

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 31.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 125

Ten Shillings per Annum
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

Single Copies
Three Pence

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

But the snows of this winter ere it pass may mantle
Upon the last resting place of some, whose eyes may scan
These pages.—From the Wesleyan.

There are young hearts gladly bounding,
Heeding not words like these,
Blending to life's sweet melodies,
As flutes to the breeze.
The song of joy is on the lip,
Care hath not touched the brow,
Sorrow seems far from earth's bright house,
Life hath no shadow now.
The feeble steps of age move on,
Dreaming of days to come,
Scarcely numbering the tokens sent
To speak of long years-gone.
Hope brightens still the dimmed eye,
And dreams of life are spoken,
When the silver cord must soon be loosed,
The golden bowl be broken.
For life is very dear to all,
And death seems never near,
While the glorious sunlight lasts,
We feel no cause for fear.
But ere the spring-time comes again,
How desolate will seem
Homes, where ere then, tears will be shed,
For death shall enter in!
Aye! desolate, for when those words
First met my wand'ring eye,
I marked a fair and joyous home,
Where sorrow seemed not nigh,
I dreamed not that at one I loved
So early would have fled,
The pure young blossom cherished there,
Now numbered with the dead!
But such our life, a fleeting dream!
And the light of many a home
May pass away from earth perchance,
Ere winter-snows are gone,
So let us live, that when our eyes
Must close on all below,
Looking to Jesus, thro' death's vale
Rejoicing we may go!

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 31.

Onto.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Wayfarer's Visit.

Late one Saturday evening, a knock was heard at the door of a respectable family in R—, New-York. The door was opened, and a stranger about fifty years old, presented himself. "Are there any in this house," said he, "who love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

This was a very unusual question, and Mr. L. scanned well the features of the questioner before he gave an answer. Seeing intelligence and benevolence stamped upon his countenance, he replied, "We profess to be the friends of CHRIST."

"Then I claim kindred here, and ask for shelter for the night."

"Walk in, and be seated," said Mr. L. He wished to know something about the stranger before he allowed his claim. To every claim presented in the name of Christ, he felt bound to give a profound consideration. The stranger seemed to understand Mr. L.'s wishes. "I am," said he, "a minister of the Gospel; my name is W."

"Do you live in R—?" asked Mrs. L., rising from her seat.

"I do, when I am at home."

"I am very glad to meet you," said she, giving him a very warm pressure of the hand. "My sister lives in R—; I have often heard her speak of you, so that I feel acquainted with you." Mr. L. added his cordial welcome. The claim to kindred was allowed. Mr. W. was told to consider himself at home.

Mr. W. then related the circumstances which led him to adopt such an unusual course to obtain lodgings for the night. He had ridden in the stage coach all day. Among the passengers there was not one who was a professor of religion. Two of them kept themselves in a state of intoxication all day. It was in vain that he attempted to check their profaneness. His heart was pained during the whole day by hearing his Saviour insulted and abused. When at night he

came to the tavern in the village, he found that preparations for a ball were in progress. He accordingly determined to see if he could not find some quiet family who would receive him for his Master's sake, and with whom he might refresh his weary spirit by communing on heavenly things. "I thank God," said he, "that he has sent me to your house."

"We also are thankful for the same reason," said Mr. L.

Among the themes of conversation which occupied them till a late hour, was that of the relation of Christians to each other.

"I am afraid," said Mr. W., "that Christians do not think enough of the fact that they are blood-relations, in the sublimest sense of the term. I am afraid they do not love one another for Christ's sake as much as they ought. They sustain to one another a variety of relations, such as members of the same society—occupation in the same pursuits; and these diminish their sense of the importance of the relation they sustain to one another as the servants of Christ. The Church is in reality the most important of all societies. It is a divine society; it is Christ's society; and membership in it ought to be regarded as the choicest bond that can unite men together. There ought to be such a state of things, that when we meet a Church-member, we can feel that we have met a brother and a friend."

"Is not the evil of which you justly complain owing, in part, at least, to the fact, that so many members of the Church give no good evidence of piety? If due care were taken in the admission of members; if it were well-nigh certain that every professor of religion was a real Christian, would not our hearts flow out freely towards them?"

"There is truth in your remark, but I am afraid that we are, all of us, more or less prone, in these days, to form our attachments on other grounds than that of likeness to Christ in the object. We look for refinement, for intelligence, for similarity of taste and pursuit in those we select for our intimate friends, rather than for Christ's image. Refinement, and intelligence, and congenial tastes are desirable, but they should not be allowed to usurp Christ's place in our hearts. We may love those who possess these qualities, for the sake of these qualities; but a higher ground of regard should be that included in the expression, 'for Christ's sake.' O, there is a world of meaning in that expression! What would not a redeemed sinner do for Christ's sake?"

There was a solemn pause in the conversation after the utterance of this remark.

"I never love my brethren so much," continued he, "as when I look away from them to Christ. I look at them and say to myself, Here are some whom Christ loves very dearly, and shall I not love them too? Am I not interested in all that interests Him? In truth, I love all creation—everything in the world, when I look upon it as Christ's world. The beasts of the field, and the birds, and the fishes,—I love them all for Christ's sake, because he made them, and because they belong to him. And I see a glory in the trees, and in the clouds, when I think of them in connexion with Christ."

"But you love the souls he has redeemed still more," said Mr. L.

"I think I love the souls of men; I know I do. And yet when I compare the love that I feel for them with the love that Christ feels for them, I am humbled and ashamed. If I could bring my heart to sympathize more fully with Christ, I could plead with men with more earnestness and power to come to the Lamb of God."

The next day was the Sabbath. Mr. W. rose with the dawn and prayed.

When he met with the family it was in a most cheerful manner. His conversation was free and inspiring, but no word was spoken inconsistent with the holiness of the day. So naturally did suitable topics present themselves, that no thought of an effort to keep the Sabbath crossed any mind.

He went with the family to the village church, and gladly accepted the invitation of the pastor to preach in his place. He took for his text, "The love of Christ constraineth us." He had not spoken long before every eye was fixed on him. He was not an eloquent man in the ordinary acceptance of the term. There was nothing striking in his language, or in his thoughts. He told them what they all knew before about the greatness of Christ's love, and of its natural effect upon the heart. But what he said told upon the hearts of his hearers, because it was manifest that he spoke under the constraining influence of the love of Christ. This was the secret of his power. It is a power which is attainable by every minister, however humble his intellectual endowments. That man never fails to secure the attention of his audience, who presents to them even the most familiar truths, under the constraining influence of the love of Christ.

On Monday morning, after a season of prayer, and a word of exhortation to each member of the family, Mr. W. resumed his journey. The influence of that precious visit was long felt. Why may not every visit be crowned with a similar blessing?—*N. Y. Observer.*

Comfort in Sorrow.

Our comfort is from God. We can afflict and torment ourselves, but it is the living God who alone can comfort us. It is a matter of no difficulty for us to set our minds to work, and raise a storm; but it is quite impossible for us to have a calm there—a deep abiding sense of quiet and happiness. The Lord, the Lord from his high and holy throne, must speak and bid the tumult cease. He is the Father of mercies, not of this and that one, but the Father of all mercies. He is likewise the God of all consolation; and by this we are to understand such consolation as is peculiarly, and altogether God's—such as flows at once from him, and not that which we receive from him through his creatures. "Thy comforts," says the Psalmist, "delight my soul;" that is, the comforts which we obtain from thinking upon and realizing the attributes of Jehovah; the comforts we derive from reflecting upon the promises he has left us; and the comforts we experience in being in his presence, and feeling him to be our Father and our friend.

What comfort like that which the Christian derives from the Lord Jesus Christ? from looking at and considering him? from thinking of his person, his offices, and his glory? from contemplating his sufferings, his intercessions, his exaltation, his glory, and his second coming to save his faithful followers, and to punish those who have despised his grace, and contemned his goodness all through life? What comforts like those which flow from the Holy Ghost, when he opens to us the Scriptures, or speaks to us of a reconciled God? What pleasure more profound than that we experience when this Spirit, shining into our souls, assures us that God himself dwells in our poor hearts, and takes up his dwelling with us?

But the comforts of the Lord are deep within the soul of the Christian. They are not superficial, nor seated on the surface, but low down, as the language of the Psalmist would seem to imply, in the heart, entering far within, and getting to the diseased part, and carrying comfort there. We can empty earthly things of all the good they contain. We feel in trouble sometimes that we have obtained from friends all the comfort they could give. But never can we exhaust the fountain of love, in which and from which we derive that bliss which is unto everlasting life. Beautiful, but true as beautiful, in the experience of every Christian heart, are the words of that immortal penman, John Wesley:

"Riches unsearchable,
In Jesus' love we know,
And pleasure springing from the well
Of life our souls bestow;
The bliss we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power."

And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.
Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred tokens of grace:
Unto that heavenly bliss,
They all our steps attend;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

—Western Christian Advocate.

You Need the Prayer-Meeting.

If you are neglecting to meet with your brethren for social prayer, they no doubt miss you. They see your seat empty. They remember your exhortations and prayers, and your promises to be faithful; and as they think of the sacredness of your covenant, the influence which you are now exerting against religion, and the peril of your own soul, as well as the jeopardy of your fellow-man, how can it be otherwise than that sadness should gather upon the countenance, and anguish seize upon the heart! They feel that they need your presence, your prayers, your aid, to carry forward the great work of saving the world. However much the prayer meeting needs you, let me say—and I would to God that you could feel it—you need that still more. Every time you neglect it you are robbing yourself of one of the best gifts of heaven—you are impoverishing your own soul. The prayer-meeting is a means of grace, which, if improved, would greatly subserve your spiritual progress. Then, as you prize your own advancement, as you value your own happiness, as you love your own soul, so you should estimate it. There you may receive new impulses to faithfulness, and your religious habits may be confirmed. In the midst of the cares and turmoils of business, how refreshing to dismiss the world,

"And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer!"

It is calculated to calm every turbulent passion, to restrain every transient emotion, to arouse the better feelings of the heart, and to fortify you against the temptations of the world. Far better would it be to neglect your meals, than to neglect it. The most that the former could do would be to injure the body, but this may destroy the soul.—You may be getting your hay, or engaged in some urgent business, and think that you cannot afford to attend. But you are mistaken! Your soul is of paramount importance, and will you imperil it? The hour devoted to social prayer even amid the hurry of business, is one of the most profitable hours you spend—it is the very thing you need.—*Morning Star.*

Children Have Four Ears.

"Children have four ears!" So said Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Portland, at the Children's Meeting in his church, the week of the Anniversary of the American Board. He was saying a word to the children, to secure their attention to those who were to address them. "Children have four ears," said he; "their eyes are ears. They hear with their eyes. If I see a child looking at the speaker, I know that he hears him."

Will our readers remember this at the Sabbath School, and in the house of God? Hear with your eyes, as well as with your ears. If you hear not with your eyes, your thoughts will be likely to wander with the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth.

Profane Jestings.

Above all the abuses which have ever dishonoured the tongues of man, nothing more deserves the whip of an exterminating angel, or the stings of scorpions, than profane jesting, which is a bringing of the Spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man; he that makes jest of the words of scripture, or of holy things, plays with thunder, and kisses the mouth of a cannon just as it belches fire and death; he laughs at damnation, while he had rather lose God than lose his jest; nothing is greater sacrilege, than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulance of an idle tongue.