

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE WESLEYAN.

The Old Cottage near the Sea.

That dear old cot, hard by the shore, O spare it
for the sake
Of those who in long years ago, its shelter did par-
take;
For those, whose lonely dwelling 'twas, in years
now far away,
And where in youthful frolic-time, I spent the
gladsome day.

That old cot upon the hill, above the sea-beat
shore,
Lived once true hearts and honest hands, in sunny
days of yore;
When oft the merry laugh was heard, and elden
tale was told.

And where the generous board was spread, for
young as well as old.

From that old cot, for many an hour, was cast the
anxious look,
Far off upon old ocean's breast, whose waves the
welkin shook;
Or which at times, like infant's sleep, so placid
was its face,
Methought it dared the ruthless storm that mirror-
form deface.

O how I love that old worn cot, now sinking in de-
cay,
And doomed like all of Earth and Time to moul-
der fast away;
Whose creaking beams and bowing walls, when
storms autumnal rage,
Speak to my soul of life's swift course, and its
near close passage.

In that old cot, I first was taught to hush the infant
prayer,
When kneeling at a mother's side, first learn'd that
God was there;
Nor to the splendid temple He, or thronged church
confined,
His voice heard in the swift loud roar—or in the
whispering wind.

There many a weaned tiresome wight—old ocean's
hardy sons—
Or it might be a stranger-guest—of Europe's wan-
dering ones—
Found homely cheer with open heart, and wel-
come's ready smile,
And that kind hand and quiet rest—so soothing
after toil.

Within that cot an age has passed, and yet I love
it still,
The distant far from city noise—or village busy
mill;
The solitude with brooding wing has hovered o'er
this spot,
Because of happiest hours and days, I love that
dear old cot.

And loathe to leave a spot so dear, for life's vast
thronged path,
Will memory fondly linger then, quite down life's
vale to death;
And oft the scenes and changes too, through many
chequered years,
May stir a throb of grateful joy, that mingled e'en
with tears!

August 3d, 1849.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

At North East Harbour in the township
of Shelburne, generally regretted, on the 19th
May last, after a lingering and painful illness,
during which not a murmuring voice was ut-
tered by her, and in a humble hope of a resur-
rection to eternal life, died HANNAH, the affec-
tionate wife of CAPT. BENJ. PERRY, Senr., of
that place, in the 64th year of her age. Mrs. P.
was the daughter of the late Isaac and Lydia
King, who were both for many years pious and
consistent members of the Wesleyan Church
and among the early fruit of the Methodist
Ministry in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.
Though it was not until during a series of spiri-
tual religious services, whilst the Rev. Mr.
McMurray was Superintendent of the Shelburne
and Barrington Circuit, that Mrs. Perry pro-
fessed to have obtained peace with God, being
justified by faith in the merits of the Lord Jesus
Christ; she nevertheless for many years of her
previous life, gave unmistakable evidences of
the advantages connected with being the child
of pious parents, whose example had its valuable
influences, as evidenced in her unvarying
moral conduct, as a wife, a mother, and a friend.
To her uniform and unwearied kindness and at-
tention to the comfort of the ministers of her

own Church, as well as those of others, for more
than thirty years, there are not wanting now
living witnesses among the ambassadors of Christ.
For some weeks before her death her mind—
doubtless induced by her physical debility—ap-
peared to be clouded and obscured, her hope
faint, her views indistinct, and her assurance
weak. By the blessing of God attendant on
the opportunities afforded her of spiritual com-
munion, instruction, encouragement, consolation
and prayer with her ministers and others, she
during the closing scene was favoured with
more of the divine light; and knew in
whom she had believed, rejoicing in the
brightened prospects opening to her faith. Her
end was peace. Her remains were attended to
their last resting place by a numerous body of
persons from the surrounding settlements, for
miles—many of them relatives—thus signifying
the esteem in which she was held. The Rev.
H. Pope Jr. attended the funeral and improved
the melancholy eve, with much acceptance, to
the hundreds present, in a very judicious and
excellent discourse founded on the words con-
tained in the 14th verse of the 4th ch. of St.
Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonian Church.
Shelburne, 1st Aug. 1848.

Died at Cornwallis, on the 19th of August,
SARAH LOUDEN, in the 22d year of her age.
About three years ago she was awakened to a
sense of her guilty and dangerous condition by
nature; the eyes of her understanding were
opened to perceive her exposure to the wrath
of God, and her liability to perish forever.
Under the influence of these views and feelings,
she was led to seek earnestly the favour of God.
Nor did she seek in vain. The Lord revealed
himself to her as a God of mercy, "abundant
in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, trans-
gression and sin." Then was she enabled to re-
joice in God her Saviour. No sooner had she
obtained pardon through faith in the blood of
Christ, than she sought a place among his people.
Her predilections were in favour of the Wesley-
ans, through whose instrumentality she had re-
ceived spiritual benefit. But as her father was
a Congregationalist, she did not take the im-
portant step until she had consulted him con-
cerning the matter. He kindly informed her
that he had no objections to urge against the
choice she was about to make. Accordingly she
was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Knight and ad-
mitted a member of the Methodist Church.
From that period to the time of her death, she
held fast her profession, and evinced the
genuineness of her conversion, by a consistent
walk and conversation. Her connexion with
the Church militant was to be of short duration.
Already that fell disease of the human family—
consumption—had marked her as its victim, and
had begun its slow but certain work of destruc-
tion.

Her last illness was severe and protracted, but
she was enabled to glory in tribulation. She
viewed the approach of death with the utmost
composure. Seldom indeed has it been my lot
to witness a more patient and resigned sufferer
on the bed of death. A short time before her
dissolution she called her friends to her bed-side
and bidding them farewell, said, "Weep not
for me—I am going to Jesus; you will soon fol-
low—there we shall meet to part no more."
In this happy state of mind she continued until
the spirit forsook the dissolving house of clay.
She was interred beside the graves of her
mother, sister, and brother, who, not long pre-
viously, had been hurried to the tomb, by the
same disease which ended her mortal career.
The event was improved by a sermon, delivered
to a very large, attentive, and serious congre-
gation, by the writer.
August 27th, 1849.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

For the Wesleyan.

The Dream.

Written in the United States, Feb'y. 25, 1849.

I had been absent from home for a long win-
ter, the first absence from the parental roof,
where I had spent many happy years. But
with the sunny skies, the warbling birds, and
fair flowers of spring, I had come gaily back,
and even they received me not as hearty a welcome.
How my mother strained me to her bosom, how
her gentle arms enfolded me, now clasping me
tighter, and now relinquishing her hold to
glance again on my face; how my father smiled
upon his eldest, and how fond, how deep, how
loving, were the tones in which he implored
Heaven to bless me; how my sisters pressed
again and again, my cheek; and my little
brothers' gleesome laugh, it rings even now in
my ears; the faces, beautiful as cherubim, haunt
my vision. But I started. "Can it be that I
am indeed at home?" For I felt that it was
almost too much happiness to behold it so speedily
again. I glanced around. Yes this was my fa-
vourite apartment. The green shrubs that shaded
the windows had put on their beautiful foli-
age; a bird from a neighbouring tree in the
garden, warbled, every now and then, a short,

yet sweet, to me how sweet, lay,—and my fa-
vourite parlour-plants, by their profusion of
blossoms, told that loving hands had watched
tenderly over them. There too lay my harp,—
how I longed to waken its chords again; the lit-
tle table still held my darling volumes, and work-
basket, and, but for the vase, which contained a
handful of withered roses, roses plucked the day
before I left, and placed therein, which had been
carefully preserved, I might deem that I had
never left home. Thank Heaven, I come to it
with no blighted heart, no soured hopes. No, my
heart is as warm as when last it heaved and
throbbed at the "bitter word," "farewell,"—and
though pleasant has been my experience of a
strange land, yet home has acquired a double
value in my sight.

But a shadow darkened the door. A man, on
whose brow seemed written all the worst traits
of human nature, stood on the threshold. Ano-
ther moment his hand was on my arm, and his
low and fiendish voice sounded in my ears as
he whispered "you are my property." I flung
with contempt his hand away, and, clinging
closer to my mother, scornfully inquired his
pretensions. He laughed exultingly, and hand-
ed his certificate. I snatched, I gazed, I flung it
away. Yes, it was true, I was a slave; inex-
plorable, mysterious as it seemed, I was a slave.
I who had been proud to boast of my Anglo-
Saxon blood;—I who had been free as air to
 roam; the petted child of fond parents; the
idol of a loving circle of friends, whose slightest
wish had been law, and whose every wayward
impulse had been indulged; I was a slave.
"Could it be, surely it could not." I looked
again on the man. Triumph lighted up every
feature of his face. I gazed on my parents.
They sat in helpless agony. My sisters, my
little brothers, were pale with terror. Then
despair, gnawing, bitter, deep, settled on my
heart. Yes, I was a slave; no human power
could help me; hopeless, hopeless bondage. And
I must go; I, who had but just returned to my
home, who had been so blest in that happy re-
turn, must submit to part, not for a season, but
forever. Not on a visit to kind and indulgent
relatives, but as the property of an iron task-
master, bound to obey his slightest laws, many of
them worse than even death. "What leave you
all forever! forever! never more to see you! my
mother, my father, I cannot, I cannot! there
no help, no help!" I gasped as I clung convul-
sively to them, but the iron hand of my oppres-
sor tore me away, and I sank down insensible.

I awoke; the morning sun was streaming into
my apartment; it shone on the pretty paper that
covered the walls of my pleasant chamber.
"Can it be!" I started up, looked around; yes,
yes, thank Heaven, it was but a dream, and
bursting into a flood of tears, I exclaimed, "I am
free!" It is true that the wide sea rolls between
me and my home, but I have the pleasant pros-
pect of seeing all my beloved friends again, and
no oppressor can tear me away. I glory in be-
longing to a race, on whose ground if ever the
down-trodden slave presses his feet, "that mo-
ment he is free." But as my exultations some-
what subsided, other thoughts crowded on my
mind. I remembered, if the mere dream of being
a slave was so painful, what must be the reality?
Not many hundred miles off, there are partings
as bitter as the one in my dream, yea, and
as unjust, such as "wring the life from out
young hearts," where children cling convul-
sively to parents, and parents clasp their children
in vain. Aye, in the midst of a christian land,
according to Heaven's daily, the tears and sighs of
broken hearts, hearts immolated on the altar of
Mammon, and though men heed them not, yet
"the Judge of all the earth," beholds them,—and
verily the oppressor shall have his reward.

Halifax, N. S.

M. E. H.

Social Affection.

How sweet is social affection! When the
world is dark without, we have light within.
When care disturbs the breast—when sorrow
broods around the heart—what joy gathers in
the circle of love. We forget the world, with all
its animosities, while blest with social kindness.
The man cannot be unhappy who has hearts
that beat in sympathy with his own—who is
cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice
of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold
—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather
about him in the place of business—but when he
enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle
—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from
his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The
warm sympathies of his wife and children dis-
pel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in
his bosom which words are inadequate to express.
He who is a stranger to the joys of social kind-
ness, has not begun to live.

Who would not Labour?

Labour is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.
Heed the watch word for the dark rust assaileth,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would thou keep them in
tune.

Here a Little and there a Little.

Impressions are made on children, as on rocks,
by a constant dropping of little influences. What
can one drop do? You scarcely see it fall; and
presently it rolls away, or is evaporated; you
cannot, even with a microscope, measure the li-
tle indentation it has made. Yet it is the con-
stant repetition of this trifling agency which fur-
rows, and at length hells out the very granite.

How to Ruin a Son.

1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him free use of money.
3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him full access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account for his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Commentary on the Ninth Commandment.

At the examination of an Infant School, a little
boy was asked to explain his ideas of "bearing
false witness against your neighbour." After
hesitating, he said it was "telling lies." On
which the worthy and reverend examiner said,
"That is not exactly an answer. What do you
say?" addressing a little girl who stood next,
when she immediately replied, "It was when no-
body did nothing, and somebody went and told
of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amidst
irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could
not help joining, the gravity of the whole pro-
ceeding being completely upset.

STANDING REGULATIONS.

Correspondents must send their communications written
in a legible hand, and free of postage; and extract
in confidence, with their proper names and address.
The Editor holds himself responsible for the opinions
of correspondents—claims the privilege of modifying or
rejecting articles offered for publication—and cannot
pledge himself to return those not inserted.
Communications on business, and those intended for
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if practicable, be written on different parts of the sheet,
so that they may be separated when they reach us.
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orders and make remittances.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, September 8, 1849.

EMPLOYMENT OF LOCAL HELP.

This peculiarity attaches to the ecclesi-
astical polity of WESLEYAN METHODISM—the
provision by constituted authority for the
orderly and habitual exercise of the gifts
and graces of all its members. One of our
prominent principles, is, "a place for every
person, and every person in his place;" the
practical development of which has given
our Church an expansion, and an efficien-
cy for good, to which, under other circum-
stances, it could not have attained. Those
who feel themselves moved by the HOLY
GHOST to devote their time and energies
exclusively to the sacred office of the Minis-
try,—after having given satisfactory evidence
of their conversion, call, and qualifications,
and passed through their probationary term
with acceptance,—are, in due form, set apart
to this solemn and important work, and find
in our economy abundant scope for the un-
remitting engagedness of their consecrated
talents.

In our membership there are others, who—
destitute of those convictions which would
lead them to the confident belief of its being
the will of God that they should enter up-
on—in the highest sense—that ministerial
career to which reference has been made,
nevertheless,—are so "constrained by the
love of Christ," so impressed with a sense
of the value of souls, and of their own per-
sonal responsibility, as to be more than bare-
ly willing, as circumstances and opportuni-
ties permit, to exhort their fellow-sinners to
flee from the wrath to come, and speak words
of comfort and encouragement to "labour-
ing, burden'd, sin-sick souls," and to urge
those already gathered into the Church, by
diligence and perseverance in well-doing,

to "make their call
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