

THE WESLEYAN.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

Scripture.

VOLUME I. HALIFAX, N. S. MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1838. NUMBER 16.

POETRY.

EXTRACT FROM "MESSIAH'S KINGDOM,"

A POEM—BY AGNES BULMER.*

BEHOLD the light from heaven! Sublime he stands,
His kindling glance, the listening crowd commands;
From earth's circumference, from heaven above,
The hallowed Preacher gathers signs of love.
Draws strains of wisdom from the blooming flower,
Beaking and glittering its sweet sunny hour,
Luxuriant, at his feet; from birds on high,
Fanning with buoyant wing the trackless sky;
From soft descending rains, from ether bright,
Diffusing wide, the sun's supernal light;
Meet emblem of beneficence divine!—
Whose cheering beams on every creature shine.

Yes! tis Messiah's voice!—His lips declare
That God in heaven extends a father's care,
A father's tenderness, a father's hand,
To man, a stranger in earth's pilgrim land;
Upholds and guides him in the doubtful way,
Nor leaves his simplest, meanest charge to stray.
No storms, no snares by him unseen arise;
Past, present, future, meet his searching eyes:
His Providence controls, arranges all;
Nor lilies grow, nor birds unheeded fall;
But humblest flowers, that deck the field proclaim,
In lovely beauty, their creator's name;
And swallows, guided in their buoyant flight,
Are taught by Him, to steer their course aright.

Yes, showers from him descend: his sunshine glows;
He paints the tulip, accents the blushing rose;
And shall he thus the withering grass array,
Yet leave his living blossom to decay?
To simplest birds, extend his guardian care,
Yet turn reluctant from his children's prayer?
Far be the doubtful thought: the Saviour's voice,
Bids faith look up, and holy hope rejoice;
For God, in wisdom, o'er his works presides,
In pitying love his erring offspring guides,
Tempers the blast, the rugged path prepares,
Sustains their footsteps, numbers all their hairs;
Life's real bliss, in measured store supplies;
Its fancied goods, substantial miseries,
Or blindly, or perversely ask'd, denies.

O ye, who tread the tearful vale of life
With wilesome step, through scenes of care and strife,
For whom no landscape, spreads its varied hues
In flowery fragrance, fresh with sparkling dews,
Whose fitful skies, the frequent meteor shrouds,
Whose sun-beams darken in descending clouds,
Who oft, perplex'd, alone, your way pursue,—
O, these are words of peace, of joy to you!
Go, child of sorrow!—whom the grieving thorn,
The prickly briars that throng the waste, have torn;

*To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

SEN—Perceiving your highly valuable paper receives extracts, as well as original pieces for the Poets' Corner, and having at this moment derived (unexpectedly) unspeakable delight and renewed confidence, in Him, who condescends to style himself our "Heavenly Father," from the perusal of the following beautifully sublime stanzas, in "Mrs. Bulmer's Messiah's Kingdom": I hasten to forward them; persuaded they cannot be read by the devout mind, without feeling; and earnestly desiring, that all, who through the distressing influence of unbelief are at any time ready to exclaim,—"My way is hid from the Lord,"—may be equally aided, through the divine blessing, in forming more scriptural, more consolatory views of his Providence, his love, his faithfulness and truth.

September 1st., 1838.

Whose bleeding feet, and signs of travel show,
O'er rude, rough rocks, whence bitter waters flow:—
Go, in his truth, his promised care, confide,
Beneath his wings, thy trembling spirit hide.
Yet, on thy lonely path, his light shall rise,
His smile allure thee, to the opening skies.
Know, too, thy mingled cup, his hand prepares,
And while thou drink'st it, be thy suffering shares.
In all thy griefs, his love, his wisdom see,
Nor cease to think of Him, who wept, who bled for thee.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. J. BARRY,

Wesleyan Missionary.

[We are indebted for the following Memoir, to an account published by the Rev. R. L. Lusher, of Montreal, and appended to the funeral sermon, preached there July 8th, 1838.]

THE religious history of every good man, and especially of every Christian minister, must, in various degrees, be interesting; from the proofs which it furnishes of the Mercy, Truth, and Faithfulness of God; and of the renewing and sustaining power of divine grace. This is true of those who are called to serve God, (whether in the ministry or membership of his church,) in stations of life, and in scenes of labour of comparative retirement, and which call not for extraordinary sacrifices and exertions: but it is especially true of those who are called to "labours more abundant," in the discharge of more public and arduous duties in the cause of Christ; and more particularly in the missionary enterprises of his church. Such was the active and important sphere of labour assigned to our departed friend, and for which he was eminently qualified: and most sincerely do I regret, that from the paucity of documentary materials left to his family, I am not able to do more ample justice to his character and memory. For the particulars of the sketch which I have been able to furnish, I am chiefly indebted to his afflicted widow: and have added such other notices of his character as a minister, and of his pious and cheerful endurance of a long affliction, especially towards its close, as personal acquaintance, and several deeply interesting conversations with him on his prospects for eternity, have enabled me to supply.

The Rev. John Barry was born at Bandon, County of Cork, Ireland, on the 18th September, 1792. In early life his mind was brought under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit; so that the fear of offending God, and the exercise of strict parental authority, restrained him from those immoralities and vices to which youth are too often addicted. His parents were members of the Established Church, and intending their son for the ministry of that Church, they placed him at the Rector's Academy; at that time conducted,