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Poetry.

THE ADVENT OF SUMMER.

BY MARGARET THERESE WIGHTMAN.

I come, I come, with light and joy,
In my warm and kindling beams;
I come with the song of a thousand birds,
And the hum of a thousand streams.

I come to clothe the forest oaks
With robes of verdure now—
To wreath the gold the laburnum-tree,
And with snow the hawthorn bough.

I have loosen'd the rills from their wintry chain,
And made them wander free
Through long green vales, where shining flowers
Arise to welcome me.

My breath is the fragrance from roses borne;
My smile is the bright sunbeam;
My eyes are the sheen of the wild blue flowers,
That peep by the lonely stream.

My voice is the cuckoo's call at morn,
The thrush's song of love,
The sound of waters by echo borne,
And the plaint of the woodland dove.

My tears are the showers that in sunny June
Bid the rose's leaves unfold,
That brighter paints the violet's blue,
And the gloss of the kingcup's gold.

My sigh is the zephyr, that gently steals
At eve o'er the valley's breast,
To kiss the cheek of the pure white rose,
Before it droops to rest.

My gems are the drops, that each balmy morn,
O'er leaf and flower shiver;
Brighter, fairer, purer far
Than these of Golconda's mine.

My path's the lone spot where harebells bloom,
And the zephyr wanders free;
But my home is the young and unblighted heart,
For it best can welcome me.

With mournful smile I have silent been,
By strange old halls sublime,
And threw bright veils of radiant green
O'er the wrecks of war and time.

I have scatter'd flowers of shining bloom
In the paths of the gay and fair;
I have pass'd with light o'er the lonely tomb,
And smiled on the mourner there.

And still shall I come with my heaven-sent glow,
On my errand of joy and peace,
From immortal realms to your vales below,
Till my glorious mission cease.

With an emerald robe and a crown of flowers,
As radiant I come again,
As when first in Eden's rosy bowers
I hoped for an endless reign.

I bring bright morn and gentle even,
And love, and hope, and mirth;
I come with all that's left of heaven,
To cheer the floating earth.

—Hogg's Instructor.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Thoughts on a Revival of Religion.

A genuine revival is not *physical* or *intellectual* in its nature; it is emphatically *spiritual*. Commodious churches may be erected, large congregations collected, eloquent preachers employed and well paid; finances may flourish, intellectual elevation may be general and rapid, embracing a thorough knowledge of the doctrines and duties of religion; the morals of the people may be blameless, outward peace uninterrupted, and every enterprise liberally supported,—all this may be, and yet no revival. That people may be, after all, only a community of modern *Laodiceans*, flattering themselves that they "are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" while in truth they are "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;" and being "neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm," they are the special aversion of the holy God; for of all such he says, "I will

spue thee out of my mouth." O how important is that divine admonition, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we only sow the seeds of outward morality and external form, how can we expect to reap the fruit of inward holiness and peace? 'Tis impossible. Let us beware then, lest we mistake the shadow for the substance. A revival *includes* many things of which it does not *essentially consist*. It includes, for example, pure morals, yet these may exist without it. Its *essence* is the Holy Spirit in the heart, producing therein its legitimate fruit, "love, joy, peace, long suffering," &c. To be more explicit: by a revival I mean the advancement of spiritual religion in all its branches; the entire sanctification of believers, the reclaiming of backsliders, and the awakening and conversion of sinners. *Salvation from sin*, is the only true idea of a revival. This is the great work to be done, the indispensable want of every human soul. But perhaps the reader is ready to say, "Who does not know all this? Why stop to assert a truth so obvious, so generally understood?" To this I reply: the nature of our holy religion is misapprehended by thousands, even in our own favoured land. And even too many *professors* seem not clearly to understand precisely what religion is. Or, to say the least, they do not always make the necessary distinction between external and internal piety, or between apparent and real religious prosperity. Are not some churches represented as truly, absolutely *prosperous*, when their prosperity is wholly outward, and not a single conversion has occurred for a whole year—perhaps not for five? Is not this a frequent representation, even among Protestant Christians? Who will deny it? But does not this exalt the form above the power? Does it not depreciate the value, the transcendent excellence of our glorious Christianity? And is not the Holy Spirit deeply grieved in this way, while man's highest interests incalculably suffer? Alas! how prone are frail mortals to content themselves with the lifeless "letter," to the neglect of the living "spirit!" Let us beware of this fatal tendency. Let us "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;"—the "faith that works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." I admit that religion has her exterior interests, but if these *alone* prosper, there is no spiritual prosperity worthy of the name. As well might the farmer talk of prosperous agriculture while nothing has been done but the clearing of his lands and the enclosing of his fields? As well might a community boast of superior education among their youth, while nothing has been achieved save the erection of the school-house, and the purchase of school-books! A revival is pre-eminently a spiritual operation. Its work is chiefly of the soul, fitting it for the service and enjoyment of God here, and for life eternal. How *important*, then, is a revival!—important in every respect, important for both worlds! What Christian heart has not mourned over the desolation of Zion, in seasons of spiritual dearth? In that period of fearful gloom, worldliness filled the church. The social means of grace were attended only by a disheartened few. There was a sad want of brotherly love. Money for indispensable purposes was raised with difficulty. Every interest languished. Christians hid their light "under a bushel." The "shining" lights were few indeed. The sacred fire of the church's altar was nearly extinct. The pastor—wretched man!—preached to deaf ears and flinty hearts. How haggard his countenance! He looked as if his last friend was buried! Infidelity exulted, and sin stalked with giant stride and strength among the people! But when the long-desired revival came, how changed the scene! *Every thing was reversed!* Christians sought and obtained clean hearts. Wanderers returned to their Father's house; those used to cursing, learned to praise the Saviour's name. Iniquity turned pale at the

sight. The saints of God exulted, while holy angels were filled with unwonted rapture at the glorious spectacle! O, what a blessing is a revival! A happier event to a people cannot possibly occur. Even for the present life, it is the richest of all gifts that even a God can bestow. It puts new life into every good thing, and destroys or curtails every kind of moral evil. A true revival takes hold on eternity! Its blessed influence never dies. Here its unutterable importance is chiefly seen. It is because man must be more holy *here*, or perish *forever*, that we plead for a revival! We want that religion extended every where which alone can save the soul from endless death. In this view of the case, who but a *God* can adequately estimate the value of a revival! Reader, can you fully compute the worth of a soul? Can you estimate the full amount of misery to be endured by a single lost spirit? Can you ascertain the full value of that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which is to be the portion of the finally redeemed? *ETERNITY!* Do you know the import of that tremendous word! Can you grasp the idea of anguish *without end*, or of *never-ending* bliss? But you must fully comprehend *all this*, before you can estimate the vast importance of a single soul's salvation. Brother, sister, is not a revival greatly needed in *your own* neighbourhood? Have you not dear friends, for whose conversion you have a burning desire, but who will perish without a revival? And does not the church, too, need a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost? O, endeavor to feel the vast importance of this matter, and "cry day and night" unto God for a speedy and mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit!—*Zion's Herald.*

The New Testament.

This precious, yea priceless volume as a part of the sacred canon, is in many respects, perfectly unique. It contains the biography of "The Son of Man." The original edition of Christ's sermons. An account of the abolition of the Jewish Ecclesiastical polity, and the establishment of the Christian religion. In this marvellous book, now reduced to the contracted dimensions of a moderate *duodecimo*, we have the history of "The 12 Apostles." The life and labours of the men that turned "the world upside down." Here we behold Bethlehem in its poverty—Capernaum in its pride—Samaria torn by its dissensions—Bethany praised for its hospitality—and Jerusalem condemned for its impiety. It comprises the topography of the wilderness, and of the Lakes of Galilee of Thabor—Gethsemane and Calvary. It is a history of "The Cross," and a description of the Crown—a chart for "The Pilgrim's" guidance, and a delineation of the "incorruptible inheritance." The Almighty has provided for him.

The Scriptures of the New Testament were written by eight obscure authors. And yet during a lapse of eighteen centuries, not a syllable of all their compilations has been lost. Of the historical works of Tacitus, *half at least* are wanting. Livy wrote 144 books, but *only 35* of them exist. The writings of Atticus have *entirely perished*. The works, or rather orations of Hortensius are nearly all lost; many of Homer's verses have totally disappeared; and of the productions of many others, whose names are renowned in the annals of Greek and Roman literature, there *exists but a few* mutilated fragments. How true it is—"ALL FLESH IS AS GRASS, AND ALL THE GLORY OF MAN AS THE FLOWER OF GRASS. THE GRASS WITHERETH, AND THE FLOWER THEREOF FALLETH AWAY; BUT THE WORD OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOREVER."—*Rev. R. Cooney.*

Discontentment.

Discontentment is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and all enjoyments sour; it arises not from the *condition*, but the *mind*. Paul was

content in a prison—Ahab was discontented in a palace; he had all the delights of Canaan, that pleasant land, the wealth of a kingdom, the pleasures of a court, the honors and powers of a throne; yet all this availed him nothing, without Naboth's vineyard. Inordinate desires expose men to continual vexations, and being disposed to fret, they will always find something to fret about.

God Visible.

A Roman Emperor said one day to Rabbi Joshua, son of Chananay, "show me your God." "Raise your eyes to the sky," replied the Rabbi, "God is there." The Emperor directed his eyes to the firmament; but at this moment the sun poured his rays to the earth. The dazzling lustre very soon caused the Emperor to cast his eyes downwards; whereupon Rabbi Joshua said to him, "What! wouldst thou see the master, when thou hast not power to look his satellites in the face!"

The Bible.

This is the ladder whereby men may climb to heaven. And yet we need not ransack the Indies to enrich ourselves with it, nor venture shipwreck to bring it home. We need not sell land and houses to purchase it, nor run the hazard of sword and fire to secure it. It is a thing always to be had, always within call, ever at hand, and very portable—no burden in a journey, no load in a voyage. We may carry it wherever we go; when at home or abroad, and even in the stillness of the night we may dwell upon it with holy contemplation, as did the ancient patriarch in his dream of angels, ascending and descending.

Affliction.

The longer thy affliction hath been, the sweeter will heaven be to thee at last. The longer the storm, the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. Long afflictions will much set off the glory of heaven. The harbour is most sweet and desirable to them that have been long tossed upon the seas; so will heaven be to those who have been long in a sea of troubles. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those that have been long drinking of gall and vinegar.—*Rev. Thos. Brooks.*

A Word to Ministers.

"Do write to me when you have a moment, and stir me up. You know a word to a minister is worth three or four thousand souls sometimes. * * * * * Go on, dear brother, but an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on forever—but an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to a perishing world."

Choice Sayings.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to him.—*Jay.*

The most effective means of securing the continuance of our civil and religious liberties, is always to remember with reverence and gratitude the source whence they flow.—*Ibid.*

The promises are our legacies bequeathed to us in the will of our Father, and we are to claim them as we stand in need of any of them.—*Alleine.*

It is much easier to pull up many weeds out of a garden, than one corrupt root out of the heart; and to procure an hundred flowers to adorn a knot, than one grace to beautify the soul.—*Flavel.*

He that serves God carelessly brings a curse upon himself instead of a blessing.

Christ will never accommodate his morality to the times.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*