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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

SUNSET—AN EMBLEM.

Slowly descends the Sun—
His daily course is run—
Quiet sinks beneath the West,
Like a Monarch taking rest.

He tips with rays of gold
The clouds in every fold—
Which like burnish'd curtains gleam,
Brighten'd by his setting beam.

He will rise to-morrow—
Sons of joy and sorrow—
He the mandate shall obey,
Cheering, while he rules the day.

Emblem of CHRISTIANS here,
In their appointed sphere—
Soon their day of life will end,
And they to the grave descend.

The Resurrection's morn
Shall witness them new-born—
They from the dark grave shall rise—
Shine like suns in Paradise.

The night of Death shall then be o'er,
And pain afflict their souls no more—
And God himself their light shall be—
Throughout a vast Eternity.

SILVA.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

We will not say the former days
Were better than our own—
That softer fell the dew of heaven,
Or the sun more brightly shone—
That the stars look'd down with a sweeter light
Through the depths of the azure sky—
Or that wand'ring zephyrs touch'd the notes
Of a richer harmony.

For we know Jehovah's word is pledged
For the sunsets on the dew—
The flowers may fade, but the breath of spring
Shall their woe of life renew—
And the anthem of nature's praise is hymn'd
Through the alluring years the same,
And to countless as the stars of night
Their story shall proclaim.

But we miss, oh! we miss in the homes of men
The holy song of praise—
The sweet and solemn strain is hush'd,
And we sigh for the former days
Is the smile of heavenly love withdrawn?
Is the time of blessing o'er?
Have we no more a God in heaven—
A Father to adore?

Not silent are our blessed dead,
Though their work on earth is done,
The struggle and the gloom is past,
And the glory has begun.
The beauty of the sinless land
Shines out on each brow,
And a song of joy and happiness
Is the song they are singing now.

Awake, ye children of them who sleep
In the land of peaceful rest,
And let your voices blend again
With the anthems of the blessed—
We know ye stand at your fathers' hearth
The hymn of love and praise,
Let us hear their song with your children now—
The song of your early days!

Oh! as sweet on the banks of the halcyon sea
Shall the sound of such music be,
That passing winds may pass to hear,
And rejoice in the melody?
And so it is the evening down that fall
When the world is all as still,
Shall the praise of Heaven in that home descend,
Where the worship of God is heard.

BE PREPARED TO MEET AFFLICTION.

Be prepared to meet affliction,
How it will afflict thy soul,
And how it will, when sickness grows brighter,
Thou must not be taken by surprise.
Bend the mind in the season of sorrow
To thy God, when thy trials come,
Trust in His word, and be not led away,
For affliction's darkest scenes at last.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Scripture Allegories.

BY REV. R. M. MACBRAIR.

THE LEGACY.

A large legacy has been left to the church by its Saviour, consisting of New Jerusalem stock; but the greater part of it remains unclaimed. It has not been applied for; though repeated notices of it have been published throughout the world—Heirs will not come forward (James iv. 3.) The wonder is, that it has not been already appropriated to other purposes. Through the long-suffering and forbearance of God, (Rom. ii. 4,) it may still be obtained, if application be made in the proper way. You must seek with your whole heart, (Jer. xxxi. 33.) believing that it may be had (James i. 6.) When you have been once at the bank, go again; go repeatedly; for the legacy is paid by instalments. It is very large; even riches of glory.

Now I think I see some of you coming to the door of the bank of heaven, where dividends are paid, and you knock.

"Who is there?" cries Justice, seated on one side of the entrance.

"A sinner."

"What do you want?"

"My Lord, I have seen it announced in an old publication, called the Gospel Herald, which was edited in heaven, and is published in Jerusalem, that a legacy was left me by my Kinsman, (Eph. v. 31,) which has not yet been paid."

"Not paid?" exclaims Justice: "we always pay on demand." (Heb. x. 23.)

"Yes, my Lord; but I did not apply for it sooner, when I ought. Yet I am told that it is still payable. The Herald is still in circulation, and the announcement has not been withdrawn."

"Well," demands Justice, "what is your present claim upon us?"

"If my Lord will look at the will, he will see that part of it reads as follows:—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xv. 28.) 'Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' (Acts xiii. 38.) 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; and other clauses of like import. This is what I wish to receive. I am weary of sin. I tremble under the frown of God. My heart is troubled and distressed beyond measure. I want pardon and peace.'

"Mercy," says Justice, addressing his sister, who is seated on the opposite side of the entrance; "what dost thou say to this demand?"

"It is perfectly right," answers Mercy. "I have long had a pardon for this sinner lying by me; and I wondered that he did not apply for it sooner. (Mark vi. 6.) Here it is, friend; you are welcome to it. Take it, in the name of Jesus."

While the sinner is in the act of seizing the gift, Justice takes it from the hand of Mercy, stamps it, (Eph. i. 13) and, with a smile, gives it to the sinner. He reads, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee;" and at once breaks out into a song of joy, "O Lord, I will praise thee!"

"Hark ye!" observes Mercy, with a smile of earnest kindness; "remember to tell your friends and neighbours, (Mark v. 19) that I have in me pardons ready, waiting for application." (Rev. iii. 21.)

(Justice looks.) "Who is there?" asks Justice.

"A sinner saved by grace." (Eph. ii. 8.)

"What is your business?"

"I have come, my Lord, for another instalment of the legacy left by my Saviour. Yesterday our Minister told us that it was now due."

"What is the amount you ask?" saith Justice. "For we are very precise in keeping to the letter of the will." (Matt. v. 18.)

"It my Lord will glance at the paper, he will find it written: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you: a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' (Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26.) And in another place it is said that God is faithful and just, not only to forgive us our sins, but to cleanse us from all unrighteousness: for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' (1 John i. 9, 7.)

"Sister Mercy, what do you say to this application?"

"It is quite correct," saith Mercy: "he wants a clean heart, pure from sin. (Matt. v. 8.) I have had it here, ever since he first came for his legacy. I wish our brethren (Heb. ii. 11) on earth would come and take their own. We do not need their property; we have plenty and to spare, (Luke xv. 17,) while they are starving for want. Here it is, friend; take it, in Jesus's name and get it stamped. And tell (Rom. x. 10) your classmates, that I have more clean hearts; they may all make their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." (Zech. xiii. 1; Rev. vii. 14.)

Now I see a crowd of persons running to the door, singing and shouting. I ask, Why such a stir? They tell me they have large bundles of promissory notes of great value, (2 Pet. i. 4) when they are going to get cashed. "Take care," says Mr. Straightened, (2 Cor. vi. 12,) "lest you make a run upon the bank." "That is what we are going to do," (John xvi. 21) is the reply: "but it will not be a run upon the bank for this world, when men shall try to break the bank above. Be quick in your applications. Time passes on, and banking affairs will close. If Mercy leave her place at the door, (Luke xiii. 8,) you will knock in vain for Justice to open." (Luke xiii. 25.)

(Justice looks.) "Who is there?" cries Justice.

"A dying Christian," is the reply.

"What brings you here?"

"My Lord, I have just received a message from my Saviour by the hand of Death, —a messenger by, but he brings good tidings,—to come here for the last instalment of my legacy."

"How much is it?"

"It my Lord will read the will, he will find, amongst other items, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' (John xiv. 2.) Now I am leaving the body, I want a congenial place for my immortal spirit, a rest with God. As I have written, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' (Rev. ii. 10.) I cannot boast of my fidelity, yet I have loved my Lord, I have kept the commandments which I have heard, (2 Tim. i. 7.) I have not wickedly departed from His ways. O, if one so feeble as I could be so valued, (Matt. xxv. 21.) I would praise His infinite bounty for ever and ever." (Rev. vii. 10.)

"I will read it with you," says Justice, and he reads, "I will give unto him, (Rom. ii. 7,) righteousness, and what shall we do, sister Mercy, for we do not see thy glory out of heaven?"

"It is written," saith Mercy, "Father, I have loved thee also, when thou hast given me, as thou hast promised, (John xvi. 26) a new heart, I will come again, and receive everlasting life; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xvi. 3.) The King, therefore, evidently intends to admit this Christian into heaven. Doubtless it was his express will in sending me a message that he would be here to-day, and to get some new cases of anguish. (Luke xvi. 22.) There are a few waiting for the hour is come. I would that He has not arrived, for it is very painful. Hark! the clock strikes the quarter, the minute. See, brother, the door is now wide open.

(2 Peter i. 11,) and let the heir of glory in." (Psalm xxiv. 9)—Christian Miscellany.

Faith in Christianity.

Rational and enlightened views render the christian system in the highest degree simple, beautiful, dignified and impressive,—shed a light and glory around the character of God, and impart a sublimity and felicity to the destiny of men, to which no other opinions can pretend. They have a most holy and happy tendency; and were they universally and practically believed, there is nothing low, selfish, or uncharitable, which they would not eradicate—nothing noble, disinterested, or sublime, which they would not cherish, and to which they would not excite. The most devout and holy adoration of the sovereign Lord, the supreme Judge, the Parent of good—the most high and just valuation of the unparalleled excellencies and sacrificial death of Jesus Christ—the most sober and well-founded hope of a blessed immortality, disclosed by his doctrines and confirmed by his death and resurrection—the most pure and holy conduct, by which alone it is possible to prepare for heaven, or in the expressive language of the scriptures, to see God—the most disinterested and active benevolence towards all mankind, who are all possessed of the same nature, all parts of the same family, and all alike redeemed, appear to be the necessary result of enlightened scriptural views. But if, in these convictions we are mistaken, does this render them odious? Are these impressions calculated to make us bad members of society, bad neighbors, bad parents, bad children, bad friends? Do they tend to dry up the fountain of human kindness in our breasts, and to cause every generous and benignant disposition to wither and die within us?

He who believes that a Being of almighty power, unerring wisdom, and unbounded love is seated at the head of the universe, and is making every event promote, in its appointed measure, his highest happiness, must possess perpetual serenity and active good will. The storm of adversity may gather above him and burst upon his head, but he is prepared against it, and it cannot dismay him. He knows that the evils which encompass him are blessings in disguise. The fair face of nature smiles upon him with a brighter radiance. The boundless expanse of heaven above him; the painted plain beneath him; the glorious sun that diffuses light and life over the ample and beautiful creation, are magnificent gifts of his Father, on which his enlightened eye can behold engraven the promise of his higher destiny. The narrow precincts of the tomb can neither bound nor obstruct his enlarged view—it extends beyond the circle of earth, and reaches to that celestial world, where progression in excellence is infinite, and happiness is unchanging and eternal. Nothing can disturb his steady confidence. In the most awful moment of his being, his feeling is as sublime as his destiny is glorious. Even while the tomb covers his form, he can exclaim in triumph, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Shall I not have mercy in you?
Shall I not have compassion on you?

Action.

I have often had occasion to observe that a watch-making man does more for the world than a forged wire man. A man gets into a habit of inquiring about properties in respect to his mind and decisions, and spends his life without doing anything to purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much dependent on action, that everything seems to be ready to every man, "Do something"—"do it"—"do it"—"do it."