

# THE WESLEYAN.

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## Poetry.

### For the Wesleyan. THE SPIRIT'S PRAYER.

Let me go home rejoicing,  
Oh! my Father, and my God,  
Let thine arms be thrown around me,  
As I pass beneath the rod.  
Let thine angels come to guide me  
Through the chilling waves of death—  
Let me lean upon thy bosom,  
When I draw my parting breath.  
When the light of earth is fading  
From mine eyes forever more,  
Oh! let the Sun of Righteousness  
Rise upon me from the shore;  
Let the loved ones, who are dwelling  
In the Father's house on high,  
Come to welcome, and to meet me  
When to earthly love I die.  
When the dear familiar voices  
Fail to reach my closing ear,  
Let the words of the dear saviour  
Be to my heart more dear.  
Let me hear the Father saying  
"My child, my child!" well done!  
Then let me soar rejoicing  
To my eternal home!

Baltimore, Dec. 21th.

Orla.

## Christian Miscellany.

We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts  
and reasonings of pure and lofty minds.—Dr. Saxe.

### For the Wesleyan. Foreign Missions.

NO. I.

MR. EDITOR,—The age in which we live is one of progression. Nothing remains in a fixed position—nothing can remain so. "Advance, advance! Onward, onward!" is the watchword iterated and re-iterated from the centre to the circumference of the scientific world. The learned world is diligently exploring the vast regions of undiscovered knowledge, and every day serves only to develop some astonishing fact, some mysterious truth, long hid in the darkness of the unrecovered past; and should the terraqueous globe on which we dwell continue to revolve on its axis, and maintain its own proper orbit for a short period, the unlettered of the present age will advance in knowledge to the position of the *Literati* of the present times, and these to a state not yet anticipated. We hail with delight the acquisition of human knowledge, so much sought after at the present juncture.

But while the philosopher and the man of science are laudably and zealously endeavoring to enlighten and instruct the natural world, should not the philanthropist, and the Christian with equal diligence exert themselves to enlighten, civilize and christianize the moral world, inasmuch as mind is infinitely superior to matter, and the concerns of the immortal soul are of more importance than any thing which relates only to the mortal body? We are pleased to know that much has been done to accomplish this desirable object, but the efforts put forth have not been commensurate with the importance of the subject. Among the noble institutions of the present day the Missionary enterprise stands pre-eminent.—Here is a field of labour which requires all the energy, zeal, influence, and benevolence, which can be brought to bear upon it by the Church of God, in order to its speedy and complete cultivation and regeneration.

The present moral and spiritual state of the Heathen world demands our most serious consideration. The world in which we live is over spread with about ten hundred millions of rational, intelligent, and immortal beings. Divide these into thirty equal parts—eighteen are Pagans, five are Mahometans, and only seven bear the Christian name. Saint Paul, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, has given a true and faithful description of the moral state of the Pagan nations. With this agree the various accounts given from time to time by Missionaries, Voyagers, and Travellers, who

could have no possible interest in stating what was not strictly true. Traverse the vast regions of Africa, the "country of monsters," and view their state—explore the burning fields of Asia, where "Satan holds his seat," and witness the degraded state of the native tribes—view the countless islands of the Indian, the Southern, and the Pacific Oceans, and then wander through the trackless wilds of America, and there you will find such abominations as would not be prudent to name, and such degradation as never could have been thought of, had not creditable persons attested to the facts.

But however degraded their moral state, their spiritual state is still worse. Idolatry, in its worst and most degrading forms, is practised throughout these vast regions.—Gods animate and inanimate, receive the homage and worship due only to the living God. These modes of worship are so disgusting and revolting, that modesty blushes to think of them; without presuming to mention them. Nine fifteenths of the human family are at this moment gross idolaters, living under the slavery of sin—without God, and consequently without hope in the world—degraded to the lowest state of barbarism.

"The servile progeny of Ham  
Seize, as the purchase of thy blood;  
Let all the Heathens know thy name;  
From idols to the living God,  
The dark Americans convert;  
And shine in every Pagan heart!"

JUSTITIA.

January 26th.

### Personal Experience—The Two Prayers.

"Have faith in God."

"The Christian experience of individuals," said a minister of the gospel, "belongs to the church." Praying that a sketch of my own experience may prove as great a benefit to others as the experience of others has been to me, I subjoin the following:—

In the early part of my religious life it was very hard, or rather it *seemed* very hard for me to exercise that faith "that overcomes the world, purifies the heart, and works by love."

I could pray, and weep, and believe for others, but how to believe for myself, I knew not. It was as good as others, I often said, then I might expect to receive as great blessings as they receive; but alas! I have a hard, unbelieving heart.

Thus was I unconsciously looking for some goodness in myself as a foundation for my faith. A more faithful study of the Bible at this time would have taught me that the atonement of Christ is the only foundation for faith, and the only plea for the Christian or the sinner.

One day, while on my knees in secret prayer, my heart was unusually affected with a sense of my unworthiness. There were roots of bitterness within, and my heart seemed even more depraved and sinful than it did before my sins were forgiven. The enemy suggested to my mind "What is the use of spending any more precious time in praying for yourself; you see how undeserving you are of the least of God's mercies. Pray for your friends who are more deserving than yourself." And I did pray for my friends. But how did I leave the house of prayer? Wholly unprepared to glorify God; without the least preparation to meet the trials of life. I went forth to mingle in a company of the ungodly; and if my countenance was a faithful index of my heart, sad indeed must have been the impression left on their minds in regard to the religion that I professed. I always look back to that hour with deep regret, for it was an hour of the triumph of unbelief.

Several years of varied experience have passed away, and again the hour of prayer has arrived. As I bowed down before the mercy seat, my heart was apparently as hard and cold as if I had never known the power of saving grace. But I remembered that God was an unchangeable being. The love

of Christ was the same as when he died for me on Calvary, and the promises were ever sure. What more could I ask as a ground for hope and faith. You are unworthy, said the enemy; you have been unfaithful. That is true, replied my heart:

"No worth of my own or goodness I claim,  
My trust is all thrown on Jesus' name."

"But," continued the enemy, "you are trusting in God merely because he is a God of love; you are expecting to be saved from your sins because he is long suffering and merciful, but you cannot exercise that faith which is necessary to bring a present blessing, and without which it is impossible to please God." For a moment I was "cast down," and it really seemed as impossible for me to exercise the faith which God required at that time as to cast a mountain into the midst of the sea, or to stretch forth a withered hand.

But I had learned from experience that I must avail myself of every motive set before me in the Gospel to encourage and strengthen my faith. I knew not that the Christian must live by faith and not by feeling; and that faith, like every other Christian grace, must be assiduously and constantly cultivated. I began to reason thus: It is my usual hour for prayer; I need a fresh supply of grace; without this I cannot glorify God. This last consideration seemed a sufficient reason for urging my petition before the Throne, and I resolved in my heart "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Unworthily as I was of the least blessing from the hand of God, I knew that I should only render myself more unworthy; if I should leave my closet without a blessing, and "the glory of God requires it," added new strength to my resolution. Yet the enemy suggested, it is impossible for you to believe now. But the Lord requires me to believe this moment, and because he requires it, I will believe, if it is impossible; and I repeated it again and again, although it seemed at the time as if there was no truth, no sincerity in my words. Then my heart began to melt, light beamed upon my mind; I saw that God required nothing impossible. I had exercised all the faith I could at the time, and it was enough. With the song of praise on my lips I hastened to tell my friends what the Lord had done for me, and my prayer was answered, and God was glorified. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth him." That was an hour of the triumph of faith.—*Chr. Zion's Herald.*

### Gems Worth Setting.

To be a Christian is to give the heart an object, at once so great and so pure, that there is little danger of loving it too much, or loving it improperly. Religion, without destroying the feelings, controls and employs them,—and thus like the fabled transmuting power, turns all it touches into gold.

Worlds may die away, but Morality is as unchangeable as the God from whose mouth she proceeded. There is "a good old way" in morals, and I beseech you not to wander from it. Heaven gives us *bodily* instincts, and we are glad to profit from them; it gives us *moral* instincts, and we ought to abide by them. Do not substitute arithmetic for feeling, nor think things good only because you can number their excellencies, but because God, speaking in the heart, tells you that they are good.

I cannot spend my time in examining the thorns upon the hill of Zion, when I am mercifully permitted to gather its flowers. Come and let us look together at the goodly proportion, the majesty, the splendor of the temple, and listen to the promises of its mercy-seat, and leave others to pluck the few weeds which have sprung up in its courts.

### Set your Affections on Things Above.

As the bee is ever on the wing between the flowers and its honey cells, so should our affections ever be going forth in prayer to God without and returning to God with-

in. Amidst all the busiest scenes of our pilgrimage, we may be moving to and fro on the rapid river of mental prayer; that prayer which lays the whole burden of the heart on a single sigh. A sigh breathed in the spirit, though inaudible to all around us but God, may sanctify every conversation, every event in the history of the day.—Prayer will be fatiguing to flesh and blood; if uttered aloud, and sustained long. But there is an undercurrent of prayer, that may run continually under the stream of our thoughts, and never weary us. Such prayer is the silent breathing of the Spirit of God, who dwells in our hearts; it is the temper and habit of the spiritual mind; it is the pulse of our life, "which is hid with Christ in God;" it is the consciousness of the divine nature communicated to us in regeneration. Prayer of this kind may be breathed "without ceasing."—*Rev. W. H. Hewitson.*

### Most Delightful Emotion.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates to write an answer; and one with a smiling countenance wrote *Joy*. It would seem as if none could write any thing else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down *Hope*. A third, with beaming countenance, wrote *Gratitude*. A fourth wrote *Love*; and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back, with a countenance full of peace, and yet a fearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "*Repentance* is the most delightful emotion." He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "O," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which mark these mutes, "It is so delightful to be humbled before God!"

### Pray for the Editor.

Because, 1. He is a man. 2. He is a watchman. 3. He needs that wisdom which is from above, and profitable to direct. 4. His parish is very large. He in some instances, has to furnish intellectual and spiritual food to several thousands, and it is of vast importance that he "rightly divide the word of truth," and "feed them with knowledge and understanding." 5. It is with the editor at the press, as with the minister at the pulpit. "He that planteth is nothing, and he that watereth is nothing; but God who giveth the increase." 6. The more you pray for your minister, the more likely are you to be benefited by his preaching; and the more you pray for your editor, the more benefit you will doubtless receive from his publication. 7. I am afraid he is often forgotten in the closet, for I am sure he is not often remembered in the family, in the pulpit, or in the prayer meeting; if you pray for him as you ought, you will be more likely to give him a just remuneration for his toil.—*Religious Recorder.*

### Light the Lamps.

There are in the world about eight hundred millions of souls. If instead of that number of souls to be brought to God, there were the same number of lamps to be lighted, and if five were lighted every minute, it would take between seven and eight hundred years to light them.

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic, too busy to take care of his tools.

He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.