

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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## Religious Miscellany.

### Lost Sheep.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YOUR MISSION."  
How many sheep are straying,  
From the Saviour's fold,  
Up the lonely mountains,  
Who have turned their backs;  
They shiver with the cold;  
They are hungry and thirsty,  
And are perishing;  
Where creep vines and thorns,  
And over rocky ledges  
Who will go to find them?  
Who for the Saviour's sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
To find the "lost of the sheep,"  
Who have turned their backs?  
Who will go to find them?  
Who for the Saviour's sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
To find the "lost of the sheep,"  
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Who for the Saviour's sake,  
Will search with tireless patience  
To find the "lost of the sheep,"  
Who have turned their backs?

### God's Providence.

It was said by a most estimable Christian woman, that she could bear quietly whatever came from God, knowing that it was for her good; but she could not bear the evil intentions of man, she could not regard in the least the malice of man.

### Be Obedient.

Can one be a Christian who lives in deliberate neglect of known duty? If we consult only the Bible, the answer can hardly fail to be, "No!" Obedience is the test of discipleship. "If any man love me, he will keep my words." But many have a name and a place in the church, who perform only such duties as are pleasant, and disregard all that are irksome. They are in danger of hearing the startling words, "I never knew you." Mr. Spurgeon says, with great earnestness:

### The Parent's Promise.

What parent has not read with intense interest the 13th verse of the 22d chapter of Proverbs, "Train up a child in the way he should go; when he is old, he will not depart from it?" When we hope, by faithful training, to secure for our children a virtuous character and life, and a blessed immortality? Let us study this Divine promise, that our faith in it may be quickened. It is a law of nature that early impressions are indelible. What you teach the child the man can never forget. The lessons of the nursery are fresh and vivid when the transactions of yesterday cannot be recalled. So also with our habits—those formed in childhood are the strongest and most abiding. The spirit of immortality is planted at first, like other seeds, and can easily be lost. But soon the growth is firm and hard, and the shape and form are fixed. It is true that young men have often gone from Christian homes into the wildest excesses, have become more reckless and vicious than the children of worldly parents, and men have cried out, "Early religious training is like the bending of a bow—the moment restraint is removed, it flies back." But let sickness come, or Providence arrest the prodigal, and memories of the past will rise up, and lead him back to virtue and peace. The sand may drift over the marble temple in the desert, but its columns and arches are only buried, not destroyed. Another storm may sweep the loose covering, and reveal the solid, sculptural edifice. So in the soul of man, the good and beautiful taught in early life may be hidden for a time, but cannot be destroyed. Pure affections, love for truth and goodness awakened in childhood, are a perennial fountain. They will never fail, for their flow may cease because the rubbish of worldliness or sin has been heaped upon them. But as a spring will never stop its way through some new channel when obstructed, so these holy emotions of the past will in length trickle through the cares and the vices, even of the man. Thousands have been saved when they seemed beyond all hope, by the precious memories of childhood and home. This law is wonderful. It is full of encouragement.

### "No Admittance."

Such was once the significant "Notice," written in large and distinct characters, and placed upon the outside of the door of a room in one of our New England seminaries. As it was a measure quite new in the career of the occupant of the room, it excited among the many who passed the door not a little wonder. What could it mean? "Has T— really become all so studious as to have no time for anything besides study?" "Is he not a bit?" "Has he left town?" "Is he mad?" Such were the inquiries which were exchanged, but only to receive no answer. There were a few, however, who understood it. A revival of religion had just commenced, and the occupant of that room manifested a hostility to it which was specially bitter. On ascertaining that some of the students had resolved to converse personally with every impenitent member of the institution, and make a direct appeal to the individual heart and conscience, he declared that he would be an exception, that he would not engage in any such conversation, would not hear any such appeal, and to be secure against any intrusion, would not admit any one into his room.

### The Name of God.

I had in my regiment several men who were called "preachers" by the colored people, because they always took charge of their meetings, and exhorted a great way. One of these was about fifty years old, with gray hair and wrinkled face, and somewhat enfeebled constitution, for he had been a hard-working, much abused man. He was very anxious to learn to read, and with great effort he made considerable progress in a short time. He had learned the alphabet, and was reading words of two and three letters; and one day as I sat by his side, going over the words with him, and pointing out to him the objects which they stood for, we came to the word, "written in large letters, 'God.'"

### "Almost."

The Episcopalian says:—"Almost transubstantiation in the doctrine and administration of the Lord's Supper; our charitable societies almost nunneries; our theological schools almost monasteries; our clergy almost stage-actors and mad-millions; our communion tables almost idolatrous altars; our choirs almost opera houses; our bishops almost inquisitors—is there anything startling in the instincts of Christians in all these things? Is there nothing to make them all these and the checks to stop? Nothing to alarm the fears and make us tremble for the fate of the church?"

### EVERY great conversion is a sea-mark,

to guide others into a safe harbour.

## Religious Intelligence.

### Chinese Missions.

The Rev. Dr. Mullens, for two and twenty years a devoted missionary in India, in connection with the London Missionary Society, was requested by that body to visit before his return home and make himself acquainted with its stations there. He complied with their request, and has since given the result of his observations in a pamphlet.

China is scarcely less remarkable for its beauty than for its greatness. The tropical parts of the China Sea are in color a brilliant sapphire, its coast is a series of bays and quiet anchorages, its seaboard for eight hundred miles is a line of charming hills, which pour into the ocean numerous winding rivers, or great water courses, the islands of the archipelago are rich in produce; while round the west and the south vast mountains enclose the empire, whose footholds are filled with glaciers which no foot has trodden, and whose summits are covered with perpetual snow; and yet, notwithstanding all this life and loveliness, China according to Dr. Mullens, "presents to the spiritual observer the sad spectacle of a dying empire. The government does nothing for its subjects. The people, taught from their infancy to respect parental authority, govern themselves. The officials exist, and plunder the rich, order population around them; but with rebels and robbers they can do nothing. All the principles, too, which have upheld the people for centuries, are in a state of decay. Confucianism has made them intensely conservative, intensely self-sufficient. But it is wearing away, and in the presence of the active thought and active life of the great world, the active life is vainly clinging to the old institutions of bygone ages. Materially active and enterprising, the Chinese give their whole souls to the pursuit of this world; they think only of buying, selling, and getting gain. Real truth, the fear of God, the love of their fellow-men, the happiness of a future life, rarely enter their minds.

There both British and American missions have been long established, and yet the work of evangelization has made but little progress. For thousands of years the Chinese mind has been all but stationary. If anything it has rather receded than advanced, and therefore it is not expected that it can be easily roused from its long-continued lethargy and stupor. Much has been gained by the fact that the Celestial Empire is open not only to our commerce, but to our Christianity, and that the missionary of the Cross can plant his foot on any spot, and make known to the people the overtures of redeeming grace. It appears that "stiff-necked places of the first importance are open on the mainland of China to the residence and settlement of foreign missionaries, including the twelve treaty ports, the city of Peking, and the island of Hong Kong; that Canton, with its more than half a million of souls, is not only a noble city, but offers a fine sphere for Christian effort; that Amoy, with its surrounding villages, has twenty missionary stations, with churches and preachers; that Peking, the capital of the empire, is a sphere of missionary labor of the first importance, and that only second to Peking is the city of Hankow, which is full of young and vigorous life. For thousands of years the Chinese mind has been all but stationary. If anything it has rather receded than advanced, and therefore it is not expected that it can be easily roused from its long-continued lethargy and stupor. Much has been gained by the fact that the Celestial Empire is open not only to our commerce, but to our Christianity, and that the missionary of the Cross can plant his foot on any spot, and make known to the people the overtures of redeeming grace. It appears that "stiff-necked places of the first importance are open on the mainland of China to the residence and settlement of foreign missionaries, including the twelve treaty ports, the city of Peking, and the island of Hong Kong; that Canton, with its more than half a million of souls, is not only a noble city, but offers a fine sphere for Christian effort; that Amoy, with its surrounding villages, has twenty missionary stations, with churches and preachers; that Peking, the capital of the empire, is a sphere of missionary labor of the first importance, and that only second to Peking is the city of Hankow, which is full of young and vigorous life.

### The Mistake—What Keeps You Back.

'Brother Nettleton,' said a New England pastor, who that once eminent revivalist was visiting, 'I wish you would talk to some of the young converts a little.'

'What is the special difficulty?' asked Mr. N. 'They are tardy in making a profession of their faith,' was the reply. 'There is young Hobart, who trusts that he has experienced a saving change nearly a year ago; yet he shrinks from confessing Christ before men. He is some in this evening for a little practice in singing; I wish you would speak with him.'

'Give me an opportunity to see him alone,' said Mr. Nettleton. The pastor did so. Introducing the subject with his usual tact, he soon drew from the young man his reasons for declining to take upon himself the vows of Christian discipleship. 'It seems, sir, he is hesitating the world to look at me, miserable sinner that I am, as a representative of Christ—like setting myself up as something especially good—proclaiming my own righteousness in short, I cannot bear the thought of even seeming to say to others: 'Stand by; I am holier than you when I realize so painfully how imperfect I am.'

'I understand you, friend Hobart, and believe you are sincere in this expression of humility. But it seems to me that you have made a mistake with regard to this matter. It is not your self, but Christ, that you are asked to profess before men, and that you are to profess—proclaiming my own righteousness in short, I cannot bear the thought of even seeming to say to others: 'Stand by; I am holier than you when I realize so painfully how imperfect I am.'

### Social Snails.

The snail is not eminently a gregarious animal. We never see it in company with its fellows. True, though it be, that there is a common bond of nature's own, lying between individuals of the class, yet they do not congregate and delight in social amity as the bee or the sheep. In social life there are many snails. The tribes of social snails is perhaps as numerous as the intellectual, and contain as many classes.

There are those who take no part in the State—who neglect all discussion of the great questions of the day, and brand as "politicians" all who attempt thus to fulfill their duty. They touch not the unclean thing. They stand aloof from all congregations of a political character, thinking perhaps, thus to influence public opinion, and overcome the will that is in it. They forget that the public sentiment is always the aggregate of individual opinions, and seem to be unaware that the predominant elements make every character to the social. Such snails are spoken of by De Tocqueville as existing previous to the time of the French Revolution. In his "Old Regime and Revolution" he describes them as being endowed with many private virtues, such as family affection, regular habits, respect for religion, and like-warm, but assiduous devotional habits; and as tolerating honesty and justifying hermitism; and as being "respectable men but cowardly citizens." This character, he says, is produced by a passionate love of ease. And this love of ease is still a potent motive to non-action in political snailhood. Such persons forget, if they ever knew, that there are established principles of political ethics and hermeneutics as obligatory as those of moral ethics—indeed, forming a subordinate of practical ethics in the science of morals. Every man has a duty to perform in the State. Each individual is a component part of the organization. If we retire from participation in its operations, because we are dissatisfied with its present state, we are doing for the several members did in the field told by Aepo? If a member is diseased in the body, he is to cure it, not to lop off whole members, but to apply the knife to the diseased part, or other elements of health into the system. We cannot from mere love of ease, or some fanciful reason, curl ourselves up in a shell, and relapse into nullities in the State without proving faithless to the obligations imposed upon us. We are responsible for what we omit to do, as well as for what we do. If more good men were to do their duty to civil society, the ship of State would not have to be committed to wanderers and hirelings, to be wrecked on rocks and shoals.

### Obituary.

#### Memoir of Miss Laura C. Knight.

BY THE REV. JOHN ALLISON, A. M.  
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## General Miscellany.

### Liking and Disliking.

Ye who know the reason tell me  
How is it that instinct tells—  
Prompts the heart to like—or not like—  
At its own capricious will?  
Tell me by what hidden magic  
Our impressions first are led  
Into liking—or disliking—  
Or before a word be said?

### Why should smiles sometimes repel us?

It is not the smile that repels us,  
But the heart that smiles to tell us—  
All that glitters is not gold?  
O, no feature, power or striking,  
But a power we cannot shun,  
Prompts our liking or disliking,  
Ere acquaintance hath begun?

### Is it instinct—or some spirit Which protects us, and controls Every impulse we inherit By some sympathy of souls?

Is it instinct? Is it nature?  
Or some freak or fault of chance,  
Which our liking or disliking,  
Limits to a single glance?

### Like a thought of danger, Through the sky no shadow flings; Or that inner sense, still stronger, Of unseen, unuttered things!

Is it—O, no one can tell me—  
No one show sufficient cause  
Why our likings—and dislikings—  
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Is it instinct? Is it nature?  
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