

The Freeman's Wesleyan

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The Fullness of Jesus.

My sins on Jesus, — Lev. xvi. 21.
The spotless Lamb of God; Heb. ix. 14.
He bears them all, and frees us Heb. ix. 28.
From the accursed load. Gal. iii. 13.
Bring my guilt to Jesus, Acts xiii. 38, 39.
To wash my crimson stains, Rev. vii. 14.
Whitens his blood most precious, 1 Pet. i. 19.
Till not a spot remains. Eph. v. 27.

I lay my wants on Jesus, — 1 Peter v. 7.
All fullness dwells in Him, Col. i. 19.
He heals all my diseases, Psal. ciii. 3.
He doth my soul redeem. Gal. iv. 4, 5.
I lay my griefs on Jesus, Psal. lv. 15.
My burdens and my cares; Psal. lv. 22.
He from all these releases, — Isa. lxxiii. 9.
He all my sorrows shares. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

I rest my soul on Jesus, — Deut. xxxiii. 27.
This weary soul of mine; Cant. ii. 28.
He right hand me embraces, Cant. ii. 6.
I on his breast recline. John xiii. 53.
Love the name of Jesus, 1 John iv. 19.
In whom Christ the Lord! Matt. i. 23.
Like fragrance on the breeze, Cant. i. 3.
His name abroad is poured. Phil. ii. 9, 10.

Hang to be like Jesus, — 1 John iii. 2.
Meek, loving, lowly, mild; Matt. xi. 29.
Hang to be like Jesus, — 1 Pet. ii. 21.
The Father's holy child. Acts iv. 27.
Hang to be with Jesus, Phil. i. 23.
And the heavenly throne, Rev. vii. 3.
To sing with saints his praises, Rev. v. 13.
To learn the angels' song. Rev. xiv. 3.

The Swiss Basket-Maker.

One Sabbath morning, when Henri and Lina, two little Swiss peasant children, went with their parents to the village-church, the minister took for his text that passage in the Gospel which tells of the Saviour, on the Sabbath, curing a man born blind. The pastor spoke with great earnestness of the child belonging to the Christian Sabbath; the works of love in which we may engage at that holy day, and the importance of abstaining from all unnecessary labour. Even Lina understood, and was interested by what he said.

"Well, Lina, were you not very tired?" "No," said the little girl; "I liked to be at church very much; and I should like to go every Sunday."

"I am glad to see that," said her father, "if you understood what our good pastor said, if you must not work on the Sunday, but think of our Saviour's love, and try to do like Him."

"Well, Lina, you remember well; and I hope you and your brother will love your Saviour, who died for you, and keep His day holy."

Paul's Cloak at Troas.

Idolaters have sometimes sneered at the Scriptures as wanting dignity, and have referred among other passages, to Paul's request to Timothy in the tenth verse of the fourth chapter of his second epistle, to bring the cloak that he had left at Troas, as proof that this charge is well founded. How little could these men understand the calm feeling of the Apostle when he wrote the passage, amidst the circumstances in which he was then placed. The late Robert Haldane, of Edinburgh, whose name, especially among the Baptists, must be dear to the end of time, gives in his exposition of this text, a beautiful specimen of the forcible and simple manner in which he "opened the scriptures."

"On the approach of winter, in a cold prison, and at the termination of his course the apostle Paul appears here to be a follower indeed of Him who had not where to lay his head. He is presented to our view as actually enduring what he has said he elsewhere he describes in a manner so affecting. 'In prisons, in cold, in nakedness.' He had abandoned, as he elsewhere informs us, all the fair prospects that once opened to him, of worldly advantages, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, and had suffered the loss of all things. And in this epistle he has said that he has 'most justly embodied and verified.' He is about to suffer death for the testimony of Jesus; and he requests one of the few friends that still adhered to him, to use his diligence to come before winter, and to bring him his cloak. Here in his solemn farewell address, of which the verse before us forms a part, the last of his writings, and which contains a passage of unrivalled grandeur, the apostle of the Gentiles exhibits a situation greatly adapted to affect us. We behold him standing on the confines of the two worlds—in this world, about to be crowned as righteous by the King of kings, — here deserted by men, there, to be welcomed by angels—here, in want of a cloak to cover him, there to be clothed upon with his house from heaven."—*Tract Magazine*.

Sacred Paradoxes.

BY REV. G. COLES.
"As unknown, and yet well known."
The Christian is often unknown to the many, but well known to God. Being neither a hero, nor a conqueror, nor a statesman, nor a politician; and having but little to do with the world, being mostly a man of business, and of one book, he seeks neither popularity nor praise. Yet, though he is not a hero, nor a statesman, a poet, nor a philosopher, he is well known to his intimate friends, who can properly estimate his character, and to God, who knows his real worth and usefulness on earth. To the poor and despised, the persecuted and forsaken, it is matter of great consolation that God knows all his thoughts, temptations, trials, troubles, difficulties, dangers and sorrows. Men often forget those whom they once well knew, not so with God.

"As dying, and yet well alive."
From the moment we begin to live we begin to die; the seeds of disease and death spring up, grow, blossom, and bear fruit in full perfection. This world is rather the land of the dying than that of the living, "for the living know that they shall die." And considering the many disasters and calamities to which we are exposed, it may well be said "we die daily."

The Three Glances.

A pious man was once asked, whence it came, that in spite of all the calamities of life, he could still preserve such equanimity. He answered:
"It comes from this, that I take good care of my eyes; for all evil comes into the heart through the sense, but good, also, by the same way."
Upon further questioning how he did this, he said:
"Every morning, before I go to my business and among men, I direct my eyes thoughtfully to three things: First, I raise them to heaven, and remind myself that my chief business and the aim of my life and endeavour is up there. Secondly, I lower them to the earth, and consider how little room I need, one day, to find me a grave there. Finally, I look upon myself, and think of the multitudes of those whose fortune is worse than mine. In this way I have patience in all my sorrow, and live with the world and men contented in God."
—*Auerbacher*.

WISDOM is the handmaid of virtue—the creator and soul of happiness.

Dancing Schools.

Those who have seen a little girl preparing for a dancing school exhibition may easily trace the germ of every possible form of vanity, frivolity and worldliness. The love of display, the stealthy glance around for admiration and applause, the boldness of demeanor, and even the commencement of coquetry and flirtation take the place of the graceful timidity and simplicity which we expect and admire in the youth. How unlike are these precocious offshoots of fashion to the little children who seek Jesus early, and are sure to find Him!

Yet, alas! there are to be seen in this hot-bed of premature worldliness, the sons and daughters of Christian professors, and even of the elders and deacons of evangelical Churches. How much trouble such parents are laying up for themselves! In vain will they seek, in after years, to keep their children from craving after the places which almost all agree in deeming wholly unsuited to the members of Christian families.

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A Serious Charge Against the Editor of the "Christian Guardian."

MR. EDITOR,—Before preferring the charge I beg the indulgence of a few remarks. I need scarcely remind you, sir, that you are a living, acting enemy to the system of popery; that you hate anti-christ with a perfect hatred; that you have been talking, writing, toiling, and praying for its utter extermination ever since you discovered its fearful tendency to ruin and death; that from the moment you took your seat in the "Editorial Chair" to the present time, you have been furnishing your numerous and faithful readers with a perfect history of the "Man of Sin"; that in fact every copy of the paper you issue goes to show that as Cato felt in regard to Carthage, so you, sir, feel in regard to popery. "I conclude that popery must be destroyed."

Now, it has so happened that during the last four months, your editorials, &c., &c., on this subject have fallen under the eye of an intelligent Roman Catholic, who went immediately from the *Christian Guardian* to the Bible. In the former he was told that popery is a system of error and sin; that a careful reading of the latter he was fully convinced of the truthfulness of your assertions; and was led to a discovery of the fact, that Christ is the only foundation of the sinner's hope of salvation.

He next repaired to a Protestant place of worship; solicited an interest in the prayers of God's people; struggled and agonized in prayer for two or three days, when he experienced a clear and satisfactory evidence that God for Christ's sake had pardoned all his sins.

Now, Mr. Editor, I charge you as being one of the chief, and I believe, the leading instrument of inducing this intelligent young man, first, to utterly abandon the Church of his fathers, and, secondly, to give his heart to God, and unite himself to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. I suggested to the young man the propriety of taking the subject into their serious consideration, and of awarding you the punishment which in their wisdom may deem your crime so justly deserves.

As an evidence of the genuineness of his conversion, I may state that early on the following morning—as we learned afterwards—he started for the country to make restitution to persons he had formerly wronged; although the parties had no knowledge whatever of the wrong he had done them.

He next paid a visit to the priest to relate to him what God had done for his soul, when the following conversation took place:
Priest—"Do you want to come to confession?"
C—"No, sir, not to you."
P—"How long is it since you were to confession?"
C—"Nine months."
P—"Where have you been?"
C—"In Newburgh."
P—"Ah! you have heard something different there, I suppose."
C—"Yes, I have heard that Christ died for sinners, and I believe it."
P—"I never heard broader Protestant principles since I was ordained a priest: the protestants rely wholly on the merits of Christ."
C—"Did not Christ die for sinners?"
P—"Yes, but you do not understand it, and I can prove it."
C—"Jesus Christ has said there is salvation in none but him."
P—"There is no such passage in the Bible."
C—"There is, for I have read it."
P—"You must come to me."
C—"I am sorry I ever did come to you; I'll go to a greater than you, sir; Jesus Christ has invited all, and I shall go to him; he has promised to receive me, and he has received me."
P—"What will you do if you commit a mortal sin?"
C—"Jesus Christ is able to keep me from committing sin."
At this stage of the conversation the priest took up a newspaper, and betrayed signs of anger, so conversely said,—"You need not be angry, I simply came to state my views; good morning, sir."
—*Ch. Guardian*.

How to Treat Enemies.

"Love your enemies." So taught the Saviour; and he illustrated the sacred lesson by his example. It was to bless and save his enemies that he came into the world. He commended his love to enemies by *doing them good*. It was for enemies that he yielded up his life! How impressive the divine precept, enforced by the high example! And if your enemies persist in their efforts to injure you, and attempt to block up your path, what then is to be done?

"Walk around them, and mind them not; do your duty, regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—his is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that it resists nothing, while every one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive, active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark, "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute with them, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let them talk—there will be a re-action if you perform your duty; and hundreds who were once abusing children, will flock to you and acknowledge their error. Follow this advice, and you will never have cause to regret it."—*Phil. Chr. Obs.*

Keep Close to the Saviour.

"Keep close to the Saviour, Mary," tenderly whispered the aged father as he took the hand of his dying child. After a long and painful sickness, the sufferer seemed about to be released. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, gathered in a group around the bedside, to see their loved one in the fearful conflict with the king of terrors. At times she seemed almost to fear taking the dread plunge into the unseen world; then reassured by the cheering words of her father, the dying one, with renewed faith, would cling the more closely to Him who alone can save. Unbelieving parents! to whom can you point your dying children, but to the Saviour? Seek him as your friend now, not only that you may point your dying children to Christ, but may yourself, when in the valley and shadow of death, "keep close to the Saviour."

Wonderful Increase of Bibles.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling, of New-York, in his recent address at National Hall, at the anniversary of the Philadelphia Bible Society, stated the remarkable and encouraging fact, that more than ten times as many Bibles have been printed and issued in the last fifty years as had ever been issued in the whole world previous to that time. It has been ascertained, said Dr. Dowling, by the most accurate data, that previous to the present century, all the editions of God's word we printed, amounted to less than four million copies, in almost every direct language, whereas, within the present century, more than forty million copies have been issued by Bible societies alone exclusive of the millions of copies that have been printed by private publishers. Since the epoch of modern missions, added the speaker, this blessed volume has been translated for the three hundred and sixty millions of China, for the twenty or thirty millions of Burmah, and has been printed in not less than one hundred and sixty different languages and dialects, into one hundred and twenty of which the Bible had never been translated before. Of these forty million of Bibles, the British and Foreign Bible Society, established in 1804, has issued about twenty-five millions, and the American Bible Society, established in 1816, about eight millions. Of the remaining seven millions, about one million have been issued by the American and Foreign Bible

A Scotch Sabbath.

The following from *Frazer's Magazine* for last month is remarkable as affording a testimony in favor of the strict Sabbath observance of the Scotch, from one who only looks at the matter in a worldly point of view—"A Sunday at the sea-side, or as Scotch people prefer calling it, a Sabbath is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses, which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character durst stay away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore—the shadows of the distant mountains, the smooth sea, the church faintly heard from across the water, the universal turning out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. There is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones, there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week days, is to day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no exaction terms, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open, but it is a day of quiet, domestic enjoyment, not addressed, but followed, by the recognized sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the Sabbath is so ingrained into the nature of

Methodism in Ireland.

Armagh—Interesting Experience—Triumphal Death—The two Brothers—Remarkable Conversion in answer to prayer.

Armagh, anciently Ardmactha, the Hill of Willows, was a grant from a prince of Ulster to the first missionary of Christ in Ireland. On it he founded the earliest church and seminary of the island, which became celebrated for learning and piety in Scandinavia, and to the "Ulma Thule" of the poets.

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A true and spiritual taste perceives a more excellent glory at the tomb of the second Mrs. Judson, who died in the Bay of St. Helena, in the missionary career of her husband, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II. It is attracted rather by the inimitable scenes of redeeming grace in human life, than by literary amusements that savor not of Christ. As a traveller loves to linger amid the pleasant fertility of low-lying valleys, it turns from the lively ecstasies of the tourist and historian, to find a richer delight in the melting scenes of her Saviour, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II. It is attracted rather by the inimitable scenes of redeeming grace in human life, than by literary amusements that savor not of Christ. As a traveller loves to linger amid the pleasant fertility of low-lying valleys, it turns from the lively ecstasies of the tourist and historian, to find a richer delight in the melting scenes of her Saviour, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II.

Claude of Turin.

The valleys of Piedmont seem to have been expressly directed the eye of God to the writing that was written: "What things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." They believed the promise of God, and each rose from his knees with the assurance that their petition for the conversion of the elder brother would be accomplished. They journeyed, ascended the hill, and were received with hospitality. The congregation assembled, the man of God stood in his place, and delivered the gracious words, styled by our Anglo-Saxon fathers God's spell. The bolt of the Divine word drove back the deceiving angel of Rome on his serpent trail, and furrowed the heart of the sinner. He fell to the earth, his outward senses were suspended, and a blissful religious profession subsequently evinced that God drew nigh to his soul in the overwhelming power of saving grace.

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"The right that vail the seraph's face, And all the silent heaven of love."
—*Chr. Adv. & Journal*.

Methodism in Ireland.

Armagh—Interesting Experience—Triumphal Death—The two Brothers—Remarkable Conversion in answer to prayer.

Armagh, anciently Ardmactha, the Hill of Willows, was a grant from a prince of Ulster to the first missionary of Christ in Ireland. On it he founded the earliest church and seminary of the island, which became celebrated for learning and piety in Scandinavia, and to the "Ulma Thule" of the poets.

"Fair Armagh's shrine, whose sacred light broke the dark spell of Lene's night, launched on the gloom a glorious ray, on Thy red rock a Gospel day, hung o'er the North a radiant smile, lastingly given to a Gospel day."

It rose, renewed from frequent conflagrations, until the swarthy Danes who made it and kindred institutions chosen points of attack, were finally driven from the country by the patriotic victory of Clontarf. A cruciform cathedral, elaborately ornamented, a rectangular tower rising from the transept, now crowns the summit, overlooking a handsome and growing city, the residence of the primate of the National Church.

A true and spiritual taste perceives a more excellent glory at the tomb of the second Mrs. Judson, who died in the Bay of St. Helena, in the missionary career of her husband, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II. It is attracted rather by the inimitable scenes of redeeming grace in human life, than by literary amusements that savor not of Christ. As a traveller loves to linger amid the pleasant fertility of low-lying valleys, it turns from the lively ecstasies of the tourist and historian, to find a richer delight in the melting scenes of her Saviour, than at the stately monuments of Napoleon II.

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