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## Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

### "I PRAY, BELOVED, FOR THEE."

When morning dawns upon the earth,  
In radiance clear and bright,  
And with the sun-beam's cheering ray,  
Dispels the shades of night,  
Tis then with thankfulness of heart,  
I bend the suppliant knee,  
And while my thoughts ascend to Heaven,  
I pray, beloved, for thee.

I pray that all throughout this day,  
Thou may'st be kept from sin,  
And that the favour of the Lord  
My gentle friend may win,  
And when thy life shall pass away,  
As will this rosy dawn,  
May'st thou behold with heart as pure  
The Resurrection morn.

When evening draws her curtain dim,  
Around the slumbering earth,  
When silence long and deep succeeds  
The joyous sounds of mirth—  
When stars have thrown their quiet light,  
Across the tranquil sea,  
Again I bend in thankfulness,  
And pray, beloved, for thee.

I pray that ever calmly thus,  
Thou may'st securely glide,  
And that no storms may mar the peace  
Of thy life's gentle tide,  
And that thy closing hour may be  
As peaceful as this night,  
Foreshowing the coming on  
Of an eternal light.

When gladness thrills each nerve with joy,  
And when my heart is light,  
When every earthly object seems  
So gloriously bright,  
In fervent gratefulness of heart,  
I bend the prayerful knee,  
And while I thank him for my joy,  
I pray, beloved, for thee.

I pray that thou may'st joy possess,  
Through each succeeding year,  
And that thy pathway to the skies  
May be serenely clear,—  
That thou may'st happy be while here,  
Kept by a Saviour's love,  
And when thy life has passed away,  
Be still more blest above.

And when deep grief has bowed my heart,  
With sad and mournful spell,  
A weight of utter loneliness,  
No tongue can rightly tell,  
Even in that hour of bitterness,  
Thou'rt thought of still by me,  
And as I kneel with chastened heart,  
Again I pray for thee.

I pray thy Father's love may soothe  
Thy heart in every grief,  
And for thy every sorrow here,  
That he may give relief,—  
That His dear hand may wipe away  
Each tear that dims thine eye,  
And folding thee in His embrace,  
May take thee home on high.

Baltimore, Md., March, 1852.

ANNA.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

For the Wesleyan.

### Divine Grace and Human Nature.

(A TRUE HISTORY.)

In connection with Methodism, various instructive and affecting circumstances have taken place, displaying on the one hand the power of divine grace in saving sinners, and on the other, exhibiting the inveterate hatred of the carnal mind to the work of God in the soul of man. Many of these have been presented to the world in our Magazines and other periodicals; some, however, well worthy of being recorded, are known only to a few persons residing in those communities where the incidents have occurred.

For the truth of following facts, I can vouch. The names of parties concerned, and of the place, are withheld to avoid giving offence.

It is well known to many, that of late years, Methodism has found its way into several localities in this Province, which previously had been almost wholly ignorant of its doctrines and discipline, and also nearly destitute of religious instruction and individuals. It was in one of these places that

the circumstance, to which we now refer, took place. In that settlement a few persons previously strangers to vital religion, were led, during a religious movement, in a place not far from where they lived,—to give their hearts to God, and to unite with the Wesleyan Church. This step brought upon them no little reproach and opposition, which, while it had the effect of making some more steadfast, proved to others exceedingly injurious, as the sequel illustrates. In one of these pious families about this time, was living a servant-maid, whom I shall call Ziba, whose parents were attached to the English Church. As prayer meetings were frequently held in the house, Ziba was necessarily present. It was however not long until she became deeply convinced of sin, and sought with cries and tears, the mercy of her offended God, and as the certain result of seeking the Lord earnestly, He was found of her. Now she could rejoice in the love of Christ, and hope of endless glory. So powerful were her feelings, and anxiety for the salvation of others, that in one of the meetings she burst out into earnest prayer, for her neighbours and friends, much to the surprise of some present, who did not understand these things. After this Ziba took up the cross and prayed whenever called upon. The people of God rejoiced because of the addition of one praying person to their number, for they were very few. Thus far the grace of God.

But soon the scene was altered. The Prince of Darkness does not lose his subjects without struggling hard to keep them; and when gone, to bring them again beneath his yoke. Such was the case in the present instance. Soon was it noised abroad throughout the settlement, that Ziba, a poor servant girl, was praying in the Methodist prayer meeting. The tidings having reached her parents' ears, the mother was immediately dispatched to the praying house, to silence and bring home the naughty girl. Soon were Ziba's ears filled with torrents of abusive language from her enraged mother. But instead of becoming angry and reviling again, Ziba fell on her knees, and began praying most earnestly for her deluded parent. She would not, however, listen to her daughter, but seemed more enraged, and cried out, "O, you wicked creature, how dare you do the like! If ever you do so again, I will beat you severely." The prayer leader being present, also talked and prayed with the angry woman, but all to no purpose. She declared that her daughter should at once leave the house. On hearing this, Ziba burst into tears, and imploringly besought her mother to let her remain. But all in vain. Soon the weeping daughter, with a reluctant step, followed to her residence, the blinded and hardened mother. The man of the house proceeded with them, that he might reason with the father. No sooner had they entered the dwelling, than the father commenced, in a most fearful manner, as far as words were concerned, to abuse his daughter, for the awful crime of praying in public—a crime of which he himself had evidently never been guilty—and, becoming more enraged, attempted to strike her, but the blow was warded off by her late master. Finding that all efforts were vain to conciliate the parents towards the daughter, he left the house, not doubting but that Ziba was afterwards treated with severity and cruelty.

Every effort possible was now made to banish from Ziba's mind religious thoughts and feelings. But this was not at first quite so easily effected as the agents of Satan desired. One of the most common and best remedies to dissipate religious feelings, (which some persons call lowness of spirits,) is a dancing party. This was soon got up, and Ziba was compelled to be present. But she did not engage in the dance, though strongly urged to do so. Her parents were willing for her to dance, but not to pray, in public. For some time after this Ziba retained good desires, but not being allowed to visit the prayer meetings, and being obliged

to mingle with the careless and gay, it is no wonder that these became weaker and weaker, until she eventually turned back again to the vanities of earth.

Ziba and her parents removed from the place shortly after, and are now, I believe, residing somewhere in this Province. If this article should meet their eye, they will probably recognize their own characters. If so, I hope it may lead them to consider, repent, and turn to the God whom they have grieved and insulted, the one by their violent opposition to the work of grace in their daughter's heart, the other by preferring the favour of her parents to that of Christ, and thereby allowing herself to deny the Lord that bought her. G. O. H.

### The Simultaneous Conversion.

When residing where I commenced my ministerial labours, I had in my congregation a newly married couple of very intelligent and interesting young people. Neither of them was pious, but both of them were adorned with many personal graces. Shortly after Mrs. W. had given birth to her first-born, I paid a lengthened visit. I deemed this a fitting opportunity to impress upon them the importance of early piety; and after tea, I proposed reading and family prayer. I saw it gave pleasure. "My dear sir, you are now a father. Your child is born, to live forever. Think of this. It will devolve on you to train up this child in the fear of the Lord; but unless you yourself are brought into fellowship with him, the duty will be but imperfectly discharged. Allow me then, to ask you one question. Do you ever feelingly and earnestly pray for the salvation of your soul?" My friend was deeply affected; his eye was fixed on me, but he was silent; and in a moment, by a sudden spring, of which I was unconscious until I saw the movement, his beloved wife, on exclaiming "My dear John!" threw her arms around his neck, and there was an audible weeping. I was literally taken by surprise; nor could I refrain from sympathizing with my friends, who were for some moments too powerfully overcome by excess of feeling to give any explanation of the cause of it. "I never sir," he replied, when he was sufficiently composed to speak, "had one feeling thought about the salvation of my soul, till last Sabbath three weeks, when you preached from Genesis iii. 9." "Was it in the morning?" asked his wife. "Yes," I replied. She was silent some time, evidently striving against the strong tide of feeling that had set in.—"It was exactly at that hour," she at length said, "and on that morning, when solemn thoughts, which have often sprung up in my mind within the last twelve months, came upon me with great force. They were too painful and oppressive to be borne; but I knew not from what source to obtain relief. My hymn-book was lying on my dressing-table. I opened it and began reading a hymn, and I thought I never read one so beautiful. I fell on my knees at the throne of grace, and for the first time in my life, committed my soul to the compassionate love of my Saviour." It was indeed, a touching sight to behold the husband and his wife emerging together out of the mere forms of religion, and, under a keen sense of guilt, and unworthiness, coming to Jesus Christ to be saved. From the first impressions of divine truth on the hearts, till the hour when my interrogations led to the grand discovery that they both had left the dark prison-house of spiritual ignorance and alienation from God, they had been praying for each other's conversion; dreading lest the other should be left to perish; but now, under very strongly excited feelings, they exchanged mutual congratulations on account of what the Lord had so unexpectedly done for them. We knelt together at the throne of grace, and offered up our united thanksgiving for this marvellous manifestation of the loving kindness of God our Saviour;

and, as their minister, I solemnly dedicated them to his service, with their first-born, the living pledge of their mutual love. I then withdrew, musing, as the reader may naturally suppose, on the singular coincidence as to the time, when the same spiritual effects were produced in both, in different places, and by a very different order of means. Within the space of a few months I had the gratification of seeing them under my pastoral charge. Mr. W. became an office-bearer of the church; and both lived to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.

### Anecdote of Flavel.

The excellent Mr. Flavel, when minister at Dartmouth, preached from the words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha;" that is, accursed. The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the curse. At the conclusion, when Mr. Flavel was about to pronounce the blessing, he paused and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loves not the Lord Jesus is Anathema, Maran-atha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience. In the congregation there was a lad named Luke Short, about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Soon after he went to sea, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life. He lived till he was "a sinner a hundred years old," and ready to die "accursed." One day his memory fixed on Mr. Flavel's sermon. The earnestness of the minister, the truths spoken, the effect on the people, all came fresh to his mind. He felt that he had not loved the Lord Jesus; he feared the dreadful curse; he was deeply convinced of sin; and he was brought to "the blood of sprinkling." He lived to give the most satisfactory evidence that he had been "born again."

### Death.

What woes are caused by death in this world! They are seen everywhere. The earth is "arched with graves." In almost every dwelling, death has been doing his work of misery. The palace cannot exclude him; and he comes unbidden into the cottage. He finds his way to the dwelling of ice in which the Greenlander and the Esquimaux lives; to the tent of the Bedouin Arab, and the wandering Tartar; to the wigwam of the Indian, and to the harem of the Turk; to the splendid mansion of the rich, as well as to the abode of the poor.

That reign of death has extended near six thousand years, and will travel on to future years; meeting each generation, and consigning the young, the vigorous, the lovely, and the pure, to dust. Shall that gloomy reign continue forever? Is there no place where death can be excluded? Yes: Heaven—and the object of the Redeemer is to bring us there.—Albert Barnes.

### "It will not Bear."

A number of brothers were for years engaged in the business of boating. Often they kept their boats running on the Sabbath, in order the faster to gain property. At length one of them was taken sick. All practicable means were used to restore him, but his illness increased. When it became evident that he must die, he called his brethren to his bedside, and besought them never to run their boat any more on the Sabbath, for, he said, "It will not bear." He had tried it, and found by experience, that it will not bear the decisions of an enlightened conscience; it will not bear the scrutiny of a dying hour, the awards of a righteous judgment; or the retributions of dread eternity.

The survivors complied with his dying request. From that day forward they ran their boats no more on the Sabbath day; and as they believe, they were great gainers by the change.