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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

LINES

Composed on James Kean, of Aylesford, who departed this life 4th of August, 1850, in the 35th year of his age, in hope of a joyful resurrection.

Wake! wake, my harp to sorrow's strains,
Assist thou man and sighing winds;
For sorrows deep have o'er me swept,
And waked a cord that long has slept.

Flow on, sweet tears! I needs must weep;
For memory calls from fountains deep
That treasured store of friendship's tears,
The heart has garnered up for years.

Ah! cruel monster, wherefore come?
Why so engaged to fill the tomb?
And where we least the smart can bear
Thou lovest to cast thy javelin there.

We've long expected thee to bear
Our aged from this world of care;
But little thought, whilst in his bloom,
Our Brother's sun would set at noon.

Ah! wherefore fling thy cruel dart
To pierce the Husband, Father's heart?
Thou—interceptor of our joy—
Last enemy—God will destroy.

Lo! how I know a friend sincere,
But now we part to meet not here,
Till the last trump the earth shall shake
The silence of the tomb to break.

The moonbeams sleep upon his grave;
The sighing birches o'er him wave;
The quivering poplar's weeping dew
To break his soft repose refuse.

Thou sleep, dear friend, in Jesus sleep,
Our life is still below to weep,
Oh! Saviour, draw our hearts on high,
Till tears are wiped from every eye.

And when this rearing earth shall shake,
And those that sleep in dust shall wake,
A few short years of evil past,
May we be found in Christ at last.

For the Wesleyan.

THE SEA.

I've come to gaze upon thee,
Thou changeful, changeless sea!
My thoughts are dreamy, restless on—
Befitting thoughts for thee.
Here the waters will not reach me,
The waves do not come,
But yet the restless eye can trace
The Saviour's changeful home.

I'll hold converse with the waters
Read thy deep pictured page—
Ask of the restless, foaming sea,
Why its mad waters rage?
Perhaps some parent's sudden tale
Falls heavy on the ear,
Or some sad thought for the distant
Wakens the drowsy ear.

Perhaps the idle current
Will kiss the sullen shore,
While the brooklets gathered waters fall
With dull, unceasing roar
Perhaps my spirit saddens
At thy quiet seeming,
When the lost ones of every land
Are 'neath thy waters sleeping

But yet, I love to gaze upon
The solemn, mouldering sea;
Or mark the reddened Western light
Fade from the shadowed sea.
But I cannot smile when near thee
My soul is wrapt in dreams,
And yet I love the mystery
That shrouds thy hidden themes.

Margaretville, July 20, 1850.

THE WELCOME SABBATH.

Return, thou wished and welcome guest!
Thou day of holiness and rest!
Thou best, the dearest of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven!

Christian Miscellany.

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

Hindrances to the Gospel.

There is a great, and in many respects melancholy, change in the character of the times, in reference to secular pursuits. Competition now urges every man in business to throw his whole soul into it, and to pursue it with an ardour that only needs to be transferred to religion to insure the speedy conversion of the world. The difficulty of securing wealth or even competence in the ordinary path of labour, "the haste to be rich," and other causes, have led many to engage in speculations which have not only hazarded their own commercial safety, but have, in many instances, ruined both themselves and others. The effect of such excessive pursuit of wealth is soon to be seen in the abatement of religious fervour, in the increase of mere formalism, and in conformity to the spirit, fashion, and practices of the world. The love of the Father cannot abide in us conjointly with the love of the world. We do not scruple to say, that this engrossing pursuit of secular business, which men deem to be necessary to their securing a growing respectability, and a full enjoyment of the pleasures of life, has a large share in the causes of the comparative barrenness of our own, as well as of other sections of the Christian church. Attend more on week-day services—preaching, prayer-meetings, and class-meetings—become more rare just when most needed. The private study of the Scriptures is supplanted by the ledger and cash-book, and holy meditation on the things of God by the things of worldly commerce; and thus that fine tone of spirituality, by which alone the soul can be preserved in peace in the midst of unworldly anxiety, and heavenly commerce be maintained amid the bustle of the exchange, the market, and the shop, is deteriorated, if not lost. The Holy Spirit forsakes the region of storms and troubled waters, and retires to bless those who seek peace in secret meditation, and prayer, and praise.

Nor can we overlook the influence which politics have upon the general interests of religion. At all times these are sufficiently engrossing; but of late years they seem to have received a new impulse, and become a part of the general aliment and stimulus of the national mind. Indeed, even among professors, the newspaper often rivals the Scriptures, and political party-spirit profanes the sanctuary. We ought to seek the good of the city wherein we dwell; but the true interest of the nation is bound up in the interests of religion and Protestantism; in honouring God's Sabbaths; and in exhibiting His word to a supremacy above all expediency and philosophy, and political, educational, or other surface principles. Religion has of late years suffered greatly by the excitement of worldly passions among its professors; by the adoption of worldly principles for the regulation of the spiritual affairs of Christ's church; and by trusting to the efficacy of worldly systems that cannot reach the heart, for the well-being of society, and the regeneration of the world. The visible draws us away from the invisible; and obvious agency in the church has lessened our dependence and confidence in the Almighty Spirit.

We have also to lament the perversion of a great good,—namely, general, but imperfect, education, which turns away thousands from the reception of the truth; and also a growing evil, in the abuse of the Lord's day. The general increase of the ability of the people to read, has accidentally led to the increase of a strong population of infidelity in the masses of our population. That spirit which, in the higher and more educated classes, manifests itself in philosophical objections, and the array of science

against Christianity, is evinced in the humbler classes by a more offensive, but not more guilty, a more practical, but not more rational, infidelity, neglect, and opposition. The neglect of the truth and worship of God, and the preference of useless, frivolous, and profane writings, is most lamentable. The same spirit which in some fritters away the sacred obligations of the Lord's day by pretence of argument,—in the lower orders issues in total disregard of its divine ends, and leads them to employ it as a day of idleness or pleasure. The one evil against the doctrines of Christianity; the other disregards its claims altogether. The press feeds the appetite which education has awakened, with infidel and poisonous books; the railway has introduced a cheap, ready, and attractive means of worldly pleasure, and excited a feverish desire for it, which is spreading with all the rapidity of a moral epidemic; and both direct their ingenuity and energy to the production of a pecuniary harvest from that day which God made for man's rest, and for divine worship and service. And we regret to find that even some professed Christians, while they teach and train their own children to remember and keep holy the Sabbath day, do not refuse to sanction, and to accept the profits of, systems which threaten the abolition of the poor man's greatest blessing. Such evils cannot but greatly hinder the Gospel of Christ; and will assuredly cause God to withhold His blessing from His church.—*Wesleyan Conference Address of 1847.*

The Church on the Rock.

How unchangeable is the rock on which the Gospel of Christ! Persecution and persuasion have been employed against it by turns.—The brute of the stadium, and the bayonet of the soldier have been had recourse to in turns, in order to crush it; but it has risen from every conflict radiant with greater beauty; the hundred hands of infidelity cannot destroy it; the branch of the oak may as soon be broken by the waves that settle on it, or the rock be uprooted by the sea birds that caw above it, as Christianity by its opponents, or finally and fatally betrayed by its professed friends. The Church may be in danger, but Christianity never; the Chapel may be deserted, but Christ will have a people; the Minister may become apostate, but Jesus Christ remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever; the earthen vessel may be broken to shivers, but its precious contents will be unscathed, and its fragrance spread only the wider.

In sunshine and in storm, by night and by day, through good report and through bad report, the great mission of the gospel has been carried on with various success.—Its sacred banner has been borne by saints and martyrs, with the wind and against the wind, from the Jordan to the Tiber, the Thames, the Nile, and the Mississippi. Its glad sound has been lifted up and heard on the sea waves, amid the noise of cataracts, and the tumults of the people; the communion table has been spread in all places of the earth; and the baptismal font has been filled from all waters, from the fountains of Nature, and from the roaring geyser of Northern lands. And wherever that blessed gospel has been received in simplicity, it has achieved the most beneficent results.—It has no sooner had its consecrating hand upon the poor, than they have felt unspcakably rich. It has no sooner touched the shackles of the slave, than disenfranchised and unfettered, he has stepped into that freedom with which the truth makes free. Crushed and contrived as it has been at every step, it has dotted the broad earth with holy temples as with stars, and made them the rallying places for the overburdened hearts and shattered hopes of the children of men. In spite of fierce opposition, it has been woven into the literature of nations, and into the languages of the

earth. At this day it gives some of its colouring to the conversations of coteries, and to the talk of the streets. It still enters palaces with the majesty of a queen, and descends into cottages with the cordiality and kindness of a mother or a sister. It mingles with our griefs, and waits upon our sickness. It hallows the ties of marriage, and mitigates the separation and the sorrow of the grave. It is the joy of the good, the strength of the weak, the hope of the wise, the glory of saints—and, blessed be God, it shall know no end; its "silver cord" never shall be loosed, its "golden bowl" shall never be broken.—*Rev. John Cumming's Lectures.*

Dying Words of Wilberforce.

"Come and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterward putting his arms around that friend he said, "God bless you, my dear." He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said, "I must leave you, my kind friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear F——, do not weep; for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness, till I found Christ as a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses I never read any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience of the saints of old, has been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with his friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; yet I do not love you less, but God more."

Prayer.

Prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, the first sorrow of the human heart; or rather, man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore him was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love which he raises towards the Creator, does not perish on his passing from the earth; it ascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride; as an homage to him to whom homage alone is due—the Infinite Being.—*Lamartine.*

Sublimary Possessions.

I saw a child blowing soap-bubbles, one of which rose and floated beautifully in the calm air. It reflected all the colours of the rainbow. The child was in transports of delight, and turning to his companion exclaimed, "Oh! Henry, what money we would get for that if it could be kept!" It began to descend, and the boy held his hat to receive it. The beautiful bubble alighted, but no sooner did it do so than it vanished, leaving behind nothing but a few drops of soapy water.—"There," said the child with a sigh of disappointment, "it's only soap and water after all!" How much, thought I, like that bubble are all sublimary possessions!