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## Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

### ECCLESIASTES 7—2 & 3.

Whist numbers through the gates of mirth,  
In revelry to share;  
And with a light and buoyant step,  
To scenes of pomp repair.

Far different objects I'd pursue,  
And other pleasures court;  
Than those which vanity inspires,  
Where life's fancies sport.

To yonder house of woe resort,  
And visit sorrow's home;  
The grief and trial there are found  
To spread their withering gloom.

Wish no divine may there be found,  
To raise her allayed voice;  
And mid the wailing scenes around,  
Bid suffering souls rejoice.

There midst the billows of a widow's heart,  
Long howl the plaintive woe;  
To cease the heavy throbbing sighs;  
Those tears no more to flow.

And o'er the weak and faded eye,  
To beams of glorious light;  
Where all his evils soon shall cease,  
In plains of peace delight.

From yonder on his cheek, might wipe  
The drops of deep distress;  
Again in joyous breathing sighs,  
Might clothe the worn face.

Each faith the young and old aid,  
To lead a better life;  
And cause the burden'd soul to sing,  
That long had used to mourn.

Place in the hand of pining want,  
A portion of my store;  
Forbidding those pining sighs,  
Is misery to fore.

Then should I hear the end of all—  
The voice of gladness;  
Of Him, who casts the lot of man,  
The great Eternal King.

More loudly how before his throne,  
Who crowns my days with good;  
Who number in my numerous days,  
And give the sparrow food.

Contentment learn from him, that teaches  
And grants the peace of rest;  
To Him, whose name is his grace,  
In whom I breathe and live!

## Christian Miscellany.

"We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and reasonings of pure and holy men."—*Rev. S. May.*

### One Sin may Destroy the Soul.

At the commencement of my ministry, I found a family in the congregation which interested my feelings very much. It consisted of a husband, a wife, and two or three beautiful children. The man was a mechanic, industrious and prudent. His wife was mild, pleasant, and kind; and had chosen the good part which can never be taken away.

Soon after my settlement, and while making a call upon the family, the wife begged me to take an early opportunity of conversing with her husband. "His mind," said she, "is much troubled on the subject of religion." This was good news to me. My heart, I trust, was somewhat alive to the value of souls, and I received the intelligence with gratitude and delight. It was not long before the wished-for opportunity was found. Our conversation was tender and solemn, and we closed it with earnest prayer to God that his salvation might be magnified in bringing a sinner to the knowledge of the truth. My feelings were deeply moved, and I looked for help to the convincing and converting Spirit of God. The case appeared hopeful. So far as I could judge, the man's views of himself as an offender against God were correct, and he was anxious to be led in the way of life. He seemed to see that nothing short of the blood of Christ could wash away his sins.

My heart was lifted up in gratitude to God. It seemed as if I were to be made the happy instrument of leading a lost sheep to the fold of the Redeemer. I thought of

our feeble church. I thought, too, of the wife. The conversion of her husband, so far as we could judge, was all that was necessary to fill her cup of blessing. I saw him again and again. We conversed on the subject of salvation at length. All things appeared ready. He was like a man whose foot was on the very threshold of the kingdom of heaven.

Still, though his seriousness continued, he made no progress. Often did his wife entreat me with tears not to forget her husband. There was a heavy burden on her heart. He would often spend hours of the night in reading the Scriptures and prayer. At length I began to feel discouraged. I could see no advance. My heart whispered that perhaps the instruction I gave him was not explicit enough, was not evangelical enough. This filled me with agitation, and sent me often to my knees. But after a while the mystery was explained. This anxious sinner was found to be a secret follower of strong drink. Even his poor wife, I believe, was ignorant of the habit he was forming. This intelligence was astounding to every one. What could I do now? Must I hold my peace, and leave my neighbour, my friend, and my parishioner to perish? I was younger by several years than he, and I knew not what to say.

After seeking wisdom from above, the path of duty seemed plain. I felt that I must go and tell him all, whether he would hear or forbear. This I did without delay. In as tender and serious a way as was in my power, I said, "My dear sir, you know what it is that keeps you from the Saviour. God knows it too. I know it. We have often talked and prayed together, and I have been hoping to see you come over on the Lord's side. But there is one thing which you must give up, or lose your soul." I trembled while I uttered these words. My prayer went up to God that his Spirit would give success. I tried to be faithful: how else could I act or do? One sin might destroy the soul.

His countenance fell as I expostulated with him. He was sullenly silent. He seemed to be sorry that the thing was known. In vain did I plead with him to rise, and in the help of God break the fetters that bound him. From that day he went rapidly down. The sequel is sad, but short. But became worse, until his beautiful home went into other hands, his family was broken up, his children scattered, and he, a poor forsaken man, was taken in by his aged parents, to be to them a living sorrow.

But the end soon came, and came in a way to make the ears of every one that hears it to tingle. One Sabbath, in cold weather, the venerable father went to church, leaving no one at home but his feeble wife and this wretched son. In the mean time he found access to some liquor in the cellar, came up, and fell in the fire. The afflicted mother could not pull him out. Before assistance could be obtained, he was literally almost roasted alive. He breathed for a few hours, but never spoke.

To me this was teaching "terrible things in righteousness." Truly, thought I, God is known by the judgments which he executeth. When his hand is lifted up men will not see, but they shall see. It gave me a fearful impression of the evil of sin, indulged and cleaved to when the Spirit is striving.

Who knows how many such cases the light of eternity may reveal? It is a fearful thing to grieve the Spirit of God. If, when the mind is agitated, relief is sought anywhere but in the Saviour and the Bible, the effect may prove fatal. To have recourse to unnatural stimulus, may cost the sinner his salvation.

Let me lift up the voice of warning. Sin must be relinquished—every sin, secret as well as open, though dear as a right hand or a right eye, or the joys of pardon can never be felt. His name was called Jesus, because he saveth his people from their sins.—*American Messenger.*

## Delay.

"I am waiting," says the sinner. For whom does he wait? For God? God is ready for him. Waiting! What folly to wait for one's self to act!

Every sinner being dependent on the aid of the Holy Spirit for a disposition to embrace the Gospel offer, it cannot be safe for him to delay his surrender to Christ, except on this condition, that God agrees to it. If He agrees to a postponement, let it be so. But where has He given His consent? Has He not, on the contrary, threatened most severely all who hesitate?

He is in a sad way whose income never met his expenses, and whose expenses are daily becoming greater, while his income is daily becoming less. It is just so with every sinner who delays repentance. He is like a man unskilled to swim, who is, by every step he takes, going further from the shore, and into water of greater depth, besides becoming every moment more and more exhausted; the man plunges on, while ten thousand voices on the shore call and conjure him to stop and turn, and that which is the loudest, and compares most earnestly, is the voice of God: "Turn ye, turn ye: for why will ye die? As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but that he turn from his wicked way and live."

What can exist hereafter which does not now exist, to give sinners the disposition to repent? What inducement will there be that is not now? Circumstances may be less changed. Adversity may overtake a man. He may be sick, he may be afflicted, and he may feel himself to be drawing near to death; and, under these circumstances, he may have some inclination to religion which he has not now. But it is not every kind of inclination to the subject that will answer the purpose. A man may have a disposition to be saved, yet no disposition to trust in Christ. Now the former without the latter is of no avail. The awakened sinner has some disposition toward religion, yet how long he remains, notwithstanding this, without the willingness to be a Christian, and sometimes dies without it! So sometimes the sinner on his death-bed is exceedingly sold to his salvation, and it seems as if there was nothing he would not do to secure it; and yet, after all, he is not willing to give his heart to God.

He does not know what he does, who puts off repentance from the certain prospect to the uncertain future, or if he know, he does a deed of delay which would justify the most unfeeling spirit in the dark denunciation of eternal death.

To-morrow exists not but in the anticipation. It is but the reflection of time, the shadow of a day, that recedes continually as we advance, till it is but in eternity. To-day is all of time that we have. Should any man have long it will require to make up the mind and body, liberally and fully, to embrace Jesus Christ as the Saviour; I answer, just as long as it takes a drowning man to make up his mind to let go the little twig which he has in his hand, and lay hold on the spear that is thrown out to save him.

Delay is refusal; and refusal is base ingratitude; and ingratitude is full of danger. When men say, "We will repent and be reconciled to God, by and by," they say, "We will not repent and be reconciled."—All honest purposes of repentance relate to the present time.—*Dr. Newman.*

### A Glorious Reward.

Martin Luther, in a letter to his friend "Hess," says, "I regard it as an abundant reward of my labours to know that I live only to serve others." This sentiment, so worthy of the champion of the Reformation, and so truly apostolic, should sink down into the heart of the church and ministry of the nineteenth century. The labours of Luther had not been small, that they should deserve a small reward. They had not been small,

even in his own estimation. Indolence could never have "stormed the pope" from his Wittenberg study. No! intense had been his labours in the midst of trials, constant and severe. Whether at the capital of the Saxon Electorate, driving all the engineering of the Reformation, or at Coburg, held in kindly abeyance by the Elector, or a voluntary captive from the anxiety of the Romanists, in the habit of a Knight, upon the castle heights of Wartburg—whether leading the Protestants against the foe, or taxing all his powers to quell strife amongst his own people, as he did at his return from Wartburg, it was all labour, labour. And so he himself regarded it. But he saw a glory in the conscientiousness of "living for the good of others," which he deemed an "abundant reward." That conscientiousness was a pillow to his head whenever fatigue laid him down, or persecution drove him to seek repose.—Under this conscientiousness, the fiery bulls of the pope and the shafts of the malice of indulgence-sellers, whose gains were gone, disturbed him not. The sacrifice they sought was "always ready." He could compose hymns, and sing them around what his foes intended, and he himself expected, to be his own martyr pie. He who had learned that it is neither safe nor expedient to act against conscience, had also learned that it is both safe and expedient to act in accordance with it, and patiently and happily await the issue! Living for the good of others, his reward was always with him, and dying for their good, it certainly would not be withheld. O, glorious reward! O, gracious God! who has created men capable of enjoying it. Stupid men! that do not appreciate it enough to seek it. Alas! how many, on this matter, at best, see but "men as trees walking"! Yes, and how many seem to see nothing at all! Dividing all their time and energies between the world, the flesh, and the devil, they see not even "the cold light of stars," much less do they see and feel the heavenly radiance which beams upon the Christian soul like the sun in the heavens. Wouldst thou have reward? Then go, work in thy master's vineyard. Thy work shall be reward, when thou performest it *forgetful* of reward. Then shalt thou feel that the "conscientiousness of living for the good of others" is itself an abundant reward of all thy labours. Hast thou heard of Luther? Go, and in this matter do like him. Then shalt thou, too, be a reformer, perhaps the reformer in thy community, and the God whom thou glorifiest shall become thy glory.—*Morning Star.*

### The Elixir of Life.

Rosenmuller quotes from the book of Mussar the following instructive incident: "A certain man travelling through the city continued to call out, 'Who wants the elixir of life?' The daughter of Rabbi Judah heard him, and told her father, who requested her to call the man in. When he came in, the Rabbi said, 'What is that elixir of life thou sohest?' He answered, 'I do not know, what man is he that loveth life, and desirous to see good days? Let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips from speaking guile! This is the elixir of life, and is found in the mouth of man!'"

I know nothing so interesting as the closing scenes of a champion of righteousness. There is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—that no man repented of Christianity on his death-bed.—*Hannah More.*

The moment a sapling becomes united to Christ, that moment the sapling becomes a fruit-bearer; and, if you are trees of the Lord, do not be surprized if you feel his pruning-knife:—*all his fruit-bearers feel it.*

Be great students of the cross of Christ; it is the great means of resisting Satan.