of a horse may be to one man a
more serious matter than the loss of a ship to
another. If, then, we may pray, or be thankful
to God in the one case, why not in the other?
The "religion of common life" must consist,
in great part, of prayer with reference to the
things of common life. If, neglecting these, we
pray only for great and far-off things, we shall
never tell the full measure of our prayers. Our Sa-
vour told his disciples where they would find
the seal, and on which side of the ship to
cast the net. When we pray, as He taught us,
for "daily bread," we cannot help having "ways
and means" in our thoughts. If we would be
as blessed as He would have us,—"careful for
nothing,"—there is only one way.—"In all
things by prayer and supplication, with thank-
sgiving, let good requests be made known unto
God."

But is there no danger of enthusiasm and self-
deception? Perhaps so; but more danger
of the practical infidelity which virtually rejects
the doctrine of a particular Providence which
numbers the hairs of our head, and without
which not even a sparrow falls to the ground—
which not even a matter of care may, legitimately
and scripturally, be matter of prayer. Answers
may not come, in temporal things, just as we
expect; and therefore our petitions for these
should ever be in submission to His will who
knows what is best for us. How often do Chris-
tians feel that their prayers are heard and an-

swered in worldly matters, though not in the
mode they anticipated. Our cry must be,—
'Help—if it be Thy will, O God, but help!'
And, whether in praying or blessing, "He that
will mark providences shall never want
providences to mark."
'When we turn our cares to prayer,
He'll turn our prayers to praise.'

'To Communicate, Forget not.'
The following timely article is from the *Watch-
man and Reflector*:
At a public exhibition of a panorama of the
Holy Land, a few years ago, as the picture of
Jerusalem was passing before the eyes of the
deeply interested audience, a voice suddenly
cried out,—"Where is Calvary?" The effect
of the question, even upon that promiscuous assem-
bly, was electrical. A deep solemnity fell upon
all, and in the dim light, tears could be seen
glistening in many eyes. And so, we think, if
the Lord's Supper should cease to be administered
in the churches, many a loving soul would cry
out,—"Where is Calvary? Show me Calvary!"
But very many seem to undervalue this ordi-
nance; and to such we appeal.

Are you of this number?
If so what cause can you give?
1. You cannot say, "It is not commanded."
Here is Christ's own word,—"This do in remem-
brance of Me." Never was duty plainer.
2. You cannot say, "It is hard to perform."
Not often than once a month is the Supper
observed. And will you not once in a month
take the trouble to go and see your Lord's broken
body? Then you cannot care much for Him.
3. Perhaps you say, "He that eateth and
drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh dam-
nation (condemnation)," and you feel unworthy.
But this does not refer to unworthiness of char-
acter, (for all are unworthy) but to a rebuke to
those who perverted the Supper to a scene of
gluttony and drunkenness. It was an unworthi-
ness of conduct at the Supper.
4. Possibly you say, "I have had feelings to-
wards a brother, and cannot fellowship with him."
But you do not go to commune with your
brother, but with Christ. And again, how im-
proper to show your disapprobation of a brother
by obeying Christ! See Matt. v. 24.

5. Perhaps you say, "I get no good in go-
ing." How do you know this? Christ said,
"This do," and is there no good in obeying
Him? In examining ourselves? In handling the
sacred elements? In setting awhile in sight of
Calvary?
6. Perhaps you may say, "I have to stay at
home with my family." But perhaps one of
your 'first loves,' you would not have staid away
for this. And if so, what does it prove except
that your love to Christ is grown cold; that
you are a backslider? And God says, "Return,
O backsliding daughter, and I will heal thy back-
sliding."
Time was, when devout Christians, even wo-
men, would walk many miles to be present at the
appointed feast, rather than be once absent. But
now, how sadly, fearfully it is neglected! What
trifling excuses prevail! How many forget when
communion day comes! Success is as readily
absent for months in succession! Some come
not for a whole year! Alas, how great a sin!
Has it come to this, that Christians forsake the
assembling of themselves together, even at the
Supper?

Think of these things, dear brother or sister.
You are wronging Christ, wronging your own
soul, setting a bad example before your family
and others, and grieving your brethren by neg-
lecting the communion. You seem to undervalue
Christ's death; to care not to meet with
Him; you care not to think upon His precious
remembrance, you care not to take His cup,
and at His farewell he said, "Take this, and
eat it up, and let it recall My presence and
My love." O, who would be faithless to His re-
membrance, who does not to be remembered if not
He? Who has loved us so much and done so
much for us?
A father once kept a *canoe* bond for his
family to look upon and see how he had paid a
heavy debt, through much self-sacrifice to make
them happy. Christ cancelled the debt of sin
against us, "sailing it to His cross." In the
Supper, His family look upon this bond.

"He gave me back the bond."
It was a heavy debt;
And as He gave, He smiled, and said,
'Thou wilt not forget.'
"He gave me back the bond."
The seal was torn away;
And as He gave, He smiled, and said,
'Think thou of Me always.'

"That bond I will keep."
Although it cancelled by
It tells me what I owe to Him
Who paid the debt for me.
"I look on it, and smile;
I look again and weep;
This record of His love to me
Forever will I keep."
"A bond it is no more;
But it shall ever tell
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel."

Family Prayer.
Father, do you pray with your family? Do
you, every morning and evening, collect around
you the precious gems of your household? Do
you read them the Word of life, and "lifting
up holy hands," do you offer up prayer and sup-
plication to God? If you do not, fearful is the
responsibility you assume.
It is a lamentable fact that many professing
Christians entirely neglect this solemn and im-
perative duty; they never mention the subject
of religion to their children; never thank God
for the many inestimable blessings they enjoy,
nor ask for guidance and direction from on
high, to aid them in the fulfilment of the great
and important responsibilities involved in the
parental relation.
How can you pass along through life profess-
ing the religion of Jesus Christ and never thank
the Author of your existence for the many
blessings and privileges and enjoyments bestow-
ed upon you as a parent, by His bountiful
hand? How can you assume responsibilities
which run on through eternity in their conse-
quences—responsibilities that involve the souls
of your most sacred interests—the souls of
your children, and never ask for the grace of

God to rest upon them, and strength and wisdom
to guide you in the discharge of your duties?
Very few are aware of the great influence
exercised by family worship, by the prayers, ear-
nest and heartfelt prayers, of father and mother.
It associates with religion all the sweet memo-
ries of childhood and all the endearments of
home. It gives to parental counsel and advice
the sanction of religion and restrains the way-
ward passions of the soul by the remembrance
of a father's care and of a mother's tenderness.
It teaches, by example, dependence and reliance
upon God, and inspires the soul with longing
for a blissful immortality.

All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, be-
lieving, ye shall receive." Blessed God, thy
promise! Ask that your family may be an honor
and a blessing to society; that they may be
loving, faithful, and devoted followers of Christ;
and believing, it shall be granted. Before you
go to the labors of the day, to its cares, tempta-
tions, and anxieties, ask for God's power to up-
hold you, His counsel to direct you, His Spirit
to sanctify you, and His presence to cheer you;
and when the shades of evening gather round,
when you look back and review the past, when
you see how many sins cluster round you, how
many wrong impressions have been made upon
the tender minds of your children, and how
little you have done for yourself, for your
family, and for God, then pour out your soul
in earnest prayer, that God may forgive you, and
that He may give you strength for the morrow.
Commit your precious charge to Him who will
keep you to do good and to wise to err.
Ask that you and your family may be shielded
from temptation, purified in heart, trained
for usefulness, enlightened in your views, and
in your feelings, holy in your aims, con-
tinent in your circumstances, peaceful in death,
and glorious in immortality beyond the grave.

Sacred Hymns.
Two great classes of men are aptly but unde-
signedly described by two hymn writers whose
sweet words we often sing. The one is repre-
sented by a single verse of Dr. Watts; the
other by a single verse of Charles Wesley—
Indeed, these verses speak the distinct and pec-
uliar characteristics of these celebrated men.
Watts sings this stanza:
'Could I but climb where Moses stood,
Nor Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright me from the shore."
Ah! the descending Dr. Watts! There was
a mountain called "Horeb" to be climbed, and he
stood looking at it from a distance, humming his
plaintive dole, down among the mists of Jordan.
He was still and fearful for the mist of Jordan.
See him; he walks up, he looks up, and yet
undetermined, measuring himself with another
man, and afraid of even that comparison, he
lingers and tremulously sings:
'Could I but climb where Moses stood!'
Well, he could, if he had tried, and did at last,
and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb to-
night.

But hark! Down from a mountain-summit
rings another song, waking echoes in every val-
ley like the notes of a bugle. It sounds brighter
and clearer than the sobbing wails of Jordan,
richer and sweeter than the plaintive psalm of
Dr. Watts. It is Charles Wesley, chanting a
hymn of triumph, warmed and exultant by the
very effort that carried him upward:
'The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now can see;
My hope is full of glorious joy,
Of immortality.'
My friends, which song do you sing to-night?
Which is the song of your daily life? Are you
standing still in the valley of indifference, and
trying to praise God in a hymn that your very
shivering prevents you from singing "with the
spirit and the understanding," or are you rising
up to the clearer atmosphere of mountain sum-
mits, meeting heaven's light and reaching after
heaven's falling benedictions?—*Rev. Alex. Clark.*

Religious Intelligence.
**Moravian Missions among the
Esquimaux.**
During the summer of 1867, the ship *Harp-
mony* made its yearly trip to Labrador. The
missionaries in charge of the Hopedale station
write:
Once again we united in praising our God for
His watchful care of our missionary ship, and all
on board.
A review of the closing year calls for
loud thanksgiving to the Lord for all the mercies
He has permitted us to enjoy. There has been
abundance of food for our people, for the
unusually productive seal-bunt more than made
up for the deficient supply of fish caught in the
last summer and autumn. Our garden crops
were also more plentiful than usual, so that we
could afford to send vegetables to our brethren
at Zoor.
Early in January several settlers began to
make their appearance, chiefly for trading pur-
poses, but, as they attend our services and hear
the Gospel truth from us privately, we trust that
they go hence with profit for their souls. They
gladly receive Bibles and tracts in the English
language, for a valuable supply of which we are
most thankful to the British and Foreign Bible
Society and Tract Society.
Our native helper, Daniel, having for some-
time felt the desire to go and tell his brethren
in the far north of the vastation that
master to the notice of the brethren assembled
in conference at Nain. Another native helper,
of the Hebron congregation, Gottlieb, had ex-
pressed a similar earnest wish, and the confer-
ence gladly accepted their proposal. Daniel left
his place on July the 8th with his family, having
been commended to the Lord's protection and
guidance at a meeting of the congregation on
the previous evening, on which occasion he ad-
dressed the meeting with great earnestness.
The whole of our people assembled on the beach,
and joined in singing a benedictory verse, as the
company set sail in their boat; a farewell
of this kind had never yet taken place in this
land. We have great reason to be most thank-
ful for this new movement for we believe that
with God's blessing it will tend to the glory of
His name. It entails no slight sacrifice for
Eskimo, for he is by nature so attached to his
country, he loses patience and makes a row. This

is necessary, must be wrong; but let it at least be
the rudest Englishman never disturbs
professed Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Mor-
mon, or any other place of worship, and that
when he disturbs a ritual service, it is not on the
impulse of his religious bigotry, but of his sense
of natural justice.
One thing appears to us abundantly plain.
Sir Robert Phillimore and Lord Westbury, were
they the ablest lawyers that ever pronounced
a judgment, will not be able to bring
silence and light into this ecclesiastical chaos.
The Protestant Church of England can place
ably, normally, beneficently assert her character,
and throw off all its ritualism and Neologism,
by becoming free, but in no other way.
Christian World.

Reformed Church.
Rev. J. Mayon, of the Arcon Mission, India,
writes concerning recent converts:
The seven baptized at Vallambri were converts
from Romanism, and have been a long time
under instruction, some of them over three years.
These Romanists were much worse than many
heathen in their conduct, and the power of
Christianity will be exemplified if they become
good, honest, and faithful in their domestic
relations. They have been kept back for some
time, in order to test them, and having done so,
and showing a number of times after he came to
the training and perfection of believers, I re-
ceived them upon their profession of faith in the
Lord Jesus.
In heathenism there is no law, in Romanism
not much, if any in some places, and it is no
wonder if they are described in the Epistles of
Paul. To reclaim these to order, sobriety, and
purity is our object and aim, and if they fall into
their former sins at times, we must not be sur-
prised, but help them out as best we can with
kindness and discipline. The power of the keys
has been given to the Church for this purpose,
and is used for the correction of errors. I had
to suspend two persons at the same time I was
receiving the others.
Of the four baptized belonging to the village
of Sevor, one is a pensioned invalid, or officer
in the native army. He learned much re-
specting Christianity during his residence in
various places, and was predisposed in his favor.
I met him a number of times after he came to
Bhavilga, and urged him to become a Christian,
and gave him books to read. He was then
struck to leave the religion of his relatives. He
finally made up his mind more than a year ago,
and placed himself under my instruction. As
he was an intelligent reader, it was easy for him
to receive instruction. He has been instrumen-
tal in bringing with him three brothers and their
families. He had no sooner joined us than his
eyes were opened, and he was enabled to keep
himself in his difficulty, by the kindness sent
from the Western churches. He is now study-
ing with me, and goes with me to the villages.
Since my return from the Hills, I have re-
ceived the pledge of twenty-three families in
seven different villages to forsake heathenism or
Romanism; eleven families in villages already
under our care, and twelve families in three other
villages. To-day, I have just received the pledge
of the Roman Catholic priest of this place. He was
a man of over fifty years of age.

Anarchy in the Church.
What is the ecclesiastical world of England
coming to, in the ecclesiastical world, we mean,
as it is recognized by statute, and forms part
of the British Constitution? In one word, where
are things tending to in the Church of Eng-
land? Our spirit in putting the question is
friendly but we cannot disguise the fact that
the aspect of affairs is startling. The peace
and quiet of the olden time have given place
to a scene of tumult and dissension such as has
not been witnessed in England for two cen-
turies. Better even this than the torpor of
religious indifference which reigned so long in
the Church; but we have much mistaken the
nature of Englishmen if a state of chaotic anarchy will
not be deeply felt by them to be an unfit
and unnatural condition for a Church of Christ.
The Church that they cannot exist together on their
present footing, and each party is rushing to
the courts of law to have it determined whether
she do or do not take to the arbiters cannot be
burned out of the Church. Mr. Mackenzie is
being prosecuted in the Court of Arches;
number of new Colonies cases are looked for-
ward; there is a cry that some one or other of the
advanced Liberal clergy is to be proceeded against;
and the ritualists, adopting the tactics which
has so often been tried in France, are said to be
about to launch their thunderbolts against some
noted Evangelicalist for taking liberties with the
Rubric—whichever, if we believe the ritualists, are
as flagrant as any which can be alleged against
themselves. "In a word," to quote from an
evening contemporary, "each of the three great
sections of the Church of England appears to
have decided on the expediency of ascertaining
its position so far as it can by appealing upon
the subject to the highest authority." The
Privy Council are completely agreed with these lit-
erary, and, think they are in the right. They
cannot act harmoniously together, and they are
bold in declaring, each and all, that their ad-
versaries must be thrust from the Church. The
man who believes that, as a priest, has a power
of working invisible miracles and absolving
sins, has an essentially different view of Chris-
tianity from the man who believes that he, the
minister of a Protestant church, is invested with
no mystical power whatever, and is strong and
potent, not from his priestly attributes, but
from his preaching the truth. Nor is there like-
ly to be much unity of sentiment between either
of these and an Ultra-Liberal clergyman like Co-
lenso, who preaches sermons to prove that the
narrative of the Temptation has no historical ba-
sis. If these cannot agree to differ, they will
agree in grasping fiercely at the weapons of con-
flict, and Evangelical, Ritualist, and Neologian,
mimicking the quarrels of the French de-
cades, will, as at this moment declare, "The Church
is the Church." Meanwhile the rough Eng-
lishman out of doors had convinced two of
things and two only, first, that the Church ex-
isted by law and maintained by the nation's
money was not originally, and ought not now to
be, Popish; secondly, the law, laws, and debates
interminably, but gives him no tangible argu-
ment that the Church is not and shall not be Re-
formed. Firm in his conviction on these points,
our rough-and-ready friend infers that there
is, or there must be, one method left for his ad-
option; if a man attacks him in the street, and there is
no policeman to defend him, he knocks his assail-
ant down; if a Church of England minister plays
Papist before his face, and law gives him no re-
dress, he loses patience and makes a row. This

is necessary, must be wrong; but let it at least be
the rudest Englishman never disturbs
professed Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Mor-
mon, or any other place of worship, and that
when he disturbs a ritual service, it is not on the
impulse of his religious bigotry, but of his sense
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and throw off all its ritualism and Neologism,
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Christian World.

General Intelligence.
Aboard the Anglican.
A NAUTICAL BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.
'Twas a driving bark on an ocean dark,
Blue Peter at the fore;
And she sailed another driving bark,
'Twas, like her, labored sore.
'Twas the Anglican, ahoy!
'Ay, ay' what ship are you?
'The Roman bark, the Church's ark.'
'What cheer?' "Bad." "Yours?"
'Bad, too.'
'We've lost our course; our binnacle,
Compass and light is floundered—
Our sails out of the bolt-ropes blown,
And no spare sail aboard.
'There's shoals that hide beneath its tide,
And rocks above that show;
The Ritual reefs, on our lee-beam,
Rational stands below.
'We're stuck like Britons to our pumps—
Stuck to them, phaps, too long;
We've put our trust in lead and log—
A log, perhaps, too strong.
For pumps—though with the mitre marked
(The Anglican bark above)—
And lead and log—whatever their Church,
High or low, broad or narrow—
Ever scarce the means to face the storm
Which roils us both careering;
More use, they, in well-stowed sails,
Stout tackle and bold steering.
But half our crew says, 'Here's the course;
And other crew says, 'There'
And mates and captain, half by one,
And half by 'other, swear.
And so we've signalled, far and wide,
'Pan Anglican, ahoy!
Not to say how to work the ship,
Or show shoal light or buoy;
But to decide what cost of pain
Shall 'lock the bravest in;
To help to build her figure-head,
And scrape her rudder-pipe;
And then we'll fall to saying prayers,
And nail the dead-light, too
And if that doesn't save the ship,
We know not what we'll do!"
—Punch.

How it seems to be Robbed.
In Quincy has written a memorable essay upon
Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts.
Why might not burglary be made to teach
moral if not aesthetic lessons?
It is wonderful how we sleep. We think a
light noise will awake us. Sometimes it will,
but not always. All over the house, into every
room, opening every door, three men could go,
as we have reason to know, collect goods for re-
moval, test the silver and plated ware, without
disturbing the deep slumbers of the sleeper.
The sensation of being robbed, like dying, is
much worse to think than to experience. It
is, however, somewhat peculiar. Mrs. P. sud-
denly opened her eyes and was confronted by three
men standing on the threshold of the door and
striking a match. Upon noticing her opened
eyes the leader advanced with a long knife, and
inquired "if she saw that?" He seemed to be
entirely satisfied with silence as an answer. The
movement in the room awakened me, and rising
up, I demanded "what all this meant?" The
reply was abrupt and rough answer of a stout
well-formed villain, as he advanced and covered
the head of the speaker with the muzzle of his
revolver, was "Not a word." The proposition
was immediately accepted.—There was no sense
of endangered life, and no great agitation, as
the imagination had no food to feed upon. The
mind acted very rapidly. What was to be done?
To spring at the ruffian would have exposed an-
other life, beside one's own, and here was three
to one. If one had been so foolish as to sleep
with a revolver under his pillow, and had no
companion about shooting, he could not have
moved his hand to take it, as the cooked pistol
swayed such a possible movement. The only
thing which seemed then, and now to be done,
was to remain quiet and await your hour. This
my emphatic pistol holder remained at his post,
two others, masked, moved rapidly about the
room gathering up the valuables. The sensation
became somewhat mixed, as, from the most
pungent and rough answer of a stout
well-formed villain, as he advanced and covered
the head of the speaker with the muzzle of his
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