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Ode.

BY H. WARD.

To God, who crowns the rolling year
With blessings, scattered far and near,
His power matured the waving grain,
He bled the fields with smiling green,
He gave the sun-beams and the rain,
And gentle dews from Heaven.

The tender blossoms of the Spring,
Fanned by the South wind's balmy wing,
Were nurtured by his care;
He clothed the fields with smiling green,
And caused each well known rural scene
To bloom divinely fair.

O, happy ye, who drive the share,
And many a fallow field prepare,
In joyful plow to sow!
For you their fruits and praise abound,
The corn stands bristling in the field,
In Autumn's golden glow.

The flocks are bleating on the hill,
The herds are lowing with the rill;
The barns were filled with grain;
While purple clusters hang about,
With Autumn's ripened stores combine
To cheer both hill and plain.

With grateful thanks, to God we owe
All that our hearts enjoy below;
And, at our annual Fair,
To Him whose hand again hath crowned
With gifts the rolling year.

The Rev. John Smith.

[The following sketch of Mr. Smith's ministry in the Lincoln Circuit, from a work entitled, "A Mother's Portrait," by the Rev. Frederick J. Jobson, recently published in London. (Mr. Jobson is the minister appointed by the British Conference to accompany Dr. Hannah on his visit to this country next year, as delegate to our General Conference.)—C. A. J.]

In noticing the spiritual life and religious services of Methodism, I must not omit to name one truly memorable season of grace and salvation to many in the city of Lincoln; especially as our dear mother was energetically engaged in it, and always after rejoiced in the remembrance of it. This was the time of the Rev. John Smith's ministry in the Lincoln Circuit, during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831. He was known in Methodism by the title of "the Revivalist," a name which, when employed to designate a minister of a certain class, is not to be fully approved; for all true ministers of Christ are, in the eyes of God, engaged in the diversity of their gifts. And we shall all do well to imitate the magnanimous example of the Apostle Peter, who neither envied nor despised the style and manner of his brethren, however much they might differ from himself; and who, in referring to St. Paul, speaks of him as his "beloved brother," who had written to those addressed, "according to the wisdom given unto him." But the term "revivalist," when employed to represent John Smith, was most just and appropriate, for he was such in the best sense of the word; and he would labour whether to a fashionable watering-place, like Brighton, to the seat of dissipated royalty, as was Windsor in the time of George IV., to a quiet, undisturbed place, such as Frome, or to a large populous manufacturing town, like Nottingham—he would preach the message of breaking up the dull monotony into which the Church might have subsided, of awakening its energies, and of extending its borders.

Although my purpose in these letters is chiefly to present you, my dear sister, with a portrait of our mother, I cannot refrain to attempt a sketch of this honoured servant of God, with whose devoted efforts for his divine Master's cause she sympathized so deeply, and whom she endeavoured so zealously to help. He was a man of the utmost firmness and vigour in his own character, and of singular quickness in penetrating the character of others. To a fine, manly, firmly-knit bodily frame, he united a countenance of transparent openness, which was also wonderfully indicative of the transition of his thoughts from joy to tenderness, from rapt admiration of the holiness and majesty of God to stern and faithful denunciation of sin. His voice was a tenor of indescribable sweetness and flexibility, but possessed, when he wielded the terrors of the Lord, the thrilling and startling power of a trumpet; for there were times when he was distinctly heard at the distance of a mile, while preaching to crowded village audiences on week-day evenings. His passion for poetry, art, and music often broke forth in his conversations with persons of taste, and proved how much there was that was refined in his tendencies; but he quickly reverted to the strong, solid, and useful occupation of the mind.

As a preacher, this mingled tenderness and strength often made him almost irresistible. But the great cause of his success, under God, seemed to be the intense conviction he produced in the minds of all who listened to him of his own profound earnestness. You saw that the awful views of man's sinfulness and danger, the glowing faith in the atonement, and confidence in the power and willingness of Christ to save from sin, on which he dwelt with so fervour, were really followed by entire devotedness to the service of the Lord. The effect of his preaching spread, not only through his own circuit, but to the circuits adjoining; and there was scarcely a circuit in Lincolnshire, or on its borders, but felt more or less the happy effects of his labours. And if some who were then awakened and brought to partake of new life have since fallen away, the number that remained steadfast—some of whom have become missionaries and ministers—attests us to say, that the

ministry of such a man was indeed a great gain to the Church of God.
Love for his memory, and a strong conviction that ministers like him, who shall have a passion for saving souls, are the great want of the Church at the present time, impel me to defend him from a doubtful censure expressed by some. His labour ended at thirty-seven years of age. And it has been said, "He surely should not thus have sacrificed himself. With his fine constitution and strength of frame, he might have given double the number of years of labour to the Church; and he ought not to have shortened his valuable life by excessive exertions." But let it be remembered that though short, his was a great and honourable life. He did much in a few years; more, far more, than many who live out their term of three-score years and ten.

In the city of Lincoln, and throughout the societies of the circuit generally, the number of members was about doubled during the period of Mr. Smith's three years' labours. Many new labourers also sprang up, many of our converts were sent from among the poor and illiterate, as well as of the surpassing power of heart-felt religion to quicken and expand the dormant powers of the human mind. He was found in the benighted and profligate village of Swinderby—a farmer's servant of the very lowest class, almost destitute of the first elements of learning; and was notable among youth chiefly for releasing village tales and singing country songs. Awakened under the powerful ministry of the Rev. John Smith, and converted, he grew eager for the cultivation of his mind, and used to spend his evenings under the open chimney of his master's kitchen, exercising himself in reading. He soon placed himself in the village night-school, speedily acquired such instruction as was there attainable, and it was not long before he began to exhort and call sinners to repentance. Religion developed powers unlooked for by his most familiar acquaintances. He went forth to the adjoining villages in his country dress—in his long brown coat with brass buttons, his coarse stockings and thick shoes; but his homely garb was forgotten under the winning charm of his simple, affectionate, and earnest style of address; and so profitable were his evangelistic teachings to all who heard him, as to create a general impression that God designed him for service in a wider sphere.

After a brief course of educational preparation under Mr. Bainbridge, of Lincoln, he was recommended by the circuit to the ministerial life, and was accepted by the conference. At that time the theological institution had been recently opened for the reception of candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. John Smith was admitted, and was trained under Dr. Hannah, who soon directed his attention to the study of the Scriptures, and to the study of the languages. He was a diligent student, and devoted himself to the young candidate's improvement, and became his attached friend and counsellor. The ardent pupil became a proficient, not only in the study of theology and Biblical knowledge, but also in the elements of the Latin and Greek languages. As a preacher, he was most acceptable in his simplicity to London congregations; and at length went forth as a missionary to the Feejee Islands. There, among fierce cannibals, he "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and, with hands stretched out toward heaven, he died, trusting in God, he persevered in his labours, translated parts of the Scriptures into the Feejee tongue, wrote other books of permanent usefulness, and died comparatively young, exclaiming in death, with hands stretched out toward heaven, "Lord, bless Feejee! Lord, save Feejee!"

Melancthon's Benevolence.

Give us, who is good authority for any incident in the history of the early reformers, gives us some particulars relating to the benevolence of Melancthon, both amusing and instructive. They show how great the singularity and deep the feeling of the men raised up by Providence, for the overthrow of Popery: "People came to Melancthon concerning a thousand different matters; and the established rule was to refuse nothing to any one. The young professor was especially disinterested on occasions of doing good. When his money was spent, he would secretly pay with his table service to some dealer, but little concerning himself for the loss of it, so that he might have wherewithal to relieve the distressed. "Accordingly, it would have been impossible," says his friend Camerarius, "to have provided for his own wants and those of his family, if he had not been supplied with money from time to time with the means." His good nature was extreme. He had some ancient gold and silver medals, remarkable for their legends and impressions. One day he was showing them to a stranger who was on a visit. "Take any one you would like," said Melancthon to him. "I would like them all," answered the stranger. "I own," says Philip, "I was at first offended at this unreasonable request; nevertheless, I gave them to him."

All Creatures Serving God.

The heavens, peacefully revolving by his appointment, are subject unto him. Day and night perform the course appointed by him, in no wise interrupting one another. By his ordinance, the sun and moon, and all the companies of stars, roll on in harmony with the most pathetic exactness, within the allotted to them. In obedience to his will, the pregnant earth yields her fruit plentifully in due season to man and beast, and to all creatures that are therein; not hestitating, nor changing anything that was decreed by him. The unsearchable secrets of the abyss, and the indescribable judgments of the lower world, are restrained by the same commands. The hollow depth of the vast sea, gathered together into its several collections by his word, passes not its allotted bounds; but as he commanded, so doth it. For he said, "Hitherto shall thou come, and thy waves shall be broken within thee." The ocean, impassable to mankind, and the worlds which are beyond it, are governed by the same

commands of their Master. Spring and summer, and autumn and winter, give place peacefully to one another. The winds, in their stations, perform their service without interruption, each in his appointed season. The overflowing fountain, ministering both to pleasure and wealth, without ceasing pour forth their breasts to support the life of man. Nay, the smallest of living creatures maintain their intercourse in concord and peace. All these things the great Creator and Lord of all things ordained to be in peace and concord; for he is good to all; but above measure to us who flee to his mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and majesty forever and ever. Amen.—*Clement to the Corinthians.*

Resignation Taught in the Jewish Mishna.

The Rabbi Meir was the father of two beautiful and lovely boys; it happened on a time that he left home on a long journey, and the day before his return, his children died. When they were dead his excellent wife had them carried to her chamber, laid them upon her bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. When the Rabbi returned, his first inquiry was for his sons. His pious wife reached to him the goblet, he drained the Lord, drank, and again asked, "Where are my dear boys? they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They are not far off," she replied and placed food before him that he might eat, and be satisfied. The Rabbi was glad and happy, and when she had returned grace after the meal she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with your permission, I would fain propose to thee one question. 'Ask it, then, my love,' was his reply. 'Well then a few days ago a person entrusted some precious jewels to my custody, and now he demands them; shall I give them back to him?' 'This is a question which the wife of Rabbi Meir should not have thought it necessary to ask. What would thou hesitate a moment to restore to every one his due?' 'No,' she replied, 'but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquiescing therewith.' 'See then led him to the chamber, and removing the white covering from the bodies of the dead children she exclaimed, 'Here are the jewels!' 'Ah, my sons, my sons,' loudly lamented the father, 'my sons, the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding, I was your father, but ye are my teachers in the law.' The mother turned away and wept bitterly. She then took the hand of her husband, and said: 'Rabbi, did thou not teach me that we must not be led into restoring that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' 'Amen, blessed be the name of the Lord,' echoed the holy man, 'and blessed be his glorious name forever.'—*Lutheran Observer.*

The Fatal Flower.

Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a clump which human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring; she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there she stood, as a fallen star, on the brink of death; her heart was fixed; and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a fallen star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impatient sinners perish forever! It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation; but in pursuing the objects of the world, with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insensibly venture too far. They sometimes feel the result of desired wealth or pleasure; they sometimes hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recall a moment from the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's ware, and the soul sinks into the arms of the second death. O, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incontinuous feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the unconscious hand, the trier goes to his doom. The requiem of such a departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his Soul?"—*Am. Messenger.*

No Good Deed Lost.

Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke or vapour—but is not lost. It will come back again in the dewdrop or the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

Daily Labour.

God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend their time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for—as if God would take this for a good bill of exchange; items spent upon my pleasures forty years. These men shall one day find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away.—*Bishop Hall.*

For every good act we perform, be it only if we can do no more, the giving of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, we shall gain a reward.—*Zion's Traveller.*

In preaching, study not to draw applause, but groans from the hearers.—*Jerome.*

BRITAIN'S REFUGE: THE SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE*

Preached in the Brunswick Street Church, on Sunday, the 30th of September,—the first Sabbath after the arrival of the intelligence of THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY, D. D.

"God is known in her palaces for a refuge."—PSALM XLVIII: 3.

Whoever may have been the author of this inspired poem, or whatever the particular effect it celebrates—whether the overthrow of Sennacherib, Jehoshaphat's victory over the kings who had confederated against him, the deliverance of Jerusalem from the armies of Rezin and Pekah, or from the aggression of other powerful assailants—it is obviously a song of triumph, elicited by a signal interference of the providence of God in shielding his covenant people from some impending political calamity.

Opening with an animated description of the majesty of God, whose grandeur is pre-eminently conspicuous "in the mountain of his holiness," it proceeds to delineate in glowing verse the unrivalled beauties of that hallowed mount, commanding an extensive prospect, and distinguished above all other places upon earth, as "the city of the great King." Abandoning his mind to the suggestive impulses of the occasion, the writer pursues his triumphant theme, exulting in the consecrated security of those who are under the protection of Him who has never forsaken his people in the hour of peril; and then, graphically portraying the circumstances of the Divine interposition which had recently kindled the national joy, he invites the inhabitants of the sacred Metropolis, and all the daughters of Judah, to join in a festival celebration of those judgments which had covered their invading foes with shame, and them with glory.

A more expanded application of the Psalm would here be out of place.—Zion, so frequently styled in the sacred idiom, "the holy hill," and Jerusalem, the central attraction, the place of rendezvous to all the tribes of Israel, because the city which God had chosen to put his name there, you readily recognise as figurative designations of the evangelic Church; and the deliverances of his ancient people as adumbrations of the displays of his faithfulness, power, and grace, exemplified in her history amid the fiery trials through which she is destined to pass in her glorious triumphant state.

Often in the eventful annals of the Testaments church was "God known in her palaces for a refuge." Often at a crisis of apprehensive trepidation and imminent danger, when scarcely a ray of hope gleamed amid the darkness of her prospects, did He fulfil the gracious promise,—"I will defend this city, to save it for my own sake, and for my servant David's sake." Such a promise was that when Hezekiah received letters from the Assyrian despot, menacing him with immediate destruction, pouring contempt upon the God in whom he trusted, and unding in a tone of supercilious triumph, "Where is thy Hamath, and the king of Arpad, and the king of the city of Sevanir, Hina, and Iva?" Speedily were the blasphemous of heathen insolence and infidelity flung back upon the head of the boasting foe, who, compelled to return in humiliation to his country, fell by the hand of his own sons, a dishonoured victim at the altar of his God. Such a period was that when the children of Moab, and of Ammon, came against Jerusalem to battle. Then, in answer to the prayer of faith, did God in an unexampled manner, in the midst of the most imminent and perilous danger, and in the midst of his hand's power and might, so that none is able to withstand him. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. The inspired history of the Hebrew nation abounds with them.

But, the question now arises, Are we warranted to appropriate the sentiment of the text to ourselves in the circumstances in which we are this morning assembled in the house of God? Does England occupy a position with regard to the church of the Redeemer, and the interests of his Kingdom in the world, so intimate and influential as to warrant us to believe that she is under the special guardianship of Heaven, and that the victory of which the announcement has produced in every devout and loyal bosom trembling exultation, is to be viewed, not as a fortuitous though felicitous occurrence, but as another illustration added to the many signal ones that already illumine her history, that "God is known in her palaces for a refuge"? With whatever caution we utter our convictions on this question, we can hardly hope to escape from some imputation of her upon a point in respect to the guardianship of Christianity, with Judah in respect to the original Revelation, we strongly incline to the belief that the God who has thrown his unshrouded arm around her in so many seasons of ominous exposure to ruin, is reserving her for the achievement of sacred and magnificent purposes connected with his great redeeming scheme. The fearful accumulation of our national sins I have no wish either to conceal or to palliate. The humiliating charges preferred by the prophet against her, and the just rebuke in his day, are, alas! too applicable to the masses among ourselves.—"An sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters." Nor is it to be forgotten that the turpitude and aggravation of our wickedness are proportioned to the eminence of our privileges, spiritual and political.

But, while this is mournfully true, it would certainly betray a morbid and misanthropic spirit, not to acknowledge that the deep shadows of the picture are greatly relieved by freedom, and inseparable from it, but that tens of thousands of our fellow-subjects are animated with the spirit, and walking in the light of those oracles; and prepared, moreover, to vindicate, if need be, with martyr inflexibility, the right of every human being to search them for himself.

Here—let philosophers, theologians, and politicians plan as they may—here lies the true source of our greatness, and our political grandeur, as in the case of Israel of old, is the substance thereof. This is her grand conservative (I employ the word not in a political but in a classical sense) her grand conservative element, the very fulcrum of her stupendous moral power. Denude her of this, and all her grandeur becomes—just as assuredly as there is a Providence which controls the destinies of nations,—unsustained and evanescent as the texture of a vision. Could I announce the strong conviction of my mind on this subject with a voice of thunder, I should proclaim to the ears of the entire Empire, that the grandeur of our nation, the myriads of my fellow-subjects, that the basis of an intelligent confidence in the stability and progressive glory of England, is not the fact, that her diadem coronates in every clime—that all human sceptres her's alone touches the extremities of the globe—that her incomparable Constitution is the envy or the admiration of all other nations; no, nor is it the fact that the prowess of her arms, still invincible, still victorious, still triumphant, still the terror of the world, and the terror of the world, still sustains at this hour her ancient military renown. Not any one of these considerations, nor yet all their combined efforts, afford the true solution of her exaltation, and her grandeur, for her preservation, pre-eminence, and perpetuity. What, then, when we mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces, is the ground of our glorying? It is this, that with all her faults, as a nation she understands and knows that it is the Lord who exerciseth loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; and that in these things is his delight. It is the fact of the enlightened piety, the unconquerable attachment to the Scriptures, and the zeal for the Divine glory and the world's salvation, which, in the darkest hours of the present languid struggle, has sustained my own mind, impressing a celestial iris on the most portentous clouds which in the earlier stages of the mighty conflict lowered over its issue.

My confidence in the success of the bannered hosts which England, and her illustrious Ally have poured forth upon the tented field, formidable as is their array, and self-enclosed as are the fortifications, would be unwavering that it is, but for the immolation of the courage, the self-sacrifice, the unshaken faith, and the public sanctuary, the cry of God's own elect among us, is daily going up.—"Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach: wherefore should they stay among the people, where is their God?"

In answer to prayer, we believe, has the allied army, whose untold sufferings in the Crimea and before the walls of Sebastopol, will form one of the most impressive chapters in the history of our nation, entered within those walls in triumph. With this chapter in the history of our nation, we could not repress the sentiments and emotions with which, after nearly a year of unpeppable solitude, the tidings of an achievement so momentous, must have inspired every loyal heart. Prompt shall we be in our response to the call of our Government, whenever it shall summon us to the altar to unite in a general thanksgiving for a victory so splendid. But we could not feel it to be right to await such a giving for a victory so splendid. But we could not feel it to be right to await such a giving for a victory so splendid. But we could not feel it to be right to await such a giving for a victory so splendid.

It is partially derived from the contemplation of the operations of his providence, which is moral as well as physical, and particularly because general, embracing at once the interests of nations and the incidents of individual history. "Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks; for that thy name is near thy wondrous works declare." "The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

But the Scriptures minister to a higher and more effective knowledge of God. The knowledge of God is the highest attainment of the human spirit. The sources of that knowledge are various. It is reflected upon us, though in scattered rays, from the universe of matter and of mind, and from a dim yet magnificent mirror. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

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dence, in its various aspects and relations, emanate. If God is known in our palaces, it is because his lively Oracles shine there with unshaded effulgence.

I. From those oracles we derive such clear and elevated conceptions of the majesty and dominion of God, and of the wisdom and rectitude of his administration, as unadorned reason could never have acquired. Justly is the fact of his righteous and unimpaired supremacy announced by the Psalmist, as cause of universal gladness. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof." And if amid the clouds and darkness that surrounded the throne of the Supreme Being under the ancient economy, this was a fertile topic of consolation, how much more ought it, to every devout mind, to be so now?—now that that throne is disclosed in the visions of heaven, as the throne of God and of the Lamb; now, that the hand that was pierced on Calvary, wounds the sceptre of infinite dominion; now, that on the head of him whose bleeding brow was discoloured with a crown of thorns, shines a diadem of peerless lustre. O! how consoling to think at a crisis like the present, when men's hearts are tauting them for fear, and for the looking after those things that are coming upon the earth, that he who is the faithful and true Witness, he that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, wears the august title, and exercises the high prerogatives of Prince of the kings of the earth; a voice as the sound of many waters, drowning the din of arms and the clangor of the martial trumpet, is at this anxious moment heard proclaiming to the ear of faith.—He still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

If God is known in Zion as sustaining a paternal as well as a rectoral relation to his people, as their Friend and Father no less than their King and Governor. Mercy and majesty divinely blend in the aspect under which he presents himself to those who are reconciled to him, through faith in the blood of propitiation; inspiring them alike with profound reverence and with filial confidence and love. To them individually he is a friend, eminently "known in adversity,—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We read of Abraham, that "he believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness; and he was called the friend of God." His privilege in this respect, though high and holy, was not singular. Such honour have all the saints. They that are of the faith are blessed with faithful Abraham. To all his spiritual seed, the language of our adorable Lord is, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

Nor does his wondrous benignity and grace stop here. It advances all whom it pardons and purges to the dignity and likeness of the children of God. Our redemption from the curse of the law, by the sacrificial death of the incarnated Son of God, affords us a right to the Apostle's preliminary to our receiving the adoption of sons. (Gal. iv: 5.) And then, exhibiting that priceless privilege in all the blessedness of its conscious, its Divinely-attested possession, he adds, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!" Who would not covet the high and endearing relation? Who would not plight his vows, and present all his powers a living sacrifice, at the altar of the God of such superabundant grace?

And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
Upon the hearts of men?
I love his name, I love his word:
Join all my powers to praise his Lord!

III. We now turn for a few moments to the contemplation of another inestimable advantage resulting from the knowledge of God; to which the text gives especial prominence, and which naturally strikes in with the topics of reflection suggested by the recent splendid success of the allied army in the Crimea. I refer to the confidence, in the high protection of Heaven, which the knowledge, the devout recognition of God, affords at a crisis of national danger. At many such periods in the annals of Zion, God was known in her palaces for a refuge. Often did her enemies, prompted by envy, impelled by cupidity, or stimulated by revenge, attempt her overthrow; but, unless commissioned by Providence to chastise her for her apostasy, the greatest mass of force which they ever brought against her, was impotent. "The heathen might rage, and the kingdoms were angry; but against her Lord, he was silent. He whose name is great in Zion, only uttered his voice, and the earth melted, and his delivered people raised an exultation over their humiliated foes.—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge!"

And, with the volume of ENGLAND'S vanity unrolled before us, shall I be charged with indulging a feeling of national vanity, or a spirit of unhalloved exultation, in saying, emphatically, that the success of the allied army by the charity of the Gospel, by which we are taught and enabled to forgive all the violence of open enemies and the perfidy of secret foes. But, assuredly, there is no virtue in forgetting those signal and significant interpositions of Divine Providence, to which we are indebted for all the elements of our national greatness, and especially for our noblest distinction,—that of being a Protestant nation. From this distinction—if we may judge of its importance by the lessons of British history on the subject from the period of the Reformation to the present day—the liberties, may, the very life of our Empire, and the very life of our people, have been saved. Our history, when prayer has been our resource, the God who heareth prayer has been our refuge. To recall times of which some of us still retain a vivid recollection. In that great war in which England and France sustained towards each other very different relations from those which now blend their hearts and nerve their hands in a common cause.—"In that great war,"—I use the words of one of the most eloquent of living preachers—"perhaps the greatest war of Europe, for its extent, its ravages, and the mass of force brought to the encounter; England actually never lost a battle; while the most tremendous Continental casualties were almost the occurrences of day by day; while every wind that blew to her shore brought the wail of a fallen people, or the crash of a trampled throne." Well may the preacher follow the enunciation of this undeniable historical fact, by asking,—Can the common understanding of man conceive, that this unbroken series of triumphs, that this conversion of assured victory from the encounter to the final piling of our arms in the enemy's capital; was the work of man alone?

Scarcely less conspicuous, considering all the circumstances, have been the successes of England and her Ally in the present deadly campaign. From the very commencement of hostilities have they steadily advanced towards the high vantage position which they now occupy. The impatience of the public mind, and the precipitant and indiscreet criticisms of a portion of the press, have occasionally, it is to be lamented, evinced a very inadequate appreciation of difficulties, which, by the blessing of God on bravery as intrepid and exploits as brilliant as any that history records, have now been overcome. Contemplating the immense expense of suffering, of life, and of heart-breaking despatch, at which this victory has been achieved, our triumph if not repressed, is deeply chastened. It becomes us to "rejoice with trembling." And, moreover, the anxious policy in connexion with this terrific encounter, has fixed an indelible stain upon their conscience, may regard the recent achievement, or what may be their future course of procedure? The elements of a general European war that have been accumulating and fermenting for ages are not extinguished; and the winds of heaven that are now striving upon the great political sea, may at any moment fan the slumbering combustibles into a conflagration. The passing crisis is not improbably fraught with consequences of the deepest import, and of the widest influence. Who among the most sagacious statesmen or prophetic interpreters of the day, can measure the issues of this fearful struggle in its bearing upon the political and religious destinies of the world? For aught human prudence can anticipate, among its political results may be the sudden restoration of the liberties of Hungary and Poland, and of other States cruelly down-trodden for ages by the heel of military despotism; and among its religious,—the suppression of Islam by the faith of Christ, the illumination of the Greek church, the complete overthrow of the tottering domination of the Papacy, and the casting up of a highway on which the chariot of the Prince of Peace may roll onward with accelerated speed, in its onward career of universal conquest. Effusions of human blood, of which only the prebitions have yet been poured forth, may, by the inscrutable permission or righteous judgment of Heaven, be destined to rush through the portals of death before the consummation come. But, come when, and in what form it may, that individual and that nation who have God for their refuge, and only they, will be ultimately safe. Never were the contingencies of the future placed further above the sphere of human calculation. Never was it more necessary for the Christian to watch, and keep his garments. Never more incumbent upon those whose bosoms glow with true patriotism and philanthropy, to offer their frequent, fervent, and faithful petitions to God for our beloved Queen and Country, than still propitious when we penitently seek his face, He may graciously continue to be known as our Father and our Friend.

* Immediately after the delivery of the preceding Discourse, the hymn, on the 433rd page of the Wesleyan Hymn Book, adapted by a slight modification to the present occasion of the British throne, was sung by the congregation as follows:—

Confound whoever her ruin seek,
Or into treachery convert;
Give her her adversaries' neck,
Give her her people's least.
Let us, for conscience' sake, reverse
The Queen of thy right hand;
Honour and love thine image here,
And bless her mild command.
The only deity the blessing give,
The glory, Lord, be thine;
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.
To those, who thee in her obey,
The Spirit of grace impart;
Her dear, her sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.
Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend her, Lord, defend her."
"Establish her throne in glorious peace,
And save her to the end!"

* The Rev. GEORGE CAULT, LL.D. See his Sermon on National Education.

* In giving the following Discourse publicly, in accordance with the request of friends whose intelligence and loyalty he respects, it is only proper for him to say that a sentence of it was not passed before it was preached. A sentence copy is therefore out of the question. The train of thought, however, is faithfully retained, though in some instances more expanded than in the delivery.