

NO TEMPLE IN HEAVEN.

1. *There is no idol temple there.*

2. *There is no temple for heresy and error.*

3. *There is no party temple there.*—Now, even the followers of Christ cannot see eye to eye. Well, "let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." As population increases, of course, temples will be necessarily multiplied. There is no harm in this, provided they will love each other, and co-operate; but, alas! we frequently find altar erected against altar, and the bigotry of the attendants leading them to exclaim, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we!" Hence, frequently, those who worship the same God, through the same Mediator, and by the influence of the same Spirit, live estranged from each other, as if they did not belong to the same community; and in some cases, where there is an accordance in doctrine and in discipline, and where there is only a difference with regard to the mode of the administration of an ordinance, the gift of sprinkling for instance, they cannot live in peace, nor be able to commemorate the dying love of Jesus at the same table. Really, one would sometimes imagine, that each denomination expected that hereafter there would be a party temple of their own, into which all would submissively rest; but they are mistaken—all these differences will then be done away, and we shall be surprised, and if grief could enter heaven, we should be grieved, that we have attached ourselves so exclusively to our distinctions here. When the corn is carried home to the same garner, no inquiry is made whether it grew in this field or that field before the harvest. Children may differ in age, in size, in dress, and in schooling, but they are all one family. Do we believe this? Do we believe that the perfection of the future state is such, that there will be no party temple there. My dear hearers, you never find in the scriptures such a command as this, "Take heed where you learn," though you read, "take heed what you hear," and "take heed how you hear." You will not hereafter have the question addressed to you, where did you worship? but, whether you have worshipped the Father in spirit and in truth. But is this true? Will there be no party temple there? Do we believe this? Do we believe that the perfections of heaven arise from him? Surely it is desirable to approach as nearly to that state now, in disposition, as possible. O, I shall be saved, not as a member of a particular church, but as a member of the church universal! I feel myself a thousand times more dignified and honoured by the name of a Christian, which comprehends us all, than I should by the name of an Episcopalian, a Dissenter, an Independent, a Baptist, or a Methodist.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

COWPER, the poet, in his Memoirs of his Early Life, gives an affecting instance of the benefit frequently derived from the recollection of some consolatory text of Scripture. It occurred while he was at a public school. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. One day, as I was sitting alone upon a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind, 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirit, and a cheerfulness, which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity—his gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me!"

A GREAT nephew of the veritable Alexander Selkirk, the original of the celebrated Robinson Crusoe, is at present residing at Cannonmills, near Edinburgh, (Scotland,) in rather straitened circumstances.

RESPECT YOUR PASTOR'S FEELINGS.

THERE are many circumstances connected with the pastoral office, which often extort the cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" There is enough labour to exhaust the best energies, and enough unavoidable anxiety to subdue the best spirits in him who devotes himself to God in the ministry. But, alas! how many trials are gratuitously heaped upon him by the very persons for whose welfare he is expending his strength. Instead of helping him, they retard; instead of strengthening his hands, they rob him of his power. Thousands of ministers, we have reason to believe, have been sacrificed by the harshness and inhumanity of their people. Often have we seen excellent men, of sensitive feelings, (and none who have not such feelings, should occupy a pulpit,) borne down to the earth, by the disregard of their people to their feelings. We shall only refer to a single form in which such disregard may not only destroy the personal comfort, but the public usefulness, of a preacher. We mean, in some instances, the malignant, and in others, the thoughtless disparagement of a minister in his public services. One will insinuate against his pastor, that his sermons are not studied, and another, that they are dry and uninteresting. Others still, will draw invidious comparisons between him and other ministers, and in such circumstances, as to ensure its coming to his ears. Nay, what is more common than for people to tell their pastors that they would like them to exchange with neighbouring ministers, and even to remark that they had never heard such sermons as they heard from such and such an one.

It may be said, that ministers of the Gospel should be above the influence of petty jealousy, and that they should not be affected by remarks of this nature. Very true, they should be more dead to self, and the world, than they are; but while they retain human feelings, they must be wounded by such comparisons as induce them to believe that their administrations are not acceptable. Some of the best men in the ministry are distrustful of their own abilities, and need much soothing encouragement, to quicken them in duty. Upon such, an indiscreet and unfeeling remark may have the most injurious tendency; it may operate as a dead weight in keeping down their energies, and, for a time at least, disqualify them for the pulpit. The day of judgment will undoubtedly show that many of God's servants have been thus crippled in their work, by those who should have assisted them; and it will expose to shame those who, regardless of consequences, could disregard the feelings of those who ministered to them in holy things.—*Presb.*

HULSEAN PRIZE.

The Hulsean Prize of 100 guineas has been adjudged to Andrew Jukes, Trinity College. Subject—"An inquiry into the principles of the prophetic interpretation, and the practical results arising from them." The subject for the present year is, "The use and value of the ancient Fathers, considered as auxiliary to the proof of the truth of the Christian religion, and to the elucidation of its doctrines."

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

A MOST singular interposition of Providence was witnessed in the parish of Offord a few days since. A poor girl, named Hannah Story, has, for upwards of eight years, been afflicted with a spinal affection, and, for the last two years, has also had a complaint in one of her legs, causing very great pain, the flesh from her foot to her knee being as black as a boot. She was unable to move herself without assistance, and could not even sit upon a stool or chair. She was, however, sitting upon the side of the bed, suffering the most intense agony, when, to the surprise of herself and those about her, the limb that had been so great trouble actually fell off upon the floor, in a manner most remarkable; even not so much as a splinter of the bone was left, but it appeared as though amputation had been performed in a most masterly manner. We understand a medical man of great talent had been examining it only a day or two before, and thought amputation could not be undergone, from the very dangerous aspect and weak state of the patient.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

ENGLAND, it is rumoured, has entered very readily into an idea formed of rendering Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the other Holy Cities of Palestine, independent of the Turkish dominion: a proposal for the appointment of a Christian Governor at Jerusalem, has also been well received at London; and it is now certain that the European Powers are about to open a negotiation with the Porte on this subject, in concurrence with France. This measure may be considered as the last step towards the final settlement of the Eastern Question.

POETRY.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

THEY are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Children wearied with their play,
For the stars of night are peeping,
And the sun hath sunk away;
As the dew upon the blossoms
Bows them on their slender stem;
So, as light as their own bosoms,
Balmy sleep hath conquer'd them.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Mortals compass'd round with woe;
Eyelids wearied out with weeping,
Close for every weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
Harass'd nature shall sustain,
Till they wake again tomorrow,
Strengthen'd to contend with pain.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Captives in their gloomy cells;
Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their many-colour'd spells:
All they love—again they clasp them,
Feel again their long-lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them,
Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Misers by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls of price untold:
Golden chains their limbs encumber;
Diamonds seem before them thrown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the golden dream is flown.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Pause a moment—softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleepers' bed:
Other hopes are all forsaken,
One remains—that slumber deep;
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Thousands who are pass'd away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay:
Safe they rest the green turf under—
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death!

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