

MARCH 30.

The Rev. J. B. ...

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Since our last issue we have received letters from Rev. W. Allan, (with 60s. remitt.), and Rev. R. E. Crane, (with remitt. 40s.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications on hand will be disposed of as soon as our space will permit. The arrangements for this impression were so far advanced when the communication of the Hon. Hugh Bell came to hand as to render its insertion in the present number impracticable.

To Agents.

In ordering papers for new Subscribers, Agents would greatly oblige by stating the time from which they are to be sent. Back numbers can be supplied.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, 14th inst., at Rockville, Parish Douglas, Halifax, by Rev. William McCarty, Mr. Caleb S. Douglas, to Miss Mary White—all of the same place.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, at Bridgetown, on the 22d inst. Caroline Wade, eldest daughter of John Wade, Esq. in the 20th year of her age.

At Halifax, on Wednesday, March 27th, Edward Cholmeley, only son and remaining child of Capt. and Mrs. Darling, aged one year and nine months.

At Greenock, on the 20th ult., Mr. Adam Watt, late of Halifax, aged 30 years.

At Friar's Terrace, Bangor, England, March 2, Sarah Frances, daughter of the late Right Rev. Robert Stanser, D. D. Bishop of Nova Scotia.

At Ponce, in Porto Rico, on 23rd Jan'y, Charles Edward, second son of George F. Solomon, Esq. Barrister at Law, at Lunenburg, aged 22 years.

Suddenly at Preston, on Wednesday 20th March, Mrs. Mary Collins, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Collins, a native of North Pembroke, South Wales, aged 74 years,—much and deservedly regretted by a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Saturday—Frig Vixen, Lancaster, Boston 2 days to Siler & Topping.

Monday, 25th—Self Indus, Day, New York, 5 days, to Donohoe & Bros.; schr Sophia, Young, Lunenburg; brig Nancy, Taylor, Cienfuegos, 21 days, to J. Esau & Co.; schr Ariel, Pierce, Shelburne.

Tuesday—21st Boston, Laybold, Boston, 30 hours (from wharf to wharf)—to B. Wier & Co.—10 passengers; brig Tiberius, Matanzas, 19 days, to Siler and Topping; schr Inquisitor, Smith, Trinidad de Cuba, to G. H. Starr.

Wednesday—Brig Velocity, Sullivan, Cienfuegos, to C. West & Son; Brig Liberal, Banks, Matanzas, 28 days, to Black & Brothers; the Peter had sailed previous to Halifax; Schr D. Phillips, South, 21 days, to days, to S. Cunard & Co.; Adams, Boston, New York, 6 days, to D. Cross and Piers; Lark, Lockhart, New York, 8 days, to J. Chelmer and others; Lonsack, Parker, Bermuda, 14 days, to Liverpool, N. S.

Thursday—Brig M. W. March, St. Jago de Cuba, 36 days, to N. J. & J. T. Watt.

DEPARTURES.

March 25—Frigs A. Antenne, Trinidad, by T. Wilson; Halifax, Laybold, Boston, by B. Wier & Co.; D. Sher, Capt. of W. Jones, by J. Strachan; brig Syria, Francisco Wonders, schs Mary, Bond, Funn, N. E. by G. H. Starr; Don, St. John, N. B. by J. Starr; Windsor, Francisco, Windsor.

DISBURSMENTS.

Boston, March 25—schr Charles, Archibald, 28 days, to Liverpool.

New York, March 25—schr Light Tread, 21 days, to Halifax.

Halifax, March 25—schr Commerce, 21 days, to Liverpool.

Halifax, March 25—schr Barrington, N. S., 21 days, to Liverpool.

Halifax, March 25—schr D. Hays, 21 days, to Liverpool.

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THE WESLEYAN.

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POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

The late Professor Caldwell of Dickerson College, Carlisle, a short time before his death, addressed his wife, as follows:

"When I am gone you will not I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time, do not go in the shade of evening, or in the dark night. These are no times, to visit the grave of the Christian, but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Dearest, when I have passed To the bright home of love, Hymning the spirit's praise, To Him who reigns above, Weep not with bitter tears, Mourning not for me, beloved, Remember in thy grief, How good has been our God.

Remember 'twas his love, That freed me from earth's care, And in thine hour of woe To Him address thy prayer— He will sustain and bless, The heart he touches now, He'll soothe, 'twas thy tears, The anguish from thy brow.

And when thou layest down In the green grass to rest, Of all thy joys know That will be mine the best— But come not there in pain, When a bright light is away, Each hour is met for thee, Whose blessed hopes decay.

Come, meet at my last hours To see the Christian's grave, Come, when the sunlight falls On flowers of the silent wave, Come, when the hum of birds, Is wafted over the sod, Let bright thoughts speak of him Who rests within his God!

Baltimore, U. S., March, 18, 1850.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and new course of pure and holy mind.—Dr. 1849.

Scenes in Palestine.

Darkness broods over Judea. Shepherds watch over their flocks, and the hum of their voices, as it comes up from the neighbouring valley, alone breaks the silence of the hour, when suddenly a light flashes upon the dark sky, and concentrating in the valley, gathers around the wandering shepherd. Astonished and affrighted they clasp their heads, and gaze upon the glowing heavens, bright being down from the folds of the mist of cloud, who proclaims to the terrified shepherds, "Fear not, for I bring you glad tidings of great joy. Unto you is born this day, the first-born of a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." While he yet speaks, a multitude of radiant beings surround the amazed but favoured herd-men, and raise a choral symphony,— "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good-will to men." The anthem suddenly ceases; the winged messengers return within the cloud; the light grows dim and disappears, and darkness again envelopes the prostrate and now sleeping shepherds.

It is noon. The Eastern sky is streaked with purple, and clouds are piled in mountain masses against the horizon, awaiting the sun's advent through the opening gates of the eastern sky. The crowd throngs upon the hill, the fervor preparing to greet the King from Nazareth, faintly awakes, and soon the warm beams of the sun steep along the sacred hill, and bright day rolls upon the scene. But amid the bright hues, and in

one small star still glows brightly in the Eastern sky. A company of wise men are eagerly watching it. "It moves," they each exclaim, with mingled wonder and joy, and reverently prepare to follow where it shall lead them. Onward sped the guide and the travellers, until the domes and turrets of Bethlehem appear, and that lone star rests over a lowly stable. Beneath that humble roof sleeps that Saviour whose birth the angels had proclaimed. A halo of glory encircles his infant brow, and a smile of purest innocence illumines his features. The pilgrim eyes enter; they fall down and worship him, and in token of their homage present unto him gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then they depart from the city of the nativity.

It is noon. The sun, veiled by no floating cloud, shines in mid-heaven. There lies the plain Esdrachon, clothed in luxuriant verdure, stretching forth its broad borders until lost among leafy mountains. In the distance also lies, gleaming like silver, the sea of Galilee. The sunbeams play over its placid waters, which, though now tranquilly sleeping, once formed in fury around the barque which bore "the Galilean."— Now graceful vessels, with snowy sails, dart swiftly across its bosom, or skim lightly its glowing surface. On the shore of that famed sea stands Mount Tabor, in towering majesty above the waters, springing turf covering its sides, and a summit and spreading trees waving their thick foliage over it. Four persons stand at the summit, one of whom, though of meek and benignant aspect, yet wears with commanding mien. He converses with his companions, and a lofty triumph beams in his countenance. They reach the summit, and lo! a sudden change passes over His who first seemed but as another man. His features glow with a heavenly radiance; his face shines as the sun, and his raiment is white as the light. The sky parts in twain, and from the cleft come two beings clothed in garments of dazzling brightness, and they hold converse with the Redeemer—for it is He. The disciples, transfixed and motionless, gaze upon the radiant forms before them, while Peter, in whose countenance are strangely mingled fear and confidence, exclaims, with faltering voice—"Master, it is good to be here; let us build three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Scarcely has the request been made, when a cloud falls upon the Mount, and over shadows him; and from its mid-tissues a mysterious voice, proclaiming, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Trembling, and astonished, the disciples fall upon their faces, and when again they raise their drooping eyes, behold Jesus alone stands before them.

It is twilight. A soft luminescence pervades the scene. Crowds of every hue hang in gorgeous drapery in the wet, veiling the retreat of day's golden orb. It is a scene of fiery loveliness. Basking in the mellow evening lies Jerusalem, its tall towers and ascending spires rising dark against the sky. From the centre of the city rises Mount Moriah, bearing upon its lofty summit the temple of the Most High, and above its head hovers the hallowed precincts. The murmur of Kedron's rocky head, is heard amid the stillness. Beyond Olivet, while reposing upon its gentle slope, the God, earnestly loved shaded groves the light has about foregone. Under a wide-spread olive, in this prophetic spot, three sleeping forms repose. A weary step is he, and another from emerald from the green beyond. Angels, who are cramped upon his summit, and a voice is heard upon the hill. He looks compassionately upon the sleeping group, and half and half says, "What would ye not, with me, one hour?" and a voice deep purring the steady silence. On a grey knoll his posture form is now cast, and in a deep slumber he exclaims, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but not my will, but thine be done." He— "and vis-

ous of their Master's mental conflict; and sighing over their lack of sympathy, the Redeemer retires again to pray. While he wrestles, "great drops of blood" ooze from his tortured frame, and fall to the ground. But lo! a messenger of peace and strength descends upon him; and with placid countenance he approaches his disciples, awaking them with the dread tidings, "Arise, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." Scarcely has the sad avowal passed the Redeemer's lips, when the clang of rude weapons is heard in the solitude of Gethsemane's garden, and armed men gather around the Saviour and his disciples. Mingled ferocity and hate scowl in their dark countenances. Jesus looks calmly, even benignantly and pitifully, upon them. One, whose features bears the impress of even fiendish malevolence, approaches him, and saluting him with a hypocrite's kiss, says, "Hail master." It is the betrayer's signal, at which the fierce soldiery rush forward and seize the immaculate and guileless Redeemer. "Whom seek ye?" he meekly asks. "Jesus of Nazareth," they stealthily and tauntingly reply. "I am he." Strange and magic power is in those words, for mailed warriors quail before him who speaks them. They fall back, and for a few moments refrain from violence. Yet again they rally, and sooner crossing the murmuring Kedron, they bear in their midst the meek and lowly Jesus, and marching through the streets of the city, enter Pilate's costly palace.

Again it is noonday. Thousands of people hurry through the streets of Jerusalem. Sirs and varied feelings are depicted in their countenances; the grave aspect of the man intent upon gain, who avoids the dejected, poverty-stricken, and perhaps homeless wanderer; the eager features of the curious gossip, running hither and thither in search of the floating rumours; the malicious and triumphant glance of the scribe, and the ugly scowl of the Pharisee,—all mingle in the shouting throng. Mirth and profanity are the dregs of the hour. But soon the tide of human beings is stemmed, for the mob have reached the goal of their profane curiosity. They gather around three crosses, the centre one of which lifts its dark and ghastly arms higher than the others, and bears upon its accursed trunk the form of Him who was called—and was—the King of the Jews. His pale and sunken brow is pierced with thorns twisted into the semblance of a regal crown. Yet amid his ignominy and suffering, he turns a look of ineffable compassion upon his raging persecutors. Now Heaven is angry with earth, and while yet the ignoble crowd are mocking his dying accents, and taunting Jesus in his death, the sun is shrouded in black darkness, the earth heave with a wild, tumultuous motion, the graves open, the crash of impending thunder adds to the multitude, and they flee alarmed at the fearful portents. Jerusalem is henceforth doomed.

Such are some of the past scenes in Palestine. Who can marvel that to Christians, it is a land of deepest interest?—N. Y. Spectator.

The Happy Sister.

"There's danger in these notions of mine," I asked of an aged tailor, who with his pants bent, leaned against the side of the furnace, and, absorbed in meditation, was muttering a fearful litany.

The old man looked at me with a steady gaze, but some hat vacant stare, and then he, broken and meekly, uttered, "Danger? where is there danger in the world, or beneath it, in the mountain or in the valley, or on the ocean or in the quiet of any of our children's rooms, where is there a danger, which is not with us, but some token of the presence of God?"

"True," I replied, "but the terms of His covenant are: the sinner seeks his living of the world, and he cannot not each moment that he may creep, high him, the hunter seeks death in the wild woods, the soldier in the battle field, and the miser knows not but

the place where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man; "we find death in the means we seek to uphold life; 'tis a strange riddle, and who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy. I drew my first breath in the mines; I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those trials," said I, "to which you have just now alluded."

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice. I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings. Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me, so proud in their strength, and I, filled too, with a father's vanity. But the Lord chastened the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest,—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding man.

"One moment, and his light laugh was in my ear; the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry, no look of terror; but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash; and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load.—It was an awful moment; but time that changeth all things, brought relief; and I still had two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too, were taken from me. Side by side they lie—not in their brother's but the fire-damp cut, in their beds, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home, to the old man, his first-born, and the earth's richest treasures, his own silver, and his price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old man should thus survive the striking things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have indeed," I replied, "drank deep of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

"The old man looked up.—"From heaven; God, as you call it, was taken away; blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's prayer—and the old man paused on.—"The Holy Spirit."

Dr. Chalmers and his Daughter.

The Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of London, styled the Prince of Preachers for children, was invited to address the children of Glasgow, which address Dr. Chalmers came to hear. Being highly delighted himself, and seeing the children also so edified and blessed with the address, Dr. Chalmers stepped into the vestry, and spoke to Dr. Fletcher as follows: "Sir, I am Dr. Chalmers. I have been very much delighted with your interesting discourse, and would be pleased, if you could take breakfast with me in the morning." Dr. Fletcher needed with pleasure to the invitation.

In the morning, after breakfast and family worship, Dr. Chalmers thus addressed Dr. Fletcher: "Sir, it was not an invitation founded on mere compliment that I gave you to come and speak to me this morning; and you have not disappointed me. I have such a store of questions still to have put to you, but I will not do so. It seems to me, however, in your ministry, under God, which I have long admired, I believe it must be visible to you, that I will call on you, and will be glad to speak to you, on any subject, and to be speaking to you, as God will."

The result was her full conversion to the Lord.—Chalmers' Autobiography.

The Sabbath.

The Creator has given us a natural restative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is vain to dispute with either.