O WTOBER 27:

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 BY WI. CUSNABRII


## THE WESLEYAN.

 Fin imper win: am: halifax, n. Sn saturday micining, november 3, 1849.


## roETRY <br> Stand Fast in lite Frith

by Rev. Julls w. brow

fivan te friss of the Lord, from his hrome it the
Carth, it is uterd un high.

 sand fist in the faith-bold apesstles have died

 sitand fast in the faith !-fire the chu ceh of the Lorr Hath inscribed on her banners the givericul word
Der all her bright cuhrots its glory's cisplayed And blazun'd ou hariuess, alla luciter, and biade.
stand fast in the frith !-- let the mandate rail on Phrou'h her girded battilicus, thi wartare en dene
rill the trumpet of con ju rest wounds over the tield
A:d the palan waveth prouilly o'er helmet an
$\qquad$
Like the enciere of the storm when it thems througl
Or its harre notes of warning, luw moaining afir,
E:e the eiements meet, iu the wild crash of war.
Stand fast in the frith:- for the toe are abrond,
With hearts full of hate gainst the araies of Gieds
The with hories of :thm-the spearmen of Gath,
stand fist in the faith: there are traitors thal
Throwthe wherering camp whe the that





|  | paine: atll I cond not but feed that the londiest thower, the how valued plamt, was <br> When the yellow leaf is falling, and the autumat winds methe melancholy music throurh the leathe.: houchis, clouds pass orer the sunshane of the soul. and cmotionbright flowers ars dand and gone! But O! when the green leaves a: d the dright tlowers in humban exitence, which have put forth and blossomed at our side. are strick. en down by the frightful hasts of death. how deseri-like are the wates which follow, white each familiar oljeert whispers through every avenue of the soul, " 1)ead and gone <br> There is no relisf found from the pressure of these afticting emotions, other than the sweet assurance that our dead have pone to the bright and blisstul regions of an endless liix. But while many have this eweet relicf, others cannot suppress the thought. while sending over the remuins of departed friend, " Jhand and gune! Ah! demed to Christ. and goue to a dark, fearful, and eternal night!" <br> Realer, it sluall soon be said of thee, Dealand gone!" may it also be said, with the conidence of Chriotian fiath and hopre, "Though he be doad. yet shall he live |
| :---: | :---: |

## Phoozhts on the Lond's Sappor.

 bytuenev. bobert coongy, ace The lead are soon, very soon, forgoteon.The ades of the tomb oluating out the murtal rmains of our friends from our might act uxen the memory like the fibled waters
of Lethe, a draughtit of which washel! oate all of Lethe, a dranght of whinh washert oat all
recotections of the past. We repeat $:$ rreolectinns of the past. We repeat :a,
"thedead are sexn forgotten;" and when



## with





lumbling-lurk Whenser it
O, fimd
 lath himand gons ine dearne
of the trulh of Christianity, and ac a type or the trulh of Chris tianity, and as a type, a
rumburanerer, aind a monvment of tho haviour's lose, will endure throughout all
$\qquad$
Ie did Run Well; Who did Hlader Yon:" Yore re did run will. Ye brgan the hithe bamd of wisouplest felt their hearte cheered within them when they raw you alacrity and appurent heartiness warked th con panc your aid to the ranke they a much loved. None were more regular in hieir appowinted place in the sanctuary; none nore punctual in the hoar of prayer and
social intercoursie; nous mare ready to mocial intercourse; noun mare ready to
spenk a word for Chrint Yoe ye did run
well: most well: most cheerfilly do we qire you this
commendation. But, alas! this is all hiat an be sidid in your, favour; yo did ran weill: we may not say, "Ye do mun woll."
a clunge, a sai, fearful change hath come over jou. Something hathenge evidently bin dered you, tumed you back. Your ocat it now ofien vacant on the Siabbath, and sel.
dom filled at the eveniag prayer-meeting: dom cilled at the eveniag prayrr-meeting;
and when you do venure in where those and when you to venture' in where those
that fear the Lord apeak often one to nno-
 humility) und your rvice is no longer heard
 Chey reyoiced when they saw You ruanitgg
well. Wis it your Yastor? Ho feele 100 deeply the need of ail tho fullow-belpers be


 Fiaider re He placed beaven, with all ite aries. nt the end of the race, and bid you
Wan. it Jesuas? Ile died that you ,sit rive, und so run ns to obtuin. Waa Spirits He first woond gou narrow way of lifte. O na ! the
 Als suell ben on coth, all flure of heatin, and,
neprothensible
you hia your yun of your in your way

Ald now remomier, if gou had not stop-

 :patacen:

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