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## Poetry

### RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead:  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but dim funeral tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition—  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken,  
The bond which Nature gives;  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impatient with emotion,  
And anguish long suppress,  
The swelling heart heaves meaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling  
We cannot wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

## Christian Miscellany.

For the Wesleyan.

### The Calling of Andrew and Peter.

BY REV. R. COONEY.

The memoirs of our adorable Lord as they are furnished to us in "The New Testament," are associated with beautiful and unrivalled scenery. This of course is a subordinate feature—a mere accessory, but contributing, in an humble way, to the arrangement of all the parts, and to the completion of the whole. The divine person who is the subject of this inspired biography, and the displays of power, wisdom, mercy and love which it relates, render the whole as unique as it is true. But we spoke of scenery, as if we intended to say something further on that subject, and yet the calling of ANDREW and PETER has nothing in it suggestive of a delightful climate, luxuriant vegetation, gorgeous landscape, tropical plants, breathing fragrances, birds attired in the brightest and richest plumage, and making the perfumed atmosphere tremulous, and vied with their thrilling number but this important event, notwithstanding, forms the most striking feature in one of nature's most noble aspects.

One day the blessed and holy Jesus was walking by the sea side, along the shores that bordered "The Lake of Galilee." The country presented Lake and Alpine scenery in its most attractive form. The stern granite shores looking with defiance upon the waters exhausting their strength and spending their fury—the everlasting hills so frequently mentioned in Scripture—the mountains girded with power—the valleys covered over with corn—the trees of the wood clapping their hands—the floods lifting up their voice, and the whole picture filled up and completed by numerous places of "great historic fame."

The Son of God was now commencing his mission,—entering in an official manner upon the great work his Father had given him to do. It was the fishing season of the year, and this maritime section of the country presented a very cheerful appearance, and forming a tableau replete with industry and animation. Jesus of Nazareth was now in quest of Ministers—he wanted to obtain Preachers for "the new dispensation," real reformers, men that would turn "the world upside down;" and full of this gracious purpose, he travelled on, as a poor wayfaring man, friendless and unknown.

We have seen ISAAC in the fields, walking about and indulging devout contemplations. We have seen JOSHUA walking up and down before Jericho, reconnoitering its military defences, and arranging the plan by which he would besiege and subdue this stronghold. We have seen DAVID walking round about Zion, counting the towers, and admiring the bulwarks of this spiritual fortress—and we have seen JOSHUA, the absconding Prophet, perambulating Nineveh, and denouncing its voluptuous inhabitants. These were all eminent men, but this solitary stranger, this unknown and friendless tourist, that is now walking by the Lake of Galilee, exceeds them all. Look at him attentively, but with deep reverence. He is not a calculating man of business—nor a subtle politician, nor a Peripatetic. He is not attended by a military escort like Herod, or Pilate. He is neither a Pharisee nor a Scribe. He has neither Phylactery nor Robe. He is, notwithstanding, older than either ENOCH or ADAM—MELCHISEDEK of Salem, was his forerunner—He spoke to Moses from the midst of the burning bush—He is "wiser than SOLOMON," and "greater than JOSHUA," and equal to GOD. He goes on communing with his own heart, and thinking of the cause for which he came into the world—now he stops opposite a little fishing boat—there are two men on board of it, two poor fishermen of GALILEE; they are busily engaged in fishing. Look, they are just casting their net into the sea! Hark!—Jesus speaks unto them. He says, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Never was a call more "loud;" it was obeyed instantly and fully. "They straightway left their nets and followed him." In a few minutes after the sons of Zebulon received the same call, and obeyed it with the same alacrity and promptitude. "They immediately left the ship, and their father, and followed him."

Such was the simple and unostentatious way in which the Vouchmen in Zion—the Herald of the Cross—the messengers of the Churches—and the ambassadors of peace were called to their high and sacred offices, and set apart for the great work of bringing lost sinners to God. And they were called from an obscure place, and a lowly station. Our Lord did not go to either Jerusalem, or Jericho, or to Imperial Rome. He did not select his apostles from among the Priests and Scribes of JERUSALEM, nor from among the Philosophers and Academics of ROME. No!—He came to set up a new dynasty—a spiritual Kingdom, a Kingdom that would absorb all others, and endure for ever; and to accomplish this mighty revolution He chose, not "many wise men after the flesh, nor many mighty, nor many noble, but the foolish things of the world, the weak things of the world, and the base things

of the world, and the things that are despised, yea, and the things which are not." Such was the ill-adapted, and inadequate agency, which the Messiah employed for His great and glorious work; and this He did, to shew that His Kingdom was not of this world, to declare "That no flesh should glory in His presence;" and, that while Paul, and Apollos—Mathew, and Cephas: ANDREW, and PETER, are to be honoured as "the Ministers of Christ, and Stewards of the mysteries of God," none but himself can save poor miserable sinners; and that "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is JESUS CHRIST."

### Swearing.

Profane language is quite as often indicative of vulgarity, as wickedness. If men of breeding and refinement would but consider this fact, they would less often fall into a habit which is extremely loathsome to a true gentleman, whether he has any religious sensibility or not. Polished circles, even of the gay and sportive, discard profanity as too vulgar and boisterous for the company of any but the dissolute and ignoble; so that morality in this case, has a more limited triumph than fashion and education.

It is a very easy matter, however, to acquire a habit of enforcing declarations with profane epithets and oaths. Before the mind is aware of the bent it has taken, the evil becomes established, and shews itself upon every occasion, meet or unmet, watched or unwatched. There are a great many expressions termed profane which are not so; they should be called vulgar, rude and indecent. But whether one or the other, they are offensive to all good company, degrading to many intercourse, and hurtful to the purity, gentleness and refinement of society. So exceedingly silly and absurd is it to deal habitually in terms which must have been coined by the lowest and most passionate of the human race, that many have been suddenly made to feel their own meanness by seeing themselves in another's face. A master of a vessel once allowed to me that he was at one time very profane; but happening on a certain voyage to have a mate who dealt in no other language, he became as disgusted with him and the practice, as to abandon it himself entirely. The following is a very good anecdote. Dearly like economy is "good in a subject,—but better in a King."

A King was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him; and while they were talking the King swore. The soldier said, sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear. His majesty took no notice, but soon swore again. The soldier said, sir, I'll pay part of the pot, if you please, and go; for I hate swearing, that if you were the king himself I should tell you of it. Why should you? said the king. I should, said the soldier. His Majesty said no more, and left him. Awhile after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, was ordered into the room, and to wait awhile. Presently the king uttered an oath. The soldier immediately, (but with great modesty,) said, "Should not my lord the king fear an oath?" The King looked first at the birds, and then at the soldier, said, "there my lords, there is an honest man; he can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing, but but you can sit and let me send my soul to hell by swearing, and not so much as to tell me of it?"

Another very amusing story I have heard related of several gentlemen who were stage passengers. They regaled each other in their journey with anecdotes of one kind or another, with profane interludes and useless oaths, which were all uncalled for, and seemed to spring entirely from habit. One of the company hitherto silent, made bold to tell his story also; and instead of the "devil," "damnation," &c, he stuck in o his dis-

courses at all corners of it, "Pot-and-bottle take it," and such sort of exclamations. His companions told him they liked his story very well, but did not know what he meant by using the words 'Pot-and-bottle' so frequently. He replied to them that he meant nothing particularly by it, only to be in the fashion. He had observed that they made use of certain expletives, which seemed to have no proper connection with their discourse, and which sounded to his ear equally silly and unmeaning as the words with which he had sarcastically interlarded his anecdote, and he took the opportunity to reprove them for swearing.

It is a sound and beautiful axiom in moral philosophy, that a mind which can endure the consciousness of guilt without uneasiness, is fitted for any compliance whatever.

### A Warning.

The pastoral relation is of divine appointment; and God sometimes manifests his displeasure at its violent disruption. In a small church in the country among a farming population, a pastor had laboured quietly and diligently for years. There had been no general awakening under his ministry, but silent and gradual additions had been made to the church. It was one of the smallest in the body with which it was connected; and yet usually its additions exceeded those of any other, and this among a population diminishing by emigration. But some were not satisfied; and the pastor must leave, though at this very time a number were inquiring what they must do to be saved. The pastor must go; and among the reasons it was urged by a young man, that "a new minister might call out some who did not regularly attend; and by hearing from him a single sermon, they might be converted."

A change was made, and what has been the result? The Holy Spirit was grieved. Those inquirers have remained where they were, or have gone back to the world; and though they have one of the best of men for a pastor, and years have passed, there has not been, so far as I know, a single conversion there since. The pastor is discouraged, his heart broken. He has been greatly affected; but with deep emotion he said, "All these things are nothing in comparison with the greater trial of Zion's desolation." To trifle with God's institutions is a fearful thing. Let the churches respect the pastoral relation. "They watch for your souls as they that must give account." Heb. 13. 17.

### The Bunch of Flowers.

A plain man in Central Ohio, just after the death of a pious lady in the neighbourhood, was walking in his field, and discovering a beautiful but solitary bunch of pink-coloured flowers, gathered them to carry home. Their beauty led his thoughts to the joys which Christ has prepared for all who love him in heaven, on which the pious lady had just entered; and while the meditation swelled his heart and filled his eyes with tears, he saw approaching him a moral but unconverted son of the departed woman. In the fitness of his heart, he told what thoughts the flowers had suggested, and asked him if he was prepared to join his mother in the praises of eternity, and urged him to seek salvation through atoning blood. The heart of the son was touched, and he also wept.—He opened his house for preaching, soon obtained hope, and is now the superintendent of a Sabbath-school ninety miles distant, where one had never been established. In relating his experience at a class meeting, he mentioned the bunch of flowers, and the interview it had occasioned as fastening on his mind the first abiding impressions.—*American Messenger.*

Mrs. Chapone was asked why she always came so early to church? "Because," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."