

THE WREATH.

For the Wesleyan.
SMILES AND TEARS.

INDEX of the human heart,
Whereon we trace the form
Of the spirit's joy and smart,
Its sunshine and its storm;
Firmament of human feeling,
A moment's sunshine—then we trace
Sorrow gradually stealing
Upon the human face.

Lighted is the heart with joy?
Then mark the countenance,—
Mirth sits sparkling in the eye,
And smiles like sunbeams dance.
O'er the lip—the cheek—the brow,
Troubles ne'er were thought of less,
Fear is fully banished now,
And all is happiness.

Doth the heart in sickness grieve?
Perchance of friends bereft,
Will not sympathy relieve?
Alas! no comfort left!
Hope had thought "she could not die,"
But the archer's arm was true,
Grief but lives to weep and sigh,
And hope for sickness too.

'Tis but changing of the scene,
A common change in life,
From a summer's day serene,
To one of storm and strife;
Chequered is our mortal path,
Joy and sadness, hopes and fears,
Rain and sunshine,—life and death,
A term of smiles and tears.

AN ADDRESS TO PARENTS ON THE LOSS OF A PIOUS SON.

SELECTED BY T.

O grieve not for him with the wildness of sorrow,
As those who in hopeless despondency weep;
From God's holy word consolation we borrow,
For those who in Jesus confidently sleep.

Lament not your loved one, but triumph the rather,
To think of the promise, the prayer of the Lamb;
"Your joy shall be full" and "I will, O my Father!
That those whom thou giv'st me may be where I am."

His own sacred lip the assurance has given;
Believe on your God, on your Saviour believe;
I go to prepare you a mansion in heaven,
And, quickly returning, my own will receive.

And was it not so with your lov'd one when saying,
The gate would unclose and the Saviour appear?
Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus surveying,
He breathed out his spirit with "Lord, I am here."

And where is that spirit? wash'd white in the fountain,
Presented unblamably pure at the throne;
The love and the mercy of Jesus recounting,
To souls that are dwelling in joy like his own.

In rapture unstated, in glory unclouded,
He rests before God with the angels of light;
Till the form, in corruption and darkness now shrouded,
Shall rise at the trumpet with the soul to unite.

Refined from all grossness, and purged from its leaven,
Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all fled,
Made meet for a bright habitation in heaven,
O who would not rest with the justified dead?

Nay, weep not for him, for the flower of the morning,
So dear to your bosom, so fair in your eyes;
But weep for the souls unbelievingly scorning,
The counsel and truth of the "God only wise."

He came to the cross, when his young cheek was blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of his eye;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was gleaming,
The cross did uphold him, the Saviour was nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,
I wept, but they were not the teardrops of woe:
The prayer of my soul that in fervour ascended,
Was, "Lord, when thou callest, like him may I go."

POLITICAL EXTRACTS.

EVILS OF DEMOCRACY.

WE have transferred to our columns an account of the most painful tragedy which has been recently enacted at Alton, in the (free?) State of Illinois. It will be read with painful interest. (The details were given in the Watchman of the 20th ult.) The Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, the unfortunate victim of an infuriated mob, was, as we understand, an exceedingly intelligent and amiable gentleman. He had received a liberal education, and studied for the bar. A few years ago he became a subject of divine grace, and entered into the work of the ministry. During his residence at Louisville, (Ken.) he became the editor of a respectable religious journal, and in that capacity felt himself constrained to bear his testimony against American slavery. By so doing he so excited the indignation of the community that he found it necessary to retire from that place, and therefore removed to Alton. Here, however, the tyrannical spirit of the South prevailed to such an extent that he had three presses destroyed by the sovereign people, for having the audacity to declare that every innocent man has a right to the free use of his own limbs, and the fruits of his own industry. Unwavering, however, in his purpose to advocate the cause of God's oppressed poor, he procured another press, and while engaged in defending it from lawless violence, fell a martyr to the cause of human rights. Peace to his ashes! His name will live when the accursed system against which he virtuously contended, shall have been swept from existence; and posterity will pay a tribute of mournful respect to his memory.—The disgraceful and revolting occurrences of this nature which are recorded every week in the columns of our American exchange papers, render our conviction irresistible that the democratic system of the American Government contains in its first principles the seeds of its destruction; and as the shadows of coming events, the horrible deeds of insubordination, and contempt for the laws, betoken the near approach of a state of anarchy, infinitely more to be deprecated than the tyranny of the most absolute monarchy. Universal history testifies that the despotism of the many is more intolerable than that of the few. Such a despotism is the natural, the almost necessary result of the inculcation and prevalence of the cardinal and antisciptural principle of democratic republics, that "the will of the people is the supreme law;" a principle this, which has ever been the stepping stone to a lawless mobocracy. However admirably it might be adapted to a perfect state of society, it is manifestly unsuited to any other. While the general mass of human minds are not only compassed with infirmity, but subject to passions which are ever ready to kindle into rage and resentment, proper discrimination will not be made between laws which are the result of the popular will constitutionally expressed, by a majority of the whole after calm deliberation, and the ebullition of the highly excited feelings of a few, who imagine or profess to imagine, that their hasty decisions are a correct representation of what public opinion is, or ought to be.—Under every form of government, public disturbances of the peace may be expected occasionally to take place; especially where from a redundant population, and unavoidable stagnations of trade and commerce, the lower classes of society are reduced to circumstances of destitution and suffering;—but it cannot be denied that such disturbances in the United States are more frequent than in any other civilized country,—that the causes, to which in other countries they are chiefly referable, have there no existence,—and that they are abetted, and often perpetrated, by that class of the community termed "respectable." Under these circumstances, we can attribute them to no other cause than that which we have assigned above; and we are led to place a high estimate on the unparalleled wisdom and excellency of that constitu-

tion and form of government, which, by the blessing of God, have elevated distinguished and pre-eminent nations. Far be the day from being reached by discontented and anarchical spirits, who cast away the privileges which the British Empire confers upon her subjects, for visionary, and, to say the least, untested theories of government. But a sample of the fate of the Province, should the deep-lurking revolutionary spirits be permitted to breathe the bloodthirsty spirit breath of McKenzie's Constitution, a spirit which rankles in the sentiments which crowd it to be a warning beacon to guard him against countenance of a man who would "rejoice in the destruction of institutions, though it should cost him his life."—Canada.

BOMBAY.—The government have recalled Sir Robert Stewart, who is spoken of as being at present one of the Hon. Fox Maule is a distinguished burgher, of which representative.

We are desired to contribute groundless rumour respecting the movements of Madras and Paper.

THE PRESENT MINISTERS.—The years in which the members of the present administration were born, we make Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister, 1791; Lord Cottenham, 56; Lord John Russell, 57; Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary, 51; Lancaster, 64; Lord Milnes, Post Office, 42; the Rolls, 52; Lord Howick, Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 35; Sir John Hobhouse, Board of Parnell, Paymaster of the Vivian, Master of the Ordnance, 51; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 63; Chancellor of Ireland, 63; Secretary of Ireland, 35. We certain the year in which Labouchere, the President of the Master of the Mint, were

OBITUARY.

THE LATE BISHOP CORRIE.—The Committee of the Madras. Other individuals of their talents, or by their contributions, may fill a void of the Bible Society; but the departure has left among its members of affectionate regret that "He whom they loved" is an ancient family in Scotland, English country village, he devoted his life to the service of Christ among the heath. He was enabled to commence the execution of his memorable Dr. Claudius Buchanan, on his visit to Travancore, Daniel Corrie