

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 19.]

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC.

[Whole No. 193]

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

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

{ Single Copies
{ Three Pence.

Poetry.

LINES.

[In memory of Miss HELEN HOGG, who died on the 5th of October, 1851.]

Our Saviour wept dead Lazarus,—
And we, his followers, also weep,
When those, the forms belov'd by us,
Enwrap'd in Death's embraces sleep.—

Weep, parents—for the fairest flower,
That grac'd your blooming-household-wreath;
"Cut down, and withered in an hour,"
Now rests the cold, damp earth beneath.

Yes, weep—for she, the brightest gem,
That in your shining circlet shone,
The glory of your diadem,
No longer sparkles in its zone.

Weep, brothers—o'er the loving heart,
Whose twining tendrils, clinging still
Around you, always bore its part,
Of what befell you, good or ill.

Think, as ye tread your life-path through,
With all its joys and sorrows blent;
You'll never find a love more true,
Than hers, now from your circle rent.

Weep, Sisters—for the lov'd one gone,—
The playmate of your childhood's hours;
When Life's young journey just begun,
Its shining path seem'd strewn with flowers.

Alas! how drear that pathway now,—
Since she, the lovely, and the bright,
Of sunny smile, and beaming brow,
Hath vanish'd from your longing sight.

Weep—thou, her true heart's chosen one—
The watcher by her dying bed;
Who would'st thy place resign to none,
Till her young, faithful spirit fled.

Yes—with fast falling tears embalm
Thy Helen's cherish'd memory;
And may those soft outpourings calm
Thy wounded spirit's agony.

Weep, all—but not as hope-bereft:—
Before you, but short space she's gone;
And soon she'll hail each dear one left,
In realms where sorrow is unknown.

Blind, erring creatures, that we are!
Too oft we ask the question, "why,
Should those most gifted, and most fair,
Among Earth's children, soonest die?"

But He, the Arbitrator of all,
Takes cognizance of each below;
No sparrow to the ground doth fall,
And He, who ordereth all, not know.

Then let us calmly acquiesce,
Nor with our lips or hearts rebel;
But, humbly our great Chastener bless,
And say, "He doeth all things well."

—Shelburne.

A. B.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Resurrection of the Body.

This great doctrine, the resurrection of the body, seems better fitted than the kindred truth of the immortality of the soul to make a powerful impression on the mind of men, when receiving the Gospel for the first time. The heathen may have read of the existence after death of the immaterial spirit within him; but he thinks of that principle as something impalpable and unearthly, that he has never yet seen, and that is scarce the same with himself. He may have heard even that after death he should still have a body. He may have been taught, as many an idolatrous creed teaches its votaries, that the soul shall pass after death into other bodies of the higher or lower order of beings. But this doctrine of the transmigration of souls cannot take the same hold on his mind as does the scriptural truth, teaching him the resurrection of the existing body. The thoughts of the man, his fears, his hopes and his plans have had reference chiefly to the body. Bring him to look upon it as possible, that this—the material framework in which he has enjoy-

ed or suffered, by which he has laboured and acquired, which he has clothed and fed, and in which he has sinned—this body, which in most of his thoughts, has been regarded as the whole of himself—is to live again beyond the grave, and he is startled. Talk to him of the inward man of the soul, and he listens, as if you spoke of a stranger. But bring your statements home to the outward man of his body, and he feels that it is he, himself, who is to be happy or to be wretched in that eternity of which you tell him. Hence a living missionary in his first religious instructions to the king of a heathen tribe in South Africa, found him indifferent and callous to all his statements of the Gospel, until this truth was announced. It aroused in the barbarian chief the wildest emotions, and excited an undisguised alarm. As he had been a warrior, and had lifted his sword against multitudes slain in battle, he asked in amazement, if these his foes should all live? And the assurance that they should all arise, filled him with perplexity and dismay, such as he could not conceal. He could not abide the thought.—A long slumbering conscience had been pierced through all its coverings. Well do such incidents illustrate the fact, that He who gave the Gospel knew what was in man, and infused into the heaven of his own word those elements that are mightiest to work upon all the powers of man's soul, and to penetrate with their influence the whole mass of human society. And in our announcement of that Gospel, we do well to adhere to the Scriptural pattern given us by the Author of the Gospel. Many of the doctrines of Christianity are almost insensibly modified, in our mode of presenting them, by the natural religion which intimates, if it does not establish, these or similar truths. But the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is not a doctrine of natural religion. It is purely a doctrine of revelation, and becomes known to us merely from the living oracles of Scripture. And as man's reason did not discover it, it is not for man's reason to alter or amend the doctrine according to his caprices and prejudices.

Ministerial Tactics.

It is well known that when the late Rev. Rowland Hill, of London, commenced his ministry, some eighty years ago, there was in many parts of England a settled aversion to evangelical religion, so that, notwithstanding his position in life and his eminent talents, he was not unfrequently the object of persecution. On one occasion he had intended to preach at a large sea-port on the western coast; but a considerable number of sailors, under the influence of the ecclesiastical leaders of the district assembled together, swearing that he should not preach.—In the very height of their threatenings he arrived on the spot, and inquired with all the indifference of an entire stranger what was the matter. He was informed that no preaching could be permitted, and that any attempt to introduce it would only call into use the bludgeons with which some hundreds of them were armed. "Well, well, gentlemen," said he, with the most perfect good temper, "if you say there shall be no preaching, of course I shall submit to your wishes. I did not intend to say anything to offend you; I only meant, if I had preached, to have said something from [naming a text,] and then just to have remarked—" By this time his commanding person, gentlemanly address, and a voice combining music and power, had awed them into silence, and for three quarters of an hour or more, he went on to tell them what he would have said if he had preached, till his whole audience were in tears. We need only add that their prejudices were subdued; he preached again and again, and thus laid the foundation of a very large and prosperous church. How much better was this than either scolding them, or appealing to the arm of the law for protection.

At another time, while he was visiting his father and family at Hawkstone Hall, he was earnestly entreated to visit a neighbouring town where the small meeting house had been closed by the hand of violence, and whose inhabitants were entirely without evangelical instruction. On his arrival, the house was crowded, chiefly with enemies to the gospel, and his friends entreated him not to preach, as among other plans the opposing party had obtained the presence of a most notorious prize fighter, on purpose to annoy the minister personally. But Rowland Hill was one of the last men in the world to flinch from an encounter like this. He declared that he would preach, even though he died in the attempt; having obtained an exact description and dress of the prize fighter, he made his way, unguarded and alone, to the pulpit.— Looking around him from the pulpit, as he never failed to do, his eye caught the pugilist, whom he very respectfully beckoned to him. The man, apparently full of fury, ascended the pulpit stairs, when he told him that his name was Rowland Hill, that he was the son of Sir Richard Hill of Hawkstone Park, and a clergyman, that he had come to the town to preach, and had been told that some bad men had intended to disturb him; that he had full confidence in his talents as a prize fighter, and therefore put himself under his protection as a gentleman; that if any disturbance should arise, he should rely upon him to quell it; and at the close of the service he should be glad if he would accompany him in his carriage to dine at Hawkstone. The fury of the man was entirely subdued; he promised his best efforts to maintain quietness, which he did secure, and went away at the end of the service apparently ashamed that he had interrupted so complete a gentleman in his wishes to do good. Did not this conduct show that Mr. Hill understood human nature? —
Watchman & Reflector.

Christian Baptism.

Dr. OWEN says:—"No one instance can be given in the Scripture wherein the Greek word *"baptizo,"* doth necessarily signify to dip or plunge. The original and natural signification of this word signifies to dye, to wash and cleanse, as well as to dip and plunge. Scapula, Stephanus and Suidas, as well as all the best Greek writers, render this word in this manner. I must say, and will make it good, that no honest man who understands the Greek tongue can deny the word to signify to wash as well as dip."

"It cannot be proved," says the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, that the baptism of John was performed by dipping, nor can it be proved that the baptism of Christ and his disciples was by immersion, no, nor that of the eunuch baptized by Philip, though they both went down into the water, for that going down into the water may relate to the chariot, and implies no determinate depth; it might be up to their knees, or not above their ankles. As to the words baptism and baptizo, they do not necessarily imply dipping, but are used in other senses in several places. That washing or cleansing is the true meaning of the word baptizo, is testified by the greatest scholars, and the most proper judges in this matter."

"Pouring or sprinkling," says one, "more naturally represents most of the spiritual blessings signified by baptism, namely, the sprinkling of the blood of Christ on the conscience, or the pouring out of the Spirit on the person baptized, or sprinkling him with clean water as an emblem of the influence of the Spirit, all which are the things signified by baptism, as different representations of the cleansing away of the guilt or defilement of sin thereby."

"Much of the mercy of having children," says the Rev. MATTHEW HENRY, "lies in this, that we have them to devote to God by baptism in their infancy, and there are many humble, serious christians who can experimentally speak of the benefits of it. For

my own part I cannot but take this occasion to express my gratitude to God for my infant baptism, not only as it was an early admission into the visible body of Christ, but as it furnished my pious parents with a good argument, (and I trust through grace a prevailing argument,) for an early dedication of my own self to God in my childhood.— My early baptism assures me of God's being the God of my fathers, and the God of my infancy, and it is a great support to faith to consider that God is not only my God, but that he was so betimes. If God has wrought any good work upon my soul, I desire with humble thankfulness to acknowledge the moral influence of my infant baptism upon it."

The Rose and the Breeze.

Night had kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its sweetest slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken it drooped to the dust in loneliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gambling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over the hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook, turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers; and the young rose revived, looked up, and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze, but she hurried quick away; her generous task was performed, yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus real, true charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance, from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals upon the heart, like rich perfume to bless and cheer.

The Minister at a Ball.

A number of young gay persons got up a ball in a neighbourhood where the late Rev. Dr. Nettleton had been preaching with great success; and for the amusement of themselves and others, inserted the reverend gentleman's name at the head of the list of the managers. The company assembled at the time appointed. About the hour for commencing the dance Dr. N. made his appearance, and observed to the company, that he perceived from the tickets which had been issued that he had been appointed a manager, and therefore he proposed to open the services with prayer. He then offered up a series of very earnest petitions for the thoughtless group; which were blessed of God to the conviction of a number of those present, several of whom afterwards professed conversion, united with the church, and were never afterwards found within the walls of a ball-room.

Light of Eternity.

What scenes does eternity present!—the years of life past—early connections dissolved—the secrets of all hearts laid open—souls saved or lost—Christ a frowning Judge or a welcome Saviour—all mistakes and errors in religion at an end—every false foundation undermined—a world in flames and consumed as though it had never been—time itself no more—eternal ages on ages rolling on in ceaseless bliss or woe. Who is sufficient to speak, even, on these things?