

# The Provincial Westeyan.

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## Religious Miscellany.

### A German Trust Song.

Just as God leads me, I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Assured that he will bestow  
Contentment will not let me stray;  
So as he leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in his kindly leading.

Just as God leads, I am content;  
I am at ease in his hands;  
That which he will for me command,  
I would that he should all fulfill,  
That I should do his gracious will,  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
I trust me to his guiding hand;  
Whose reason's rays deceptive shine,  
Whose counsel would I yet fulfill,  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads, I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
Can ought my hold on him undo?  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing—  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,  
Oft amidst trials and briars keen;  
God does not yet his guidance show,  
But in the end it shall be seen,  
How, by his loving Father's will,  
Painful and true he leads me still.

### The Death of Death.

"See the barren fall in view,  
Life divine shall break through  
Sins in glory, perfect made,  
Waiting passage through the shade.  
Arise for thy coming day,  
Wait thy coming day."  
"I shall swallow up death in victory." Isa. xlv. 8.

Victory is a cheering word! Joyous is the  
morn to their own land of a band of warriors  
along and triumphant campaign. Inspiring  
as the hosannas of welcome poured upon  
them by an applauding country; and sweeter  
all the music of home-voices. The memory of  
past toil and suffering is forgotten, or remem-  
bered only to enhance the gladness of reunion!

What shall it be when the Christian, freed  
from the last conflict, enters the gates of the  
Heavenly City, the hosannas of angels and saints  
resounding through the streets of the new Jeru-  
salem! Each towering warrior bathing his  
swords in the river of the water of life—death-  
defeating friends gathered to welcome him to his  
glorified home!

Looking back from the heights of glory to  
our long battle-field, it is a gloomy and che-  
quered retrospect of stern and stubborn tempta-  
tions, mountains of difficulties that had to be  
scaled, valleys of humiliation that had to be  
descended—aye, and the sadder memory of un-  
willingness and betrayal, temporary defeat and  
disaster. But all now is crowned with "victory,"  
and the last and most recent foe—Death—  
is vanquished.

How great the contrast NOW and THEN!  
Now, it is the unsparing invader of  
every household; all our pretensions, all our  
wisest human expedients in vain are employed to  
dwarf his power, and arrest his advancing  
footstep. He reigns on earth with a terrible  
shipmity! He comes in the hour least expected  
—often just when the fondest visions of earthly  
joy are being realized.

Do we think of it—we who may be living all  
careless and thoughtless, lulled by the dream of  
prosperity, presencing on our present cloudless  
horizon—that each moment, with sleepless vigil-  
ance, the stealthy foe is creeping nearer and  
nearer—that the smooth current is gliding  
slowly but surely onward and still onward all  
the while the irrevocable leap will and must be taken?

Reader, perchance you can even now tell the  
tale. You may be present, reading it, or you  
may have recently done so, with tearful eyes,  
a breaking heart. You may be marking the  
nearest seat at your table, missing the sound  
of some well-remembered footfall; a booming  
step in your daily walk may be gone, and you  
may be ever of time! What other antidote  
hearts smitten down by these sinuous-blows  
high reach a blissful wilderness—where  
I look beyond, to that Better Land, where the  
sunny power is neither felt nor feared? In  
that glorious resurrection morning, the sceptre  
that has been wielded for six thousand years will  
be wrested from his grasp, and that chorus will  
begin for which centuries of suffering hearts  
have been wailing longing, O, death, where is  
thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?  
—Cor. xv. 55. Sounding trumpets commenced  
the song of the Lord in the temple of old, 2  
Cor. i. 14. It was a type of a mightier  
trumpet in the temple of glory. "The trumpet  
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lions will start at the summons, "Awake and  
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We need not to contemplate death from the  
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but as a conqueror, as a foe doomed and conquered,  
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### Religious Intelligence.

**The Religious Question in Mexico and South America.**  
The following account is by a Missionary of the American Board in Mexico—  
IN A PRISON.

Jose Gonzalez, and his companion had been condemned to die on the gallows. As I thought of them in their lonely cells with the memory of a murderer to haunt them, away from friends, in a foreign land, among a people of a different language, having the same Spirit of faith—according as it is written, "I have believed, and therefore have I spoken,"—we may believe, and so speak. Every believer in Christ possesses this persuasion in some degree, and may attain to the full assurance of understanding and faith and hope.

2. This assurance rests on the most stable of all grounds: "I know whom I have believed." I know who He is,—the great God who made all things, and upholds them by the word of His power, and therefore is mighty to save. I know what He became for the salvation of sinners: He became a man, a partaker of flesh and blood, like the children whom He came to redeem.

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REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Our new chapel at Portree, (Banff) was opened on Sunday, Dec. 22nd, by the Rev. J. Pope, of Glasgow, under circumstances of a very encouraging character. During the previous two weeks God had poured out His Spirit upon Portree and the adjoining village of Fochinduff in a wonderful manner. In these two villages, where our members principally reside, scores of persons were awakened and converted to God. The meetings were conducted by fishermen, various dissemblances, who wrought most harmoniously for the salvation of souls.

In the midst of this work the day arrived for our chapel opening. O'four before the morning service, the people assembled in the Fishermen's Hall for prayer-meeting. At 11 o'clock, Mr. Pope began the new chapel, which was densely crowded. It was a season of overwhelming influence. The day was with power, and many confessed that they had been pricked in the heart. A fellowship meeting was then announced for two o'clock. For awhile feeling was repressed, but as one after another rose to tell what God had done for their souls, the misery of the unconverted became intensified, and from various parts of the chapel arose cries for mercy. Of course the experience meeting had to be turned into a penitents' meeting, which lasted nearly four hours. At half-past ten the evening service commenced. The scene of the morning was repeated. A densely-filled chapel, with an awful earnestness among the people, and a mighty power with the word were both seen and felt. On the following day the usual tea meeting was held. There was little relief for ordinary speakers. Men were literally known to what they should do to be saved, and after short speeches from each of the speakers, a prayer-meeting commenced. Various persons addressed the anxious and unconverted, and at length they were invited to come to a spot specially set apart for those who were seeking peace with God. The next moment was one of intense interest; more than twenty persons (chiefly men) pressed through the crowd. There was the young man of twenty years and age the old man of seventy, and every age and sex the meeting was thrilled as one after another came to tell what God had done for his soul. On the Tuesday evening, Mr. Pope again preached in Portree, and on the Wednesday evening in a neighboring village. On each of these occasions Mr. Pope remained with us, at least forty souls were saved.

Never was a work more clearly seen to be of God. It commenced with the children, and reached the grey-haired. Children of seven and old men of seventy are among the objects. The worst drunkards in the village are sitting at the feet of Jesus. The publican was among the first to confess his sin. He has pulled down his sign, smashed his glasses among the rocks, and given the largest room in his house for a young man's prayer-meeting. These surely are fruits fresh for repentance. But for this revival, Portree would have been at this season full of the effects of whiskey drinking, but as it is no drunkards have been seen here for weeks.

The question will be asked, "How did it originate?" Not sending for some eminently useful man to come and do our work. We believed that God would hear our prayers and save souls by our labours. Accordingly, two years and three months ago, more than forty persons pledged themselves to meet at the throne of grace on a certain day in every week. The blessing, however, seemed to lag, and our faith was tried by two years' waiting. Thirteen weeks ago, however, a number of weekly prayer-meetings were commenced. Sometimes six and sometimes ten prayer-meetings would be held in one week, and in all the cry was, "Will Thou not revive us again." At length the answer

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In the midst of this work the day arrived for our chapel opening. O'four before the morning service, the people assembled in the Fishermen's Hall for prayer-meeting. At 11 o'clock, Mr. Pope began the new chapel, which was densely crowded. It was a season of overwhelming influence. The day was with power, and many confessed that they had been pricked in the heart. A fellowship meeting was then announced for two o'clock. For awhile feeling was repressed, but as one after another rose to tell what God had done for their souls, the misery of the unconverted became intensified, and from various parts of the chapel arose cries for mercy. Of course the experience meeting had to be turned into a penitents' meeting, which lasted nearly four hours. At half-past ten the evening service commenced. The scene of the morning was repeated. A densely-filled chapel, with an awful earnestness among the people, and a mighty power with the word were both seen and felt. On the following day the usual tea meeting was held. There was little relief for ordinary speakers. Men were literally known to what they should do to be saved, and after short speeches from each of the speakers, a prayer-meeting commenced. Various persons addressed the anxious and unconverted, and at length they were invited to come to a spot specially set apart for those who were seeking peace with God. The next moment was one of intense interest; more than twenty persons (chiefly men) pressed through the crowd. There was the young man of twenty years and age the old man of seventy, and every age and sex the meeting was thrilled as one after another came to tell what God had done for his soul. On the Tuesday evening, Mr. Pope again preached in Portree, and on the Wednesday evening in a neighboring village. On each of these occasions Mr. Pope remained with us, at least forty souls were saved.

Never was a work more clearly seen to be of God. It commenced with the children, and reached the grey-haired. Children of seven and old men of seventy are among the objects. The worst drunkards in the village are sitting at the feet of Jesus. The publican was among the first to confess his sin. He has pulled down his sign, smashed his glasses among the rocks, and given the largest room in his house for a young man's prayer-meeting. These surely are fruits fresh for repentance. But for this revival, Portree would have been at this season full of the effects of whiskey drinking, but as it is no drunkards have been seen here for weeks.

The question will be asked, "How did it originate?" Not sending for some eminently useful man to come and do our work. We believed that God would hear our prayers and save souls by our labours. Accordingly, two years and three months ago, more than forty persons pledged themselves to meet at the throne of grace on a certain day in every week. The blessing, however, seemed to lag, and our faith was tried by two years' waiting. Thirteen weeks ago, however, a number of weekly prayer-meetings were commenced. Sometimes six and sometimes ten prayer-meetings would be held in one week, and in all the cry was, "Will Thou not revive us again." At length the answer

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### A German Trust Song.

Just as God leads me, I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Assured that he will bestow  
Contentment will not let me stray;  
So as he leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in his kindly leading.

Just as God leads, I am content;  
I am at ease in his hands;  
That which he will for me command,  
I would that he should all fulfill,  
That I should do his gracious will,  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
I trust me to his guiding hand;  
Whose reason's rays deceptive shine,  
Whose counsel would I yet fulfill,  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads, I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
Can ought my hold on him undo?  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing—  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,  
Oft amidst trials and briars keen;  
God does not yet his guidance show,  
But in the end it shall be seen,  
How, by his loving Father's will,  
Painful and true he leads me still.

### The Death of Death.

"See the barren fall in view,  
Life divine shall break through  
Sins in glory, perfect made,  
Waiting passage through the shade.  
Arise for thy coming day,  
Wait thy coming day."  
"I shall swallow up death in victory." Isa. xlv. 8.

Victory is a cheering word! Joyous is the  
morn to their own land of a band of warriors  
along and triumphant campaign. Inspiring  
as the hosannas of welcome poured upon  
them by an applauding country; and sweeter  
all the music of home-voices. The memory of  
past toil and suffering is forgotten, or remem-  
bered only to enhance the gladness of reunion!

What shall it be when the Christian, freed  
from the last conflict, enters the gates of the  
Heavenly City, the hosannas of angels and saints  
resounding through the streets of the new Jeru-  
salem! Each towering warrior bathing his  
swords in the river of the water of life—death-  
defeating friends gathered to welcome him to his  
glorified home!

Looking back from the heights of glory to  
our long battle-field, it is a gloomy and che-  
quered retrospect of stern and stubborn tempta-  
tions, mountains of difficulties that had to be  
scaled, valleys of humiliation that had to be  
descended—aye, and the sadder memory of un-  
willingness and betrayal, temporary defeat and  
disaster. But all now is crowned with "victory,"  
and the last and most recent foe—Death—  
is vanquished.

How great the contrast NOW and THEN!  
Now, it is the unsparing invader of  
every household; all our pretensions, all our  
wisest human expedients in vain are employed