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POETRY.

The Summer is Over.

BY B. J. HOWE.

"The fading glory of the year,
Should bid thee think upon thy doom;
Thou canst not tell, the day how near,
That lays thee in thy silent tomb!"—*Anonymous.*

The beautiful days of the summer have fled,
With all their sweet pleasures, their sunshine
and gladness;
Their parting a gloom o'er our pathway has shed,
And left in our bosoms a feeling of sadness.
Yes—sad the reflection will rest on the heart,
As all their sweet memories around us will
hover;
For who does not sorrow to see them depart,
And sigh with regret that the summer is over!

Tis sweet, oh! tis sweet, to look back on the hours,
When gay were the scenes in the prospect be-
fore us; [flowers,
When 'round us were springing the beautiful
And summer's bright bow bent in loveliness o'er
us. [cayod,
Those hues have all faded—the flowers have de-
No traces of their beauties the eye can discover;
No flower illumines the paths where we
strayed,
And sadly we feel that the summer is over.

The sweet little sunbeams can cheer us no more,
Whose notes filled our bosoms with lively emo-
tion;
They all have now flown to a sunnier shore. [tion;
Oh! far, far away 'mid the isles of the ocean;
No more shall we list to the murmuring bee,
Amid the green meadows or blossoming clover;
The katydid clamors no more in the tree.
They all have departed—the summer is over.

The forests that waved in their fulness of green,
When o'er them the breezes of summer were
blowing,
Now tinged with their varying colours are seen,
Whose leaves with the tints of the Autumn are
No longer at eye, on the listening ear, glowing.
Will come the gay song of the reaper and dro-
The happiest season in all the glad year [ver;
Has gone with its pleasures—the summer is
over.

A lesson of wisdom these changes convey,
As silent they speak to the children of reason;
They teach us that life is fast passing away,
And transient the hours of its sunniest season.
Then each should improve them while yet in his
power—
While, 'mid its gay scenes, he may yet be a
lover;
For Autumn will scatter the leaves from the
lower,
And leave him to mourn when the summer is
over.

"I Would not Live Alway."

BY R. B. THATCHER.

Earth is the sparrow's restless cell;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
It bonds no more to dwell.

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the air,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

Oh! not more sweet the years
Of the weary eye on the world's stage,
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
When it enters the eye of years.

Not dearer, 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of calm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly
The spirit's faint with its feverish heat,
Or for the home in the upper air,
When, weary and bent,

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

John Wesley.

His labours were incredible, alike in their
amount and their character. Preacher,
theologian, ruler, he was always at work.—
Every year he travelled many thousand
miles, and even in his travels never slacken-
ed his studies. On horse-back he was at
his book, and at the stopping places was
ready with pen and voice. Twenty years
before his death, an edition of his works, in
thirty-two volumes, was published, embrac-
ing treatises on a great variety of subjects,
but history, natural philosophy, grammar,
and even medicine, came in for their share
of his time and pen. He was the father of
the system of cheap books for the people.

He was willing alike to compose and to com-
pile whatever would instruct and elevate
the many. Thus he exerted vast influence.
From the sale of his books he derived the
chief means for his great charities. To his
honour be it spoken, the amount ascertained
to have been given away by him, exceeds a
hundred thousand dollars. Consistently
enough he might preach that close and ju-
dicious sermon on "Money as a Talent,"
under the three heads; "Gain all you can,"
"Save all you can," "Give all you can."
Many go with the preacher in the first two
heads, who would be much staggered by the
third.

There is no sight more refreshing and in-
structive than a cheerful, active old man.—
Let us look in upon Wesley in his hale old
age.

The excellent Alexander Knox met him
a few years before his death, and declared
that every hour spent in his company afford-
ed him fresh reasons for esteem and veneration.
"So fine an old man I never saw."

In some distant part of England you
might have seen him pursuing his journey
resolutely on horseback, and showing by the
look in his hand that he grudged to lose a
single moment of time. You might see him
again walking with a firm step through
some town or village, giving proof in every
motion that he had a work to do. His sta-
ture was under middle size, his habit of
body thin but compact. A smooth forehead,
an aquiline nose, an eye of piercing bright-
ness, a complexion of healthfulness, distin-
guished him among all others. Even his
dress was characteristic—the perfection of
neatness and simplicity, perhaps with a little
touch of primness. A narrow, plaited stock,
a coat, with a small upright collar—his
clothes without any of the usual ornaments
of silk or velvet—combined, with a head
white as snow, to give the idea of a man of
peculiarly primitive character.

One book he always carries with him in
his journeys, besides the Bible. It is his
diary. Would we learn what view of life
the old man takes, we can seem to look over
his shoulder, on his eighty-sixth birth-day,
and read what he has written. June 23,
1788, he writes:

"I this day enter on my eighty-sixth year.
And what cause have I to praise God, as
for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for
bodily blessings also! How little have I
suffered yet by the rush of numerous years!"

After mentioning a few marks of the in-
firmity of age, he declares that he feels no
such thing as weariness, either in traveling
or preaching.

"And I am not conscious of any decay in
writing sermons, which I do as readily, and
I believe as correctly, as ever."

"To what cause can I impute this, that I
am as I am? First, doubtless, to the power
of God fitting me for the work to which I
am called, as long as he pleases to continue
me therein; and next, sub-ordinately, to the
prayers of his children."

May we not impute, as inferior means,
to his constant exercise and char-

acter? 2. To my never having lost a night's
sleep, sick or well, at land or sea, since I was
born? 3. To my having sleep at com-
mand, so that, whenever I feel myself almost
worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or
night? 4. To my having constantly, for about
sixty years, risen at four in the morning?
5. To my constant preaching at five in the
morning, for about fifty years? 6. To my
having had so little pain in my life, and so
little sorrow or anxious care?"

In 1791, March 2d, at the age of eighty-
eight, he breathed his last, with a hymn of
praise on his lips. With the little strength
remaining, he cried out to the friends watch-
ing his departure, "The best of all is, God
is with us;" and could only whisper the
first two words of a favourite Psalm, "I'll
praise, I'll praise." His friends were left to
finish the lines, for Wesley's voice was to be
heard no more.

Where shall I spend Eternity?

A lady had written on a card, and
placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her
garden-house, the following simple verse
from the poems of J. Clare. It was when the
flowers were in their highest glory:—

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following
lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card.
Well would it be if all would ponder upon
the question—act in view of, and make pre-
paration for, an unknown state of existence:

"To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that CAN die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where shall then my portion be?
Where shall I spend ETERNITY?"

The Converted Swede.

A Swede, after receiving a good educa-
tion, became a wanderer in the world. At
one time he was a soldier, at another a sail-
or, and at length, having, while intoxicated,
sustained an injury, he became a patient in
an hospital. A tract visitor entered the
ward in which he lay, and observing that
he was asleep, quietly laid a tract upon his
bed and went away. That man was an
avowed infidel. When he awoke, he saw
the tract, and read it. It related to the
evidences of Christianity, and the Lord
made it the means of removing his unbelief.
He became a new creature; and when he
left the hospital, he experienced the power
of vital Christianity, and felt an earnest
desire to do good. Observing that there
were many seamen in the port who were
his countrymen, and that they knew but lit-
tle of the English language, he collected
small companies of them together, and read,
and sang, and prayed with them. After-
wards he obtained the use of a floating Beth-
el on Sabbath mornings, and sometimes
added exhortation to other exercises. But
he longed to hear the gospel preached there
by some minister from his native land; for
this he prayed, and as he had opportunity,
made known his wishes to his fellow-Chris-
tians. His prayer was answered, and now
there is a church in the ship, with a Swed-
ish clergyman for its pastor.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

SOUTHERN AFRICA—ALL OF GOOD HOPE.
Extract of a subsequent Letter from the Rev.
Benj. Robinson, dated Cap-Town, March
12th, 1819.

Remarkable Religious Revival.

In writing to you again, I am thankful
that my present communications will form to

appropriate a sequel to the one I forwarded
in January last. In that I mentioned the in-
teresting fact of five young men having been
brought to the knowledge of Christ during
the last week of the old year; an event
which had not only diffused a feeling of joy
amongst the members of the society, but had
awakened also to increased earnestness
many who had been far too neglectful of
their spiritual welfare. The truth of the
statement has been verified by the occur-
rence that have since transpired. A few
days after my letter was posted, seven per-
sons obtained a sense of the divine favour,
through faith in Christ, at a prayer-meeting
held in our small chapel in Sydney-street,
and every evening during the same week
we were gladdened by hearing of others
who had obtained the salvation of the Gos-
pel, either in the classes, in their own habi-
tations, or in the Burg-street chapel. On
the Saturday evening we could rejoice
over twenty persons who, since the preced-
ing Sabbath, had been translated from dark-
ness to light, and who were then "joying in
God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The
next was a high day, and is noticed in my
journal as follows:—

"Monday, 22d.—Yesterday was a re-
markable Sabbath. In the morning I preach-
ed at Sydney-street chapel, in Dutch, from
John xiii. 8. In the afternoon, at the re-
quest of the Superintendent of the English
Sunday-school, held in that place of worship,
I walked down, again to address the young
converts. There I witnessed a most beau-
tiful sight. Eighteen young men and wo-
men in connexion with that Sabbath-school,
who had lately found the pardoning mercy
of God, were seated by themselves on two
separate forms, a calm and reverential ex-
pression of peace and joy lighting up every
countenance, and forming one of the loveliest
and holiest spectacles I had ever beheld."

To this interesting company I addressed
some appropriate counsel, after which we
united in singing,

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven," &c.

During the address several other young per-
sons, filled with emotion, were giving ex-
pression to their feelings in tears and half-
suppressed sobs, and, at the conclusion of the
school, a prayer-meeting being held with
special reference to their case, no less than
five persons were enabled to receive Christ
by faith, and entered into the liberty of the
people of God. At the same time that this
gracious work was going on at the Sydney-
street Sunday-school, a similar work was
proceeding at Loop-street Sunday-school on
the other side of the Town, five testifying
there also that they had found redemption in
Christ's blood, even the forgiveness of their
sins. In the evening of the same day, hav-
ing to preach at Sydney-street chapel again
in Dutch, I selected Hab. iii. 2: "O Lord,
revive thy work," &c., or, as it is in the
Dutch version, "O Lord, preserve thy work
alive in the midst of the years." Hitherto
the gracious work had been confined to the
English; but now it was to commence
amongst our coloured congregation. Dur-
ing the morning service a blessed influence
prevailed, and a spirit of expectation seem-
ed to be awakened in every heart; so that
we were gradually prepared for the remark-
able manifestation of divine power that was
to take place at night. In the course of the
evening sermon, I was led to remark, that
in order to the preservation of the work of
God in life and vigour amongst us as a
church, it was necessary that sinners should
be converted and added to the Lord; and al-
though repentance and faith were personal
acts, and every individual must repent and
believe for himself, or perish, yet believers
might contribute much towards their con-
version and conversion by unitedly and in
faith praying for an overwhelming outpour-
ing of divine influence upon them, that the
careless might be aroused, the obstinate soft-
ened, and the rocks broken in pieces. These
remarks were instantly applied to the