

THE WESLEYAN.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 13, 1838.

THE WEEKLY SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

In our last number we ventured to express an opinion respecting the claims of a part of our economy, but too lightly estimated; and our labour would be but partially done, were we to omit noticing another important part of our polity, namely—THE WEEK-NIGHT PREACHING.

There are but few societies amongst us, that do not possess the opportunity (in connexion with the services of the Sabbath) of hearing the word of God preached during one or other evening of the week—and knowing that these services are by many, noticed "more in the breach than in the observance," we cannot refrain from introducing a few remarks.

It has been observed wisely, that the Sabbath duties of a Christian Pastor—especially in large towns—only constitute a moiety of his duty; to these must be added, at least, extensive pastoral visitation, and a service intended more expressly for the members of society.

On this occasion—what we have termed the week-night preaching—there is an opportunity afforded for a more familiar and homely exposition of God's word—the pertinent address—the expository homily—the pastoral caution—the faithful direction,—may be in general expected to characterise this means of grace.

It is a time when the energetic appeal to the hearts and consciences of sinners, and the awful exhibition of future punishment, may be laid aside;—and the gracious and consolatory truths of the Gospel unfolded: not because there is less need to warn sinners of their danger, but because those present may be more especially expected to belong to "the household of faith."

Why should we, then, allow the cares of the world to rob us of these precious advantages, which at their utmost limits will be few; or how shall we, as stewards, give a good account of the privileges and opportunities with which we have been favoured, but which we have allowed ourselves to be half-willingly robbed of by unnecessary care, or which we have bartered away for other pleasures or opportunities, the gain of which must be written, loss.

Neither in this matter would we throw the censure upon those who do attend, which properly belongs to those who do not: one hint we throw out to the latter, which might be expatiated upon at large, but we forbear. The ministerial duties of a Christian Pastor cannot be considered as detached expositions of God's word abstractedly, so much as a regular series of doctrinal truths,—explained and enforced, suited to character, selected in connection with passing circumstances, and, bearing as a whole, immediately upon the stated congregation before whom they are delivered. That this is the case we are convinced; and if it is, the members who attend not the week-night preaching, lose a most important portion of the series (that which bears more immediately upon themselves); and, instead of lifting up, actually press down the hands of their pastor, and disappoint his hopes by absenting themselves from the most advantageous opportunity

which he can possibly have, for "building them up in their most holy faith." The following remarks are from the pen of the Rev. W. Jay—

"It is pleasing to see a place filled with hearers. They are in the way; and God may meet with them. His grace is sovereign and free. Some who came with no serious design, have been convinced of all, and judged of all; and confessed that God was in the midst of them of a truth. Yet his sovereignty is not our rule, but our resource. What he may do is one thing; what he will do is another. He has said, 'Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.' And though he is sometimes found of them that seek him not, he is always found of them that seek him.

"And how important is our attendance on the word of life! It regards God. And the soul. And eternity. Its consequences will remain for ever. It must furnish the most awful part of our future account. We forget these exercises; but they are all recorded in the book of God's remembrance. We have soon done with the sermon; but the sermon has not done with us, till it has judged us at the last day.—*Morning Exercises for the Closet.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMPLAINTS in the transmission of papers have been received from Lunenburg and Sydney. The proper steps have been taken to prevent a recurrence.

Valuable communications have reached us from Edeque. Such accounts will always be acceptable.

The three last communications of * * * are acknowledged with thanks.

The letter from Liverpool containing additional information, to be inserted in the memoir of the late Mrs. Smith, came too late,—the first sheet was then printed.

WE have no hesitation in saying that the first of August 1838, will be a day long to be remembered by many, a day not merely honoured by the reminiscences of the present generation, but handed down to posterity in future ages as the day of Jubilee to thousands of our fellow-creatures.

We noticed in our last, that the House of Assembly in Jamaica, had passed on the 8th of June,—the Act of complete emancipation—and which was followed by the Legislatures of St. Vincents, Barbadoes, and others on the 1st of August, just passed; the partial apprenticeship system closed. The negro was FREE.

We were immediately reminded of a Jubilee Song, sung by thousands of Sunday-School children in England, on the 1st of August 1834, when the word "SLAVE" was erased from the vocabulary of British History, or exchanged for a less offensive term. We subjoin the stanzas.

JUBILEE SONG,

FOR AUGUST 1ST.

TEDE,—*'Sound the loud Timbrel.'*—MOORE.

SOUND the loud timbrel, ye isles of the sea,
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—the Negro is free!
Sing, for the Chain of his Bondage is broken!
Shout! for the reign of the tyrant is o'er!
How vain was his boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And Africa's sons are made bondsmen no more.
Sing to the Lord, O ye isles of the sea,
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—THE NEGRO IS FREE!

Praise to the Conqueror,—O, praise to the Lord.
The conflict is over, and Freedom restor'd!

Who shall be sent to tell Afric the story,
That her sons and her daughters no longer are slaves,—
That the lash of the driver, so lately so gory,
Is lost, and her iron yoke sunk in the waves?
Shout, all ye thousands! 'twill sound o'er the sea,
Till all the world hears that THE NEGRO IS FREE!