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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

SOLITARY THOUGHTS.

Life hath its hours of sorrow,
Its hours of grief and pain;
When wearily the spirit sighs
For joy and peace again.
When we watch beside the sick one's couch,
To catch the parting breath,
And feel that in a few short hours,
They will be claimed by death;—
And know that they are gone,
When we vainly list the ginsome step,
Or gay and gentle tone?—
When those who once held us so dear,
Have ceased to love us now,
And meet us with averted look,
Or cold and haughty brow;—
Then, then indeed we learn to know,
That life hath much of care,
And often think our share of grief,
Is more than we can bear.

But life too hath much of brightness,
Of gay and joyous hours,
That fall as brightly on the heart
As evening dew on flowers.
And even while we weep for those,
Whom Death has laid so low,
There comes a voice of comfort sweet,
Soothing our every woe.
For it whispers that when life has past,
We all again shall meet,
And with the ransomed blest shall lay,
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.
And though 'tis hard indeed to pass,
Those we have loved for years,
And hear the scornful laugh and jest,
In answer to our tears:
Yet blessed is the peaceful thought,
There is a mighty friend
Who firm and true shall ever be
Now and when life shall end.
Then when the storms of grief assail us sweep
Across our sudden heart,
And fearful memories of woe,
To mind shall quickly start;
Oh! may His deep and holy love,
Restore our fainting trust,
And centre all our hopes in Him—
The Perfect and the Just.

Baltimore, Md.

ANNINA.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Need of Heaven.

"OUR Father who art in heaven." The heaven where God is, is the point of man's original *departure*, and also the term of man's final *destiny*. Earth is but an out-lying colony and dependency of the Empire of Heaven; the serene, the all-controlling and everlasting Heaven. Man was not his own maker, nor is he properly his own legislator. True views of Virtue, and Duty, and Government, and Happiness, cannot be formed on earth, if you exclude heaven from the field of vision. Now, it is the cry of some socialists and revolutionists in our times, that man has been cheated of earth by visions of an imaginary heaven beyond it, and that this world may be and ought to be made our heaven, and that it will suffice as our only paradise. A proposal to make their own light, and to arrange for themselves the axis, and the poles, and the orbit of the earth, by vote of a great oecumenical legislature, would be as sober and as practicable a theory. You could not, if you would, cut loose your globe, and your race from heaven. It is an impossibility, by the will of the earth's Pramer and Sovereign. You should not, if you could, thus disunite them. It would be wretchedness. Heaven is necessary to earth even in the things of this life, to drop its balm into the beggar's cup, and to shed its light on the child's lesson. You cannot sail over that comparatively narrow strip of your planet, the sea that parts your coast from the white cliffs of Albion, with-

out calling the heaven and its orbs in their far wider range of space into view, in order thereby to aid your calculations, and to supply your nautical reckonings. You cannot time your morrow's visit to your office, but as God shall keep his sun and your own earth, (or his earth rather,) as they roll and blaze, millions of miles away from each other, in their present relative position to each other. And so, without the moral influence of the heavens upon the earth, you cannot be blest, or just, or free, or true. Your philosophies become—with God forgotten and defied, with eternity and accountability obliterated from their teachings—but a lie; and your political economy, shorn of duty and God, is left but a lie; and your statesmanship, and your civilization, and your enfranchisement, if torn loose from Conscience and the Lord of Conscience, all are left but one vast and ruinous delusion.

Man's Maker is in heaven. He formed his creature for his own service and his own glory. That creature has revolted; and until his return to his God in heaven from whom he has departed, the anger of Heaven is on the race and its institutions; and even its mercies are cursed. The shadow of the Throne must be projected over the board where man daily feeds; over the cradle, and the school, and the ballot-box; over the shop, and the railroad, and the swift ship; the anvil, and the plough, and the loom; over all that ministers to man's earthly comforts and corporeal needs, as well as over the pillow where he lays down his throbbing head to die, and over the grave where he has left his child, his wife, or his friend, to moulder. Not that we ask an establishment of Christianity as a State religion. But we mean that, for man's own interest, his daily mercies and tasks must, in Paul's language, "be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer;" by a remembrance of the Deity whose subject he irrevocably is, and a continual preparation for the eternity of which he is indefinitely the heir.

Heaven was, we said, not only a man's point of *departure*, but it is also the term of his final *destiny*. We do not mean that all men will reach heaven to inherit it. But all must stand before its bar to be judged. They cannot strip from themselves mortality or immortality, and the moral accountability, which, after death, awaits the deathless and disembodied spirit. This world is but a scene of probation. Christ has descended to show how this world may become the preparation for a celestial home. Bring heaven as Christ's blood opens it and Christ's Word paints it, before the wretched and wicked denizens of the earth; and what power does that eternal world, seen by the eye of faith, possess to attract and to elevate; to assimilate and ennoble the degraded into its own glorious likeness; and to compensate the suffering and the needy and the neglected of earth, for all which they have lost, and for all they have endured.

And until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views in history, in art, in science, in law, and in freedom, must all be partial and fallacious. Elizabeth of England, in ignorance of the laws of painting, wished her own portrait to be taken by the painter without shadows. She knew not that in the painter's art there could not be light and prominence to any figure or feature, unless it had some measure of shade behind it. Alas! how many would have man portrayed, in their schemes of polity and philosophy, without the dark background of Death and Eternity behind him, and without the shadings of Fear, dim Hope, and dark Conscience within him. But it cannot be.

Fit the man for heaven, and train him for eternity, and he cannot be utterly unfit for earth while he stays there. Fit him for earth only, secularize his education, and refuse to acknowledge his relations and obligations to heaven, and he is no longer truly and fully fit for earth. Our globe, without the sun or the stars, or the light of the material heavens, what were it as a place of man's Labi-

tation? Read a noble and infidel bard's gloomy poem on Darkness and you may conceive the fate of a race blinded and chilled, and groping their way into one frozen charnel-house. And so our earth, without the light of Christ the Former of it, and Christ on the cross as the Redeemer of it, and Christ on the throne as the Judge of it; the world, without him, as its Sun of Righteousness, is morally eclipsed, and blasted with the winter of the second death; and that frost and gloom kill not only its religion, but kill its freedom as well, and its peace, and its civilization, and its science.

Let the world know that there is a Father, and they will bethink them of his providence; let them know that he is our common Father, they will learn charity and philanthropy for the race; let them know that he is in heaven, and they will be awed and guided by that immortality and accountability which link them to that world of light.

Let the churches ponder these great truths. In the *filial* principle of our text, they will find earth and life made glorious by the thought that a Father made and rules them; and, above all worldly distinctions, they will prize and exult in their bonds through Christ to Him; rejoicing mainly, as Christ commanded his apostles to rejoice, in this, that their names are written in heaven. In the *fraternal* principle we shall aright learn to love the Church and to compassionate the world; and in the principle *celestial*, we shall be taught to cultivate that heavenly-mindedness which shall make the Christian, though feeble, suffering, and forlorn in his worldly relations, already lustrous and blest, as Burke described in her worldly pomp, and in the bloom of her youth, the hapless Queen of France: "A brilliant orb, that seemed scarce to touch the horizon."—More justly might the saint of God be thus described; having already, as the apostle enjoins, his conversation in heaven, and shedding around earth the splendours of that world with which he holds close and blest communion, and towards which he seems habitually ready to mount, longing to depart that he may be with Christ, which is far better.—*Lectures on the Lord's Prayer* by Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D. D.

Pleasure, Fame, and Power.

The experience of most worldlings has been Solomon's sorrow, repeated with the variations incident to altered circumstances, and the diminished intensity to be expected in feeble men—vanity and vexation of spirit all over again. And as we are sometimes more impressed by modern instances than by Bible examples, we could call into court nearly as many witnesses as there have been hunters of happiness—mighty Nimrods in the chase of pleasure, fame and power.

We might ask the statesman, and as we wished him a "happy new year," Lord Dundas would answer, "I had need to be happier than the last, for I never knew one happy day in it." We might ask the successful lawyer, and the wariest, luckiest, most self-complacent of them all would answer, as Lord Eldon was privately recording when the whole bar envied the Chancellor, "A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe, as a short resting-place between vexation and the grave." We might ask the golden millionaire, "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild?" "Happy! me happy? What, happy! when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out?' Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols at your pillow?" We might ask the world-favoured warrior, and get for another answer the "Miserere" of the emperor-monk Charles V., or the sigh of a broken heart from St. Helena. We might ask the brilliant courtier, and Lord Chesterfield would tell us, "I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which

move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelled the tallow-candles which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment of an ignorant audience." We might ask the dazzling wit, and faint with a glut of glory, yet disgusted with the creatures who adored him, Voltaire would condense the essence of his existence into one word, "Ennuï." And we might ask the world's poet, and we would be answered with an imprecation by that splendid genius Byron, who

"Drank every cup of joy—heard every tramp
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink."

—Hamilton's Royal Preacher.

Happy Death among the Nestorians.

The nephew of Deacon Tamo, a youth of seventeen, and a member of the Seminary, has sickened and died. I have often seen the power of the gospel to sustain in a sick and dying hour; but never have I beheld richer displays of that power than in the case of this young person.

His sickness was very severe, so much so as to deprive him of reason at times; but no murmur escaped his lips. On one occasion he called me to his side; and after expressing himself in the most grateful terms for the little attentions he had received, he proceeded of his own accord to say:

"I am very sick, I know; but I think I may recover. On one account I wish to get well, namely, that I may serve God by laboring in his vineyard."

After expressing the deepest solicitude in regard to his absent parents, and the people of his native Gawar, he remarked, "But if God should not help me, what could I do? Let him throw his hand from me, (that is, let me die,) the sooner the better; why should I live longer to sin against my Saviour?"

He then said, "I wish to die; I want to see my Saviour."

I asked him, "Is not Christ near?"

"Yes, he is very near to me. He is at my side. My eyes hang on him. I see the crown of thorns on his head. I see the blood flowing from his side. I see the print of the nails in his hands and feet."

"Guergis, have you faith in him; do you receive him as your Saviour?"

"Oh, yes. My faith is strong in him."

He then closed his eyes, and offered one of the most touching prayers I have ever heard. It were in vain for me to attempt to repeat it. He began by expressing a desire to die and be with Christ; but he checked himself by saying, "Not my will, but thine be done." He then proceeded, in a most humble and penitent strain, to speak of his own vileness and utter unworthiness, and to adore the sovereign and unmerited love of God in calling him to be an heir of his grace, and in making him a partaker of promises which had been given to Abraham, to the Prophets, and to the Apostles.

His humble confession of sin, his strong confidence in the efficacy of the great atoning Sacrifice, even for him, sinful as he was, his entire renunciation of all righteousness of his own, and all dependence upon anything save the grace of God in Christ, were deeply affecting. He ceased; and on opening his eyes, he saw us weeping.

I was much overcome by his simple, child-like faith, and his unwavering confidence in his Saviour; and I thought, "Surely, here is a monument of grace, worth infinitely more than all the treasure and self-denial which have been expended by the church in the whole history of missions."—*Mr. Coan.*

SINGING.—In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked effect in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Ross used to say that the reason why the Germans never died of consumption was, they were always singing.