

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. II.—No. 28.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 80.

Ten Shillings per Annum.
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1851.

Single Copies
Three Pence.

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

LINES:

TO AN ABSENT SISTER, WHO REQUESTED ME TO THINK OF HER.

I think of thee, my Sister,—
I often think of thee;
And my spirit flies in fancy,
Across the deep blue sea.
I dream of thee, my Sister,
When wearied nature rests,
And sleep, its genial influence,
Sheds over human breasts.
Think of thee, my Sister,
At early morning's hour:
When dawning light awakes the earth,
And gladdens trees and flowers.
Think of thee, my Sister,
When social prayer is said—
Or when on the household altar,
The sacrifice is laid.
Think of thee, my Sister,
In the closet's calm retreat—
While prostrate in the dust I lie,
Before the Mercy-Seat.
Think of thee, my Sister,
When other friends are near,
And the wish is breath'd (how vainly!)
That thou, belov'd wert here.

Think of thee, my Sister,
In the solemn twilight hour—
When memories of the buried past,
Come o'er me in their power.
Think of thee, my Sister,
And of the happy Child's home—
Of voices that are hush'd in death,
And of some who wildly roam.
Think of thee, my Sister,
Through every varied scene;
And thoughts of thee, are link'd with,
What is, and what hath been!
Our path through life, my Sister,
Time's changes may divide;
But hearts by love united,
Time's changes still abide.

We may not meet again, Sister,
Till earthly toil hath ceased,
And from life's cares and sorrows,
Our spirits are released.
May we meet above, my Sister!
In yonder glorious home,
And join the blessed company,
That never more shall roam.
Our Parents wait us there, Sister,
They beckon to us now;
They wave the palm of Victory,
The wreath is on their brow.
We'll join them there, my Sister,
By faith we'll grasp the prize—
Once met—no more we'll sever,
But share one Home for ever,
Where are known no "Broken Ties!"
St. John, N. B. Falls. * * * * *

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Bible a Perfect Guide.

It is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience on children. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; regulates feasts and fasts, mourning and rejoicing; and orders labour for the day and rest for the night. It promises food and raiment, and limits for the use of both. It points out a faithful and an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It defends the rights of all; and re-

veals vengeance to every defrauder; over-reacher, or oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to eternal glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; it sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. In short, it is a book of law, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that gives life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world; the most ancient, authentic, and entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds; and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skillful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes the diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws; a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed, to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom; and that which crowns all is, that the author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, 'in whom there is no variableness, or shadow of turning.'

Pastoral Fidelity.

In looking over the journal of Dr. Chalmers, so many of which are preserved in the memoir of him by Dr. Hanna, it is impossible not to notice the great carefulness and earnestness with which he went to his pastoral duties, after he had really devoted himself to his work as a minister of Christ. Not satisfied at all with merely proclaiming the doctrines of the Gospel from the pulpit on the Sabbath, not satisfied even with putting into that presentation all the force and energy of his regal intellect, and the enthusiasm of his vast and affectionate heart, gathering about the truth all ornaments of scholarship, and impressing it by appeals most clear and pointed, as by arguments whose weight and pressure have rarely been surpassed—he laboured also to carry it familiarly from house to house, throughout the week. He interested himself personally and warmly in the families of his parish. He knew the children and the aged as well as the active of middle life. He knew the circumstances, characteristics, history of many of his people. And he was always ready with his word of counsel, his suggestive practical or doctrinal instruction, his vivid and free presentation of Christ, in his majesty and love, and his fitness to the soul. He aimed and desired to have his speech distil as the dew, in the constant day-to-day intercourse of life. He meant to speak to his people through his example as through his words. And whenever any case occurred of especial difficulty, needing peculiar tact and skill in its management, it is affecting to see with

what earnestness of thought and what fervour of prayer this noble and shining mind devoted itself to the work of enlightening the ignorant, or of cheering the downcast, or of impressing and awakening the long-impenitent.

It is the triumph of the steam-engine that it forges the anchor and sharpens the pin with the same ease, celerity and success; that it drives the trip hammers which beat out masses of iron into boiler-plates, and yet so holds and poises them in their stroke, that with the same tremendous blow they crack an egg-shell without crushing it. It was a vastly greater triumph of Divine grace, and of determined and principled resolution in the mind of Chalmers, when the same splendid and majestic genius that soared through the heavens in the outreach of its thought, and that broke down oppressions with blows which smote like the flashes of lightning, bent itself humbly and patiently to the task of shedding light upon the darkened, and grace and hope upon the sinful, beneath the obscure cottages of the valley of Kilmaney. And the souls that went thence, converted and renewed through his instrumentality, are now the seals and the trophies of this work.

Have we not all too little of this faithful, intelligent and devoted labour, among our pastors at present? As we look into our hearts do we not find by far too little relish for it, and zeal in it? As we look over our ministerial life, do we not find that other labours attract to themselves proportionately quite too much of time and of thought? One need not go otherwise than socially and affectionately from house to house. He need not, he should not, go with anything of rigidity and theological "awfulness" in his manner and face. He should go confidently, affectionately, and with happiness in his heart. But he should go regularly, and frequently. And O, if he might go also, with a heart full of love and a mind full of truth, preparing himself for the work before he commences it, thinking what he shall say, and how he shall best meet the cases he will encounter, and then putting the very force and pressure of his soul into his counsels and words of cheer, into his prayers and his admonition,—it would be the beginning of a new growth of piety in his own heart; it would be the harbinger, we are sure, of a vast harvest of good among his people.—*Independent*

Am I a Steward?

If I am a steward, then the property of which I have the control does not belong to me. It has been committed to me in trust, to be employed according to the will of its proper owner. His providence has secured its accumulation. It is undoubtedly all his gift, or more properly loan. Has he ever yielded the ownership of it, or given me any warrant for regarding it as my own, to be used only as my own will and desires shall dictate? Never.

If I am a steward of God, then my time, and influence, and talents, all belong to him. They are all to be exercised for his glory, for the promotion of the interests of his kingdom.

A steward! Why, then my relation to God is precisely that which a clerk holds to a merchant, or a servant to his employer. I have no more right than they to use property and time committed to my trust as though it were my own. Suppose the steward of a rich man were to appropriate the funds intrusted to him, or employ his time and abilities in securing his own selfish interests. I should have no hesitation in pronouncing him dishonest. Trusted funds and responsibilities among men should be very sacredly regarded, and used according to the instructions of the rightful proprietor.

And I am a steward of God! He has promised me a support and liberal payment if I am faithful. He has required me to employ his time and money in relieving the wants of the poor, in instructing the ignorant, in reclaiming the wicked; in a word, in

spreading his Gospel, and in promoting the interests of this kingdom. How am I fulfilling this responsible trust? I am almost afraid to face this question boldly. I felt some reluctance to give to the last call of charity, and I gave grudgingly and sparingly. A short time ago I absolutely declined a contribution when I had some of the Lord's money in my purse; and I believe it would have pleased him to have given it. Am I really acting as if what he gave me were my own? as if I had a right to dispose of it at my own pleasure? If so, I am robbing God, I am an unfaithful steward. I must repent of this wickedness and fraud, confess it to God, and ask for pardon. And O let me never again forget that I am only a trustee—a steward—holding talents, and time, and money, in trust for others.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Christian Example.

The disciples of the Saviour are living epistles, read of all men. Their confidence in God producing peace and joy—their love to God inclining to exercises of devotion and obedience—their love to another producing sympathy and kindness—their love to all men producing acts of benevolence, are recognized as evidences of discipleship to Christ.

Their humility, meekness and patience reprove the proud and haughty; their devotion to God and earnest attention to the things above, reprove the indifferent and thoughtless sinner; their exertion to spread the common salvation, to relieve suffering humanity, reprove the covetous, whom God abhorreth, and arrests the attention of the profane and obstinate.

In the family, in social intercourse, in public, in the place of business, his light shines and his influence is felt. His religion is not one of sentiment merely, but a matter of daily experience and of constant practice.

Though in the world, he is not of it; he is passing through it to his heavenly home; his eye is fixed on an unfading crown of eternal life; his treasure is above; and he shows that his heart is there by his heavenly-mindedness. His conversation is in heaven; his are the immunities and privileges of a citizen of the New Jerusalem.

His life is a practical commentary on the good profession he has made before many witnesses; and when dead he still speaks in his remembered example. His prayers and exhortation, his counsel and affectionate persuasions to piety, though unheeded at the time, are often ineffectual when brought to remembrance; long, long it may be after he has been called to his reward.

Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season. In the day-time it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweetly as in the night of persecution or of our own private affliction; yet it is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it.

The Cross.

If God has been the companion of our way, the cross our guiding star, the Word of Life our chart, the promises of salvation our compass, the love of Christ our constraining impulse, we may well become resigned, should the haven "where we would be," open upon us a little before we expected it.

Opinion of Dr. Hawes.

No habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought or incites the serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth—with the sober realities that demand his attention as a rational and immortal being, and an accountable subject of God's government.