On Thursday evening, by the Rev Mr Hill, Mr Jas Matthews, to Sarah Maria Lewis, both of this City.

On Tuesday evening, 23d inst, by the Revd F Smallwood, Mr Joseph Seeton, Merchant, to Emma Nisbett, fourth dauguter of John Metzler, Esq. of this City.

At Dartmouth, on the 19th inst., by the Rev Mr Stewart, Mr James Ryley, Engineer of H. M. S. Columbia, to Miss Ann Barnes, of Dartmouth.

At Shelburne, on the 10th inst., by the Rev T. H. White, Thomas F Campbell, Esqr., of Liverpool, to Catherine E., eldest daughter of Joshua Snow, Esqr.

DEATHS.

At Boston, on the 13th ult., of influenza, Harriet Hubbert, aged 27 years and 6 months, formerly of Antigonish, N S.

At the Nashwaak, N B, on the 6th inst, Daniel McDonald, aged 105 years. This is the last survivor of those who settled on the Nashwaak belonging to Her Majesty's 42nd Regiment.

At Musquodoboit Harbour, 15th April, Mr Geo. Stephens, in the 64th year of his age.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Friday, 19—Schr Victoria, Pope's Harbour—W Pryor & Sons; John C Archibald, Mainadieu; Surprise do; Alert, do; California, Griffin, Bagged Islds; Rob Roy, Welsh, Fortune Bay 13 days; Orbit, Cornelius; Harp, Cape Breton: Annabella, Arichat; St Patrick, do. bound to Boston; Am schrs Legislator, Hodgson; Tuso, Lockham; Only Son, Hodgson; George Gray, (loss of cables and anchors) —of Boothbay; Am schr Highlander, Sands, Fredericksburg 10 days—S A White & Co; schr John S Rechell, Barrow, Fortune Bay 10 days—J H McNab; R M Steamer Europa, Leitch, New York 54 hours—186 passengers, 5 for Halifax.

Sunday, 21st—Ship Mic-Mac Auld, Greenock 37 days—to W Stairs & Sons—4 cabin 16 steerage passengers; brigt Inspector Hall, Sheet Harbour; schr John Hastings Newfoundland; schr Planet, Port Medway, Durham, do.

Monday—Brigt. Mary, Dunscombe, Mayaguez, 17 days—to G H Starr; Am. schr Governor Seward, of Portland, bound fishing, put in with loss of anchors and cables, Schrs Felix, Arichat; Fame Nickerson, Cornwallis; Ellen, Guysborough.

Tuesday, April 23,—schr Aldebaron, ——, 6 days from New York, to P. Power and others.

Schr. Mary, Bond, 6 days from Burin, N.F. to G.H. Starr.

Wednesday, 24—brig Frances, Stanwood, 7 days from New York, to John McDonnell and others.

Brig Pursuit, Kendrick, 20 days from Cienfuegos, to Fairbanks & Allisons.

Brig Griffin, Webb, 12 days from Bermuda, to Salutus & Wainwright.

Schr Relief, Johnston, 9 days from Philadelphia, to Backle & Gibson.

Schr. Liverpool, McLearn, Liverpool, N.S.

Brigt Lady Sale, Atkins, Demerara, 27 days, to Dennis & Meckel; schr Herald, Crowell, Mayaguez, 17 days, to Fairbanks & Allisons; French Mail schr Eclair, Parkhurst, St Piers, N. F., brigt Halifax, Meagher, Boston, 2 days, to B Wier & Co—was 8 days going to St Pierre.

CLEARED.

April 20.—Vine, Swain, N. F., J. Strachan; Pearl, Arrestrap, Matanzas, Cochran & Co.; Sarah, Snow, N. F., J. Strachan; Flora, Smith, N. F., J. Strachan.

April 22—Indus, Day, Magdalen Islands, Fairbanks & Allisons; Stephen Binney, Vigassoni, Quelec, T. C. Kinnear.

April 24.—Ornament, Hopkins, B. W. Indies, W H Rudolf; Corsair, Allen, San Francisco, California, J H McNab; Vixen, Lancaster, Boston, Salter & Twining; Victoria, Bollong, Port au Basque, W. Pryor & Sons; Mars, Cronan, Labrador, D. Cronan.

MEMORANDA.

Pursuit left at Cienfuegos April 2nd—Sandwich, Davis, bdg. for St. Johns, N F; Carlos, Seely, do. for St John, N. B.; Victoria Frith, in 2 days for Halifax; Rob Roy, Callahan, do do.; Maitland, Smith, do. do; Elizabeth, Prideaux, for St. Johns, N. F.

Brigt Mary, from Mayaguez, left Herald to make 2 days, and Sharon for Yarmouth in 5 days.

The British schr Crown, Roll, master, Shrewsbury, Nova Scotia, with plaster, was totally lost at Wood Qeoddy, in the storm on Saturday night; all hands perished. One body has been found, and the papers of the vessel, by which the name was discovered.—Export Sentinel.

Mary reports left at Burin Hibernia, McPherson, for Halifax; spoke on Sunday last Sable Island bearing S W 20 miles distant, brigt Lady Young, 60 days from Liverpool, Eng., to New York, had experienced very heavy weather, lost bulwarks, &c., would hove up for Louisburg.

Nickerson, in 5 days for New York; Maitland, (of Digby,) Another, for do. use., Skylark, Trimmingham, to load for Halifax, Lady Maxwell, Dunsmith, do. do Susan, Affleck, do. do.; Irene, (of Arichat,) Pridgen, to load for St. Johns, N. F.; Rambler, Wood, (dg. cargo) for Halifax.

Pursuit, spoke 22d inst., brig James Otis, of Goole, Eng., steering N. W.

Griffin reports Lady Campbell, Day, at Demerara, 18th ult., from Liverpool, N. S.; markets at Pouse 21st ult., codfish $3, mackarel $6½

Br. Brig Bluenose, at Eastport, 9th inst., from Turk's Island, lost bulwarks, staucheons, gallery, &c and threw over 2000 tons salt. Also lost a passenger belonging to Nova Scotia, who had belonging to a vessel wrecked at Turk's Island.

Br. Schr. Velocity, Anderson, of P. E. Island, from Williamston, N. C, with a cargo of staves and shingles, took fire on the 8th inst. off Cape Hatteras, and burned to the water's edge. Captain and crew saved.

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THE WESLEYAN.

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POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

ADDRESS TO TIME.

Time! thou dost strew sweet flowers
Upon the smiling way;
And thou dost nurse the howling winds,
That chill the wintry day—
What hast thou done with the long years
Thou marked'st for thine own?
Where hast thou garner'd up the dead
Thy ruthless scythe has mown?

Where are the bright and living ones—
The sounds of joy so mirth,
That echoed through the wooded dells
Of the peopled earth?
Say—tell us of the trusting dove,
With the bright olive bough—
We am would learn the long, long page
That's hoarded on thy brow.

Oh! stay thine ever onward flight,
Clip thine untiring wing;
I'd humbly bow where shepherds knelt,
Of Bethlehem's Babe I'd sing—
Can't tell us of the Cæsars,
Of Nerxes and his train,
And of the fierce and rushing host
That dimm'd Pharsalia's plain?

Where will thou be, when years no more
Shall [illegible] out [illegible]?
Where—when the loud archangel's trump
Shall [illegible] a plan?
Haste, haste away, lay my tuckere
Bedims my weeking gaze;
As round thy wrapt and chaste themes
My wearied fancy plays.

AMELIA.

Hillsboro', March 1st, 1850.

For the Wesleyan.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Christians do as part."

Not only for youth's prime,—
[illegible] summer time,
Or [illegible] we pledge
[illegible] riper years,
When [illegible] wrecks,
Love [illegible] light.

Not for the blooming cheek,—
Or [illegible] speech,
[illegible]
[illegible] dwell
[illegible] decked,
Love [illegible] cheer.

Not when, with buoyant heart,
Friends [illegible] heart,—or wealth
Poors [illegible]
But if sharp [illegible] weary,
And [illegible] way,
Love [illegible] more.

And thus, together bad,
By and Heaven, we'll tread,
Life's rough way
[illegible]
But [illegible]
Yes, [illegible]—

[illegible]
Oh, not [illegible]
Hearts [illegible]
For Faith [illegible]
Tells we [illegible] meet
Meet in Heaven.

S. F. H.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

"We [illegible] with the thorns and [illegible] made."—*Dr Shep*

Some things we have wondered at.

We have seen pious parents permitting their children, [illegible] years, to attend dancing-schools, public balls, theatres and other places of worldly and [illegible] amusement; seeing as a reason, that it was impossible to put old heads upon young shoulders, and that, after a while, they would of themselves see the folly of these things; and then, when a revival in the Church occurs, and God converts the children of others, we have heard them expressing great astonishment that their children should appear so perfectly indifferent upon the subject. We have wondered at it; for God had told them "to train up their children in the way in which they should go, and when they are old they would not depart from it;" but they have said, We will train them in a way in which they ought *not* to go, and when they become old we hope they will depart from it. Did they expect God to cause his own declaration to turn out to be false?—Let God be true, and every man a liar.

Again, we have seen pious parents suffering their children to choose, as their constant companions, those who had no fear of God before their eyes, who were continually trampling under foot his laws, sneering at his religion and at pious people; and then, when those children grew up to be immoral, and opposers of true religion, we have heard them mourning over it, and trying to resolve it into the sovereignty of God. We have wondered at it; for God had told them that "evil communications corrupt good manners," that "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." He had shown them, in the case of the sons of Eli, that he had no respect to the children of pious parents, when those parents were not faithful in restraining them from vice, but that he would destroy them with as fearful a punishment as he would the children of the most abandoned. Did they expect that he would make himself out a liar, merely to gratify their parental fondness? As they have sowed to the wind, they must reap the whirlwind.

[illegible] we have [illegible] Christians to suffer their children to pore over the Christless and polluting popular literature of the day, covering their parlour tables until they almost groaned under the burden of the yellow-backed novels of Bulwer, Sue, Paul de Kock, and others, and then, when they have attempted to interest their minds in the truth of the word of God, we have heard them expressing astonishment that they manifested an aversion to the Bible and all serious books. We have wondered that they expected any other result. Did they not know that the books which are read exert an influence over the mind [illegible] if not superior, to the [illegible] which is exerted by the companions with whom we are [illegible]? Have they not discovered that the natural aversion of the carnal heart to [illegible] is fostered and developed by these novel writers; and if they suffer their children's minds to be [illegible] under the influence of these, who, [illegible] they expect, that it would [illegible] them to have a desire for [illegible] and [illegible] objects? Has not God caused them to say, "Can a man take coals into his bosom and not be burned?"—*Christian Herald.*

Sleep, on Sabbath.

An American preacher, Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, long ago preached a sermon to his people on the "Uses and Duties of Stormy Sabbaths," from the text, "Fire and hail; snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word." From this text he lectured them very plainly on the evil of staying away from worship on stormy Sabbaths. After a allusion to the fact that every created thing, pleasant and terrible, including "the thunder artillery of the world," [illegible] the Lord, he [illegible] "[illegible] he had prepared the [illegible] and told them in the [illegible] worship. The snows, and vapours, and stormy wind, do not so much fulfil the word of Jehovah, as call them away from his word and the worship of his house. Their seat is sure to be vacant every stormy Sabbath, and too often when there is only a slight promise of rain, or of any other kind of unpleasant weather. If the wind blows, or the walks are wet, or covered with a little snow; if the cold is uncomfortable, or the heat a little too intense; if a fog damps the air, or an east wind chills it, they take out an indulgence from the weather, and consider the worship of God as relieved by a dispensation."

The preacher then went on to prove that stormy Sabbaths are not only very harmless to all persons but invalids, but that they really have a high religious purpose. It is very desirable, according to his doctrine, to have stormy Sabbaths, and we ought to improve them as opportunities of special blessing in attending on the public worship of God. Toward the close he applied his subject in this strain:—

"I hope that all my fair weather hearers are present, and, being present, that they will receive the salutary lesson I give them. I have not said, and did not mean to say, all that could relate to a subject so unpleasant. I have not rebuked your self-indulgence as I might have done. I have not spoken of the chill our worship often suffers by the thinness of the assembly, and the many empty seats displayed; for I was not willing to ask your attention here as patrons of the place. I have not dwelt on your excuses, as I removed them; the plea that you had better sometimes spend the day of God by yourselves—for you know that you spend it [illegible] as worship, or preparation for a better world; the plea often present to the giddy heart of vanity, that a stormy day is no fit occasion for the display of your person—a plea that you cannot yourselves utter, because of its conscious want of dignity, but which, nevertheless, has power with many; the plea that it will impare your health to encounter the rough weather—for you all expect me to be here in every storm that blows, and you can as well be here as I; and if in thirteen years' attendance on my duties here, without any consideration of the weather, in its wildest storms and fiercest cold, I have never suffered the least injury, there is not much reason to fear for you—certainly not for any who are in equally sound health. To invalids I will make allowance, though even they would commonly suffer by no exposure incident to their attendance. There is no such poison in wet and cold, as many love to suppose; and if we were not so self indulgent, so ready to shrink from the rough moods of nature, we should have clearer minds and stronger bodies. The worst and most dangerous poison is confinement, and the pent air that sinners sit the day in heated rooms, unchanged.

Different kinds of Tongues.

The tongue of *kindness* is full of pity, love and comfort. It speaks a word of hope to the despondicy, a word of encouragement to the faint-hearted, of sympathy to the bereaved, of consolation to the dying. Urged on by a benevolent heart, it loves to cheer, console, and invigorate the sons and daughters of sorrow. Blessed for ever shall it be.

The tongue of *discretion* knows when to speak, and when to be silent. It is not cowardly; it dares to say all that needs to be said. But it does not tell all it knows. It is careful what it speaks, when it speaks, where it speaks, and to whom it speaks. It says very little to Mr Babble, to Miss Tatt, or to Grandmother Tell-all-you-hear and-more-too.

The tongue of *humility* takes no pains in retailing small talk, scandalous reports, credible fictions or bitter libels of any kind. It [illegible] to hope [illegible]. It aims to say [illegible] day the heaven, though it is not ambitious to teach. To please, to enlighten, to do good, is its delight. May the number of such tongues be vastly multiplied.

The tongue of *truth* never stretches itself like India-rubber for the sake of a good story! It dreads all lies, white, black, or yellow. It is content to tell what it knows and no more. It loves truth for its own sake, and for the sake of its glorious author. Hence it never ornaments a story with the gaudy ribbons of fancy. Its motto is, truth, naked truth, nothing but truth. Pity that such tongues are not more common.

The tongue of *humility* does not "speak great swelling words" about astonishing exploits. It boasts not of its own great deeds. It has very little to say of its own merits except now and then a word or two, by way of self-defence. It takes a great deal more delight in praising others than itself.

But a few words respecting another class of tongues.

The tongue of cruelty has little regard for the feelings of others. Hence it often gives pain by unnecessary harshness of expression. It says, "I speak just what I think." If you complain of its severity, it says. "O that's my way." But it is a very bad way.

The tongue of pride takes for its motto, "great I and little you." It glories in its own astonishing achievements. In its own estimation nobody equals itself.

The false tongue loves big stories. It has no particular objection to a good round supply of fiction, just enough to make the story interesting. It is not content to tell the thing as it is, it must add something for embellishment.

The profane tongue neither fears God nor [illegible] It blasphemes the one and insults the other. May it never occupy the mouth of my reader!

The tongue of slander—but I have no power to describe its abominations. It scatters "firebrands, arrows and death" through a whole community. No rank, nor station, nor character, however exalted or holy, is free from its unmerciful assaults. From such a tongue, especially, may the good Lord deliver us!

Let our reader pray God to give him grace "to show out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom."

Doing Nothing.

"He made me out a sinner for doing nothing!" This remark fell from the lips of one who was under conviction of sin, and of whom we asked the question, How were you awakened? He had heard a sermon from the words, "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion!" It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that his greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself—*doing nothing.*

We are reminded of this incident by meeting in an old religious magazine with the following ingenious interrogatories on the words, "Curse ye Meroz."—The writer says:—

By whose authority? The angel of the Lord's.

What has Meroz done? Nothing.

Why then is Meroz to be cursed? Because they did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No, but Meroz did.

Is Meroz then to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.

Who says so? The angel of the Lord. That servant which knew his Lord's will, and did not according to his will, shall [illegible] with many stripes, Luke xii. 47.