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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

THE CROSS.

What hallowed memories will throng
Around that sacred shrine,
What blessed thoughts, our Saviour, cling
To that dear cross of thine.
The mocking words, the piercing spear,
From these we turn away,
Remembering the precious blood
That cleanses e'en to day.
The crown of thorns on that pure brow,
Has bought a crown in heav'n
For every humble, contrite child
Who asks his sins forgiv'n.
For us, for us the guilty ones
That precious blood was shed;
That we might live, the Son of God
Was numbered with the dead.
My heart is filled with gratitude
When I remember this,—
That e'en for me the dying Lamb
Purchased unending bliss.
Oh! what are earth's dim glories now
To one who looks above,
To that bright world where throned in light
The Saviour reigns in love!
Oh! kindly list thou mighty One
To every earnest prayer,
Bless each heart that yearns to be
Where thy dear children are—
Those who have followed thee below,
To whom thy rest is giv'n,
Who bore the cross, who wear the crown,
Guide us like them to heav'n!

ORIG.

Baltimore, Nov. 14th.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Dying Jew.

A FACT.

As the disciples of him who came to seek and to save "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and who charged his apostles to preach repentance and remission of sins, "beginning at Jerusalem," it behooves every believer in Christ to cherish especial interest in the spiritual welfare of the children of Abraham.

The following narrative furnishes one, among many similar indications, that "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." The interesting facts were communicated to the writer by the captain of the "Courier," in the cabin, and near the bed-berth where this son of Abraham died in the faith and hope of that gospel which he had once despised. The pious mariner at the same time pointed to a ring on his finger which the grateful dying Jew had given him as an expression of gratitude for directing him to the once hated Nazarene, and which he wished him to wear as a memento, "till," as he said, "they should meet in heaven."

M. R. was a Jewish youth, residing with his parents in London, "circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, an Hebrew of the Hebrews." But, as is to be feared in the case with many of the Hebrew nation in the present day in our own and continental nations, he had imbibed the principles of the so-called "rational infidelity." Thus while still observant of the outward ceremonies of the synagogue, he added to his long-cherished hatred of Christianity a general scepticism with regard to all the truths of divine revelation, setting aside in heart the testimony alike of the prophets and apostles.

Mr. R. was not a poor Jew, but in easy circumstances, and had received a liberal and learned education, having pursued his studies as a physician. But the symptoms of pulmonary consumption marked him as a victim of that prevalent and fatal disease, and as all means prescribed to allay those symptoms were ineffectual, he was recommended, as affording the only hope of recovery, to try a sea voyage and a temporary

residence in the warmer climate of Italy.—The youthful sufferer, however, carried with him the seeds of dissolution, and finding that he was hopelessly sinking, he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of returning to his friends in London, which he vainly hoped to reach, that his last moments might be soothed by domestic tenderness, and that he might die in the bosom of his family.

Just at this time, in the all-wise and gracious arrangements of Divine Providence, Captain E., who was returning homewards, put into the Bay of Naples, when Mr. R. applied for a passage to London. The captain, a Christian mariner, beheld his wan and withered form with feelings of deep sympathy, and although he felt a conviction, or at least a fearful apprehension, from his emaciated appearance, that he would not survive to reach his longed-for home, he yielded to his earnest entreaties, and took charge of the dying Jew. For a few days only could he ascend the deck to avail himself of the breeze and the air, which he still fondly hoped would invigorate his dying frame.—He was soon wholly confined to the narrow bed-berth of the merchant vessel, and now, with no kind mother, sister, or wife, to watch the sufferer, or to soothe his increasing agonies, and no minister of religion to point him to the sinner's Friend, the pious captain felt the awful responsibility of his position, and resolved to speak to him at once concerning his soul. This Christian solicitude was repelled with haughty disdain. The dying man felt all the prejudices of his birth, and the pride of his intellect roused to indignation; and when the captain ventured to direct him to the Saviour, at every mention of that sacred name he cursed the "Nazarene;" and there he lay, without hope and without God in the world, in the darkness of his Judaism and infidelity, destitute of a single ray to cheer him in his closing days.

Still Captain E., knowing the efficacy of prayer and the omnipotence of the Spirit, feeling also some inward persuasion that there was a gracious design in this unexpected providence, knelt and prayed in that cabin; it was the prayer of faith. The young Jew became milder when spoken to about his salvation, till at length permission was granted to read a portion of holy writ, but it must be from the Jewish prophets.—The captain then read from the 53d chapter of Isaiah of Him who "was wounded for our transgressions," and "bruised for our iniquities;" who was "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth;" who "bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."—And O the power of divine truth, accompanied by the Spirit! The dying Jew wept like a child as his instructor told him that these prophecies were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth; and there was a scene in that little cabin, far away on the lone sea, over which, doubtless, angels rejoiced, and at the relation of which the eyes of the hardy captain were suffused with tears. Now the awakened sinner permitted the New Testament to be read to him, and was never weary of hearing of the love of the once despised Jesus; now the name was music to his ear, and joy to his broken heart.

Often after this the happy convert would say, "Come, dear captain, do read that sweet chapter again," and would never suffer his friend to be absent from him a moment longer than the duties of the ship absolutely demanded. Days and weeks passed on, and gradually he was nearing the port of everlasting rest, but the strength of his faith, and the joy of his heart, were now as remarkable and extraordinary as were previously his infidelity and his mental despondency. Light from heaven broke in so clearly upon his soul, that without any doubts or misgivings, while abhorring and confessing himself a very Saul of Tarsus for his former enmity, like him, also, he could rejoicingly exclaim, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

But the hour was at hand when he must give his dying testimony to the power of divine grace. The captain was sitting by his side as his pulse beat slower and slower; a "mortal paleness" overspread his countenance, but there was "glory in his soul;" and having with sweet assurance said, "I can rest all my hope on my dear Saviour now," the power of articulation failed, and just before the "silver cord was loosed," the captain said, "If Jesus is still precious, lift up your hand." A sweet smile proclaimed the joy and peace within; he lifted up his hand, and breathing one more gentle sigh, all his mortal sufferings were ended, and his spirit doubtless, borne by angels, took its station with the hundred and forty and four thousand around the throne on high, joining with that exalted throng to sing salvation unto God and the Lamb forever and ever.

In due time, after the needful preparations, the ship was "hove to;" the remains of the departed were brought solemnly to the gangway, the "union jack" serving for a pall; when in the presence of the crew, the captain read the service for the burial at sea, committing the "body to the deep" till the glorious morning when the sea shall give up its dead, and that sure saying concerning those who have slept in Jesus shall be brought to pass, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality," and, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

From this truthful and interesting narrative, let us learn the duty and blessedness of seeking under every circumstance to direct all within our reach to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" never to despair either on account of our own weakness, or the seeming improbability of success, but to use all the means within our power, with a simple reliance on the efficacy of the Holy Spirit, and then to ascribe all the glory to Him who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—*London Tract Magazine.*

Let him Pray: or Poor Zeke.

In a wild, sequestered place, quite away from the bounds of my congregation, there lived a very wicked family—a father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters. None of them attended any meeting. One of the brothers was wanting in common-sense.—His name was Ezekiel. As he was not supposed to have mind enough to be put to any work, he used to stroll away, and be gone sometimes several days.

One day, as I was preaching on the pity Jesus has for poor sinners, I observed "poor Zeke" looking me in the face, and every time I said Jesus pitied poor sinners, the tears would start from his eyes. As there was more than usual attention to religion,—we had meetings often; and whether it was a lecture, or a prayer-meeting, or an inquiry meeting, "poor Zeke" was sure to be there. At length I asked him if he loved Jesus, and he answered, "Yes." "Why do you love Jesus?" said I. "O, cause he love poor wicked Zeke so." "Have you been wicked?" "Yes, I full, full of wicked." "Do you pray?" said I. "O yes." "What do you say, when you pray?" "I say, O my Jesus, pity poor Zeke, O take all my wicked away."

After a while he went home. His appearance was changed. He had lost his seeming vacancy of look and thought. But he dare not pray in the house, for all were full of fun and noise. So he went to the barn, and there he fell on his knees and uttered his broken prayer to Him who "hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." His brother, going into the barn, heard him crying to God so fervently that it alarmed him. He went in and told his father, with an oath, that Zeke was in the barn praying. At this, his father ran to the barn and listened, and found the boy indeed at prayer. He went in and spoke to him; but he "cried so much the more, a great

deal." "Stop your noise, Zeke," said his angry father; but he kept on. So they took hold of him and got him into the house, in hopes of quieting him.

They asked him where he had been, and how he came to feel so. He told them a very rational story about it. But the more he talked, the more his father scolded. Poor Zeke found he could say no more, and then down on his knees again. His father tried to silence him; but his mother loved her poor boy, and begged them to let him pray.

When he had arisen from prayer, his mother said, "It is high time we all prayed.—Ezekiel, will you pray for your mother?" "O, yes," he said; and down again he went upon his knees, and his mother with him. Not many days after, she too was full of joy at the thought of Jesus' dying pity. By this time, the brother who first heard him pray was sobbing out, "What shall I do?" Poor Zeke said, "Go to Jesus." Then he and his mother prayed for him, and he too found his distress giving way for unspeakable joy. Then there were three to pray for a hardened husband and an unfeeling father. He fought and ridiculed until their three daughters were added to the Lord. This made five who had now joined Ezekiel and embraced his religion.

At last his father saw himself alone. His heart broke; he wept like a child. He went to his son and confessed his sin in opposing him, and got him to pray for him. His burden was removed; he rejoiced in God. He erected the family altar, and it was a solemn sight to see seven persons who had a few weeks before been profane and careless, now all brought over from the service of Satan to the service of the Lord. And it was a joyful day when poor Zeke, with his father and mother, his brother and sisters, united with God's people and came together to the communion.

Reflect, that if a poor, ignorant, and foolish child, under God, can do so much good, what a solemn account must they have to render at last, who, having talent, yet often shrink at the cross, and let sinners perish.—*American Messenger.*

The Danger of Prosperity.

As long as the waters of persecution are upon the earth so long we dwell in the ark; but when the land is dry, the dove itself will be tempted to a wandering course of life, and never return to the house of her safety. Many are not able to suffer and endure prosperity; it is like the light of the sun to a weak eye—glorious indeed in itself, but not proportioned to such an instrument.

In the tomb of Tarentia certain lamps burned under ground many ages together; but as soon as ever they were brought into the air, and saw a brighter light, they went out, never to be rekindled. So long as we are in the retirement of sorrow, of want, of fear, of sickness, or of any sad accident, we are burning and shining lamps; but when God comes with his mercy, with his forbearance, and lifts us up from the gates of death and carries us abroad into the open air, so that we converse with prosperity and temptation we go out in darkness; and we cannot be preserved in heat and light, but by still dwelling in the regions of sorrow.

The Gospel adapted to Man.

When Dr. Duff read to the intelligent Hindoo youth for the first time the precept of the Saviour, "I say unto you, Love your enemies: bless them that curse you;" one of them could not restrain himself from speaking out his feelings: "O, how beautiful!" For days and weeks he could not cease repeating, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you." How beautiful!—Surely this must be the truth."

THE TONGUE.—"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles."—*Proverbs, 21: 23.*