

POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

The Summer Bower.

Sweet bower! where oft I alone have retired
From the tumult of life, the world's busy noise—
With God to commune, whom my soul has desired,
And think of the fullness of heavenly joys.

How calm was thy air, and charming thy shade,
Thy stillness ever inviting to rest!
Twas there the commotions of passion were laid,
Whilst over my mind came sweet thoughts of the best.

Though far from thee now, I ne'er can forget
The hours so delightful, whilst shelter'd by thee—
O bower of bright beauty! with chasten'd regret,
I think of the shade thou once granted'st to me.

Shall I ever again revisit thy scene,
Beside thy shade, and enjoy thy retreat,
Where the beech and the maple mingle their green,
The spruce and the poplar peacefully greet?

SYLVA

FAMILY CIRCLE.

For the Wesleyan.

Humility and Forbearance.

CHAPTER FIRST.

How very vexatious! Here is a bright sunny morning, and no dress from the mantua-maker—I shall have to attend church, in my old dress, with a new cape and gloves. Such disoblige people! And there will be Sarah Churchman—all exultation, and displaying her new suit. Pahaw, I won't stir out a step this day, indeed I won't—and I'll make Miss Stillins wait for her pay—to punish her insolence. So spoke Lizzy Channing, one lovely Sabbath morn, to her amiable cousin, Ellen Twidale.

Fie, Lizzy, so you only go to Church to display new clothing. I had hoped my dear cousin had a better motive in view. Our dear clergyman, Mr. Crossstreet's discourses ought to engage your attention so effectually, that dress and looks would be quite forgotten.

But I hear the bell summoning us to prayers. I advise you to hasten and dress, for your Papa will be displeased at your absence.

And with a sweet smile Ellen returned the kind morning's salutations of her uncle and cousins.

Where is Lizzy? said Mr. Channing. This is not the first Lord's day she has absented herself from family worship. Illness must be her only excuse. And after despatching a servant, Lizzy entered the room in no pleasant mood.

You have kept us all waiting, Lizzy, said her Papa; I hope you will not repeat this annoyance, as I require all my family to be present at our morning devotions.

This family circle presented indeed a pleasing scene. The father, in manhood's prime, read from the Book of Life, directing the eyes and ears of the junior members to its simple and holy instruction. The matron with becoming dignity quieting the little one on her lap, endeavouring to make it comprehend that a solemn service was being performed. Clapping its tiny hands in reverence, even that little child seemed to understand the existence of a Superior Power. What can efface childhood's impressions. Oh! would that parents thought thus.

And last, the servants formed an attentive group; for their master was not one content merely with eye service, at the same time caring little for the welfare of body and soul. No! mark the difference in this Christian's character. His servants had precious souls, and their privileges were granted accordingly.

In respectful attention their thoughts were occupied, and in after life many dated their salvation from this favoured period. Sweet incense rose from this altar, for true piety was there. But one chord jarred inharmoniously, for Satan was basing Lizzy's heart. So in this life does the hateful war the beautiful. True to her promise Lizzy remained at home from Church all day, aggravating her annoyance, and idling the precious hours, dissatisfied with herself and others. The family returned at their usual hour, accompanied by their clergyman, Mr. Crossstreet, whose custom it was to dine with them every fourth Sunday, and impart religious instruction, as the Channing's residence was three or four miles from the city. This gentleman's deep piety, urbane deportment, and great attainments, in polite as well as sacred literature, made him a universal favourite; and his happy adaptation to different grades of society, singularly qualified him for usefulness in his profession.

With sincere pleasure Lizzy ran down the old man greeted her.

This is a charming day, Lizzy. You were not at Church to day. I need scarcely ask, if you are well. Health is on your brow, and animation lights your countenance.

Lizzy blushed, as she replied, conscious of the inquiry delicately hinted.

Sweetly rang the praises of Jehovah this day; echoing through the forest green, and chorussed by the feathered warbler; and many a responsive emotion heaved the bosom of the oarsman as he rested, to catch the sounds, returning from his Sunday worship;—and grateful were the hearts of the family as the parting blessing was pronounced, that this little foretaste of Heaven was added to their cup of joy.

When Lizzy retired to her couch that night, sorrow and repentance caused her to weep bitter tears, for the folly and sin of which she had been guilty that holy day. If papa had scolded—or mama substituted a frown for that expressive glance of sorrow, I could have borne my disfigurement better.—Or if dear Mr. Crossstreet had bluntly inquired the reason of my absence from church, I would have confessed all, and sought pardon.

But alas, all these can be appeased—yet I have offended and grieved one mightier than they! O, wicked heart!—what hast thou done! My Father, for thy Son's sake, forgive thy erring child! In this frame of mind Lizzy sobbed herself asleep.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I wish you girls, said Mrs. Channing the following Tuesday, to be ready at four, to enter the city, as I have business of importance to arrange, and it will be necessary for you to accompany me. Lizzy would gladly have excused herself, for her dress had not made its appearance, and it was to her mortifying to go abroad in her old-fashioned gown. Therefore with an ill grace, she hastened to comply with her mother's command, which was too imperative to admit of refusal.

After dismissing their carriage, Mrs. Channing was proceeding on her own affairs, when she was met by a child sobbing bitterly, and who from its deformity was provided by a tribe of dirty urchins, who were throwing pails, (as they termed them) made of mud, at the little hunchback, to cure her, and make her straight. On seeing the ladies advance, they skulked away, leaving the timid child to relate her story, and shew the residence of her sick mother to Mrs. Channing, whose sympathies were immediately enlisted for the sorrow and poverty of the girl.

Cissy Warner ran eagerly before, to show the way to her mother's abode, and Mrs. Channing entered the dirty apartment of a child of sorrow. On a pallet of straw lay an emaciated form, want and disease depicted in the mother's countenance, rendered so deadly pale, that were it not for the bright gleaming of her large black eyes, Mrs. Channing would have thought the vital spark had fled. Slivering over a few glowing embers, sat five half-covered little children, chattering in childish glee, at the pretty fire, which was the largest they had had for several days.

"God be praised for his mercies," ejaculated the woman, as she saw the ladies advancing.

My poor friend, you are very ill, said Mrs. Channing. I met your little girl in the street crying, and on asking her the cause of her sorrow, learned where you lived, and have come hither by her directions.

Oh, yes, ma'am I am very ill—may Heaven bless you for the kindness you manifest toward me!—Were it not for my little ones, I would wish to die, and be "where the weary are at rest, and all tears are wiped away."

Have you been ill long? asked Ellen.

It is six months, young lady, since I first became ill. I have supported myself and family by washing since the death of my husband, which took place nearly four years ago. I took cold from over-exertion, and a violent fever set in. I have exhausted my little all for medicines—and now all's gone!

But where are your friends? asked Lizzy.

Al! my friends are far away, for it is scarce a year since I came here, and I have seen few besides my employers.

But does not this little Cissy assist her mother? said Mrs. Channing.

Oh yes! She sews neatly. But poor child, the woman who employed her to starch waists, and run up skirts, was very angry, at not having them home on Saturday evening. But we had no money or credit to get candles, and the poor child only finished, and carried them home this morning, when the mantua-maker angrily upbraided her, and bade her begone, as she would be the means of her losing the custom of a wealthy family, who were already displeased at the detention. I sent my child back to tell her our poverty, but I see by her tears she has met with a refusal. Alas! if we could only have the little owing to us, I should have somewhat to feed and clothe my poor little ones. But I murmur not. I trust in God, and desire to feel, though he may slay me, yet I will trust in him.

And, my friend, do you feel yourself supported by God during your sickness? Have you an interest in your Saviour's blood?

Oh yes! dear lady—I do indeed—long and sorrowful would this sickness have been, had I not felt Christ was mine—and though my eyesight has been dimmed by the fever-rash, still I have remembered the holy truths I have read, and heard in the house of God, and have made my dear little ones repeat their simple prayers at

my bedside. And oh! ma'am, it was a delightful prayer meeting. It was invigorating to hear their little innocent voices, said Mrs. Warner, weeping.

Yes, said Mrs. Channing, you observe truly, we prize not our advantages till they are taken from us.

We do not indeed Ma'am. Oh! young ladies, do not forsake the House of Him who died to save you. Let the first-flush of health be deepened there, and your nimble footsteps carry you there. My little ones eagerly watched people passing last Sunday, oh, so bright and lovely a day? And desecrated, child-like, on their beautiful dresses. But oh! I felt if I could only drag my limbs, once more to Church, to hear his most holy word, to sing his holy praise—Oh yes! I should count it gain. But his will be done! Dear ladies, you value, it may be, a dying woman's words,—dedicate your Sabbath's to Him, without one thought of this world's gew-gaws, you will never, never repent it.

Well, my friend, suppose, I had not come, and God had permitted you to leave these dear children, would your reliance on God be the same as it is now?

"He tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb"—Ma'am.

Have you grace to believe your sins forgiven? My sins have been many and most grievous, but "Jesus died for me." He died for the sinner of the whole world. "Though as scarlet," the promise is, "they shall be white as wool."

Do you believe in the Triune God: The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?—The resurrection of Christ?—And do you know the gospel-plan of salvation?

Oh yes, ma'am I believe in God the Father, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent. In God the Son—who died for us sinners, and was raised again for our justification, and is now as our High Priest standing at the right hand of the Father in mediocrity, for us worriers of the dust.—And by him we must come to God. He is the door, the way, the truth, and the life. And in God the Holy Ghost, our sanctifier.

Oh yes, I believe! Lord help thou mine unbelief! Said Mrs. Warner, energetically. I pray daily for grace, and patience, to do and suffer his will below.

These, my friend, are holy, and solemn truths. I am gratified to find your state of mind so satisfactory. I will leave some money for the purchase of necessary articles, and will come again soon, and bring a friend whose wise counsels and pious advice will aid, and strengthen you—in truth, tell me the name of your debtor. I will call and state your case, and am sure she will be reasonable enough to satisfy you.

Dear lady you are truly beneficent, may God Almighty reward and bless those who lend to the Lord! If you insist upon going to Mrs. Mullins, she lives in Berrick street.

Poor Lizzy felt condemned indeed at these words, for in this name she had recognized that of her dress maker; and had seen a piece of her dress lying on the floor. It was the same which had annoyed her vanity, and she now saw her conduct in its true colours.

Mrs. Channing knelt and offered a fervent prayer, and thanked God for this providential meeting; and the woman also raised her heart in gratitude to God, as she felt He had not forsaken her—and that her children were cared for.

OF AFTER THOUGHT.

After leaving this scene the Channings bent their course to Mr. Mullins, who received them with smiles and courtesy, her worthy employer—abounding in apologies for the non-arrival of the promised dress, and fearing they had come to upbraid her for her broken promises. But Mrs. Channing gravely related her late friend's visit and kindly reproved these such wretched girl, who was not in reality, hard-hearted, and readily promised to visit Mrs. Warner with the sum due, and to make arrangements for the apprenticeship of little Cissy, who sewed very nicely.

Through the kindness and support of Mr. Crossstreet and the Channings, the Warners vacated their present habitation and moved into a vacant house on the grounds of Mrs. Channing, where Mrs. Warner's re-established health enabled her to wash for the family—and where she proved her sincerity and gratitude, and her consistency in religion.

But Lizzy Channing learned a useful lesson by which I hope you, dear reader, will profit—twas that of Forbearance and Humility. M.

A Child's Rebuke.

Several years ago, a country town was blessed with a revival of religion. One evening Mrs. — and her little daughter attended a meeting, and while the minister was speaking of the neglect of family duties, the little daughter whispered to her mother, "Ma is the minister talking to you?" To the mother this simple question was more powerful than the sermon. She was brought under deep convictions of sin, which resulted in her conversion to God.

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THE TIMES—AND PROSPECTS.

If ever human affairs have betokened the control of an invisible, superintending Power—independent of human actions, and, in not a few instances, stamping with manifestly the schemes of human sagacity—recent events have afforded this infallible sign.

How strange, and various, and perplexing, has been the character of these occurrences, as they have passed before our wondering eyes on the heaving theatre of action! How complex their nature—mysterious their denouement—startling their progress—unexpected their issue! As a piece of complicated machinery, with innumerable springs, wheels, and motions, on a first inspection, utterly bewilders, so have the evolutions and intricacies of modern events confounded, whilst they have amazed, the beholder.—Time, and distance from the stirring scenes, appear to be necessary for the avoidance of misapprehension, and the formation of an accurate judgment. The present, and the immediate past, will furnish prolific materials for the future historian both of the world and the Church. To the one and to the other, these periods have never been surpassed in importance.

In whatever view contemplated, the scenes in question are big with interest—especially to the religious student, who delights to trace the fulfilment of recorded prophetic announcements. All things now indicate with unerring precision the approach of an important crisis in our world's history, destined to exert unparalleled influence on the condition and prospects of our race. Enshrouded in

grent part, as yet, with the darkness of mystery, enough of light has been let in upon the scene to discover the governing Providence of the Most High, and the manner in which the battling passions of men may be over-ruled to advance the divine purposes, and subserve the interests of the universal reign of our mediatorial King. The fierce contentions of the European nations—with whom the God of holiness has been maintaining his dread controversy, on account of fiery persecutions, waged against His faithful witnesses, by which they have been chained and wasted, and because of crimes long since committed, and at present perpetuated, against the majesty of divine Truth—are but instrumentalities employed by the Sovereign Ruler, by which he has first signally wreaked his vengeance on those guilty nations, and then, as remarkably, designed to open a door for the wider promulgation of His life-giving Word, which alone can transform them from slaves of Satan into freemen, or sons of God.

The hope was indulged that this consummation was about to be speedily realized. The upheaving of long established dynasties was hailed as the immediate precursor

of the setting up, on a more extensive of the kingdom of peace and right under the administration of the King, who is to reign till he hath put enemies under his feet. Sanguinary, as have been these conflicts, and their results to individuals, families, communities, the atrocity of these crimes, it appears, has not yet been entirely expiated. Other, and it may for punitive visitations, being held in vation for some future occasion, unexpectedly, and to the disappointment many, the curtain has dropped eventful drama.

In this result, apparently disastrous triumph of religious liberty, we see the hand of Him, who is "wise counsel, and excellent in working" co-operating, but controlling the volitions of the agents, so that, what be the ultimate events which shall ensue on that troublous theatre, they shall accomplish his sovereign Will conviction we rest with all the which a recognition of the Wisdom of God can inspire. The potency of divine Providence—while it may apparently remain for a regardless of the sins of Kings against the cause of His Anointed not at the most befitting season his injured right—will be demonstrated of enemies and to ing of friends. The mechanism this result shall be attained may from human sight, but its success the power of circumvention, use of failure. The springs, deep proper time shall be touched—as famine, pestilence, stormy winds, will come forth to do his bid can confound the wisdom of Ah! drive the diviners mad.

"Deep in our hearts, the mines Of never-fading truth, He treasures up his bright design And works his sovereign will."

"The old order of things has passed away!" "All things remain as they were, these, with which we together accord. The iron band this may have in some degree grasp on the nations from which cent and rapid shocks, it had been relaxed; but a spirit has been even it will be impossible to lay. Rummy, supported by the civil power even now employing its hatred at repairing the old instruments, or instruments, of oppression and its victims. This will but add doom—expedite its destruction the dreaded catastrophe. "God ken once; twice have I heard power belongeth unto God."

"His purposes will prosper, Unfolding every hour."

All things do not continue as. During these recent convulsions, of error has been seen—the truth have been obtained—beauty of the true religion has p the astonished view—disturbance of religion has been felt—sinners under the intolerable of some rites and ceremonies manifested—earnest longings, for emancipation from fatal enjoyment of religious liberty he died. All these are preparing the Lord, and heralding the ad—O may it not be far distant shall come in might and majesty his claims, confound his enemies, and Wicked with the