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## Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

### THE WIDOWER.

I view thy pictured loveliness,  
It seems to mock me from the frame,  
Naught save thy men's now can bless,  
My heart can ne'er be glad again.

I turn to this deserted room,  
Thine own in past, and happy hours,  
But all is changed,—sorrow, and gloom,  
Have withered life's bright flowers.

Thy men's with me everywhere,  
Thy lute, though long ago unstrung,  
The treasured echo seems to bear  
Of the last joyous strain it rung.

And the book, my gift long, long ago,  
Two ringlets in its pages hide,  
Placed there by thee, full well I know,  
My heart's cherished one, my bride!

She still thou art, but oh! not here,  
For I have laid thee in the grave,  
The flowers that once to thee were dear  
Lightly above thine ashes wave.

And our children kiss the tiny buds,  
Blending with them sweet thoughts of thee,  
Thy blessed mem'ry, and their love  
Are all of joy that's left to me.

Our youngest darling lips the prayer  
It was thy wont at eve to hear,  
I mark her sweet, and earnest air,  
And deem thy spirit hovering near.

But we shall meet again, mine own,—  
For in the bright and happy land  
Where death, and sin are all unknown,  
I'll greet thee mid an angel band!

When my orphaned ones, sad, and lone,  
Cling closer to this widowed heart,  
I'll point them to the heavenly home,  
Where the loved never more may part.

Baltimore, Md.

### SPRING IS COMING.

Hark! I hear an angel sing!  
Angels now are on the wing,  
And their voices, singing clear,  
Tell us that the Spring is near.

Do not thou hear then, gentle one?  
Do not thou see the glorious sun  
Rising higher in the sky,  
As each day he passes by?

Just beyond yon cliff of snow,  
Silver rivers brightly flow:  
Smiling woods and fields are seen,  
Mantled in a robe of green.

Birds and bees, and brooks and bowers,  
Tell us all of vernal hours;  
There the birds are weaving lays  
For the happy Spring time days.

Spring breezes kisses bring  
From the ruby lips of Spring—  
And her choir, of warblers made,  
Soon will give a serenade.

Look! oh, look! in the southern sky  
Mirrors flowers of every dye;  
Flipping o'er yon flowery plain—  
Spring is coming back again!

Winter's toggery is old,  
Rotten is its every fold—  
And our portion of the globe  
Soon will don a fairer robe.

Spring is coming! shout for joy  
Man and woman, girl and boy;  
Soon you'll hear her busy hums—  
Yes—she comes! she comes! she comes!

Baltimore, Md.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### The Completeness of Scripture.

A book is a common thing, and yet it is almost impossible to overrate its influence. Who can determine the effect exerted by the Iliad of Homer on the Grecian mind, or by the Aeneid of Virgil on the Roman? What has not the Koran been to the whole Mohammedan world? Take the works of some of our own more distinguished poets and writers, and how marvellously have their writings modified our habits of thought, and given complexion to the whole of our national character! Our language, our literature, our institutions, have all been moulded and cast according to the expressed ideas of some

of those great master-spirits who sway the world by the power of their genius. They made no pretensions to a divine revelation: They laid no claim to supernatural authority. They never set themselves forth as the sealed or the sent of God. And yet their writings produced effects which no infinite mind can determine.

What, then, must be the influence of a book which professes to have come immediately from God, accompanied with the highest sanctions, addressing itself to man's interior nature, moving and acting in the higher region of spiritual life, and aiming at nothing less than the perfect development of a true humanity? Not only does the written word claim an equal influence with the living utterance of truth by living men, but it ascends to higher ground. Sounds are fleeting things, and in constant danger of being lost. And if retained, they are more than likely to become mixed and impure as they pass from one to another. All oral tradition undergoes essential, though it may be insensible modifications, and ere long loses its distinctness. What is written is permanent. Nor can any alteration be introduced or attempted without the probability of an earlier or later discovery. Thus it was that the possession of one age became the inheritance of the next, and each successive age became possessed of a richer inheritance till the book of God was completed, and delivered to man impressed with the broad seal of heaven. The Bible was not all composed at one and the same time. It is made up of several books, the production of separate and independent minds, and written at wide intervals of time. Each book was a great chapter in the historic life or progress of humanity, and handed that humanity on to a still more advanced point. Instead of each generation having to begin anew from the mere rudiments, it took up all that had gone before, and looked forward to the real manhood of the race. Revelation was a gradual discovery, not only meeting but anticipating the longings of the human soul, and lifting it up into a higher region of spiritual life. It was this progressive development which kept humanity ever fresh and ever living, by the communication of the most quickening influence. In proportion as truth was revealed was the power heightened by which to act on the interior nature of man; and hence the true, the perfect manhood of our race, could only come with a perfect revelation. "So long as humanity was growing, it grew. But when the manhood of our race was reached, when man had attained his highest point, even union with God in his Son, then it comes to a close. It carries him up to this—his glorious goal, to the perfect knitting again of those broken relations, through the life and death and resurrection of Him in whom God and man were perfectly atoned. So long as there was anything more to tell, any new revelation of the name of God, any new relations of grace and nearness into which he was bringing his creatures—so long the Bible was a growing, expanding book. But when all is given—when God, who, at divers times, spake to the world by his servants, had now spoken his last and fullest word by his Son—then to this book, the record of that word of his, there is added no more, even while there is nothing more to add." This perfect revelation is, "beyond compare, the most perfect instrument—the only adequate organ of humanity—the organ and instrument of all the gifts, powers, and tendencies, by which the individual is privileged to rise above himself, to leave behind and lose his individual phantom self, in order to find his true self in that distinctness where no division can be—in THE ETERNAL I AM—THE EVER-LIVING WORD, of whom all the elect, from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit until the breaking of day, are but the fainter, and still fainter echoes."

One idea runs through all Scripture, that it has one grand central fact, terminating in one great central person, and that person no

other than the Incarnate One who appeared in our world as "God manifested in the flesh." It is, throughout, the history of man as distinct from nature. Not of man only, but of man in his moral and spiritual relations. It reveals how he can be reconciled to God, and through this reconciliation, the harmony of his nature be restored; how he may become one with God, and through this union, one with the whole moral and spiritual universe. This was the specific end for which the Saviour appeared, and to this one end all Scripture points. Not that the Bible is wanting in diversity. It exhibits a variety and a richness not to be found anywhere else. Being a book for all nations and for all ages, it could not fail, from its very fulness, to present the greatest possible diversity. And yet, manifold and diversified as are its contents, it is the only book which anticipates and provides for the wants of humanity. It is this, its universal adaptation to the deep and felt needs of our nature, which gives to it so distinctive and divine a character. Its provisions are spread out with the magnificence and the fulness of more than a royal banquet. Nor is there a child of want excluded. It is the marriage-feast of that divine Bridegroom who has come to espouse humanity, and take it into indissoluble union with himself, and to which every one has uninterrupted access who will take and put on the wedding garment. It is only at this table of the Great King that the soul of man can be fed, his spiritual life nourished, his moral nature perfected. Whosoever eateth of this bread shall live forever. A Scripture which left a single want unsatisfied, or a single hurt unhealed, would not be a Scripture for man, with his deep consciousness of sin and need. And, therefore, let the progress and the improvement of humanity be what they may, Scripture is still in advance. It can educate the most instructed, and lead the highest of our race to still higher ground. It is true that it took ages on ages to complete the revelation of God to man, and that the development of man's spiritual life was determined by the progress of revelation, till He came who embodied all truth in himself, and who, through that truth, was to quicken humanity into the life of God. But now that the revelation is complete, it must necessarily possess in itself all that is requisite for the perfecting of the manhood of our race—the unfolding of the spiritual life in man.

The Bible needs no evidence to prove its divinity. The best argument for the Bible is the Bible. As a record of the life of humanity, it appeals to every man's own individual consciousness. There it leaves its pretensions and its claims. If it has not its echo within the spirit of man, we may reason for ever about evidence, and for ever we shall make no advance. So long as it is a thing in debate, and still to be proved, so long it will be neither power nor blessing to the soul. As light can only reveal light, so the truth of God can never be perceived and felt within till we take it up and make it part of our own moral being. The moment that we unite ourselves with that which we would know, all doubt is at an end, all demonstration "as superfluous as when, upon a day of coronation, a champion rides forth and, with none but loyal hearts beating in unison with that multitudinous voices which have hailed his king and theirs, flings down his glove, and challenges any that will gainsay the monarch's right to the crown which has just been set upon his brow." The witness in himself is all that the Christian needs; and with this he can challenge every enemy of his faith. Firm is the ground which he occupies:—unyielding is his hold of God's living truth.

If truth be the one grand element by which the inner man is to be strengthened, and on which it is to live, then we must labour, and study to make that truth our own. It is like some inexhaustible mine into which we may, day by day, introduce the shaft, and bring up still richer treasure. It is a mine which can never be worked through, and whose hidden contents can never be used up.

Let the days of our years in this lower world be however prolonged, and let our recurring needs be however diversified or however frequent, here we have opened to us an infinite fulness—the fulness of the Godhead. It by a simple dependence on this fulness, myriads of human souls have been nourished unto eternal life, it cannot but be all-sufficient to our necessities. We rise at once into the infinite; and if there be in the divine nature that which is sufficient to its own eternal satisfaction, there must also be what is adequate to every finite and dependent nature. This is the distinctive excellence of the divine revelation, that it takes us away from the logical reasonings and metaphysical abstractions of the schools, and brings us into immediate contact and union with a living person, and tells us that our life is in His life. Hence the import of our Lord's words—"because I live ye shall live also." All life passes over from Him to us, and the perfection of this life will consist in the final filling-up or satisfying of our whole nature forever.

Nor can it be denied that these Scriptures have impressed and moulded the most kindly spirits of our race; that they have done more for the unfolding of the higher and nobler life of man than all the other books which the world has ever produced. The great thoughts which CHRIST set stirring in the human soul have had a glorious outcoming in the past history of the church; and a grander development still awaits them. Mightier spirits are coming to the birth. The age of true men is at hand. A more god-like race will yet people the earth, and leave their deeper footprints behind. But let the progress of man be what it may, and let the conditions of the world be what they may, there will be found in the deeper sayings of the book of God that which is equal to all demands, and humanity will continue to be nourished till it take on its last grand type in the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting.

The Bible, then, is a book for study. It is THE BOOK—the book for the world, and for the world's humanity. It has been given us not to admire, but to receive. We must nourish it if we are to be nourished by it. And the men who live on this divine word, who incorporate it into their own nature, and make it part of themselves, will be the world's true men. None of your sickly sentimentalists, but men of soul—made of divine stuff, and filled with the spirit of JESUS CHRIST. Such men are needed now to prepare the world for the coming age of life, and such men only will be fitted to meet the claims and requirements of that age when it does come. Let us press into their ranks. Let us sit down with these more earnest spirits, and study God's book. Collect the world's library, and what is the relation of the Bible to the whole? How is it that the one is in advance of the many? How is it that the one set in motion the minds of all the men who claim the authorship of these books? What a meaning and significance there must be in the Bible—what a depth and fulness—what endless and inexhaustible fruitfulness! Whatever life, or freedom, or blessedness, humanity now enjoys, is to be traced to this one book; nor will the book be exhausted till the historical and spiritual life of our race is finally and for ever perfected.—Pathway.

### Cure for a Heavy Heart.

The following method of "driving dull care away," was recommended by Howard, the celebrated philanthropist:—

"Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart."