

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. II.—No. 52.]

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC.

[Whole No. 104.]

Ten Shillings per Annum.  
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1851.

Single Copies  
Three Pence.

## Poetry.

### WHERE IS MY HOME?

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Where is my home? where summer bowers are throwing  
Their wealth of incense on the perfumed air?  
In lovely glades, where silver streams are flowing?  
O, do you ask me if my home is there?  
Where is my home? where loved ones plead my stay—  
Where voices thrill my ear—the kindest—best?  
Where harp, and lute, the songs of love are playing,  
Lulling the soul to sweet, untroubled rest?  
I've been a dweller in bright summer bowers,  
A willing wanderer on the breezy hills;  
A passionate lover of earth's gorgeous flowers,  
And a charmed listener to its thousand rills.  
My childhood's hearth. God knows my soul's devotion,  
Is poured on those who linger by its side;  
Sweet sounds of home! they waken wild emotion,  
But from them all my path is severed wide.  
Where is my home? wherever God shall call me,  
Mid friends—away, or on the treacherous sea;  
The earth's delicious ties no more enthrall me,  
Where Jesus leadeth, it is home to me.  
O, let me walk the earth a willing stranger;  
Claiming no home, no place of rest as mine;  
Expecting soon, to be a tireless ranger,  
On hills of light where rays of glory shine.  
I cannot show to thee my home immortal,  
No earthly vision sees its light, its love;  
Come to the grave-yard, for there lies the portal,  
Which soon will lead me to my home above.  
A little while, perchance, a few days longer,  
My soul must stay in pilgrim paths to roam;  
But hope is bright, and O, my faith grows stronger,  
As I draw nearer to my heavenly home.  
—*Zion's Herald.*

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### The Christian Traveller. (Concluded.)

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them.—The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he enquired of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board?

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not; but I shan't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of scriptures, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer a gentleman whose beard was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist; I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man, "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you then tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honoured?"

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded:—"Not many years since, I was an infidel, because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth, and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighbourhood, while in a fit of in-

toxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

"But," said he, at length, "though intoxication occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connexion." He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story.

"In a populous city of the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence toward his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death."

"Where was that?"—"When was it?"—"Who was it?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us, guilty sinners, he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested upon every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death. The captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them.—Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the Bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do?"

The young man raised his eyes to heaven as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes! yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some moments silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something in an hour like this,

awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes I will serve God; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out singing,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

"Yes, O Jesus! precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to live for God. He felt for dying sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, laboured for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, whether at home or abroad, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze: "Alleluia! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

### Just as you are.

Anxious sinner! if you would save your soul, hasten to Christ, just as you are.

Just as you are; for he came to save you just as you are. Had there been no sinners, he had never made atonement; he had never invited men unto himself; he had never authorised the offers of mercy. If you come in any other character than that of a guilty, ruined sinner, you mistake the grand characteristic of the Christian religion, and will assuredly never experience its blessedness.

Just as you are; for you will never be any better prepared. You have spent a whole lifetime, long or short, in trying to make yourself good; but God loathes you more and more, as you go about to establish your own righteousness. All you can do has no merit, and will never propitiate the favour of Him from whom alone must come your blessing.

Just as you are; for he waits to be gracious to you. He has invited you as a sinner; why should you wish to present yourself in any other character? Can you doubt that such graciousness will secure your assistance as soon as you come unto him?

Just as you are; for his grace is infinite, and cannot fail to cover the whole extent and enormity of your guilt. Did he not know the whole case of ruined sinners when he undertook the work of redemption? Has he not all fulness in himself? and can there be a case so desperate that he cannot rescue and save?

Just as you are; for it is only as a sinner saved that you will have any disposition or capacity to rejoice or to join in the blessed anthems of the redeemed. O! what is the frame of their present and their eternal praises, but the grace that has made them clean in the blood of the Lamb?

Just as you are; for he may not wait longer if you delay. O! hell is peopled with those who have refused until the compassionate Saviour has turned from them, and wept over their infatuation that decided their ruin.

Just as you are; for you have nothing else to give.

Penances are of no account with him; all your righteousness is as filthy rags; even your confessions, and lamentations, and self-reproaches render you no more acceptable in his sight. It is only your polluted soul that he wants, and only that have you to give. O, then, wait no longer, but make the resolve to go to Jesus just as you are. Give

yourself up to him to be saved just as he sees fit to save, and say,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do."

—*Religious Record.*

### God's Greeting.

God greets many a one who does not thank him for it. Thus, for instance, when his sun awakes them to another day of life and health, God says to thee, "Good morning;" and when, at eventide, thine eyes close in peaceful slumber, it is because God hath bid thee "Good night!" When thou sittest down to a well-spread board, with a healthy appetite, God says to thee, "Much good may it do thee!" When thou art enabled, timeously, to discover some threatened danger, is not God saying to thee, "Take heed, my child! and turn back before it be too late?" When, on some fine May morning, thou walkest abroad amid the fragrant flowers, and the singing birds, and thy heart feels light and joyful, is not God saying to thee, "Welcome, heartily welcome to my palace-garden?" And when, all at once, thou knowest not how or why, thy breast is moved to good thoughts, and thou beginnest to feel sorrow for having done wrong, and a desire to do better, is not he saying to thee, "Oh! grieve not my Spirit which striveth within thee?" Or when, perchance, thou passest by a new-made grave, and a sudden shudder of anxious foreboding runs cold through thy veins, what says God to thee then? He does not bid thee think whether thou belongest outwardly to the established or a dissenting church, but he is whispering to thy heart, "Praise the Lord Jesus Christ, who hath taken away the sting of death, and brought life and immortality to light by his gospel." And thus thou seest, God sends greetings to many a one, and neither gives heed to man's thankings nor them.—*Translated from the German of a del.*

### Religion is fervent.

Fervour in religion, earnestness as a Christian, is as natural an effect of the close contact of truth with a man's mind, as a spark is from the meeting of steel and stone, or as a glow is from friction, or as ebullition is from pouring water upon unslacked lime.

Real religion is fervent. It awakes a man in earnest. It is an inward fire that burns, and makes one boil. It gives both light, and heat, and spiritual electricity; and the preacher should be giving off these like an electric machine or galvanic battery. He who is never fervent in prayer, nor in labours for souls, nor in praise, nor in doing good,—then it must be that the fire of divine love has never been kindled in his heart.

Real religion, like real lightning, will naturally give light, heat, and electricity.—The true Christian is charged with truth, and with the love of God and with love to souls; and the electric sparks will be flying off from him. If you are a good conductor, you can draw off a great deal of spiritual electricity from a good minister, or from any good Christian, and he will have none the less for it, while you will be all the better.

It was said of a certain minister, that his office reproved men's folly, long after the teaching or holy living of the man who filled it ceased to do so. "Stop sinning, the minister is coming," should be the result of his approach; and when he lives the life of faith on the son of God, his very shadow, like that of Peter, should check the spiritual disease of the fallen soul. His voice, though melting with tender love, shall reprove with more power than the earthquake's terror, or the whirlwind's rage.

Of all mysteries, the mystery of God's forbearance with man is the greatest.