

THE WESLEYAN.

For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—SCRIPTURE.

VOLUME II.

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1850.

NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

MR. EDITOR.—The following touching lines were written two or three years since by Mrs. J. R. Leggett of Lansdale, New Brunswick; and addressed to the Rev. W. M. Leggett, her son, in answer to certain stanzas from his pen, entitled, "Mother, Remember Me."

Yes, I remember thee! At early dawn
When the fair Goddess sheds her softest beams
Upon the mountain-top, and memory lifts
The darken'd veil from years of other time:
Then through the lengthen'd vista, I retrace
Familiar features,—such as whilom met
In childish play around a mother's heart!

And I remember * one who journeys not
With this world's multitude—he rests from toil—
'Tis a sweet rest—he did not fear to die!
And I remember *thee* when roses bloom,
And gentle zephyrs sigh among the leaves,
Stirring the dew-drops, as they did of old!
And I remember *thee*, when the last beams
Of day-departing clomb our cottage-walls,
Or cast a halo from the sunset-hill
Round my paternal portraiture;—and then
I almost seem to read a father's smile,
And dream myself in my young home again

Where are *the trio*, that were wont to inspire
With eloquence, with painting, and with song?
All that could charm the ear, or please the eye,
Or captivate the soul, of earth, are gone,—
Gone, like a summer landscape, curly swept
By desolating blasts and clouds of storm;
And I am left a solitary one,
To weep away my swift declining days!
Ah, I remember *thee*, when the bleak wind
Rolls down the mountain-side, and shakes the frost
From the dark groves of Lansdale;—oh methinks
The echo of thy harp is in the storm.
And oh that spell-bound thought is big with feeling!
And I remember *thee*, when thunders shake
The battlements of heav'n, and lightning's flash
Along the gloom profound: for thou could'st wake
The wilder'd Genius of this solitude
To song sublime, and give an answering tone
To the loud voice of elemental war!
And I remember *thee*, when the lone Moon
Looks from her veil of mist upon the world,
And casts a silvery light along my couch,
Or creeps the midnight-curtain:—amid all
The imagery of dreams, thou still art there!
Each night, upon my bended knees, before
The mercy seat, do I remember *thee*!
At home, abroad, in conversation, or
In voiceless thought, thy vision'd form still beck
My memory onward!—morning, noon, and night:
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter;—absence makes
No vacuum in a Mother's heart!—then know
Thou wandering Minstrel, the response my soul
Gives to thy Muse, I do remember *thee*!

Lansdale Cottage.

* The eldest son of the Writer, who had been a celebrated landscape-painter.

† The full portrait of the Rev. John Martin, M. D. These two, with the individual addressed, are subsequently styled "the trio."

Biographical.

MEMOIR OF MRS. ANN WRIGHT, OF BE- DEQUÉ, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE death of a christian is a subject highly interesting, and calculated to furnish those who seriously reflect upon it, with urgent motives to duty, and powerful dissuasives from the love of this present evil world. The lover of goodness and true worth, mourns the departure of those who benefited the church, and the world, by their virtuous example, and their benevolent exertion: in the circle of their religious acquaintance and associates, their departure is peculiarly felt. But at the tombs of those departed christians, the followers of Jesus mourn not as those who have no hope; nor are the tears they shed for the loss of Christian friends unmingled with feelings of pleasure:—they cannot but rejoice, that their fellow traveller has arrived at his eternal rest;—they cannot but more fully review the consolations of the christian religion, when they reflect, that their deceased friends were saved from the fear of death, and the terrors of a guilty conscience, and were inspired by hopes of heaven, through its influence. They mourn the loss of the church militant; but they exult to hope, and believe, that the church triumphant has received a companion and friend of theirs to its joys.

But although hoping and believing thus, christians are not willing, that the memory of the just shall perish:—they love to trace, by recollection, the path a deceased pilgrim has passed;—the experience of salvation he professed;—the trials he endured;—the victories he achieved over his spiritual foes;—the good work he performed;—and the consolations he evinced in the day of affliction, and in the hour of death.

To assist Christians to do this the pen is employed, and no doubt frequently with hallowed, and powerful effect. That a portion, however small, of the good produced even by sketches of the lives of departed Christians, may result from the following imperfect memoir, is ardently desired by the writer; who felt unwilling to allow an aged, active, benevolent christian friend to sink into the grave, without the tribute of a short memoir devoted to her memory.

Mrs. Ann Wright was born at Tryon, Prince Edward Island, the 24th January, 1770. She was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Lord, who had emigrated from England a few years previous to her birth. They settled at Tryon; at which place several of their descendants now reside.