

# The Provincial Wesleyan

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WHOLE No. 648.

## Religious Miscellany.

### Peace in Trusting.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."  
Isaiah XLV. 1.

Oh, this is a blessing, this is rest!  
Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee:  
I hide me in Thy faithful breast,  
And put out all my soul to Thee.  
There is a host dissembling me,  
But, all their voices far above,  
I hear Thy words—"O taste and see  
The comfort of a Saviour's love."  
And, hushing every adverse sound,  
Songs of defence my soul surround,  
As if all saints encompassed about,  
One trusting heart pursued by doubt.

And oh, how solemn, yet how sweet  
Their one assured, persuasive strain!  
"The Lord of Hosts is Thy retreat,  
The man who bore thy sin, thy pain.  
Still in His hand thy times remain—  
Still of His body thou art part."  
And He will prove His right to reign  
O'er all things that concern thy heart.  
O' the tenderest—O' truth divine!  
Lord, I am altogether Thine,  
I have bowed down—I need not flee,  
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

"And now I count supremely kind  
The rule that once I thought severe;  
And precious to my altered mind,  
At length, thy least reproofs appear.  
Now to the love that casts out fear,  
Merry and true indeed are one;  
Why should I hold my ease so dear?  
The work of trusting must be done,  
I must be taught what I would know;  
I must be led where I would go;  
And all the rest ordained for me,  
Till that which is not seen I see,  
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

### Saturday Evening Prayer-Meeting.

Several years ago, in a retired village in New England, there gathered in a small cottage, one Saturday evening, of the professed followers of Jesus for prayer. In that little community there were few bearing the Christian name; and you were growing up careless of the welfare of the soul. In but few houses in the village was prayer offered, and those who felt the need of prayer were pained at the moral desolation which reigned around them.

They came together in a small room to inquire of the Lord what He would have them do. Peculiar trials beset their path, and the burden of the inquiring was, "What shall we do, and what shall we do?"

The season was one never to be forgotten, and at the close of the evening they decided to meet again the next Saturday evening, which they did, and then resolved to continue these little gatherings; and what has been the result? Their number gradually increased, they went from house to house as doors were opened for them, and soon souls began to be sown, and the inquiry was heard, "What shall I do to be saved?"

God appeared in mercy. Heads of families were brought to Christ, and altars erected in several homes, where morning and evening incense has continued to burn without interruption. Youth also were led to the way to Zion, and many are consistently walking in the narrow way.

Years have rolled by, but the Saturday evening meeting is never forgotten. It is attended with deep interest, no longer in that little retired room, but the doors of a commodious hall are weakly opened for the assembling of Christians to pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Of the four brethren who first met to pray on Saturday evening, one has gone where prayer is exchanged for praise, his six children have risen up to call him blessed, and all are numbered among the disciples of Jesus. That little village has become greatly enlarged. Most of the heads of the families are in the church, and an interesting circle of youth have "chosen that good part which shall not be taken away." As the fathers are removed from the earth, a band of noble young men are ready to occupy their places. A high tone of moral influence now pervades that neat village, which, so far as instrumentalities are concerned, may be traced, in a good degree, to the influence of the Saturday evening prayer-meeting.

### A Nation without Religion.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. The great men of other countries live and die, on the scene of history, looking up to heaven. Our great men live and die looking at the spectator, or, at the most, at posterity. Open the history of America, the history of England, the history of France, Washington and Franklin spoke, fought, suffered, ascended and descended in their political life of popularity, in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their fellow-citizens, always in the name of God for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

"Sydney, the young martyr of a patriotism guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dreams of liberty, said to his jailer, 'I rejoice that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim resigned to the King on high to whom all life is due.'"

The republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles; their politics were their faith, their religion a prayer, their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels, that God was in all the movements of these good people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Manche, come to our time, open our annals and listen to the words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was clipped from the soul—that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist when the recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the great year of France. The victims only have a God, the tribunes and leaders have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. 'Crown me with flowers,' said he, 'intoxicate me with

## Religious Intelligence.

### Letter from Tientsin.

(By Mr. Whalpole, Missionary of the American Board.)

Mr. Blodget mentions that in April an English missionary, Mr. Innocent, of a branch of the Methodist Church, arrived at Tientsin, who was to be joined by his wife, and also by a colleague. An English Baptist missionary had been there for a few days on his way to Peking; and at Tungchow and Chifoo, there were representatives of six missionary societies. With reference to the facilities offered for missionary operations at Tientsin, and a recent excursion, our brother writes—

"In its facilities for intercourse with the capital and the remote parts of the empire, this city has very great advantages. I have distributed books to men from Shansi, and from remote parts of this province. A few days since, I returned from a short trip into the interior, north-west of Tientsin. In that direction we found an immense marsh, or shallow lake, covered with reeds and rushes, intersected by streams of water, along which numerous boats were going to and fro, to various parts of the province. Towns are constructed on raised land, in the midst of these marshes, so that none of them contains as many as twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants. The limit of our journey was the town of Shunfang,—"Surpassing Beauty,"—so named from the beauty of the lotus flower, which blooms on the waters on every side, and makes it, in summer, like an island in a sea of flowers. The root of the lotus plant is used for food, and is esteemed very wholesome. Labourers were standing in deep water, clothed in skins, gathering these roots for the market. Fishing boats were everywhere to be seen, and every sort of device is used by the ingenious Chinese to entrap the fish. Weirs are common. The reeds and rushes to which I have alluded are very important articles for fuel and for mats. They are taken to the cities for market in boats. There, with the stalks of the Barbadoes millet, are the principal dependence of the people for fuel. Numerous flocks of ducks, both wild and tame, will geese, cranes and other wild birds, inhabit these marshes. The tame ducks are kept both for their own value, and as decoy ducks, for the sportsman following with his gun at a little distance in a boat. Lime and coal are brought across these waters to Tientsin, and the products of southern China and Annam are carried to the interior. Planting-foo, the capital of the province, is situated on the plain beyond the marshes, about 120 miles from Tientsin, in this direction.

The people were everywhere civil and attentive to what was said. Curious to see Europeans they must be, and to be the object of curiosity and eager examination to crowds has become a common thing; we always expect it. "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision."

ENGLISH FORCES—THEIR GOOD CONDUCT.

The English forces are to remain here indefinitely. In this the people are quite agreed, for two reasons. First, because by their good behavior, their regard for law, justice and fair dealing, by their kindness and generosity, they have overcome prejudices, and caused themselves to be regarded as friends rather than as enemies. They have raised large sums of money for the poor, in addition to their individual charities. They have opened a hospital, the fame of which has spread far and wide, and with much labour have relieved multitudes of patients gratuitously. The soldiers have been granted from spiritual distress by right laws. No "Maine law" ever approached, in strictness and promptness of execution, the temperance law of the British garrison in Tientsin. Great shops in ash, and the smarting backs of liquor-dealers, bear witness to the fidelity of the Provost Marshal. The dress of the soldiers is clean and of the best quality, their manners are respectful, and their bearing manly and generous. Considering what war is, and what are the evils attending it, the least that can be said is, that a nation may well be proud of such a force as the officers and soldiers of this garrison.

Second, the rebellion, which has been in progress for years, is spreading northward. A large body of robbers and thieves, holding some loose connection with the court at Nankin, are ravaging the province of Shantung, and menacing the province of Chihli. Tientsin would form one of their first objects of attack, were it not protected by a foreign force. Under these circumstances the people look to the allies for protection, and would be very sorry to have them leave.

The Emperor will not return to Peking. Mr. Bruce is there, and the French Ambassador, also. The Prussian Ambassador is here, on his way to the capital to negotiate a treaty.

JOURNEY TO PEKIN.

In the second of these letters, dated May 18, Mr. Blodget speaks of a journey to Peking, from which he had just returned. The company, he says, "consisted of four individuals: two Americans, one Hollander—a missionary of the English Baptist Society—and the chaplain of a Prussian frigate, which is now at Tientsin." The distance was seventy-five miles, which they travelled in a cart, in two days. He gives the names of forty towns and villages passed on the way.

TUNG CHOW IS THE COUNTRY OPEN TO PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES?

Respecting one of these towns, and on the question as to toleration secured by treaties to Protestant missionaries, he writes as follows:—

Tung Chow, pronounced Tung Chow, is a large city, containing perhaps 100,000 inhabitants, distant from Peking twelve miles. We left on our right, as we passed through the village of Tan Tsuam. Hence the navigation of the Peiho by horse carriages, and goods are transported by land from this place to Peking. If Peking is not now open to protestant missionaries—both Chinese and European authorities seem to understand—then Tung Chow should be occupied at once, as the nearest available place to the capital.

I may remark in passing, that while the French have an explicit agreement that the Roman Catholic religion shall be everywhere tolerated, that property formerly owned by Roman Catholics, but taken from them in times of persecution, shall be restored; and that French missionaries may buy land in all the provinces, erect churches,

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"Stop, you are a fanatic! I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point!"

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This clergyman told me—"They went for me, and I never spent such a night in my life. There lay that child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—asleep with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled in blood, lying in another room—asleep with two physicians trying to save the life of his wife—suffering under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him. You cannot see him." I must see him—I must see my boy? They took him into the room and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him he cried out, 'Oh, my God! and fell back dead.' This clergyman told me—and I have his name in my note-book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from the lunatic asylum, to lay beside with his wife and child."

Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.

### Mock Auctions: How to get Victimized.

Some time since a rural colonel from the West came to New York to make a speech. He was met the next day by a gentleman who called him by name—knew him well—was charmed with the fervor of his Western eloquence—with the force of his oratory, with his unfeigned patriotism; to all which the Western orator bowed in the lowest humility, avowed his sense of unworthiness; his inability to enlighten a New York audience; but expressed a warm appreciation of the manner in which the people listened to his poor remarks. A fellow feeling was at once created, and confidence, that plant of slow growth, seemed to come forth as by a miracle. The pair reached a store on Broadway, the ownership of which the new acquaintance of the colonel knew. It just popped into the mind of the colonel that he had a lovely daughter at home, fair as a prairie rosebud, which soon was to bloom in a conservatory of a waiting wain, who waited in impatience to make the fair flower his own. The colonel should come a home from New York. Now this daughter needed a good watch, and he proposed to buy one. The new friend of the colonel allowed that he kept watches in his est-

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