

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. II.—No. 49.]

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC.

[Whole No. 101.]

Ten Shillings per Annum,  
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1851.

Single Copies,  
Three Pence.

## Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

The 37th Chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel from  
the 1st to the 13th verse.

The Lord upon me laid his hand,  
And spirit-carried to the land  
Was I, where, through the valley strewn,  
Lay naked skull, and fleshless bone.  
He caused me to pass them by,  
Many there were, and very dry:  
And in the open valley, they  
All bleaching in the sunlight lay.  
He said unto me, "Son of man,  
Can these bones live? think'st thou they can  
E'er feel again a living glow?"  
I answered, "Thou, oh God! dost know."  
Then He commanded "Prophesy  
"Upon these bones, and to them cry,  
"And say, ye dry bones hear the word  
"Now utter'd by creation's Lord!  
"Oh, stricken by the hand of Death,  
"Thus saith the Lord, I will cause breath  
"To enter you, and ye shall live;  
"And flesh, and sinews I will give—  
"Behold, I speak, and it shall be,  
"And ye shall God acknowledge me."  
Then I obey'd Jehovah's voice,  
And, as I prophesied, a noise  
Was heard within that valley lone,  
A shaking bone came to his bone.  
I look'd upon them, and, behold!  
Flesh did the skeletons enfold;  
And with the skin they cover'd were,  
But in them breath'd no vital air.  
He spake again, "Now raise on high  
"Thy voice, to the wind prophesy;  
"Say to the wind, thus unto thee,  
"Saith He who rules Infinity;  
"Hither, to this abode of Death,  
"Come thou, from the four winds, oh, breath!  
"Yea, come, and breathe upon these slain,  
"That they may life resume again."  
I prophesied at God's command,  
And, lo! they on their feet did stand;  
With warm blood coursing through each vein,  
An army cov'ring all the plain.  
He said, "Oh, man! these bones pourtray  
"Israel's whole house; behold! they say,  
"We are cut off, our bones are dried,  
"Our hope is lost, fall'n is our pride.  
"Therefore, unto them prophesy,  
"And say, thus saith the Lord most high,  
"Behold, my people! I will save  
"You from the dark, and gloomy grave.  
"Yea, all your graves I'll open wide,  
"In them no more shall ye abide;  
"But led, my people, by my hand,  
"Brought shall ye be to Israel's land:  
"And, when perform'd is this my word,  
"Then shall ye know I am the Lord."  
Shelburne. A. B.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### The Voice of the Seasons.

There is, in the revolution of time, a kind  
of warning voice which summons us to  
thought and reflection; and every season, as  
it arises, speaks to us of the analogous char-  
acter which it ought to maintain. From  
the first openings of spring to the last desola-  
tion of winter, the days of the year are  
emblematical of the state and of the duties  
of man; and whatever may be the period of  
our journey, we can scarcely look up into  
the heavens and mark the path of the sun,  
without feeling either something to animate  
us upon our course, or to reprove us for our  
delay.

When the spring appears, when the earth  
is covered with its tender green, and the  
song of happiness is heard in every shade,  
it is a call to us to religious hope and joy.  
Over the infant year the breath of heaven  
seems to blow with paternal softness, and  
the heart of man willingly partakes in the  
joyfulness of awakened nature.

When summer reigns, and every element  
is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant  
pursues his course through the firmament  
above, it is the season of adoration. We  
see there, as it were, the majesty of the

present God; and wherever we direct our  
eyes, the glory of the Lord seems to cover  
the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When autumn comes, the annual miracle  
of nature is completed, it is the appropriate  
season of thankfulness and praise. The  
heart bends with instinctive gratitude be-  
fore Him whose benevolence never slum-  
bers nor sleeps, and who, from a throne of  
glory, yet remembereth the things that are  
in heaven and earth.

The season of winter has also similar in-  
structions. To the thoughtful and feeling  
mind it comes not without a blessing upon  
its wing; and perhaps the noblest lessons of  
religion are to be learned amidst its clouds  
and storms.—Alison.

### The Boatman's Hymn.

I was standing on the deck of a steamer  
lying at the wharf at St. Louis. I had wan-  
dered many hundred miles from home, with  
all its fond endearments in the form of  
warm-hearted friends, whom I had left with  
tearful eyes, to go forth "a stranger and in  
a strange land." My heart felt sad as it re-  
verted to the past, and as far as human eye  
could see, the prospects of the future were  
far from flattering. Vividly the word of  
Scripture came to my mind, "Ye know  
the heart of a stranger;" and I felt, in its  
full force, all that depth of loneliness and deso-  
lation that passes description. Although  
my confidence was strong in the Divine pro-  
tection, yet the horrid oaths of the boatmen,  
the curses of the draymen, mingling in con-  
fusion with the noise and bustle on the  
wharf, all tended to increase my sadness,  
and make me feel indeed that my heart was  
not there; and I turned away thinking I  
would give all I had upon earth for some  
sweet confidential spirit to whom I could  
unburden my soul.

Suddenly a rich melodious voice burst  
upon my ear, which at once riveted my at-  
tention. It proceeded from the fireman of  
a neighbouring steamer, who, busily  
prosecuting his labour among the smoke and  
cinders, had struck that beautiful hymn,—

"O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love,  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above!"

And as his clear sweet voice sounded out  
far above the din and confusion, its earnest,  
melting tones touched a very tender chord  
in my heart. That hymn was a favourite  
with a now sainted mother, and full well do  
I recollect, when a child, how often I laid  
my head in her lap, and heard her sing it  
until every line became indelibly impressed  
upon my memory.

How instantly my heart warmed toward  
that child of the waters. I felt that the  
hymn came from the depths of his soul, and  
that in him I had, indeed, a brother. Each  
line was like oil upon the waters; and as  
he finished the last, I could have greeted  
him as an old familiar friend. But just then  
we were separated by the starting of the  
boat, and he was left to remain in ignorance  
of the effect of the hymn upon my feelings.  
How it cheered my heart to think, that even  
among the wicked throng we had just left,  
there was one who was not afraid to lift up  
his voice publicly in praise of the Lord of  
Hosts. No longer I felt a stranger, but  
deeply grateful to God, who had thus raised  
up a ministering spirit. A new train of re-  
flections were started, my sadness vanished,  
and I felt, indeed, that I was under the care  
of him who letteth not a sparrow fall with-  
out his knowledge.

And of all this the boatman was uncon-  
scious. In the joy of his heart he had sung  
the hymn, and, perhaps perfectly careless if  
any heard save the Father. Little did he  
imagine how he had cheered the heart of a  
stranger. Where he is now I know not—I  
never expect to; but I have often, in the  
closet, asked God to repay that comfort four-  
fold where he shall need it. And now,  
when I feel that my life has been so far

spent in vain, that I have been utterly use-  
less to both God and man, then I think of  
the boatman's hymn.

When I see the watchman on the walls of  
Zion, weak and faint of heart, mourning her  
desolation and his insufficiency, then I think  
of the effect produced by the hymn of the  
unconscious boatman, and marvel at the wis-  
dom of the Almighty in hiding from him the  
effect of his labours.

When I see all Zion struggling against the  
encroachment of sin, her people weeping and  
praying, beseeching God with many en-  
treaties, to stretch forth his hand and bless  
her labours, then I think that if the righteous  
Judge could so bless the boatman's hymn,  
how much more the labours of his people,  
when persevered in with supplications and  
tears.

### A Character: From Real Life.

His character bore the marks of habitual  
self-inspection and self-resistance. Humili-  
ty was the virtue which he seemed to prize  
as the most comprehensive and productive.  
His effort was to bring every thought and  
desire into subjection before God, and to  
find security and motive in a fixed sense of  
his deficiencies and his obligations. This  
constant study was his life and strength. It  
cleared and simplified the purpose of human  
life. It gave him more and more the com-  
mand of his faculties, and the exercise of  
his affections and the power of devoting  
himself to duty. It showed him on what  
principles men are commonly pronounced  
great, and how monstrous are arrogance and  
oppression in a mortal. But this mortal  
warfare never threw an air of constraint or  
austerity upon his intercourse with others.  
It seemed as if his spirits were kept elastic  
by his constant guard over them. His very  
kindness and gentleness had none of the in-  
ertness of mere good temper, but were ani-  
mated by an active, cherished principle of  
love, which discriminated its objects, and was  
all alive for the happiness of another.

In the pursuit of truth, he seemed more  
anxious for the certainty, than the amount  
variety, of results. He was not fond of in-  
dulging in conjectures, that he might fill the  
void where he had in vain looked for satis-  
fying truth; nor was he unhappy because of  
the uncertainties which cannot be cleared  
up in an imperfect state of being. His feel-  
ings and wishes, and every extraneous or  
accidental circumstance, were as if they did  
not exist in his sober-minded inquiry. Or  
rather, the very influences that are most apt  
to mislead, did but sound the alarm to him  
to be single-hearted, and made his power of  
discerning the keener. He had the plainest  
common sense, and the most prudent judg-  
ment in common affairs; and not so much  
from having lived long in the world, as from  
his right temper of mind, and his habit of  
going far into the reason of things. This  
honesty or fairness of mind was his great  
distinction, and an explanation of his char-  
acter. It was a proof of his moral and in-  
tellectual vigour. It was a religious princi-  
ple. It ran through all his studies and ex-  
perience, restraining him from injustice, and  
compelling him to condemn injustice; open-  
ing the way through ancient errors of what-  
ever kind, and for the admission of light  
from whatever quarter; and making it ab-  
solutely impossible that he should be a mere  
partisan in anything.

His kindness, and warmth of affection,  
were especially manifest in his intercourse  
with the young. A plain man, in years,  
living in retirement, and obtruding his op-  
inions on no one, he drew them to him as if  
he were their dependence; and they felt  
that they owed to him, not only some  
of their best-remembered seasons of plea-  
sure, but in no small degree the direction  
and government of their thoughts. When  
he saw anything to blame, he spoke plainly  
and earnestly, and suffered no weakness of  
affection to conceal or impair the force of  
what he thought his duty to say. If they  
neglected his admonitions, and disappointed  
his expectations, his regret was unmingled

with selfishness, and his affection was un-  
abated. He only thought they might need it  
the more.—Christian Miscellany.

### Evil Inclinations.

A gentleman was once praising the vir-  
tue of honesty; what a dignity it imparted  
to our nature; how it recommended us to  
the Supreme Being. He confirmed all by  
a celebrated line from Pope,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Sir," replied one, "however excellent the  
virtue of honesty may be, I fear there are  
very few men in the world that really pos-  
sess it."

"You surprise me," said the stranger.

"Ignorant as I am of your character, sir,  
I fancy it would be no difficult matter to  
prove even you a dishonest man."

"I defy you."

"Will you give me leave then to ask you  
a question or two, and promise not to be  
offended?"

"Ask your question and welcome."

"Have you never met with an opportu-  
nity of getting gain by unfair means?"  
The gentleman paused. "I don't ask whe-  
ther you made use of, but whether you have  
met with such opportunity. I, for my part,  
have, and I believe everybody else has."

"Very probable I may."

"How did you feel your mind affected on  
such an occasion? Had you no secret de-  
sire, not the least inclination to seize the ad-  
vantage which offered? Tell me without  
any evasion, and consistently with the char-  
acter you admire."

"I must acknowledge, I have not always  
been absolutely free from every irregular  
inclination; but—"

"Hold, sir, none of your salvos, you have  
confessed enough. If you had the desire,  
though you never proceeded, this shows you  
were dishonest in heart. This is what the  
Scriptures call concupiscence. It defiles the  
soul. It is a breach of the law which re-  
quireth truth in the inward parts; and unless  
you are pardoned by the blood of Christ, it  
will be just ground of your condemnation  
when God shall judge the secrets of men."

### Effects of the Bible upon Nations.

Tell me where the Bible is, and where it  
is not, and I will write a moral geography  
of the world. I will show what, in all par-  
ticulars, is the condition of that people.  
One glance of your eye will inform you  
where the Bible is, and where it is not.  
Go to Italy: decay, degradation, suffering,  
meet you on every side. Commerce droops,  
agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish.  
There is a heaviness in the air; you feel  
cramped by some invisible power; the peo-  
ple dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly;  
an armed soldiery is around their dwellings;  
the armed police take from the stranger his  
Bible, before he enters the territory. Ask  
for the Bible in the book stores: it is not  
there, or in a form so large and expensive  
as to be beyond the reach of the common  
people. The Preacher takes no text from  
the Bible. Enter the Vatican and inquire for  
a Bible, and you will be pointed to some  
case where it reposes among prohibited  
works, side by side with the works of Dide-  
rot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over  
the Alps into Switzerland, and down the  
Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel  
to Eng'and and Scotland, and what an amazing  
contrast meets the eye! Men look with an  
air of independence; there are industry, neat-  
ness, instruction for children. Why this differ-  
ence? There is no brighter sky; there are  
no fairer scenes of nature; but they have  
the Bible. And happy are the people in  
such a case; for it is righteousness that ex-  
alteth a nation.—W. Adams, D. D.

God doth not at any time put off his peo-  
ple because he is not in the capacity to give,  
but doth many times put them off, because  
they are not in a capacity to receive mercy.