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Religious Miscellany.

Trust in Christ.

BY R. JOHN EVERTT.
Trusting, weaned with life's journey,
Telling onward 'neath his care,
Faint not, though thy spirit weary,
Send dark clouds not threatening there.
Find dark clouds not threatening there,
Life is not thy term of pleasure,
Through its wealth and fame were thine,
Fast is ever round each treasure
E'en where faith would rear its shrine.

Storm may waste its force around thee,
Darkness veil thy coming years;
Yet thy soul, with fervent prayer,
Shall rejoice 'mid all its fears.
Steady, pilgrim! Time is flowing
Sure and swiftly as the stream;
Yet the stars are ever beaming
Bright as at their natal gleam.

Behold the burden mark and lowly,
E'en as Christ the cross hath borne;
He will guide thy footsteps firmly,
And thy faith with crowns adorn.
Steady, pilgrim! Time is fleeing
Swifter than the current's flow,
Yet 'mid darkness there is beaming
Faith and love in endless glow.

Pilgrim, faint not clouds will darken
The mid-day's dazzling sun;
Let thine ear attentive hearken,
That shall know thy faith hath won.
Courage, pilgrim! Bright and sorrow
Aid best to prove thy love;
Morn shall greet thee on the morrow
Beating in thy home above.

"Why Stand ye here Idle?"

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

At the eleventh hour of the day the household of Christ's parable heard the idle loiterer only needed them. It would suffer in the unutilized grapes, or in its vines unpruned.

To those whose lives are running fast away without their having yet lifted a finger for Christ, or even for the salvation of their own souls, God addresses this trumpet-call. "Why stand ye here idle?"

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Uncut Diamond.

On a voyage homeward from India, a child was found playing in the cabin with what appeared to be pebbles. On being asked where he got them, he replied, "From father's little box." A closer examination proved that the supposed pebbles were uncut diamonds of great value. Diamonds in the rough do not make a very attractive appearance. They do not sparkle, and yet they have great value.

Has not the reader seen some uncut diamonds among his acquaintances? There is Mr. X. His hand, when you take it, is almost as hard as the hoof of the ox when he is his companion through so many working days of the year. His boots are very heavy, and have encrusted on them specimens of the different soils on his farm and the vicinity. A way once suggested, when a professor of agricultural chemistry went to that part of the country for specimens of soil for analysis, that Mr. X.'s boots should be sent to the professor. His movements are by no means characterized by grace, and in general his appearance is somewhat removed from the ornamental.

And yet, if there was a poor man or woman in the township in trouble, Mr. X. seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of it, and the heavy boots might be seen stamping along towards the scene of trouble, bearing along a somewhat uncut boot, but within it as warm a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. His visits were always welcome. They were never visits of ceremony and mere verbal condolence.

On a certain occasion, owing to the state of the country, there was a falling off in the receipts of the Missionary Society, and there was danger that the schools for heathen children would be disbanded, and some of the missionaries recalled. A collector called on Mr. X. It was not necessary that he should state the facts of the case. "I have been expecting you for some time," said Mr. X. "This thing ought to be attended to. I have been casting about to see what I can do. I have finally concluded that I could part with the cow yonder, and I sold her. I expect the man who bought her to bring the money and take her away to-day. As soon as I get the money, you can have it."

"How much shall I put you down for?" said the collector.
"I sold the cow for forty dollars."
"How much of it goes to the cause?"
"How much? why, all of it."
"Can you conveniently spare it all?"
"No; but that's not the question. The cow belongs to the Lord, and I think he wants the thing to do with it. I don't hold that we are to put the Lord off with the odds and ends of things, and serve him only when it is perfectly convenient for us to do so—when we have nothing else to do."

The children were very fond of visiting Mr. X. In his young time, when school was out, there would be a rush towards Mr. X.'s meadow; and when the cart, loaded with hay, was slowly drawn by the oxen towards the barn, a half-dozen young heads might be seen emerging from the hay on the top of the load, like the heads of birds in the nest.

Winter evenings, parties of children would assemble at the kitchen fire, and they were quite as much interested in his kind words and stories as in the great red apples which they were treated.

A great many other facts might be stated, all going to show that Mr. X. was a diamond in the rough. A child once said of him, "When Mr. X. goes to heaven, he will leave his boots and everything behind him, and he will be handsome then." Children speak the truth quite as often as grown persons.

Invite them in.
A few years since, in New England City where a revival was in progress, nearly all the members of the Sunday School and most of the unconverted in the congregation had become its subjects; there seemed to be a cessation in the work for want of material. One evening, the pastor remarked that it was the duty of God's children to go out into the streets and lanes of the city and gather in new subjects for the work of grace. He requested those present who would please themselves to endeavor to bring with them one or more unconverted souls the following evening to signify it.

Among those thus pledging themselves was a young man employed in a manufactory, but, being badly engaged during the day, he had forgotten the pledge until late in the afternoon. As he had no time now to go out and seek for some one to accompany him, he concluded to try some of the operatives in the mill. There was a decent, well-behaved young Irishman in the upper story at work alone. He went to him.

"John, we are having some good meetings at our church, and I have promised to bring someone with me this evening, and I want you to go."
"Why," said John, "I am a Catholic; I don't go to your church, and I have not been to any for a long time."
"No matter, I want you to go this evening to oblige me."
After some further persuasion, John replied: "Well, if it be my favour to you, I will go." He took his seat near the door, feeling quite out of place and entirely uninterested, except a feeling of curiosity to see how these heretics conducted their meetings, so different from his own church. But there was an all-pervading influence of the Spirit was there! His feelings of curiosity soon gave place to an interest in the appeals made, the prayers offered, the songs of praise—all so different from what he had ever before witnessed. His interest increased until the close of the meeting, when he was resolved to return again the next evening. Thus he returned again the next evening. He was so impressed with the work of the Spirit, that he had had herebefore sought, if in all, among the dead forms of a corrupt church.—Observer.

Revivals.

Why do we not have such revivals now as we had in former times? Read the life of Whitefield! Peruse the history of the Church in the days of Tennyson and Edwards. The Spirit was poured down in copious showers. Whole congregations were smitten at once, and the cries of anguish would sometimes drown the voice of the preacher. Those were happy days for the Church. In the space of a few years, the thirty-three thousand Presbyterians and Congregational church members of our land were increased to seventy-five thousand communicants. Is God less willing to bless now than then? No. Has He forgotten to be gracious? Is His mercy clean gone forever? No. But Christians now are not what Christians were then. Now, there is worldliness, folly and extravagance. Then, there was heavenly-mindedness, sobriety and frugality. Then men prayed in earnest. They prayed as if they believed in what they were praying for. But now, how weak, how staided, how formal are our prayers! And ministers preached in those days as if their souls were on fire. There were no fine-sounding disquisitions on that or that metaphysical topic. There were no beautifully written essays with every period out and wrought and polished, and every word studied, as if immortal souls were converted by periods and well-wet words! But ministers preached, standing between heaven and hell. And they felt that they preached. Their words came from their hearts like bolts of iron from the flaming furnace. The fire was kindled at home in their own studies, on their knees before God in private; and when they came to the pulpit, the fire was there still. Their faces shone as the face of Moses, when he came down from the mount. Do we hear such praying now? Do we have such preaching now? And yet, unless we do have it, we can never expect again such visitations of grace.

Keep the Sabbath.
In this age of Sabbath desecration, the attention of men needs to be called often and earnestly to facts like the following:—

William Pitt died of apoplexy at the early age of forty-seven. When the details of his life are hung in a large measure on his doing, he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to the affairs of state. Sabbath brought no rest to him, and soon the unwilling brain gave signs of exhaustion. But his presence in Parliament was conceived to be absolutely indispensable for the explanation and defence of the public policy.

Under such circumstances, it was his custom to eat heartily of substantial food, most highly seasoned, just before going to his place, in order to afford the body that strength, and to excite the mind to that activity, deemed necessary to the momentous occasion. But under the high tension, both mind and body perished prematurely.

Not long ago, one of the most active business men of England found his affairs so extended, that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbath to his accounts. He had a staff of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive, so far-seeing, that wealth came in upon him like a flood. He purchased a country-seat, at the cost of four hundred thousand dollars, determining that he would no more have rest and quiet. But it was too late. As he stepped on his threshold, after a survey of his late purchase, he became apoplectic. Although life was not destroyed, he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

As to the hostess and fireman of the steamers on the Western rivers, which never lie by on Sabbath, seven years is the average of human life.

The average life of a slave in Cuba is ten years.

Religious Intelligence.

The war in Europe has closed. It has been short, sharp, decisive. A month of victory marches and great battles has brought victory to one of the contending hosts, and some defeat and dismay to the other. Prussia has been raised, in a few weeks, to a position of great eminence and undoubted power. Austria has been humbled, alarmed, and constrained to concessions, which might have been supplied with Austrian soldiers and the Vatican made safe by bayonets from Austrian armories. Now the defence of Rome by Austria is not possible. That discordant empire has enough to do to preserve its own integrity, and to repair the breaches made by a ruinous war. It has lost its plea also for any active intervention in Italian affairs. It has ceased to be an Italian power. Venice is gone—held for a time in the hands of that wonderful personage in Paris, who gets something by every war in Europe, and who has just returned back to Austria that it might be transferred to Italy. So all Italy belongs to the Italians, save the possessions of the Papacy. The Pope is getting to be the only saint in all that fair and beautiful land, and his temporal power the only obstacle to the assertion of unlimited dominion by the King of Italy over every foot of Italian soil. Cardinal Antonelli says that "the world is giving way." We do not wonder that under every Cardinal's hat the same idea should be lurking. The end seems to be near—not of the world—but of the world of priests, and vicars general, and legates and cardinal princes—the world they love, and fondly wish might last forever.

Agency for Excuses.

A Southern paper contains a circular purporting to come from an establishment for the manufacture and sale of excuses. It is calculated to make the reader think. We give the concluding paragraphs, with the names of the firm. Send us a notice, as explicit as possible of the duty, and the corresponding excuse will be promptly forwarded.

"One of the firm will always be in, and customers will be waited on at their homes, when preferred. All communications strictly confidential. Terms easy.

"We have a list of some of the more common excuses, such as we always keep on hand, and we submit a few of those most likely to be needed by your readers; premising that we are ready to prepare, at a short notice, any others that may be ordered.

"1. For failure to attend church, especially in unpleasant weather, or at prayer, conference, or other minor meetings—twenty-five select excuses, well arranged and indexed.

"2. For not joining the Sunday school, Missionary Society, etc.; fifteen excuses in packages.

"3. For drinking—one hundred and fifty excuses, mainly new.

"4. For neglecting family worship—seven good and sufficient excuses, well tried and warranted.

"5. For not becoming a Christian—three packages, one marked 'World,' another 'Flesh,' the third with the name of one of the firm, each containing twenty choice excuses selected from a large number, and every one of guaranteed excellence.

"6. A miscellaneous assortment, containing, among others, excuses for not giving; for inattention in church; for preaching poor sermons; for not visiting the sick; for Sunday visiting, sleeping or strolling; for worldly conformity; and many more, besides a few standard excuses of wide applicability for wrong doing in general.

"Be it in mind that we can furnish an excuse suited to any case whatever; and when you find it hard to do right, remember that next to doing right is the being able to present a good excuse for doing wrong, and you are a call.

"B. L. ZENUB, PRINTER, No. 101 BALDUIN, M.D.

Bad Habits and Something Else.
A friend writes, "I wish that you had spoken in your recent letter on 'long things' about the bad practice of making funeral services and discourses tedious. Last week I attended one in this city which occupied three hours, to the great annoyance of the mourning family, and certainly not to the profit of the attending friends. Was your minister to think that it does any good to harrow up the feelings of sensitive and afflicted people by recounting all the circumstances that go to make up their sad lot? Words are poor comforters, unless they are words of Him who said, 'Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden,' and I believe there are few persons in sorrow who do not desire to be as little as possible exposed to the view of the world, even if that world is largely made up of their sympathizing friends. It is therefore very desirable that funeral sermons should not be so protracted as to become painful to the mourning family, nor tedious to those who come to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the dead."

The Husband and the Bond of the House.
The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *hus* and *band*, which signify "the bond of the house," and it was anciently applied to the husband, and continued to be applied in some editions of the Bible after the introduction of the art of printing. A husband then, is a house-bond—the bond of a house—that which unites a family into the union of strength and the oneness of love. Wife and children, "strangers within the gates," all their interests and all their happiness are enrolled in the *house-bond's* embrace, the objects of his protection and of his special care. What a fine picture is this of a husband's duty and a family's privilege! And what a beautiful emblem is this of the guardianship and love, and unending kindness exercised toward believing souls, and inquiring sinners, and "the whole family in heaven and in earth," by Him who says, "It shall be at that day that thou shalt call me Mine, (that is my husband,) for I will betroth thee unto me forever; yes I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness."

Troubles.
Some people are so careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them. They want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish—they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! I don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."—Blind Amos.

Philosophy.
A Democratic contemporary, speaking of the recent election intelligence, says its receipt reminds him of the story of an old farmer whose little boy came to him one morning and said: "Father, the old black sheep has brought a pair of twin lambs."
"Good; that is the most profitable sheep I ever owned."
"But, father, one of the lambs is dead."
"All right, my son, the other will do better."
"But both of them are dead."
"It's just as well, the old sheep will get fat now."
"But father, the old sheep is dead too."
"I am glad of it, she was a troublesome old thing, always the ringleader of the flock."

General Miscellany.

Apples.
BY GEORGE W. CURTIS.
Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peaches, plums, pears, high and low blackberries, timbalberries, blueberries, and huckleberries (if the gentle reader prefers to call them so) are the fruits which tempt the palate, and which are the most delicious of fruits, the most poetic of fruits—might all grapes be spared than the honest, sound, ruddy apple. Yes—might altogether be spared rather than the apple. They are the delight of an hour—the evanescent decoration of a week, or an fortnight, or of a month. They are preyed upon by the voracious and the greedy, and they are the summer with continuous variety and delicate gust. But the apple is permanent pleasure. It is for all the year. It circles the months. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. The apple is immortal! As it is the most ancient, so it is the most royal of fruits. The apple never dies.

The sturdy fruit, delicious in flavor and of an indefinite adaptability, is curiously characteristic of the Yankee, who surrounds his farm with its still and unshapely trees, and generally leaves them to rot with the weather as they choose; but, despite his neglect, expect that they will pour rosy plenty into his basket in the soft Indian summer days. Is his seeming neglect only the confidence of experience, after all? If it be so, how can we look into his orchard without blushing? What a pathetic sermon in each of those uncomfortable trees! No wonder he hangs his head as he passes by, and scolds his

ever. The foundations do seem to be giving way upon which these gentry rested. Prussia has smitten the right hand of the Papal power. The battle of Sedoia settled much more than the political ascendancy of Prussia among the German States, or the future status of Austria in relation to the same States. It decided that no part of the temporal power which the Pope has lost can ever be regained. It has made it probable that what remains of this power in the hands of Pius the Ninth, will pass away from those feeble hands ere they are folded in the last sleep. We shall watch with unusual interest the turn of events during the next few months.

To the student of history, and the student of prophecy, they must be alike important and attractive. If Italy is to be one, and free, will there continue to be a place for the Pope there?—Presbyterian.

Missionary Exposition at Paris.
It is stated in the foreign papers that the Roman Catholics in France recently applied to the Managers of the Great Exposition to come off in Paris for leave to exhibit such things as would illustrate their missionary undertakings throughout the world. It was at once granted. The French Protestants heard of it, and they applied for leave to exhibit things to illustrate Protestantism. The permission was readily granted. It is said that upon this being known the Jesuits said, "If the Protestants are allowed to exhibit, we will not," and it was intimated to them that they must. But they insisted that they would not. The report goes on to say that an intimation was given to the highest authority in Rome, saying, "They are to exhibit!" So it was settled that the two were to go side by side. But then came the great question, If the French Protestants were to exhibit for themselves, they could make only a very small demonstration; and whether they would be permitted to call the great societies of Europe and America around them, and ask them to unite in one common display, whereby the eyes of the Continent might look on one and all that was being done throughout the world by the various Protestant missionary societies. This also was granted. Then whether they would be permitted to have any one to represent them upon the Commission? Yes, if the various Protestant societies would accept it, one member should be put on the Imperial Commission to represent them. Then whether they would be permitted to exhibit books, Bibles, tracts, and specimens of languages, and products of anything and everything showing what they were doing. Yes, all that. Still, a further question, Whether they would be permitted to send men to be on the spot to give discourses explaining the objects and the operations? Even that was accorded. The conditions as they are finally written are these:—

"I. That all the Protestant missionary societies in Europe and America join together to make one general exhibition. The necessary accommodation shall be granted for that purpose.

"II. That the various Protestant missionary societies accept the Committee of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society as their representative and delegate. If it be agreed to, a member of the said Committee shall be admitted among the Commissioners appointed by Government to regulate and superintend everything pertaining to the Exhibition.

"III. That the different societies send all their deemed calculated to give an idea of the religious, intellectual, and social condition of the nations among whom they labor; native implements, weapons, dress and produce, both in agriculture and industry, before and since the introduction of machinery, and specimens of the progress of their primitive and present dwellings; translations of the Bible, books, tracts, journals, printed in the stations; works published by missionaries, especially on travels and philology; specimens of the writings of native converts in their respective languages and those of Europe of curiosities, together with specimens which may throw light on points of natural history."

The Protestants of France at once undertook to raise a building, and expend £1,200 upon it; and they applied to the societies of Europe and America to join them in the work. The London Church Missionary Society was the first to respond, subscribing £200 towards the building. The Wesleyan, £200. Surely the friends of Missions in America will not allow such a favourable opportunity to promote the knowledge of Christian missions to exist without bearing their part in improving it. We are confident that the matter will receive immediate attention.—N. Y. Observer.

General Miscellany.

Apples.

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Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, mulberries, peaches, plums, pears, high and low blackberries, timbalberries, blueberries, and huckleberries (if the gentle reader prefers to call them so) are the fruits which tempt the palate, and which are the most delicious of fruits, the most poetic of fruits—might all grapes be spared than the honest, sound, ruddy apple. Yes—might altogether be spared rather than the apple. They are the delight of an hour—the evanescent decoration of a week, or an fortnight, or of a month. They are preyed upon by the voracious and the greedy, and they are the summer with continuous variety and delicate gust. But the apple is permanent pleasure. It is for all the year. It circles the months. You may eat russets up to the day when the new apples appear. The apple is immortal! As it is the most ancient, so it is the most royal of fruits. The apple never dies.

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