

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 33.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c. [Whole No. 127

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

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

{ Single Copies  
{ Three Pence

## Poetry.

### THANK GOD FOR ALL.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

Warm hands and loving hearts are all around me;  
And to my call  
Sweet robes answer, gently, kindly,  
Thank God for all.

Long years ago there fell a fearful shadow  
Upon my way;  
A heavy cloud veiled from my drooping spirit  
The light of day.

I walked alone, a sad and restless mourner,  
Amid Earth's bloom;  
With a crushed, bleeding heart, all vainly yearning  
For the still tomb.

Thank God that it is past! the cloud has vanished;  
The sunbeams pour  
In all their glorious light and beauty round me,  
Once more, once more.

There are so many things to love and cherish,  
On this fair earth,—  
So many joyous hearts, whose echoes waken  
To tones of mirth;—

So many safeties, to which words of kindness  
Come with a power  
Like that of the soft dew, to life restoring,  
The drooping flower.

There are so many sources of deep gladness,—  
The love and truth,  
Of ever-trusting, ever-joyous childhood,—  
The hope of youth;—

The calm and lofty strength of life's high noon-tide,  
And the deep trust  
With which the hoary head of age is pillowed  
Low in the dust;—

And treasured memories, mournful, yet most sacred,—  
Thoughts that depart,  
Only when feebly pants the last faint life throbs  
From the warm heart.

O, life to blest and beautiful, and gladly  
Its gifts I share;  
Breathing with spirit light, yet meek and lowly  
This simple prayer;—

That ever, while, like summer rain drops round me,  
Its blessings fall,  
My fall heart, fervently as now, may whisper,  
"Thank God for all."

—Zion's Herald.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### The Cornish Prayer-Meeting.

BY REV. J. T. BARR.

"What were it now to toss upon the waves,  
The mad lashing waves, and know no succour near;  
The howling of the storm alone to hear,  
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves—  
To gaze upon the horrors of the night,  
And only see the billows' gleaming light!"

Revivals of religion have been of frequent occurrence in Cornwall, since the establishment of Methodism in that distant part of the country by the venerable Wesley. Among the vast number of conversions which have taken place during the last half-century, how many instances might be selected, as illustrative of the mighty power of the Gospel, in arresting the sinner in his guilty and downward career! How many examples might be recorded, as exhibiting the efficacy of divine grace, as exhibiting the efficacy of divine grace, in softening the hardest heart, and in pouring into the darkest and most benighted mind the light of heavenly truth! The following affecting case, which occurred many years since, will be read with interest. Some of the incidents were communicated to me by a friend, who was acquainted with the parties; and other particulars, embodied in the narrative, I gathered from various persons, during my residence in the county.

Charles —, and his wife Sarah, immediately after their marriage, retired to a decent village, situated in a straggling village near the sea-side, on the northern coast of Cornwall.—Though brought up in a country so highly favoured by Divine Providence for Christian ordinances, and where the Gospel of Christ had made such rapid progress, they were utter strangers to true religion. Neither of them had ever attended a place of worship, nor had they ever bowed the knee at the altar of devotion. It is no wonder that they were ignorant of the

judgments of Christianity; for God was not in all their thoughts. It had been currently reported that Charles, in his youthful days, had been an intrepid smuggler, and that, by his illicit traffic in disposing of contraband goods, he had amassed a considerable amount of money. Sarah, previous to her marriage, had been in the service of a gentleman who was of deistical principles, which may partially account for her present unacquaintance with spiritual things. Thus, "having no hope, and without God in the world," this wretched couple continued for years to walk in the "ways of their heart, and in the light of their eyes," regardless of a future judgment.

Their cottage, which was situated on an elevated part of the village, commanded a magnificent view of the Atlantic, whose angry billows, in stormy weather, dashed furiously against the towering cliffs, and through the caverns of the ragged rocks, with a deafening sound. When the sea was smooth, and the weather propitious, Charles, accompanied by his wife, would often take an aquatic excursion in his little boat. This practice, for the purpose of amusement, was more frequently adopted on the Sabbath.

In the autumn of 18—, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, when the sky was clear, and the bosom of the great deep unusually tranquil, he entered his little skiff, with buoyant spirits, and singing a profane ditty. The loveliness of the day, the beauty of the scenery along the coast, and the smoothness of the surface of the waters, induced him to row to a greater distance than he had previously intended. When several miles from shore, the wind suddenly changed, the clouds began to gather, and some large drops of rain speedily descended,—terminating at length in a violent shower. Presently, a vivid flash of lightning illumined the gloomy atmosphere, almost blinding the eyes of the reckless Sabbath-breakers. This was instantly followed by a most terrific peal of thunder, which, for several seconds, appeared to stun their ears, and then died away in murmuring echoes among the distant rocks. The sea also began to swell, and a white foam crested the rising billows. "O Charles!" shrieked Sarah, whose countenance was pale with fright, "what will become of us?"

"Keep your seat in the boat," replied her husband, "and I will take you safe to land." And as the waves continued, with increasing violence, to agitate the frail boat, she experienced all the horrors which the prospect of speedily perishing in the waters could inspire. A feeling of deep contrition, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, extorted from her stricken soul an earnest cry for mercy. Casting a despairing look on her husband, who was toiling at the oars, she wildly exclaimed, "It is impossible to reach land,—we shall surely perish,—and O Charles! what will become of our wretched souls?"

"I wish I foolish woman!" was the only reply: "trust to my skill. I have encountered rougher seas than this."

Fortunately, the wind was favourable, and the tide flowing; so that after hard toiling, and long buffeting of the waves, they at length came safe to shore.

On passing through the village, with their garments thoroughly drenched with rain and the spray of the sea, they observed many of their neighbours flocking to the Methodist chapel. This sight, which had never before produced in her mind a desire to accompany them to the sanctuary, now created in the bosom of Sarah a feeling of self-condemnation; and she secretly resolved, if spared to see the next Sabbath, to attend, for the first time in her life, a place of worship. The Holy Spirit continued to strive with her, deepening her convictions, during the week; and on the following Sunday she was seated in the house of God, listening with marked attention to the truths of the Gospel. Under the sermon, which was plain and evangelical, she wept much. At the close of the service, (as a great revival had already taken place in the village,) a prayer

meeting was announced to be held on the following evening, and to be succeeded by similar services during the week.

On her return home from the sanctuary, she found her husband in a morose temper; and he began, in the most indecent language, to stigmatize the Methodists as vagabonds, and their Ministers as the agents of the Prince of Darkness.

On the following evening, in opposition to the remonstrances of her husband, she attended the prayer-meeting. On witnessing her distress, the sympathies of the whole congregation were simultaneously awakened. Many prayed with her, but, apparently, in vain. It seemed as if the heavens were as brass to the petitions offered up. Her heart was broken under a consciousness of guilt; but she despaired of being healed. Her soul was overwhelmed with sorrow, but she refused to be comforted. In a state of the greatest mental disquietude, she returned to her comfortless habitation.

"And have you again dared to go to that synagogue of Satan?" was the language of her husband, as she entered the cottage. Then, raising his voice to the highest pitch, while his countenance assumed a most diabolical expression, betraying the malignant passions of his mind, he declared, with oaths and imprecations, that if ever she again ventured within the walls of that hated conventicle, he would hasten to the chapel, and drag her out by force in the presence of the saintly hypocrites! Undaunted by his threats, and preferring the salvation of her soul to her personal safety, she signified her intention to go on the following evening; declaring, with tears in her eyes, that live she could not in her present state. She accordingly went; and, immediately on entering the chapel, felt on her knees, and with hands lifted towards heaven, and eyes streaming with tears of genuine contrition, supplicated for pardon and reconciliation with God. Nor did she wrestle long without receiving the blessing. The eye of her faith was raised to Calvary. A sense of her utter helplessness strengthened her desires to cast herself at the foot of the cross; and, while pleading the merits of a bleeding Saviour, her heart was lightened of its load. Pardon was sealed upon her heart, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. The beautiful doxology was immediately sung by the rejoicing assembly, and the glory of the Highest seemed to fill the place.

It was at this particular juncture that the husband of Sarah entered the chapel; rage depicted on his features, and fury burning in his soul. With rapid strides, he walked up the aisle, in search of his wife. The singing continued. The happy countenances around him arrested his attention; the heavenly smile which beamed upon the face of his wife at once disarmed his persecuting spirit; and the beautiful singing, which had never before regaled his ear, tended to soften his rebellious heart. The power of God seemed to arrest him; and, looking round, in dumb amazement, he sunk powerless to the ground, and was soon changed, from a bold persecutor, to a humble, self-condemned penitent. Feeling himself on the brink of destruction, without a beam of hope to illumine the midnight darkness of his soul, his cries for mercy became loud and continued. For the space of two hours, he endured the agony of a troubled spirit. The prayers of the congregation were offered on his behalf; and when he at length rose from his knees, he was a "new creature."

But who can describe the sensations which pervaded the bosom of the delighted wife, when she beheld her husband, whose vengeance she had been apprehending, now rejoicing in the liberty of the sons of God? In the presence of the congregation, they cordially embraced each other. The scene was peculiarly affecting. Every heart was melted. The voice of prayer and of praise again resounded through the village sanctuary; and, shortly afterwards, the meeting was closed.—*Christian Miscellany.*

### Because He first loved us.

The essential element of religion is love. But how could I love the being who was a tyrant; the stern interrupter of my lawful enjoyment; and who, reversing the statement of Scripture, desired that his creatures should perish? The discovery of God as a Father, is constantly the turning point in religion. Suppose that we should discover some individual, whom we had conceived to be a mere stranger, to be a long lost parent, how would this indifference be melted into love! And when the soul makes similar discovery with regard to God, the frost of indifference dissolves, and the heart surrenders itself at once, and altogether to his service. "One is your Father, which is in heaven." To believe this truth, as explained and illustrated by the gospel; to value it, and act upon it, is genuine religion. God is my reconciled Father in Christ; then I must love, and trust, and cheerfully and unequivocally serve him. Is the Father in heaven? then I must mingle reverence with affection, and tremble at his displeasure, even when I repose upon his love. Is one only my Father? then I must oppose no authority to his; I must admit none to wield his sceptre, or to occupy his throne in my soul; I must obey God rather than man. Lord, we have too long halted between two opinions. Come, thou that art the Father of our spirits, come and dwell in us and rule in us. Wash us with the blood of atonement, sanctify us by the Spirit of truth, clothe us with the white robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, and give us at once the adoption and the disposition of sons—the delightful portion of those who are admitted to be heirs of God and joint heirs of Christ.—*Rev. J. W. Cunningham.*

### Voltaire's attempt to Translate the fifty-first Psalm.

Presumptuous individuals, who venture to attack the Holy Scriptures with unpurified hearts and mere scholastic learning, without being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, are punished with confusion, blindness and delusion. Voltaire was once daring enough to verify that affecting penitential Psalm, the fifty-first. Everything went well until he came to the tenth verse, where it is said, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." But his pride, and truly infernal hatred against God and his worshippers did not permit him, with the royal penitent, to entreat of God a pure and sincere heart; however he strove to translate the verse poetically. But suddenly the terrors of hell seized him; the pen refused to move beneath the hand of the reprobate who had indicted so many blasphemies and obscenities for the destruction of innocence and the fear of God. He sought to flee, but could not; he fell half senseless on his couch, and afterwards confessed several times to his friends that he could never think of this appalling occurrence without inward tremor and uneasiness.—*Dr Van Ess' New Testament.*

### A Great Attainment.

How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit, when despitefully used. To love an enemy and forgive an evil speaker is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves, proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man, who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and he to be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since in the day of judgment "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday."

The soul that hath the deepest sense of spiritual things, and the truest knowledge of God, is most afraid to miscarry in speaking of him, most tender and wary how to acquit itself when engaged to speak of and for God.