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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

SABBATH STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Another green spot in a wilderness,
Another refuge in a weary land,
Come, Christian, tune thy harp, let joyful songs
Adorning own the gently guiding hand,
That leadeth thee through many a thorny maze,
And bids thee, grateful Ebenezers raise.
Look back upon thy weary pilgrimage,
Though but the journey of a few short years;
Its heights, whose summits seemed in sunshine bathed,
How has their steepness called forth bitter tears;
Ah, green inviting paths with snares abound,
And fairest flowers with rankling thorns are crowned.
Yet oh, thy yearning heart recalls bright skies,
That shed on thee their soft and soothing light;
And bowers of fragrance shared by friends, whose love
Was thine in sunny day and clouded night;
Blest were those hours affection's smiles endeared,
A Paradise the wilderness appeared.
But why those swimming eyes, those hands upraised,
In all the touching eloquence of grief?
Where are they now? Alas, those angel guests,
Bright was their presence, but their stay how brief;
They vanished from thy sight, and with them went
The gilded halo they to life had lent.
And now, a lonely pilgrim thou hast come
To water with thy tears this resting-place,
Thy bowed-down head, thy garments soiled and torn,
Tell of the toils and conflicts of the race;
Yet, by thy side, sweet patience loves to stay,
And gently smooth the terrors of the way.
And surely Heaven to thee in mercy sends
The calmness of this holy Sabbath-day;
The hours of rapt devotion to withdraw
Thy heart from earth and earthly hopes away;
Oh now, by faith, discern the rest at hand,
Eternal rest within the "better land."
Linger no more to weep thy perished goods,
Forget the dreams thy fancy loved so well,
And from this hour go forth with strength renewed,
Firmly to combat every sinful spell;
With songs of praise let desert wilds resound,
Until abiding rest thy steps have found.

M. E. H.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Anxious Inquirer.

HIS DUTY:—FAITH.

Two brief and simple anecdotes must close for the present, dear reader, my observations on your exercise of faith. I can very well imagine, that with the absence of a precise definition of the act of faith, you still feel somewhat perplexed about its exercise. If so, I know no better way of meeting your difficulty, than by giving you a couple of illustrations of the matter, drawn from facts.

In a small town, in the south of England I believe, there dwelt some years ago, a young lady, in a deeply anxious state of mind. Her conscience had been awakened by the gospel message. She saw and felt herself a sinner; was alarmed at the sight; but in her ignorance, knew not in what way to escape the wrath to come. Her anxiety continued several months, during which she made various efforts to obtain relief to her distracted mind. She conversed with many christian friends; read many religious books recommended to her notice; mingled in many religious meetings; listened to the sermons of various preachers of various sects, but all to no purpose. No peace, no rest could she obtain. She still felt she was not reposing on Christ; and she was not (and well for her she could not feel) at peace. At last, after a painful day of mental agony, and a round of religious services, in which she had vainly engaged, in the hopes of finding the repose she panted for, she retired to her room; and sitting down with her Bible, but worn out with fatigue, soon fell asleep in her chair. As she slept she dreamed. She thought she had fallen into

a river—a deep, rapid river—flowing impetuously towards a ledge of rocks which crossed it, and over which it fell with a fearful roar. Every moment she felt herself borne nearer and nearer the cataract, without the power of resistance. She looked round for help, but not a human being could she see. She cried, but none appeared for her rescue. At last she passed under some overhanging brushwood, and eagerly caught a branch, to which she clung as for life. While struggling thus, she thought she saw approaching her upon the water a being of exquisite beauty; and as she drew near, she was sure it could be no other than the lovely Son of God. His countenance all beaming with benevolence he addressed himself to her. "Why are you struggling there?" he said. "Oh, don't ask me why I am struggling here," she cried; "don't you see I have fallen into this river? Cannot you hear the roar of that dreadful cataract, towards which I am being borne? Don't ask me why I am struggling here, but save me—oh, save me, if you can!" Oh, yes, I can save you," was the answer; "but let go that branch." "Let go the branch! I dare not let go the branch; it is all my hope or chance of safety!" "Let it go," and I will save you!" The whole bearing of her questioner was so dignified, yet kind, and his countenance so lovely, that she almost felt she could trust his word. Her eye became fixed upon him; and while she scrutinized his countenance, and turned over in her mind his words—"I WILL SAVE YOU!"—confidence grew up in her mind, and she, imperceptibly to herself, let go the branch. The moment that she did so, he stooped down, caught her in his arms, and bore her to the shore. She awoke; she had learned her lesson. Poor silly soul, she had been clinging to prayers, to efforts, to what she could do, but now she saw her safety in "letting all go," and leaving Christ to save her. So faith lets all go, and leaves Jesus himself to save.

In some village or town of North America, a number of workmen were engaged in completing a lofty building. They were putting on the roof, and the great scaffolding was still standing round about. Amongst those engaged about the slates was a little boy, who thoughtlessly ventured too near the edge of the roof, slipped, and fell over. In his fall he caught hold of a rope dangling from the scaffolding, and there hung over, you might say, destruction. A strong man below saw the lad, and running to the spot, placed himself directly beneath him, and holding out his arms, exclaimed, "Here, my lad, drop into my arms; I will save you; just drop into my arms." The little lad looked down. He saw the strength of those extended arms. He felt sure the man would not deceive him. The rope was let go, and in another moment, he was seen dropping through the air, and then safely clasped in the bosom of the man.

Reader, that was faith; the very faith that thou must exercise in Christ if thou wouldst be saved. Thou art hovering over the pit of destruction; how soon thou mayest fall into it we cannot tell. Jesus presents himself omnipotent to save. With extended arms he cries, "Here sinner drop into my arms!" Oh, let your language be—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless wretch,
On thy kind arms I fall,
Thou art my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

And the work is done. Christ has saved the soul; and angels, as they witness the blessed issue, go up to chant their song of gladness, that thou at last hast dropped into thy Saviour's arms.—*Bible Class Magazine.*

Never Stop for Storms.

A young preacher in a distant district made an appointment for a five o'clock lecture with a congregation to whom he occasionally preached on the Sabbath. Accompanied by a deacon of the church, he had accomplished about half the distance to the

place of meeting, when a severe thunder storm arose, and obliged them to take shelter in a barn by the road-side. After the rain had abated, the young minister said to his companion, "Come, deacon, the storm is over, and we had better go on."

The deacon's reply was, "I think not. The storm will prevent attendance, and you will find the school-house nearly or quite empty."

"But an appointment was made, and must be kept."

"I think it will be useless."

"Well, deacon, you will do as you think best, I must fulfil the engagement." The deacon returned home. The preacher proceeded on his way, and found a full congregation assembled to hear his lecture. Seeing so many gathered around him, and feeling that he might have lost an opportunity of benefiting some soul that was groping in darkness had he yielded to the plausible conclusion of his friend, the young man then formed the resolution never, under any circumstances, to be deterred by a storm from performing his duty.

Another test of principle yet awaited the same minister. An appointment had been made on a week-day evening, six miles distant from his place of residence. The day came, but snow fell in clouds until late in the afternoon. Walking was in consequence very difficult, and he had no means for riding. Still his purpose failed not. "I must go," he said. Two hours' severe toil brought him to the place of meeting. Only five or six individuals had assembled. But they were immortal beings, each having a soul worth a myriad of worlds. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," formed the subject of discourse. Wearied, and almost regretting that he came, he left the house and returned to his home.

Several months after this, a young lady presented herself to the church, asking admission to membership.

"When were you awakened to a sense of your state?"

"On that stormy night, when you, sir, preached at —, from the text—'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

"Lord, forgive my unbelief!" ejaculated the preacher, and again the resolution filled his mind. "I will never stop for a storm."

Let Christians and Christian ministers never be frightened from duty by storms. God, by these apparent obstacles, often tries our faith and our devotion. Remember, too, that the amount of good done is not measured by the number that may be present at religious appointments. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

The Disciple is as His Master.

Do you think your condition in life a humble one? So was Christ's. He was the reputed son of a carpenter. He was the inmate of no costly dwelling. He laboured with his own hands. The proud doubtless looked down upon him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you suffer from a lack of the comforts and conveniences, and even the necessities of life? So did Christ. He travelled on foot and was wearied by his journey, he was hungry when he had not the means of procuring food, was weary when he had not where to lay his head. In all these respects you are as well off as was Christ. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet sorrows which weigh down the soul, causing days of heaviness and nights of weeping? So did Christ. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Sorrow and weeping were the characteristics of his life. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Do you meet with unkindness where you have a right to expect love? are your motives misinterpreted and your efforts to good rendered abortive? and do you not meet with deception and treachery? So did Christ. He was despised and rejected of those whom he came to save: many went

back and walked no more with him, and one of the chosen twelve lifted up his heel against him. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master. Will not this consideration remove every cause of discontent and repining.—*New York Observer.*

Be Wide Awake!

About an honest employment Providence throws in your way. Keep at it—heartily and earnestly at it. Don't slack up, and be languid. Hold on. We will give you good reasons, and a variety of them.

1. That is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate."

2. That is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late William Hazlitt remarked, "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. That is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put every thing to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to scour the anchor," was the reply, on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. That is the way to keep out of bad company.—He will *rove* who has not rest for his mind in some occupation; and, roving, he will fall in with other rovers. They are birds of a feather. And, as gathered burning brands augment the flame and heat, so do gathered rovers and idlers augment the taste and activity of each other's minds for evil doing.

5. That is the way to disappoint Satan. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victory.

6. That is the way to pay due respect to counsel from the highest of all counsellors, "Diligent in business," says the divine record! Do something, therefore—the right thing—do it—keep on doing it. Be wide-awake about it!

The Infidel Doctor and the Poor Labourer.

"John, so you really believe there is such a thing as a soul in man?" "I do." "Did you ever see a soul?" "No." "Did you ever hear a soul?" "No." "Did you ever smell a soul?" "No." "Did you ever taste a soul?" "No." "Did you ever feel a soul?" "Yes! thank God, I have felt, and do feel it, and rejoice in the hope of its immortality through Jesus Christ." "Then there are four senses out of the five, which prove there is no such thing as a soul in man."

"But, doctor, will you allow me to ask a few questions?" "Yes." "Did you ever see a pain?" "No." "Did you ever hear a pain?" "No." "Did you ever smell a pain?" "No." "Did you ever taste a pain?" "No." "Did you ever feel a pain?" "Yes." "Then there are four senses out of the five, which prove there is no such thing as a pain."

We need scarcely say the doctor was confounded, and never again ridiculed poor John for his religious faith.

Many a poor man makes a bright Christian: God keeps him humble that he may dwell in his heart, and that the beams of his grace may shine in his life. The evening star—how bright it shines, yet it is lowest in the heavens. So God keeps you low, that you may shine bright. Where do the rivers run that fertilize the soil?—not on the top of the hills, but in the vales beneath. So, if you would taste of the streams which gladden the city of God, you must abide in the vale of humility.—*Life of Rowland Hill.*