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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

The following lines are kindly addressed to the much respected parents of a very fine young man, J. A. S., who died at Cuba, in August, 1851, aged 24 years.

Vain may the sable garb of woe essay,
To tell the aching of the wounded heart;
Or words themselves, with all their mightier power,
Describe the pangs of grief's fell-barbed dart.

Day midst its busy scenes and hurrying calls,
May lead a moment, sometimes, to forget;
The lov'd one taken from th' encircling group,
And hush for the short hour, the sighs of deep regret.

But evening comes, when round the friendly board,
The lov'd and cherish'd ones assemble still;
They turn from face to face with tearful eye,
Enquiring who the vacant seat shall fill.

Who as the sacred page in turn is read,
The well known voice no longer here is heard;
Or whilst the "songs of Zion" charm the heart,
The softened notes of him so much endeared.

Far off in foreign soil—a stranger land
Lies the dear youth—the lov'd and prized of all;
Of warm affection—of unchanging love
And prompt to each and every filial call.

The kind—the gentle—soft and soothing voice,
The kindly smile e'er beaming on that face;
All—all bespeak the workings of a heart,
At peace within—with all the world at peace.

The virtues of the mind, th' prized on earth,
Are given to flourish in a purer soil;
And in exalted being there to shine,
Far from a land of pain and woe and toil.

Heav'n called for him, thus fitted for its rest,
To join the kindred spirits in that band;
Who bathe in joy ecstatic, that blest choir,
Whose notes seraphic fill the happy land.

You know full well who dealt that painful blow,
You know how wise, how righteous is His way;
That naught that emanates from Him is wrong,
Our duty only to adore His sway.

When the ag'd saint in sacred record's page,
Lay stricken "neath a affliction's painful rod;
Dared not complain—or murmur at the blow,
Submissive whispering—that the hand was—God!

Receive this offering of regard from one,
Who knew—who loved—who valued high the youth;
And who had marked with pleased eye his course
In paths of honour and of manly truth.

November 30th, 1851.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Intercession of Christ.

Amidst the realities of the heavenly world, we cannot conceive of any so august and impressive as the appearance of the Saviour before the throne of God; the fact being revealed that He, in His own true and proper person, has entered into "heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." That which had been so repeatedly foreshadowed, has become reality. The type has disappeared, but the true High-Priest now stands in the "holy place." His priesthood was to be "abiding;" therefore He must go into the heavenly sanctuary, not made with hands. Like the disciples of old, when the Saviour was parted from them, and taken out of sight, we gaze up into heaven, and, with Stephen, see "Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

There is another great fact which must ever be intimately associated with that of the intercession of Christ,—the fact of His death. This, combined with His humiliation, with all that contributed to the completeness of the offering of Himself, became the ground of His exaltation. As the High-Priest, on the great day of atonement, laid aside the "golden garments" which he wore at other times, and which were "made for glory and beauty," so our Lord in His humiliation appeared not in the "glory which He had with the Father before the world was," but in "fashion as a man," and "humbled Himself"—how deep this humiliation of the Lord of life and glory!—"and became obedient unto death;" and His death was not common, but, by appointment and design, *sacrificial*, He being the

world's atonement; yet covered with the greatest infamy, "even the death of the cross,"—the malefactor's death. "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."

His death provides the *plea of His intercession*. Sufficient as the ground of His exaltation, His death-offering is accepted as a "sweet-smelling savour before God," and becomes also the ground of His appeal at once to the justice and to the mercy of God. After His resurrection, when His death had fully atoned for sin, and the claims of justice, though weighty and vigorous as they are, were fully satisfied, He carried our cause into the presence of God, and, in His own name, now pleads for us before the throne. Never was plea so perfect; never was argument so powerful; even the innocent could not have so strong a plea for justification as have the guilty, by the intervention of Christ's death. And what appeal to the Father's love could be more prevalent? And He is ever in the Father's presence. "In the midst of the throne," says St. John, "stood a Lamb as it had been slain." How exact an emblem of Christ as He appears in heaven! To this "Lamb slain" is paid the homage of heaven's host; and the burden of the song which, rising consentaneously from the throng of angels and spirits, swells around the throne of God, is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." And we, too, can sing,

"Five bleeding wounds, He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die.'"

Though no voice were uttered, the presence of the "Lamb slain" would be understood by the hosts and by the King of heaven. And thus *He owns His people*, bears their cause in His own person before the throne, and offers the "prayers of saints," as "much incense," upon the golden altar, making them "to ascend up before God." O, yes! believer: your prayers are had in remembrance before God: they pass not away, but live through the ceaseless intercession of your Redeemer; who still prays, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."

It is the Godhead of Him who suffered that gives efficacy to His atonement. This is the everlasting foundation of that system of truth and grace which we acknowledge as the economy of redemption, and this gives His offering an infinite desert. But for this it would have been without value, and never could have brought salvation. But the merit of His offering is infinite, inasmuch as it springs from His obedience as "the Son of God." This is the doctrine which sacred writers are inspired to inculcate, as the Apostle Paul, who was no advocate of anything like the modern Socinian heresy, especially maintained. By this it is that His intercession is so immediately necessary to our salvation, and is of such dignity and prevalence. He intercedes not only as a Priest, or even as a High-Priest, but as partaking of a nature which gives Him an excellent claim to be heard in heaven, and offers a stronghold for the faith and hope of the Christian, bidding him rest secure in the assurance of pardon, and of grace. He must remember that it is "Jesus, the Son of God, who is passed into the heavens." It is not Aaron who stands there, having no worthiness of his own; but He who appears in the presence of God for us is "anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows." The unction resting upon Him is excellent, "without measure." He has the "dew of His youth," the glory of His immaculate divinity. Equal with the merit of His death are the perfections of His person, which render effectual all the provisions of His death, and assure the fulfilment of every promise. Thus we are "saved by His life," or His living interces-

sion. But for His intercession we should be like men who seek a remedy without a physician, abundant charity without an almoner, and gifts without any to distribute. But the exalted and interceding Saviour fulfils all the functions of His office, "saving to the uttermost."

And we feel all this brought nigh to us by the consideration that this intercession is carried on by the Lord Jesus in His human nature. Though he no longer appears as a "servant," He has not put off the "likeness of man." The last time He was seen on earth He bore the human form, and the angels testified, He "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." In vain do the Papists search for Him upon their altars, and attempt the juggery of fixing there His real presence. "The heavens have received Him till the restitution of all things." Having assumed our humanity, He has enthroned it with His divinity, and it is the God-Man who carries on this mediation. Maintaining this union with our nature, and this brotherhood with us, He assures us of His continued prosecution of our cause, and enables us to hope for the personal appearing of the Saviour on the throne. And though the deep mysteries of heaven are as yet unexplored by us, and we know not how its worship is conducted, nor how the Redeemer carries on His intercessions, the consideration that His manhood still exists seems to remove the infinite distance between His Godhead and ourselves; and the Appeal of the Apostle to the Hebrews, while it carries the mind towards the highest point of the Saviour's dignity, reminds us that He retains those tender sympathies which He once displayed in deep commiseration with men in all their weaknesses, so that the manifestations of Deity and manhood combine to raise our faith, and embolden us to approach to God: "Seeing then that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High-Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." (Hebrews iv. 14—16.)

Still you have a Saviour. Through His blood you have redemption: the person of the Saviour, therefore, is not to be dissociated from His death-offering, but you acknowledge and accept in Him all that man needs in order to salvation. You adore him as a real Person, a Divine Person; One who possesses the "fulness of the Godhead;" to whom appertains not only the merit, but also power,—"all power;" and as a living Person, therefore, He aids you. It is not a dead Christ, but a really living and enthroned Saviour to whom you are joined, by faith, in a real and perfect union, such as you could have with any person on earth. Remember, then, that your salvation does not consist in the relation of your intellect to truths, or of your belief to doctrines, but in your soul's relation to a Person, to a living Person,—to the living Christ.

He lives to pray for you. Then carry to Him your complaints. Express your desires, and utter your wishes before Him. Ask Him to be your Friend. Lay your prayers "upon the golden altar that is before the throne." Like "much incense" may they "ascend up before God," from the censor in His hand. His intercession is not exclusive, indeed, but it is special. Like the Hebrew High-Priest, He presents the Israel of God, those who are specially trusting in His sacrifice, before the throne; and the abiding efficacy of His sacrifice, on which, by faith you lay hold, sustains the prevalence of His intercession.

"Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain."

He lives to bless. Benediction was the last act of Christ, when upon earth, towards His disciples. "He lifted up His hands,

and blessed them." Effectual as was His blessing even then, His ability to bless since His ascension has been far more abundantly manifested. Gifts He has more abundantly distributed, replenishing His church with heavenly communications, enlightening, renewing, and sanctifying the souls of men. "Full of grace," in the boundless energy of His might, He supplies the "need" of His people amidst all circumstances of life. He saves them "to the uttermost"—that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them,"—*Ch. Ma.*

The Infidel's only Daughter.

The pastor, Mr. F.—knew she was declining, and felt that he must call and speak with her as to her salvation. He found her supported by pillows, engaged in reading a worthless novel. He made known the object of his visit, and while conversing, her father entered, saying, "Begone, sir; I wish no priest to stand preaching over my daughter; I want her to die in peace." The pastor retired, and resorted to earnest prayer to God for her, sending her, through a friend, two or three tracts. On returning home one day, he found a messenger waiting, who said the infidel wished him to come immediately. The Spirit of God had entered before him. The daughter was enquiring for the way of life, and the father's heart melted. The cries of the family almost drowned the pastor's voice, as he lifted it up in prayer. Not many hours passed before she said she felt that her load of guilt was removed, and entreated her father and brothers to seek the same hope. She died rejoicing in Christ; and that father and his three sons were all brought into the church of Christ. I give the facts. Let the sceptic and others learn the lessons they teach.—*Am. Messenger.*

"We shall have a Reporter there."

Thus remarked a young friend thoughtlessly, as he was about to leave home to attend a social ball, given in a country village. My heart responded with deep and solemn interest to his assertion, as I thought of the immortal souls who would gather there, thus to employ the fleeting moments in mercy allotted them to prepare for eternity. A Reporter was there. A report was written, which must finally be made.

A report of what? Of every thought, word, and deed. Of violated vows to live for Christ, and not for the world. Of parental vows solemnly made, and now forgotten, as parents with their children measure of time, precious time, to the "sound of the viol."

Where is the report written? On memory—to be traced by conscience, as it shall wake from its slumbers, and recal wasted opportunities, abused mercies, slighted admonitions, loud warnings, when death is at the door.

Where will the report be read? At the bar of God.—*It.*

Eternity.

Whence, my brethren, do you derive your confidence that your dying day is so remote? From your youth? "Yes," you reply: "I am as yet only twenty, thirty, years old." Ah! you completely deceive yourselves. No; it is not that you have advanced twenty or thirty years, but that death has gained twenty or thirty years upon you. God has given you thirty years of grace, by suffering you to live: you are His debtor for these years; and they have brought you so much the nearer to that term when death awaits you. Take heed, then: eternity already marks upon your brow the fatal instant in which it will begin for you. ETERNITY! ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece, whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats two words only, in the silence of the tomb,—Ever, never—never, ever,—and far ever.—*Bridaine.*