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Poetry.

THE HUNTER TIME.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

There were hunters bold in the days of old,
Say legend, lay and rhyme,
But no hunter there can ever compare
With that stern old hunter, TIME.
He rouses his game both early and late,
In darkness as well as in light,
And stealthily, silently, follows he—
He follows by day and by night.

Death and Decay are his hours always,
The hours of old hunter Time,
And he follows them fast as the rushing blast,
In every age and clime.
'T is in vain to fly, 't is in vain to hide,
His hounds are fleet and their scent is true,
And earth has no places in all its bowels
That may hide his prey from view.

No bugle-blast goes sounding past
As the Hunter hurries by,
No trumping steed with furious speed,
No shouts that rend the sky,
No deep-mouthed bay from his hounds is heard,
As with silent feet they spring;
The Hunter utters no view-halloo,
As he stretches his tireless wing.

The whole earth's bound is his hunting-ground,
And all things are his prey;
And the mighty and vast must fall at last
'Neath the fangs of stern Decay,
And Death shall seize on the fairest form
That ever on earth has shone;
And they vie in the speed of the fearful chase,
As the Hunter urges them on!

But the day will be, when the Hunter shall see
Before a mightier power,
And Death and Decay shall vanish away
In that solemn and dreadful hour;
When the night shall stand with one foot on the sea,
And one on the trembling shore,
And utter the awful and dread command
That "Time shall be no more!"

Christian Miscellany.

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

Foul-Weather Christians.

Every body knows what a fair-weather Christian is. He is one who can love God only in the bright day of prosperity, when everything goes easily with him. He cannot trust to him in the cloudy and dark times of affliction. If duty costs him no effort, he can perform it. He will do, very cheerfully, what he cannot avoid doing. He will follow attractions as the steel follows the magnet. He loves the worship of God, on pleasant Sabbaths. When the skies are bright, the air is bland, the roads are smooth, and the streets are dry and clean—especially if he cannot find any employment or amusement just then at his side more agreeable—he will go to church, clad in his best suit, "to be seen of men." No man looks more about him, with a deep interest in the respectability of the meeting, and the success of the cause than he. You would think that all the light there was in the house was radiated from the fountain of wisdom in his own knowing head. He salutes the people as they assemble and depart—especially the ladies, with Chesterfieldian politeness. He cares little what he or others believe, so his or their faith does not interfere with his pride and ambition. He thinks Christianity a very happy religion. He is a fair-weather Christian.

But what is a foul-weather Christian? Not a foul Christian—the adjective applies to the weather, not the person. He is one who is a Christian in foul, as much as in fair weather; when the sun is hid, as when he shines—when trouble falls as when prosperity comes. He loves the worship of God on any Sabbath—whether it rains or shines; nay, he takes pains to show his love for religious worship by overcoming obsta-

cles for the sake of attending it. If it rains, he says to himself—well, this is the day for me to go to church, more surely, if possible, than on any other day. My presence is more needed; my example will be more powerful.

We saw a few foul-weather Christians one Sabbath since the present year commenced. It was in one of the largest villages of Maine. There were people enough in it of all denominations, and within a few rods of the churches, to fill up any one of the numerous meeting houses in the stormiest day of the winter. The Sabbath attended to was not an inclement one. It was warm, calm, sunny. On the previous night there had fallen six inches of virgin snow; it was but little drifted, and being moist, trod prettily under the feet. The track was not, indeed, much broken out in the morning; but there was no difficulty in getting along. Any person who, if it had been Monday, might have wished to go to a store for a box of sugar or a pound of tea, could and would have gone without hesitation. But it was deemed too bad a day to go to church. We hold to ministerial punctuality. We never fail of meeting our appointments, unless something insurmountable prevents us. So we travelled miles to be present. When we reached the house—about fifteen minutes before the time of service, we noticed the doors closed and the steps covered with snow. Lifting the latch of the door, we found it locked. With our feet—the only tools we had—we scraped the snow from the door steps, and started to find some one who could procure the key. As we left the steps a lady approached, stepping lightly on the unbroken but yielding snow, and desired to obtain entrance, wished to know if there was to be service in the chapel that day? We assured her there was, we had appointed to preach and had come for that purpose. As we spoke, we noticed a person on the opposite sidewalk, going towards another church. And who do you think it was?—some rugged, hardy man, who could look a stiff North Wester in the face? No—it was a young female—a female cripple, with a broken back, and a discolored hip. She was hobbling along in the snow to meet the people for the worship of God. Methought if the woman at our house and the crippled girl going to the other church, could walk to church that day, it was time we said something somewhere to make the healthy and sound men and women of that populous village ashamed to be kept back from the house of God on so slight pretences as detained them at home that day.

We hear a good deal said about the importance of public worship and the necessity of sustaining it; but really, we fear, that much of the friendship for God and his cause which is professed in the community, is a mere fair-weather thing, that has little communion with steady religious principle. *American Paper.*

The Doubtful Hope.

I was called upon one day, now many years ago, to visit a gentleman, one of my congregation, who was apparently in a dying state. Not having heard of his illness before, but knowing his previous history, I felt startled and greatly distressed; for he was one who had trifled with religious convictions, and had so far stifled them as gratly to abandon his religious connection; satisfying his conscience by attending one service on the Sabbath, frequently absenting himself altogether, and seeking, in worldly associations and amusements, to silence the voice within, and bury in oblivion the remembrance of past religious impressions. On entering his dying chamber, with a look of unutterable anguish, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am lost! Your very presence condemns me! The sermons you have preached, your faithful warnings from the pulpit, your private exhortations, all condemn me! Oh,

what is to become of my soul—my poor, neglected soul?—I have just been told I can not live! my hours are numbered! I have no pain now; but that is the precursor of death."—(he was dying of inflammation in the bowels)—"and I shall soon be in eternity! Oh! stifled convictions—a neglected Bible—misimproved Sabbaths—how will ye rise up in judgment to condemn me!" I endeavoured to calm his mind, and told him he must not add unbelief to the catalogue of sins, that the gospel was a revelation of mercy; that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out; that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

"Uttermost!" the dying man exclaimed; "uttermost! then there is a gleam of hope even for me, if I had time; but, even now I feel that stage approaching which will absorb my faculties, and terminate my sad life. Oh, what would I give for one week! one day! Oh, precious time! how have I wasted it! Oh, my dear pastor, pity me! pray for me! my thoughts grow confused—I cannot pray myself." I then knelt down and prayed with him, in which he most fervently joined, summoning all his strength to keep awake. I shall never forget the grasp of his hand, when I alluded to the fullness and sufficiency of Divine grace. I left him, with feelings which it is impossible for me to describe, and returned, according to my promise, in a few hours. I found him still sensible, but evidently sinking under the power of slumber from which he would never wake. In the interval, he had been dwelling on the texts suggested, and when he saw me, he feebly but smilingly said, "Able to save to the uttermost! there I must rest my hope." After again commending this dying man to the riches of divine mercy, I left him not without hope, but such a hope as I would not, for ten thousand worlds, risk as my dying solace.—*Life of Dr. Fletcher.*

We had no Time except on Sunday.

My wealthy friend had just buried his eldest son in the bloom of youth. One day we rode together, and passed among the favourite resorts of the father and son. It was in the great "valley of Virginia," amid scenery of picturesque beauty and romantic grandeur. Arrived at a knoll, whence a view of his large estate was commanded, he alluded with anguish to his recent affliction; "but," said he, "it is well. We had begun to think ourselves great in this country, and were sometimes proud when riding over and around our large property here. This very spot was a favourite one with my dear departed son and myself. We could take in at a glance, and feast our eyes upon mills, houses, fields, cattle, and well filled barns; and, sir, we often, nay, always, did this on the Sunday. We had no time except on Sunday. We never troubled ourselves to keep it holy. Not that we did not know our duty, but we were careless of it.

"A year ago," he continued, "a flood here did immense damage; my mill-dam was swept away. We repaired it promptly, but rested on no Sabbath—we finished it on Sunday. In a fortnight another flood came, and the torrent burrowed my dam deeper than before. I felt for the time the terrible warning. When my son was hurt and became ill, I said to myself, 'He'll die, and he'll die on Sunday!' It was a lovely Sabbath morning when my dear boy passed away, admonishing us to turn with sincere and penitent hearts to Him who alone can give peace in a dying hour.—*American Messenger.*

Protestantism Living.

"Do any tell you that evangelical Protestantism is on the decline? How strange their error! Every school that tells the story of Luther and the Reformation—every unmuzzled press—every tract that speaks of Christ's blood as the only atonement for and cancelment of sin—every sermon that preaches him, God and man, the one and the

sufficient, and the only Mediator—every Protestant Bible sent on its glad errand, is a new triumph of that gospel, the seed and seal and warrant of yet other and future triumphs—is a new protest of a living Protestantism against the presumptuous edict that calls her dead, in the murderous hope of burying her alive!—*Rev. W. R. Williams, A. D.*

Forms of Prayer.

It is recorded of the celebrated Archbishop Secker, whose learning, talents, and warm attachment to the formularies of his church have been exceeded by few, that when he was confined to bed by a broken limb, which ultimately terminated his life, he was visited at Lambeth by the Rev. Mr. Talbot, a presbyter of his own church, who was remarkably pious, and who had long been on terms of great intimacy with him. The dying prelate said to him in the course of the interview—"Talbot, you will pray with me;" and when he saw Mr. Talbot rising to look for a prayer-book, he added—"That is not what I want now; kneel down by me, and pray for me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to do." The pious man did as he was requested. He poured out his heart in feeling and affectionate intercession for his illustrious friend, and took leave of him for the last time.

"Nobody asked me to come."

A few weeks ago, in Edinburgh, a local Sabbath school teacher was visiting in a close, and in one of the top flights of a stair, found a poor family living in a small but clean room. From conversation with the father and mother, who soon discovered that it was one of those cases where, from the long illness of the father, the family had fallen from comparative comfort to poverty. He was now, however, better, and had been for some time to work a little, so as to keep his family from destitution, but by no means to enable them to live in comfort. Having learned so much of their worldly concerns, their visitor began to speak of their souls' interests. She asked them if they went to any church. "No," said the father, "we used to go long ago, before I took ill; but we went no more after that." "But," said she, "you have been better for a good while." "O," said the father, "nobody ever asked us to come." "Well," said the visitor, "I'll ask you now;" and she directed him to a church where he would hear the glad tidings from a faithful minister. Next Sabbath several of the children were at her Sabbath school, and told her that that day their family had been at church. Since that day they have been hearers of the Word. How many souls are perishing in towns, "because though all things are ready, NOBODY EVER ASKED THEM TO COME!" Will not the blood of their souls be required at the hand of those who profess to have tasted of a Saviour's love, and yet make not an effort to pluck brands out of the fire?—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

You and Me.

"When sitting under the ministry of a devoted servant of God," says one, he on a certain occasion preached upon the Diotrephesian spirit. In his usual faithful manner, he pointed out its sad effects upon a church, until in his application he came so close, that I was surprised, knowing, as I did, how delighted the harmony had always been in that church. I soon began to persuade myself, however, that there was a Diotrephes there, but could not satisfy myself who it was. Finally, I ventured to seek information, and turning to a good brother, an elder in the church, I said, "Mr. L—, who does Mr. S— mean?" "You and me," was his quick reply, I have never asked since who my minister meant, when he was delivering the message of his Master.