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POETRY.

In Bereavement.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes:
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And day light beauty dies,
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus, when some long-loved comfort eads,
And Nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
And meet ten thousand there.
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

Sabbath.

—Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arches lies.
The other days fill up the space
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful bed and borders
Of God's rich garden: that is born,
Which puts their ranks and orders

"The Sunday of man's life,
Thro'pied together on time's stings,
Miles to travel to adorn the site
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, his crown's state stands open:
Liberals are plentiful and free;
More plentiful than hope." *Herbert.*

Divine Philosophy.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectar and sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Milton.*

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

For the Wesleyan.

God manifested in the flesh.

The providence of God towards the Jewish church, was constant, merciful, and great, calculated to impress the minds of that people with a sense of the near presence of the Divine Being in their midst. In their most prosperous periods, when God's service engaged their affection, they had intimate proofs of his nearness to them, to do them good—to be their Sovereign Lawgiver and Redeemer. He filled Solomon's temple with his solemn and awful presence, and caused all Israel to acknowledge his greatness and his perfection. When they beheld in the Tabernacle and Temple, where the ark of the covenant was kept, the Shechinah, or visible display of the Divine presence in a luminous cloud, they had sensible evidence that God dwelt on earth, that he was in their midst, and that his favour was towards them. But this was a feeble display of the Divine presence among men compared to that which was made in the fulness of time, when the Divine Son assumed man's own nature, and became in the person of the God-man a resident on earth. Then God was with man as he had not been with angels or any other creatures. Then the great Creator became united to his creation more intimately, and wonderfully, than he had been by all his creating acts and providential dispensations.

As this union of the Divine nature with Christ's assumed and perfect humanity was the most wonderful and mysterious work he ever performed, combining in its performance the wisdom and power of God in their

fulfillment—the effects of it will be unspeakably glorious to redeemed men and productive of good to every order of the holy and intelligent creation of Deity. It gives delightful views of the character of God, which, probably, would not have been obtained even by the highest angels so completely, but for the plan of man's redemption.

From the gospel of Christ we learn that the blessed God could not deal with mankind as their friend, solace, and portion, without the manifestation of his displeasure at man's sin; and that this displeasure is evinced in connection with the display of his immeasurable love to the human race.—Christ took upon himself our nature, that there might be in him a perfect humanity to bear the wrath of God, and make a sin-offering commensurate to the evil of sin, and illustrative of the perfection and purity of the law of God, which had been infringed by us. This is done in the death of the Redeemer, while all the perfections of Deity are nobly illustrated, and all combine to admit the penitent and believing soul into the presence of his Maker, justified, sanctified, and saved, and fitted to glorify his God by a life of obedience and an eternity of praise. *T. H. D.*

Horton, N. S., August, 1849.

Conversion of a Preacher's Daughter.

It is almost four years since the Lord first spoke peace to my soul, and bade me sin no more. I, with a young companion, had gone to spend the afternoon with two of our acquaintances; one of them a Methodist; the other, like ourselves, unacquainted with the pardoning love of Jesus. We spent the afternoon pleasantly together. At a school-house, about two miles off, there was held a protracted meeting. Father, on his way to preach that evening, called in, and took tea with us. I asked him if I might go to meeting with the girls? He said I might, if I would try to get my soul converted. While on our way, one of the girls remarked that the mourners were to meet at half-past six o'clock, and, as we were quite early, she was afraid we would be taken for mourners. This she said laughing. Then, turning to her sister, said, "Eily, why don't you talk to us about religion? You know what brother S. said." (At the table father had told her to take up her cross and urge upon the girl the importance of conversion.)

How merciful the Lord was to us, while we were going the downward road! O how often I think of it! This sermon preceded that evening was from Heb. vi. 17, 18. I listened to it with some attention. I felt I was a sinner. My sins were brought in I shall not say before me. Without fariness I knew I must be lost. Prayers of pious parents and friends could not save me. They could avail nothing, so long as I refused to come to Christ, my only refuge. I felt to say with the poet

"Lord, I beseech thee, I beseech thee,
Lend me thy sin, but cannot lend!"

I felt my need of a Saviour; and, without the love of God shed abroad in my heart, I must be miserable in time and in eternity. During the sermon my stubborn heart began to melt; but as yet I did not feel willing to make the sacrifice, and go forward publicly to the mourner's bench. The invitation being given, father came and talked to the one sitting beside me, who was weeping bitterly. He asked her to go forward for prayers. After a while he turned to me, requesting me to go with her. At first I felt angry with her for being so weak-minded, as I thought. It appeared very humiliating to go and kneel before the whole congregation, and more especially my unconverted companions. I wished I had stayed at home. I felt miserable. How stubborn—how rebellious is the sinner's heart, until changed by the grace of God!

I went forward that night, notwithstanding the suggestions of the adversary of my

soul. I had not been long seeking in this humble way before the Lord spoke peace to my soul. But it was not until I could say in my heart,—

"I, the chief of sinners, am;
But Jesus died for me!"

I then felt willing to give up all my young companions; for I no longer thought of them as I had done before. I felt resigned to consequences should I meet with their opposition. All my thoughts were centred on Christ; and when I came to the point of giving up, of forgiving all injuries, doing anything and everything for Jesus' sake, then I received the witness that I was a child of God. When I arose from where I had been kneeling, and looked upon all around me, how different did everything appear! But a short time before all bore an aspect as dismal and dark as my own heart. Now all things seemed to rejoice in a risen Saviour. I knew that Jesus had pardoned my sins, and that I was at peace with God the Father. While on my way home, I was filled unutterably full of glory and of God.—*Advocate & Journal.*

An Affecting Illustration.

The Rev. Thomas A. Toller, of Kettering, England, the contemporary and friend of the celebrated Andrew Fuller, of the same place was one of the most effective preachers of his day. "Often," says Robert Hall, "I have seen a whole congregation melted under him like wax before the sun; my own feelings on more than one occasion, have approached to an overpowering agitation."

His power of illustrating a subject was his distinguished faculty. His illustrations were drawn from the most familiar scenes of life; and, after he became a father, not unfrequently from the incidents which attach to that relation. The following, reported by a friend who heard the discourse, is given as an example. His text was Isaiah 27: 2: "Let him take hold of my strength that he may make peace with me, and he shall make peace with me." "I think," said he, "I can convey the meaning of this passage so that every one may understand it, by what took place in my own family within these few days. One of my children had committed a fault for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done, and told him how grieved I was, that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence, and then rushed into my arms, and burst into tears. I could sooner have cut off my arm than have then struck him for his fault; he had taken hold of my strength, and he had made peace with me. What could I more naturally exhibit to the senses, as being in the true position and the obedient Maker? God, as it with reluctance and grief, he declared his determination to punish him, but, in one sorrow for sin, wrought in the heart by the revelation of his mercy in Christ, takes hold of his strength, declares him, as it were, of his power to strike the blow, inclines him to forgive, and thus brings about, by conversion and the same state of reconciliation and peace.—*Daily Mirror.*

The Chamber of Death.

A FRAGMENT.

How glorious is the dying chamber of the Christian! It is the very index of time and eternity, a meeting of the living earth with the angels of heaven. The plan is holy; for it is filled with those man-servant spirits waiting for the soul departing from this perishing world, for the everlasting habitation of the redeemed. But glorious as this is, it shrouds from the gaze the glory of Him who is present, Jesus himself is present, and the Holy Spirit is there to finish the work of salvation! Ah! how different could we see the throng in the chamber of the unconverted departing soul! It could can-

not express, or imagination conceive, the glory of the former, neither can the horror of the latter be supposed, where the bed is surrounded by fiends eagerly waiting for their prey. But it is not in this solemn hour, only that these unseen spirits are beside us. They are constantly present for good or for evil, in the bustle of the world or the solitude of the lonely. By day and by night we are surrounded by this unseen host, waiting, during all its pilgrimage, on the soul of man. Go into the sick-chamber. Mark all the routine of the sick-bed, the fruitless visit of the physician, the profound sympathy of friends, the prayer of the minister, too often desired only to close the last scene. Ask, then, if there be not, to one and all, a fast-coming eternity, a message from the Lord in the house, saying, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee;" and this very night shall that soul see a holy and just God, and hear the question whether Christ has been indeed precious, and his redemption been indeed the chief desire in life, and the only hope in death.—*Wes. Meth. Mag.*

Religious Anecdotes.

A man having received a tract, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. Sometime afterwards another man of the same business, set down on a Sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe; but when he had cut away the old leather he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God; his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest until he found it at the cross of Christ.

One of the members of Christ's flock was reduced to great poverty in his helpless old age, and yet he never murmured. A kind-hearted neighbour who met him on the road, said to him, "You must be badly off. I cannot tell how you maintain yourself and your wife; and yet you are always cheerful." "O, not so," replied the old Christian; "we are not badly off. We have a rich Father, and He does not suffer us to want." "Your father not dead yet! he must be very old indeed." "My Father never dies, and he always takes care of me." That aged Christian was a daily pensioner on the providence of his merciful and covenant-keeping God, who forsakes not the "poor and needy," when they call upon him.

To a young infidel who scoffed at Christianity on account of the misconduct of some of its professors, Dr. Mason said, "Did you ever know an assar made because an infidel went a tray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted he had not. "Then," said the Doctor, "You admit Christianity is a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

"Baxter's Call" in the Ward-Room of U.S. Ship.

It is most interesting to contemplate the usefulness of the practical writings of Richd. Baxter. They would seem to be partially inspired by the same influence that directed the pen of prophets and apostles. Recently I noticed in an American paper the conversion of a distinguished member of Congress, the result of a perusal of "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Cases of conversion consequent upon reading this treatise have repeatedly come under my own observation. I now recollect one most striking instance of the kind, that of a German sailor who had just commenced reading and speaking our language. I have now lying before me a copy of "Baxter's Call," which has been three read through by a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy. On the margin and at the