

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 33.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 186

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

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

{ Single Copies
Three Pence }

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan

THE THREE VOWS.

TO MY INFANT BOY IN HEAVEN.

When first I clasped thy lovely form,
And viewed thy bright, blue eyes,
I vowed in strength Divine, that I
Would train thee for the skies.

Then at the altar's sacred shrine,
With ardent Christian joy,
I consecrated thee to God,
My smiling infant boy.

Then with a chastened mother's grief,
The priceless jewel given,
I gave thee back, my cherub boy,
A spirit pure to Heaven.

Strike—strike thy harp—in cadence deep,
Join in the Heavenly song;
In union sweet thy parents dear,
Will soon the theme prolong.

January, 1852. MARYA L. ALLISON.

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the low'd'neath brightest
Shining the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born?
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which earth's bright cheek adorns?
Pleasure is marked by fletness,
To those who blindly roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home, dear Home.

Is't not the tie that strengthens
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visit when most brief,
Thy eyes in all their splendour
Are vocal to the heart,
And voices gay and tender
Ere eloquence impart,
Thou dost thou sigh for pleasure,
Oh! do not blindly roam;
Look that hidden treasure,
At Home, dear Home.

Does pure religion charm thee,
Far more than ought below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples made for prayer,
For home itself were lonely
Without her presence there,
The devote may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshipless his altar,
At Home, dear Home.

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful care,
Its holy service guideth,
And shows its perfect law,
If there no shrine be found—
What can thy prayers avail thee,
With kneeling crowds around?
God! leave thy gifts unoffered,
Before religion's dome,
And be her first-fruit proffered
At Home, dear Home.

Christian Miscellany.

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

For the Wesleyan.

Foreign Missions.

No. II.

MR. EDITOR.—In our last, we took a cursory view of the present moral and spiritual state of the heathen world; it is our intention now to enquire as to what has been done to evangelize it, and the effects produced.

For many ages, after the Apostles and their immediate successors had finished their mission, the Christian Church degenerated into a cold, lifeless and formal state; and after a time, pomp and parade took the place of vital, practical piety, and instead of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls, a cold indifference sprang up, and ripened into ease and luxury.

But in the fifteenth century a burning and a shining light arose on the church and on the

world, in the person of MARTIN LUTHER, who, through the special providence and grace of God, overthrew popish idolatry in Germany, gave vitality and life to the Christian system, and spread the savour of Jesus's name through every kingdom on the Continent of Europe. Nor was illustrious but unhappy England uninfluenced by the Reformation. Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and others arose, and cleansed the Sanctuary; and though it cost them a Martyr's death and won for them a Martyr's crown, the work was accomplished, and Protestantism, the safe guard of England, was established, and so established, that none but a Protestant can now sway the sceptre on the British Throne.

In the course of years, as Christianity became more highly appreciated, and the wants of the perishing millions of our race became more fully known, Missionary Institutions were organized, and Missionaries, with the Holy Bible in their hands, were sent by the Church to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, with other kindred institutions, sprung up in quick succession, and now scores and hundreds of Missionaries connected with these Societies, are standing on the high places of the Mission field, unfurling the banner of the Cross, and proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation in the name of Christ. Many valuable lives have been sacrificed on the Missionary Altar, and many years of mental and bodily exertion have been spent by the philanthropist and the Christian, and many millions of money have been appropriated in this noble work. In the year 1847, the Protestant Churches throughout the world raised for Missionary purposes alone, the sum of £548,955, whilst, £155,843 were raised by the Roman Catholics for the same object. Much has already been done, and much remains yet to be done.

The effects produced have kept pace with the efforts made. Instead of the Missions proving a failure, as some have boldly asserted, they have been crowned with glorious results. Many, once riving in the region and shadow of death, have been brought into the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—heathen superstition has been overthrown,—pagan idolatry has given place to Christianity, and thousands and tens of thousands of degraded heathen have been emancipated from the bondage of sin and Satan, and brought into the liberty of the children of God. The social, political, and religious privileges, enjoyed by the once deluded and degraded, but now ransomed and redeemed tribes of Adam, amply repay the Christian for all his labour and toil; and stimulates him to increased exertions in so noble and righteous a cause. Who would not praise God for his sanction and blessing, vouchsafed to Missionary efforts, and for the many precious souls that have been already brought home to glory or are on their way thither? May we not with the poet of Methodism sing

"Come thou conqueror of the nations,
Now on thy white horse appear;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations
Signify thy kingdom near;
True and faithful
Establish thy dominion here,
"Thine the kingdom, power and glory,
Thine the ransomed nations are;
Let the heathen fall before thee,
Let the Isles the power declare;
Judge and conquer
All mankind in righteous war."

February 6th.

JUSTITIA.

The Loss of Children.

In the round of their duties, rejoicing with those who rejoice, and weeping with those who weep, clergymen find it their most difficult duty to offer consolation to those who mourn the loss of children. The sentiment of the aged patriarch seems almost universal: "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Parents, almost from the birth of a

child, look upon it as destined to succeed them. They labour late and early to prepare the new-comer for the place which they think it is to fill when they are gone. They submit to self-denial, and impose upon themselves toil, that it may be fitted for the responsibilities which they see in the future; and when that hope is suddenly cut off, then grief has all the pregnancy of disappointment. It is sorrow for the future, as well as for the past and the present. It is a mourning for children which will not be comforted, because they are not.

Perhaps the past season has not been more than usually fatal to the young; but the writer of this article has had frequent occasion to meet those who bewailed their buried hopes, in the cutting off of their offspring. Such dispensations of Providence teach, not merely the superiority of religious consolation above all other, but the truth that religion offers the only comfort at such a time. There is no earthly consideration which can reconcile a parent to the loss of the expectation he had built on his children. There is nothing earthly which can make any compensation for such a loss. There is no scheme of human philosophy which can make the death of the young seem proper, or even tolerable, to the feelings of their survivors. Cold stoicism and forced resignation to inevitable fate may prevent the utterance of complaint; but the heart rebels still, though pride may keep silence.

Christianity neither urges nor approves of any such forced composure. "Jesus wept" and if we do not permit our grief to become too passionate, or too protracted; it neither lead us to repine at Providence nor neglect our duties to the living, we may weep too. If it were not intended that we should grieve at the loss of friends, death would not be attended with circumstances so full of pain and affliction. It is our nature; and he also who took our nature upon him, dropped tears of affection over the tomb of Lazarus.

He who wept for Lazarus declared himself the Resurrection and the Life. Therefore, whoever believes in him, though he sorrow for the dead, sorrows not for his dear children as one without hope. He reposes on the wisdom of God and on his mercy, and he rejoices that the disposal of our lives is in the hands of One who causes all things to work together for good to them that love Him. He labours to draw wisdom from affliction, and to feel that, though God's ways are mysterious, and past our finding out, yet the day will come, if we walk in his commandments, when all that confounds our feeble sense will be made plain. The Lord gave, and he hath taken away. When we can bring our hearts truly to say, "Blessed be his name," we have already disarmed sorrow, by a true and living faith. When he loveth, he chasteneth. We are not as he sees; and therefore should we defer to his wisdom, and, trusting in His mercy, we shall receive our own again hereafter, and be blessed in our affliction, even here.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Education the Question of the Day.

Who doubts that education is the question of the day? Time was when the mass of the nation lay in indolent quiescence, surrounded only by inert elements and feeble and sluggish influences. The soul had no appetites, and the world no stimulants. But now all appetites are awakened and eager with hunger; and baits and stimulants abound on every side. The question is now not whether the soul shall be educated, but what that education shall be. All are learning fast, learning ever. The question is what are they learning? All are becoming, in some sense and form or other, highly educated—the question is, what sort of an education do they receive? Are they being educated for sense, sin, and Satan, or for Christ and God? for good to themselves and others, or for boundless and ever intenser evil? for the nation's and, the

world's curse, or for the blessing of all time to come?

Look at the intense activities which with dizzy speed are ever plying. With what universal energy, what maddening impetus does the whirl of material energies and interest revolve! Science is growing ever keener of sight, and swifter and stronger of wing. Art becomes quicker and more skillful in invention, and more deftly and nimble of hand. Commerce multiplies with astonishing rapidity her means and correspondently increases her channels, whilst her ever enlarging host of votaries serve her daily with more passionate and reckless abandonment. Labour continually presses her sons to make more struggling efforts, and endure more weary burdens. Necessity and ambition, the two great taskmasters, ply the scourge more and more fiercely, and drive more swiftly onward the straining and competing crowds. Work, work, work,—head and hand—brain and body—heart and flesh. Work till you sink—run till you faint—struggle till you die.

Such is the picture of the age. But where is religion in all this? What of the soul and eternity—what of everlasting truth and love—what of God above, and the after life in all this?

Woe to the nations in which all things are thought of but religion—all powers growing but the power of love to God—all means multiplying and becoming more efficient but the means of diffusing holiness! Such a nation is fast corroding into rottenness—fast consuming into hollowness and embers.—Religion only is the conservative power—and vital force—of society. Without it a nation must crumble and decay.

The times are educating the present generation,—whether we educate or not. But the education of the times is one, the tendency of which is to utterly secularize and materialize the soul, to banish high spiritual truth out of the region of thought, and to exclude religious impulses from all play upon the motives of action. It is impossible to overstate the truth on this matter, and if we would save our nation from being made over entire to the Mammon power of a godless materialism, we must interpose with a practical, effective, religious education.—*London Watchman.*

Men who care for none of these Things.

I do not know anything more affecting and distressing than to behold men of the greatest capacity, of the greatest grasp of mind, as to worldly things and temporal projects, who are yet acting as if they had no souls; as if there were no God to whom they are accountable, no judgment-day awaiting them, and as if there were no such place as heaven and hell; while yet these things are set before them in the Scriptures in the most awful terms. But "this their way is their folly; and their posterity approve their sayings;" they have the majority with them, no doubt; yet the error is fundamental, because it is in the heart; and, while it is in the heart, it is in every thing. They are dying creatures, and yet do not consider that they are building on the sand; that their houses will fall. That is a remarkable expression of our Lord's: "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God." So much for fashion, and general opinion and popular applause; so much for the voice of the majority. Then "this their way is folly," however admired and applauded; since misery and destruction are the end thereof; for "broad is the road that leadeth to destruction," and the majority are walking in that way. Will, you, then, prefer fashion to your souls? Will you listen to the voice of a majority in error? Will you choose to live in darkness and the shadow of death? because the greater part of mankind are lying in this state? Instead of following in this error, may God enable you to take the "narrow path," and stand firm for time and eternity.—*Cecil.*