

**Wesley's Prayer for Christian Union.**

The following extract from Wesley's preface to notes on the New Testament is entitled to the serious consideration of every follower of that celebrated founder of Methodism, and all who sustain sects and parties in Religion :

"Would to God, that all the party names and *unscriptural phrases and forms* which have divided the Christian world were forgotten ; and that we might all agree to sit down together as humble, loving disciples at the feet of our common master, to hear His word, imbibed His spirit, and to transcribe His life in our own."

Were the above very impressive desires but regarded by professing Christians, how soon would the disciples of Jesus present to the world that glorious oneness of mind and spirit and devotion, for which, while on earth he prayed.

**The Spirit of Religion.**

Many things are charged upon religion for which it is not responsible. The bad conduct and ill temper of professors, and the severe and uncharitable spirit with which they enforce the most obvious truths and duties, is not chargeable upon religion. It is the result of having the head enlightened with the theory of religion, without having the heart imbued with its spirit.

The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and tenderness. It is mild and affable, and gives a native unaffected ease to the behavior. It is social, kind, and cheerful. It lifts from the brow the cloud of care and glooms which spread so dark a shade over humanity, and lights up the countenance with the sunshine of benevolence and hope. The spirit of religion is the spirit of peace, the spirit of love, the spirit of social order and friendship, the spirit of hope, the spirit of joy, the spirit of heaven.—*True Wesleyan.*

**Wrestling for Truth.**

Reader! Art thou weary and almost persuaded to cease contending against error and opposition? Art thou ready to exclaim, let this ungrateful world take care of itself? Why should I expose myself to the strife of tongues? Why should I render myself hateful by proclaiming unpopular truths? *If men will sow to the wind let them reap the whirlwind!* Why art thou hasty in thy spirit to be angry?—Calm down thy turbulent thoughts; and be rebuked, subdued, humbled, and strengthened in suffering the reproaches, of truth, by drinking in the spirit of the following almost incomprehensible desertion of the mental agonies of the immortal Martin Luther, before appearing in the Diet at Worms, on the morning of the 17th April 1565, where he was to stand in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. his brother the Archduke Ferdinand, six electors of the empire, twenty-four Dukes, the Duke of Alva and his eight sons, eight margraves, thirty

archbishops and prelates, seven ambassadors (including those of France and England), the deputies of ten free cities, a number of princes, counts and barons of rank, the Pope's nuncios—in all, two hundred persons. Such was the imposing assemblage before which stood Martin Luther.

On the morning of the 17th April, he was for a few minutes in deep exercise of mind.—God's face seemed to be veiled, his enemies seemed to multiply before him, and his imagination was overcome by the aspect of his dangers. His soul was like a ship tossed by a violent tempest, rocked from side to side,—one moment plunged in the abyss, and the next carried up to heaven. In that hour of bitter trial, when he drank of the cup of Christ—an hour which was to him as the garden of Gethsemane,—he threw himself with his face upon the earth, and uttered those broken cries, which we cannot understand, without entering, in thought, into the anguish of those deeps from whence they rose to God:—"O God! almighty God! everlasting! how dreadful is the world! Behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! Oh, the weakness of the flesh, and the power of Satan! If I am to depend on any strength of this world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God, help me against all the wisdom of this world! Do this, I beseech thee; thou should'st do this—by thine own mighty power! The work is not mine but thine. I have no business here; I have nothing to contend for with these great men of the world. I would gladly pass my days in happiness and peace. But the cause is thine; and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord help me! O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not upon man. It were vain. Whatever is of man is tottering; whatever proceeds from him must fail. My God! My God! Dost thou not hear? My God! art thou not longer living? Thou canst not die! Thou dost but hide thyself! Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, O God! accomplish thine own will! For-sake me not, for the sake of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold!" After a moment of silent struggle, he continued,—“Where art thou? Come, I pray thee. Where art thou, my God? I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth—suffering like a lamb! for the cause is holy. It is thine own! I will not let thee go! no, nor yet for all eternity!—And though the world should be thronged with devils, and this body—which is the work of thine own hands—should be cast forth, trodden under foot, cut in pieces, consumed to ashes,—my soul is thine! Yes; I have thine own word to assure me of it! My soul belongs to thee; and will abide with thee for ever, Amen."