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Poetry.

LINES

On the erection of the Methodist Chapel,
South End.

BY M. E. H.

But will God in very blood dwell with men on the earth? behold heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee, how much less this house which I have built.

In simple grace and majesty it stands,
Another Temple, to His worship raised,
Whose presence fills the boundless realms of space,
And who, by all, is "worthy to be praised."

To Him Creation pours her ceaseless song,
Her incense, to His throne, ascends each day;
The sounding ocean, and the lofty mount,
All own his voice, and bow beneath his sway.

Maker Supreme! The universe is thine,
Thine all the tribes of air, of earth, and sea;
How then shall we, the creatures of thy hand,
Presume to build a Temple worthy thee?

But Thou hast promised, where, recorded, stands
Thy Name engraven, gracious to draw near,
To listen to the sighs of humble hearts,
The weak to strengthen, and the mourner cheer.

Thou, in thy House—for which we bring, today,
Our humble offerings with a thankful heart—
Thy gracious presence manifested be,
And needful strength to worshippers impart.

Hear Thou, from heaven, the humble songs of praise,
Which from within these walls shall soon ascend;
And, to the supplications of thy saints,
Oh, gracious Lord, a listening ear attend.

Each Sabbath day amid the courts be found,
Age with its hoary locks, and smiling youth;
The joyful matron, and the careworn maid,
Listening, with reverence, to the Word of Truth.

Here may the stubborn heart relenting bow,
In humble penitence and grateful joy;
Here may the broken spirit find a balm,
And here, the troubled, peace without alloy.

And through revolving years may happy souls,
Casting aside the tenement of clay,
Soar gladly, from this Temple built with hands,
And in thy higher Courts their homage pay.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Evangelical Arminianism.

As the *Presbyterian Witness* has spoken so contemptuously of Evangelical Arminianism, as held by Wesley and his followers, to which reference is made on our fourth page, we give the following quotations from the February Number of the *North British Review*, in which the evangelical character of that system of doctrines is admitted in the plainest terms. The article must have been under the notice of our cotemporary, as he has quoted from it; and, with these unequivocal statements under his eye, we are justified in affirming that the Wesleyans have received anything but honourable treatment from the *Presbyterian Witness*—

"The Arminianism of Wesley is essentially different in its substance, as well as in its spirit, from that generally professed by the Church of England divines of the last century, the divines of the school of Whitby and Tomline. Wesley's theological views coincided in almost every particular with those of Arminius himself. The theological systems of these two eminent men comprehended the doctrines which have been usually regarded by Calvinists as taught in Scripture, concerning the entire depravity of man's moral nature, regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and gratuitous justification by faith alone."

"The doctrines held in common by Calvinists and Evangelical Arminians, with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification, may be said to constitute, along with those of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, the fundamental and most essential principles of revealed truth. It can

scarcely be disputed that those doctrines occupy a higher platform in the Scriptural system of truth, than the peculiarities of Calvinism."

"We reckon it a thing greatly to be deplored, that Wesley was led to misapprehend (?) and to reject Calvinism; and we regard it as an unspeakable blessing to the world, that he was led to adopt and to preach the views which have been generally held by Calvinists with respect to original sin and regeneration, and that these views are still faithfully proclaimed by his followers."

After briefly referring to the defects of "Pelagian Arminianism", as it is termed, the Reviewer proceeds:—

"It is far otherwise with the Anti-Pelagian or Evangelical Arminians of the school of Arminius and Wesley. Not only do they treat the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ as real and vitally important truths, but they proclaim views which are in substantial accordance with the Word of God, with regard to the moral state and condition of man by nature, the ground on which men receive forgiveness and acceptance, and the process and the agency by which they are restored to conformity to the divine image. On all these subjects, and they are the most important which are brought before us in the Sacred Scriptures, Wesley and his followers have always inculcated views which Calvinists admit to be accordant with divine revelation, and it is because they faithfully and earnestly proclaimed these, the most fundamental of all truths, that they have been honoured with such undoubted and extensive usefulness in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men."

"No reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, who is competently acquainted with the practical results of Wesleyan preaching in England, in the United States, and in heathen lands, will have any hesitation in applying to this great movement the general principle indicated in the statement of the Apostle Peter, (Acts xv. 8, 9) 'God which knoweth the hearts bore them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith.'"

The above explicit testimony, substantiated by unquestionable facts, is nothing more than an act of justice rendered to truth, and coming from a reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, a witness of our cotemporary's own election, it may well put to silence the ignorance of foolish and incompetent men, and lead them to distinguish things which essentially differ, when professedly treating of "the broad question of Calvinism vs. Arminianism." The "distinction" between Evangelical and Pelagian Arminianism, "is so important," says the *North British Review*, "that it ought never to be lost sight of." Pelagianism, wherever found, never had a more uncompromising opponent than it found in John Wesley; nor does it receive, from any quarter, more sturdy blows, than from the followers of Wesley at the present day. The prowess of the *Presbyterian Witness* in his warfare against Arminianism was from the beginning "small," and every successive encounter only proves, that, by rapid degrees, it is becoming "beautifully less." The extracts above given from the "leading professedly-religious periodical of the day," will not, we opine, assist him in his war of words.

Life and Immortality.

The falling leaf, and the flame flickering in the socket, have each of them, and not unjustly, been held emblematical of life. Can we not, however, leave a system of mere symbolism, and seek a somewhat higher agency in this temple of the soul?

Can we not plunge deeper in the abyss of wisdom so as to discover who enkindled the mysterious light of life, and for what purpose it must burn? For its light is ever soaring heavenward, and as a roseate finger pointing to some origin above the stars; and even when the course of life is well nigh run, and the flame is fluctuating in its last farewell, even then, methinks it tells us; though in the silent eloquence of death, that Deity is its parentage, and its birth-place heaven. And so it is with the leaf: in the very moment of its fall it bids the soul rise heavenward, for every tongue that once twittered on the now leafless bough can even yet speak and direct us to the tree of life that blows for ever in a brighter clime.

But nature can teach us the lesson of our being. The tempest howls with redoubled fury, and the relentless showers lash recklessly the lonely tree; its branches swing beneath the heavy deluge, and the winds howling strip it of its once-verdant vesture. But the sky clears again, and the sun peeps out with a brightened smile; the forest monarch has not ceased to weep, and every bough still groans beneath the liberation of the storm; the sere and yellow leaves lie scattered round him, and with every gentle breeze that hurries past he shakes in apprehensive agony, and weeps on the devoted victims round him. But let us reflect: though the storm has howled in relentless fury, and though the trembling leaves have bid an agonized adieu to the paternal plant, is life extinguished? No! the tree remains; the garment of leaves that once adorned the weary traveller is gone, its outer glory is departed; a skeleton alone is left, and even that will soon be whited over by the blanching touch of winter; but will winter end the cycle of existence? No; a multitude of verdant leaves will soon enclose those naked limbs, and the creature that erewhile the tempest hissed at, and the showers spit upon in ridicule, will raise its mighty arms in verdant exultation; for the breath of heaven will have touched the naked scaffolding, and the tree will rise a living temple to its Maker.

And so with the Christian: when this temple is destroyed shall the soul be severed from its Creator, forlorn and unprotected? No! he that cares for the lily of the field, and re-clothes the naked oak, will clothe us on with immortality.

Our bodies must be lowered in the dust; but will this be the term of our existence. The falling leaf may preach the mortality of the body; but does it not preach the immortality of the soul? The winter of death is fast approaching, (the warning winds are dimming round some of us,) but the soul will remain unmoved. The storms of death may howl around it, and the icy showers of a middle state may blow on it, but its life will yet remain. The tree cannot fall; for it is planted on the Rock of Ages.

Nature has spoken; but what says the Christian? We have heard a soliloquy like this: "The taper of life is fast consuming, but when its last flicker has gone out, and the smoke of sorrow is scarce wafted off, the spirit that inspired me alone can guide me heavenward." May I not learn a lesson before the final stroke has reached me? I ask the stars that shine so bright to tell me where that spirit dwells; but they turn dim, and look with cold indifference upon me, for faith alone can teach. Faith, bright, benign, and blessed guardian, leaves the stars behind, and, passing far beyond the flowers of their paradise, leads me to the gates of heaven. In bright anticipation I am standing there; but, O! a flood of light bursts out upon me, for the Sun of Righteousness is shining! Unbound by symbols I have found the light from which all others spring,—the Light of life.

Before His beams the myriad tapers of immortality are turning dim. Faith has shown me the true light; and now, farewell flicker in the socket, gentle flame, for my duty is mine. Hail, immortality! for

I have learnt by faith the solemn mystery of life, and can now comprehend the true philosophy of death.—*The Collegian.*

The Music of a Peaceful Heart.

What is all music, compared with what the child of God knows? He beholds immeasurably more than all the handiworks of the Infinite One—he beholds the peculiar glory of the Great Father, shining with singular grace in the face of Jesus Christ. He beholds the harmonious union of compassion and holiness. Their separate crowns are cemented by the blood of the cross into one doubly radiant diadem. A voice from the midst of the throne comes in the gentlest whispers to his soul, bidding him to be of good cheer, because he who was dead, and is alive again, is his friend. When the vernal sun smiles on the snow-clad earth, the floods descend and the winds blow. But at length the silent and gentle influence of the sky prevails. The earth returns the smile to the heavens. She walks around the throne of her God in robes of the loveliest hue bespangled with flowers of every colour.—When the Holy Spirit has opened the heart, and the light of the knowledge of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, shines into it, the ice melts, the cavity dies, and faith, hope and love spring up. There are peace and joy then, joy which arrows render more intense and precious. To an individual who has such views and affections, how can the condition of him who is without God and without hope in the world, be otherwise than pitiable in the extreme? How can we help taking the impatient by the hand, saying, I am distressed for thee, my brother, my sister. Of the thoughts which fill the soul with glory and blessedness, thou art altogether ignorant. For the purest and most lasting joys thou hast no heart. Would I could help thee. But all I can do is earnestly to commend thee to Him who can give eyes to the blind and ears to the deaf.

The Gospel Precious.

O, precious Gospel! Will any merciless hand endeavour to tear away from our hearts this best, this last, and sweetest consolation? Would you darken the only avenue through which one ray of hope can enter? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can repose in peace? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation? Would you rob the world of its richest treasure? Would you let loose the flood-gates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition or the atrocities of atheism? Then endeavour to subvert the Gospel; throw around you the fire-brands of infidelity; laugh at religion, and make a mock of futurity; but be assured, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment. I will persuade myself that a regard for the welfare of their country, if no higher motive, will induce men to respect the Christian religion. And every pious heart will say, rather let the light of the sun be extinguished than the precious light of the Gospel.—*Dr. Archibald Alexander.*

Two Blessed Monosyllables.

PRAY and STAY are two blessed monosyllables, to ascend to God, to assist God's descent to us, is the motion and rest of a Christian; and as all motion is for rest, so let all the motions of our soul in our prayers to God be, that our wills may rest in his, and that all that pleases him may please us, therefore, because it pleases him; for, therefore, because it pleases him, it becomes good for us; and then, when it pleases him, it becomes reasonable for us, and expedient for us.

Lost Hours.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry, and the wreck of health regained by temperance; but whoever has looked upon his vanished hours, or recalled his slighted years?