

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 23.]

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

[Whole No. 147

Ten Shillings per Annum }
Half-Yearly in Advance. }

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1851.

{ Single Copies
{ Three Pence.

Poetry.

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

"Fight the good fight."
Ur, comrades, up! To the battle!
Seize Faith's bright shield,
Hope's helmet on;
The Spirit's sword
Gird quickly on:
Hark! how the chariots rattle!
Ye, fight for God and the Right, friends.
Strike home, strike deep,
Fear not the foe;
A power divine
Shall lay them low:
Delay not! soon 'twill be night, friends.
"Destroy the bulwarks of error;"
Thus He commands
Who leads the van.
"Christ and his cross!"
Shout, every man,
And Hell shall tremble with terror.
Press on with gladness and shouting.
Spare ye no vice—
No darling sin:
Foes rage without
And tempt within;
Press on! press on! to the routing.
From heaven's high mansions resounding,
I hear afar
The conqueror's song.
Christian! look up—
Soldier! be strong—
In watchful zeal still abounding:
—Pathway.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Man Magnified.

Earth, the seat of man's residence, has been singularly honoured. We are naturally attached to the place of our nativity; we fondly expatiate on the circumstances that have distinguished it, and feel as if we shared in the pre-eminence it has acquired. Who amongst us does not feel proud of associations by which the plains and mountains, the streams and valleys of our land are hallowed?—of the men who have consecrated them by their presence, by the splendour of their genius, and the glory of their actions? In this manner some countries, grown more illustrious than others, are referred to with admiration; and thus it is that, degenerate as they have become, we speak with respect due to fallen greatness of the inhabitants of a land that contains the plains of Marathon and the Straits of Thermopylae. Could we extend our survey beyond the limits of this earth, and examine the condition and history of other worlds, what magnificent views and striking incidents would press themselves on our notice! Yet, although almost everywhere we might find scenes of beauty and sublimity, surpassing everything our earth exhibits, we would be obliged to confess that ours has been invested with an importance to which no other planet can lay claim. It has been made the scene of transactions that have no parallel, and which, commencing with the world, will be consummated only at its close. Hence of old prophets were inspired, oracles vouchsafed, angels commissioned, and at length God himself manifested in the flesh. Nowhere else can there be found a series of events so astonishing in their nature, or remarkable in their results. Miracles of power and of goodness were performed. Jehovah himself tabernacled amongst men, and at last, by his death, achieved the most important work that was ever undertaken. O what spot in the universe is so remarkable as Bethlehem?—what hill so sacred as Calvary?—in short, what world so singularly honoured as that on which Jehovah condescended to reside, and which he died to redeem? None, none. Inferior as our earth may be in material splendour, there is not a star in the heavens, however brightly it glows, that can boast of a lustre

like that with which it is adorned. It has a glory beyond that of the sun, which renders it, in a moral point of view, the centre of attraction and interest to the whole intelligent creation. Hence, while we look upon other worlds as provinces of an immense empire, of which Heaven is the capital—the city of the great King—we may consider our earth in the light of a theatre, erected for the benefit of the whole, on which, in the recovery of man from the degradation into which he had sunk, by the incarnation and death of a divine person, and his exaltation to dignity and bliss, the loftiest and most affecting representations are afforded of the character and government of the Almighty.

Our world has been honoured as the theatre of marvellous transactions; but what if these had had no reference to our spiritual benefit or improvement? What though every valley and every mountain of our earth had resounded with the voices of prophets and the songs of angels, and been impressed by the footsteps of Immanuel himself, if nothing more substantial had remained than the associations with which such events would not fail to invest the scene of their occurrence?

Blessed be God, however, the events referred to were of a widely different description; intended to elevate our condition and to advance us in the scale of being. The good of man in connexion with the glory of God, was the object on which they terminated. This was the end, these were the means; and hence we are said to be redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. The whole economy of things connected with the incarnation and death of the Son of God, which fills earth with glory, and furnishes heaven with themes of profoundest study and loftiest praise, is designed to repair the ruin which sin had occasioned, to deliver us from its destructive influence, and to restore to us the purity and happiness we had lost. The result is, the demands of justice are satisfied, guilt is expiated, a way for the egress of mercy is opened up, and the influence of the spirit descends to enlighten the understanding, to renovate the will, to purify the affections; and instead of children of the devil and heirs of hell, we become the sons of God and heirs of eternal life. Unto them who are in Christ Jesus there is no condemnation. Though God was angry with them, his anger is turned away. He regards them with warmest affection, bestows upon them the light of his countenance, and carefully trains them for glory, honour, and immortality. Contrast their present state with that in which they were formerly placed. The crown had fallen from their heads, the gold was become dim, and the fine gold changed. The slaves of sin, their whole faculties were degraded and perverted by its influence. But now the crown is replaced, the gold shines like fine gold seven times purified, the image of God is restored; and, addressing one another, they can say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" And again, "Now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he who is our life shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."—This honour have all the saints; and it is honour, you will observe, of the very highest order. In its nature it is spiritual, in its origin it is divine. It dignifies the soul, and it is therefore unspeakably more valuable than all the distinctions which the world is able to confer, and will adorn its possessor when all these shall be forgotten and unknown. But the nature of man is still further ennobled in consequence of the union that has been formed between it and the Son of God. He who is God has made our nature his own, and by doing so has exalted it above all created beings. In him we see it crowned with glory and honour. He is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; he is our elder brother; and in his elevation we behold proof of the

fact that man has been magnified—magnified by being raised to the highest place in the highest heavens—magnified by being constituted the object of admiring contemplation and love to all holy beings, and the medium through which the brightest manifestations of the Godhead are displayed.—*Scottish Christian Journal.*

The Swearer and his Dying Son.

During a protracted meeting in Kentucky, a gentleman of some note called upon his minister. He wished to connect himself with the Church on the following Sabbath. He had been remarkably profane, but the Lord had been merciful to him, and he was now, as he hoped, a converted man. The case was this:—

He once had a lovely boy, an only son.—This child gave evidence of early piety. When perhaps not more than nine years of age, he was laid upon a sick and dying bed. He talked sweetly about Jesus, and much about heaven. On one occasion, when near his end, he called his father to his bedside, and with great respect and affection said, "Papa, I wish to make one request of you before I die."

"What is it my darling?" said the weeping father, bending over his beloved and now dying child. "O my dear son, father is willing to do anything in the world for you, what do you wish me to do?"

"Papa," said the dying child, "dear papa, if you please, don't swear any more."

The father as he narrated the affecting incident wept—tears rolling down his cheeks. "Oh! sir," said he to the minister, "I never had anything come with such power to my soul before, as this language of my dying boy. 'Papa, dear papa, if you please don't swear any more.' Sir, it was blessed to my soul."

The next day the man was seated at the table of the Lord; and may we not suppose that when he comes to die, his cherub boy will hover over his dying bed, and be the first to welcome his happy spirit to glory and to God?

Incentives to Action.

Could I this day remove the veil that covers the heavenly world; could I place you upon the summit of one of the luminous hills of Paradise; could I impart vigour to your visual faculties, and extend their power to the almost interminable regions of the blessed; could I raise your eyes to the Lamb in the midst of the Throne, from whose countenance beams the felicity of the redeemed; could I open your ears to the songs of the conquerors, and the acclamation of the martyrs, which swelling in the majesty of thunder, ascend through the expanse of heaven, and fill with acceptance the ear of God; could I cheer your hearts with the sight of multitudes entering in blessed succession, through the mediation of Jesus, from Hindoostan, from Africa, and the Islands of the Southern Sea—the trophies of Divine power, the purchase of the Saviour's blood, the gems that shall ever sparkle in the Mediator's crown, the first fruits of the missionary labours,—what inspiration would the glorious object impart to your souls? Work, oh work while it is day; whatever your minds find to suggest, whatever your hands find to do, do it now. No device, no work in the grave; Turn your moistened eyes to my yet recent grave, and let the sight arouse, animate, and sustain your exertions. I did a little, and if my constitution sunk under the pressure, I regret that my nerves were not nerves of brass, and my limited measure of threescore years and ten did not extend to an antediluvian age. Should your hearts ever feel languor invading their powers of action, hasten to Calvary. There, redeeming love will invigorate your fading faculties, and constrain you to put forth all your strength in the cause of Him who bled for you. Look forward, each of you, to the eventful hour when the Son of God shall

pronounce over you the sentence that shall ever form your destiny of blessedness:— "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Life of Dr. Waugh.*

Divine Protection.

There is no good reason for supposing that God takes any less interest in the affairs of this world now than he has done at any previous period in its history. Though the proofs of that interest may not appear in the ancient forms, the absence of direct and miraculous interpositions may be explained without assuming that it indicates either a cessation or diminution of regard.

It is God's world still—the product of his creative energy, and the theatre of his wise and beneficent operations. Time has given it no power of self-support—has invested it with no efficiency to make provisions for its own necessities. His power rolls it through the heavens, his will keeps every subordinate force in action, his goodness dispenses rain and sunshine, and his compassionating love keeps the fountain of mercy at the foot of the cross as full and accessible as ever.

He is the same Being, as when he caused "the morning stars to sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy" over the new manifestation of himself, given in the world's creation and arrangement. That interest was displayed and that power exerted in the full knowledge of what the world was to be through its whole future career. His eye saw our era with all its characteristics, and this it was which did its part in calling forth that interest and force. And if he be the same, he must be interested now in what then stirred his heart and moved his hand. For this period he felt and acted then, and the reality can hardly interest him less than the idea.

Breathings after Holiness.

My God, give me not merely to abstain from that which is evil, but to abhor it—not merely that in my conversation and doings I might maintain the most strict and guarded decorum, but that in my heart I might be enabled to maintain an ethereal purity—glorifying the Lord with my soul and spirit, as well as body, which are the Lord's.

Sanctify, O Lord, and elevate my family regards, that I may consult for their real and permanent, and not for a mere counterfeit good to them in the deceitful and fleeting interests of time; lest, after all, I shall be found to have given them not a loaf, but a stone; not an egg, but a scorpion; not a fish, but a serpent.

Let me, O God, at all events, and in all circumstances, sanctify thy Sabbaths; let no imagined necessity lead me to break in upon their sacredness. Incline me, O God, to make thy Sabbath, at all times, a day of rest and a day of holiness. On the first day of the week, I would purpose and resolve for a higher pitch of observance than heretofore—though more in the way of animating than of multiplying thy services. Give me in particular to be more spiritual in my secret prayers, more attentive at church, more earnest, and, O thou giver of all grace! more successful with my children.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Selfish Man no Christian.

That man is no Christian who is solicitous for his own happiness alone, and who cares not how the world goes, so that himself be comfortable. How much good is omitted, how many evils caused, how many duties neglected, how many innocent persons deserted, how many good works destroyed, how many truths suppressed, and how many acts of injustice authorized, by those timorous forecasts of what may happen, and those faithless apprehensions concerning the future!—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

Consecrate to God the first-fruits of your daily thoughts.