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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

THE SONG OF THE YEAR.

2ND. QUARTER—SUMMER.

I come with my voice 'mid the sultry hours,
Whilst the sun shoots adown his hot rays;
And the parched earth now is all thirsty and bound,
Throughout the extent of the days:
The wearied hinds lie to some lonely retreat,
To escape from the heated earth's heat;
Where the songsters and insects o'ercome with the heat,
For a cool shady covert have fled.

I come with a voice, the tired mower to cheer,
As he toils 'mid the tall mantling grass;
And the dank heavy spires promiscuously lay
In a beautiful tangled green mass;
Whilst the sun now his highest ascent will have
gained,
And the atmosphere teeming with fire;
And the birds and the beasts and the low creeping
things,
To the covert and shade now retire.

How serious and thoughtful yonder ox now appears
As he bends low to crop the green blade;
And slowly and snuffling away see him lie,
To the cool and delightful close shade:
O'er burthen'd with heat see the weary worn herd,
Reclining beneath the cool grove;
And 'till the night's shadows again shall appear
Determined again not to rove.

The flowers as old Sol his beams downward sheds
Grow languid and pale in those rays;
And shrink at the touch of the scorching soft breeze,
Which dries up their beauteous displays:
Their heads lowly bending and cowering their pride,
They bend 'neath the solar heat round;
And naught of perfume or of scent issue forth
O'er the garden the field or the mound.

The brooks and the rivulets shorn of their pride,
Lay sluggish and torpid and foul;
And none but the insects of poisonous caste
Are seen round their margin to crawl:
Whilst the orchard's rich treasures are bending o'er
head
From the branch of yon tall stately tree;
Heavy laden with fruit of such delicate kind,
Which the summer now scatters so free.

Mark the rustling and shaking of the full headed
grain,
As it's fann'd by the Zephyr's low breath;
And the wild fruit in plenteous stores by the walk
Near the flower-covered spacious wild heath:
Plenty shower'd by the kind hand who governs above,
Earth smiles in her liveried green;
Whilst joyous hearts share in the bounteous stores,
That abound 'mid the summer-glad scene.

May.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Oberlin of Prussia.

One Jaenike, pastor of the Bohemian church in Berlin, met four military officers, who followed him with scoffs and jeers. "Ah! there is Jaenike! Jaenike the bigot, the fanatic! the mad Bohemian! Jaenike, who would convert us all to his superstitions!" Instead of complaining, the pastor spoke to them with the utmost meekness, and went away praying for them. Some time after one of these officers went to ask from this madman spiritual advice. Jaenike received him cordially, explained to him the work of Christ for the salvation of sinners, and concluded by praying fervently for the Divine blessing on his soul. The young officer retired, much affected; and the next Sunday he went to hear the pastor, concealing himself behind a pillar in the building; for he dared not appear openly in a congregation so despised by the world. He soon became however, one of the most faithful members of his church, and used his influence over his three companions with such effect that they too sought the peace which made him so happy; and Jaenike had at last the joy to see among the disciples of the

Saviour all the four officers who had so grossly insulted him—a new proof that patience and charity are all-powerful to soften even the hardest heart.

Jaenike was a man of prayer. He passed hours together before the Lord, presenting to him his own wants and the wants of his brethren. Germany was then in a state of war and desolation. Prussia had been invaded by the armies of Napoleon. The pious pastor assembled his flock three times every Sabbath, and almost every day in the week, in order to invoke the blessings of the Most High in behalf of his country. A little after the Prussians gained the victory of Gross-Beeren; and some officers who had met at a national festival having tried again to turn Jaenike into ridicule, a general said to them sharply, "The man whom you deride has contributed to gain the battle. He has prayed day and night, with his flock, to the God of battles. Who dares still abuse such a man? Is he not worthy on the contrary, to receive all honour for his piety, his fidelity to the Lord, to the king, and to the country? May God long preserve such a devoted servant!"

Jaenike was also familiar with the Bible. After having read the Scriptures many times, he re-read them continually with new delight, and discovered in them new treasures. He passed parts of his nights in these excellent meditations. During the last year of his life, a pastor of Berlin passing before his house at a late hour perceived still a light at his window, and wished to see what he was doing. He found him sitting with a Hebrew Bible in his hand, and his face beaming with heavenly joy. "Ah, dear brother," said Jaenike to him, after the first salutations, "what an unfathomable depth each word of the Bible contains! I was just reflecting upon the rich and sublime meaning of the word *Elohim*, and I cannot leave off pondering it. What other occupation should I have—I, a poor and feeble old man—but to converse with my good Saviour, who has borne with me so meekly through all my sinful life, and who pardons me so kindly? I cannot enough read his holy word; and the more I search it, the greater the treasures I discover. It is only now, when I come to the close of my life, that I see clearly how ignorant I have been of the profound meaning of the Bible."

For the Wesleyan.

Scripture Symbols.

BY REV. R. COONEY.

This well-known and necessary appurtenance of a ship is calculated to awaken a variety of emotions. "Weighing anchor," and "coming to an anchor," are transactions fraught with interest, and replete with consequences. The first speaks of perils and hardships to be encountered, and the second tells of the wonders seen by them "that go down to the sea in ships, and that do business in great waters." The meteor flag of England has been an object of national pride and veneration for ages; but while this asserts our naval supremacy—"the foul anchor,"—"the anchor catted,"—"the anchor—a peak"—in every way, the anchor represents our "MATCHLESS NAVY," and our "COMMERCIAL MARINE."

It is stated that an anchor was found on digging the first foundation of the city of Antioch; and among the various symbols and devices inscribed on the tombs of the early Christians, the anchor was the most conspicuous. This and a branch of palm, an Olive wreath, and a lamp, with the words "ALPHA AND OMEGA," completed the decorations of their "narrow house." St. Paul describing "The Hope" by which a Christian believer is animated, makes this ancient symbol a mode of illustration and appeal—"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

An anchor is designed to secure a ship in a roadstead or harbour: to be of any use it must be appended to a cable, of sufficient

strength, and cast into good holding ground. Now—the hope of a Christian is the expectation of future good—the anticipation of something, the possession of which will contribute to his advantage and happiness.—This grace in full and vigorous operation springs from a true and lively faith in the promises of God, and passing through the veil, it enters into heaven, and takes hold of God as the author—of Christ as the purchaser—and of the Holy Spirit as the conveyancer of eternal salvation.

"The promised land from P'gash's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, O glorious hope,
Of immortality."

"Mother, Please tell Me a Story."

How many a mother has complied with this oft-repeated request until every page of incident in memory's annals has been thrice rehearsed to the eager listeners! And yet they ask for more.

Next to "what mother did when a child," "true stories" about others please. Where is the mother who reads this Magazine, that has not been thankful for the rich and almost exhaustless fund she has in hand, from which she may at any time draw stories "all true," and of such variety as to be adapted to almost every peculiarity of character or circumstance incident to the family circle? Do our sons love tales of heroes? Where shall they look for examples of pure heroism but on the sacred page? Where for the truly pathetic, which, while it melts the tender heart, leaves upon it an impression in favor of goodness, of stern, unflinching integrity? And when does a mother ever enter into all the details of the sacred narrative, and draw out and enforce the truth it is designed to teach, without feeling her own heart benefited?

But there is another reason, not often mentioned, why we should early make our children familiar with the character of those ancient worthies who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises. They are the living—we and ours the dying. They now inhabit that "better country" which they sought, and which we, if indeed their followers, are now seeking as the eternal home of ourselves and children. With what glorious company of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles we hope soon to mingle, and to this honor and blessedness we would have our children aspire. First, we would lead them to Jesus, then in the footsteps of His flock, till redeemed from earth they sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.

It was a beautiful remark made by a benevolent mother in India—the wife of a German missionary—to one of the ladies of the American mission. In one week she was called to lay in the grave three lovely, intelligent children, between the ages of five and ten years, I think, who had loved the Bible and loved prayer. After going through the effecting details of their sickness and death, she added, "It is a great comfort to me to think they have not gone among strangers!" for, said she, "I have made them acquainted with Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Paul, and all the Scripture saints." Her mind dwelt with pleasure on the delighted hours she had spent with them in this way, and now, though gone from her embrace, she felt a sweet assurance that they were mingling with the spirits of those "just men made perfect," of whom they used to converse.

How many hours of anxious toil will parents cheerfully endure to prepare their children to occupy, for a few brief years, a respectable place in society! This is well. But how much more earnestly should we strive to fit them for a home and work among the redeemed, which will be eternal!—Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine for Mothers.

The Godly in Eternity.

As moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few frowns by the in-

finite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die; but not so their joys. And if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings and their present heavenly rest, and the sublime joys of their certain expectation, you should hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of God and in the cross of Jesus Christ. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied by a never ceasing numeration—days without nights, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envyings, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.—Jeremy Taylor.

Family Prayer.

A person of great quality was pleased to lodge a night, in my house. I durst not invite him to my family prayer, and therefore for that time omitted it; thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God whilst it did fear man! Especially considering, that though my guest was never so high, yet, by the laws of hospitality, I was above him, whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors, shall be requested to come within the discipline of my house; if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my homely devotion; and sitting at my table will be entreated to kneel down by it.—Fuller's Good Thoughts.

Bigotry.

Be not content with not forbidding any that cast out devils. It is well to go thus far; but do not stop here. If you will avoid all bigotry, go on. In every instance, whatever the instrument be, acknowledge the finger of God. And not only acknowledge, but rejoice in his work, and praise his name with thanksgiving. Encourage whomsoever God is pleased to employ to give himself wholly up thereto. Speak well of him wheresoever you are. Defend his character and his mission. Enlarge, as far as you can his sphere of action. Show him all kindness in word and deed; and cease not to cry to God in his behalf, that he may save both himself, and them that hear him.—Wesley.

Choice Sayings.

St. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ—that he might be found in Christ—that he might be with Christ—and that he might magnify Christ.—Luther.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight it opens into endless life.—Beveridge.

A man may go to heaven without health, without riches, without honours, without learning, without friends; but he can never get there without Christ.—Dyer.

Stand upon the edge of this world ready to take wing, having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.—Wesley.

Those who would go to heaven when they lie, must begin their heaven while they live.—Henry.

Profession that is not attended with spiritual labour, cannot bring the soul to heaven.—Bunyan.

The Strait Gate.

The strait gate of the gospel is wide enough to admit any sinner, but too narrow for the admission of any sins.