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Poetry.

Appended to his Jubilee Sermon, Rt. Rev the Bishop (Doane) of New Jersey, read the following original lines—which, we think, possess much merit. The happy thought of the semblance of the Banyan tree to the church of God, in its tendency to propagate itself,—is most felicitously carried out:

FICUS RELIGIOSA.

The Banyan of the Indian Isles
Strikes deeply down its massive root;
And spreads its branching life abroad,
And bends to earth with scarlet fruit;
And, when the branches reach the ground,
They firmly plant themselves again;
Then rise and spread, and droop and root—
An ever green and endless chain.

And so the Church of Jesus Christ,
The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast rooted upon Zion's Mount,
Has sent his sheltering arms abroad;
And every branch that from its springs,
In sacred beauty spreading wide,
As low it bends to bless the earth,
Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,
The sacred Banyan still shall spread;
From clime to clime, from age to age,
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed;
Nations shall seek its "pillared shade,"
Its leaves shall for their healing be;
The circling flood that feeds its life,
The blood that crimsoned Calvary.

THE BUILDERS OF THE ARK.

BY MRS. AIDY.

The Ark is on the waters, and one family alone,
Amid a lost and guilty race, its saving succour own.
Why are so few a number, to the sacred shelter brought?
Where are the many builders, who the wondrous structure wrought?

Alas! they laboured at their task, with cold mechanic skill;
They had no hope of future grace, no fear of future ill;
Vainly the holy ark they view, vainly its refuge crave—
Others are by their efforts saved, themselves they cannot save.

May not the record of their fate, a warning truth convey,
To some who in religion's cause, unwearied zeal display?
Our anxious cares extend to all, our active works abound,
But say, within our secret hearts is true devotion found?

We send the blessed book of life, to cheer the heathen's night,
But do we duly read and prize, its words of holy light?
Where bands of pious Christians meet, we eagerly repair,
Do we with equal fervor breathe our solitary prayer?

The sinful we reclaim and warn, the ignorant we teach;
We place them in the narrow road, a land of joy to reach;
How dire the thought, that, while they bless their turn
and friendly guide,

They may attain the gates of heaven, and raise us from
their side!

Our prompt and ready labours, may the praise of man
demand;
But God's unfeeling wisdom, seeks religion's hidden part,
And marks if true and vital faith, be cherished in the
heart.

Yet let us not unmindful, of our erring brethren prove;
No, let increasing energy, inspire our deeds of love:
But while to save another's soul, our ardent zeal is
shown,

O, let us watch with ceaseless care, the welfare of our
own.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Prayer was too Long.

Well, that is a fault. We have no model in the Bible for a long prayer. The longest recorded is that of Solomon, upon the momentous, special occasion of the dedication of the Temple. The deliberate offering of this would scarcely occupy eight minutes.—One of the shortest, that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," may be offered in one breathing; and it was heard and answered. "Lord, save, I perish," and "Lord help me," are patterns of earnest, ef-

fectual prayer. Earnestness utters its desires directly, briefly, even abruptly. We are not heard because of "much speaking."

The prayer was too long. It is certainly difficult for us to concentrate our thoughts with the intensity that devotion requires, for a long time, or to maintain without weariness the proper attitude of prayer. Remembering this, he who leads publicly in prayer, representing not simply his own desires, but those of the congregation, should go no further than he may reasonably hope to carry with him their thoughts and devotions. All beyond this, if it be sincere, is private prayer, and should be uttered in the closet; if it be not sincere, it is hypocrisy.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps the good brother did not know it. In the self-forgetfulness of the devotion perhaps he took "no note of time." As the prayers of the social meeting are generally too long, he was but extending a bad custom. Now, if you were kindly to mention it to him, not complainingly, but as though you really desired to promote his usefulness and influence might it not have a good result? Just try it, and if he is a reasonable Christian he will thank you for it.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps your own heart was not in a proper frame to sympathise with the devotions. You did not pray in private before you came to the public meeting, and consequently you wanted a praying spirit. There was then but little fellowship of spirit between you and the brother who sought to express what ought to be your desires; and if his heart was warm and yours cold, it is no wonder that you thought the prayer too long.

The prayer was too long. Was there any preaching in it? Sometimes brethren aim to instruct the congregation, and substantially turn their prayers into exhortations, or statements of doctrine. I think in all such cases it would greatly add to the interest and profitableness of the meeting if a division was made, and the things that differ were separated.

The prayer was too long. Was it formal and heartless? Without unction and earnestness, did it seem as though the brother prayed merely because he was called upon without appearing to have any special errand to the throne of grace? Did he seem to pray merely to fill up the time, or to perform his part in the prescribed routine of service? Was it the same old stereotyped prayer which he always offers, as though circumstances never changed, and our wants and supplies were always the same? If it were so, then the prayer was certainly too long, even if it occupied only one moment.

There may not be much poetry, but there is common sense and piety in the following stanza:—

"Few be our words, and short our prayers,
When we together meet;
Short duties—keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet."

The Power of Sorrow.

Sanctified sorrows, what power they possess! God has chosen his people in the furnace of affliction. *Afflictions sanctified* take the heart away from the vanity of earth, and fix it on the things above.

If riches vanish, you are more ready to think of the treasures that are laid up in heaven. If honours fade, you will think more highly of the honour that comes from God only. If your reputation be injured by calumny, it will seem a small thing to be judged of man's judgment. If you make yourself, as our blessed Saviour did, "of no reputation," you will look up to God and enjoy his approving smile.

If friends are removed by death, your eyes follow them upward, as the prophet's did his ascending master. If they have gone to rest in the embrace of their Saviour, you catch their falling mantle, and are led to aspire to the same glorious state. Tell us, young mother, since God took your beautiful babe and dressed it for the skies, and made it an angel of light, has not the world

seemed poorer and heaven more replete with glorious realities? Tell us, aged parents, from whom God has taken a daughter in the pride and beauty of early womanhood, quenching the light of her cultivated talents on earth, and veiling all her acquired accomplishments from the eyes of mortals, what think you now of heaven? Does it not seem more certain and more near, more bright and beautiful?

I ask that aged mother who sits infirm beside the death-bed of her son, and watches the decay of his manly form till the staff of her declining days is broken, and she is left to sigh over the remembrances of his infant years and prattle, and his boyish actions and youthful impulses, and the kind and yearning spirit with which he always returned to her after seasons of absence, what thinkest thou now of heavenly things? Is not heaven nearer because earth is drear? Do not the many mansions glitter more brilliantly before thine eyes?

I ask that widowed Christian, from whom God has snatched away the husband of her youth, and the light of her eyes, and who remembers to-day his well-known step and the accents of his voice, accents that ring still in her ear when she thinks of him, let thy bruised spirit testify—how do heavenly things now appear, since earth is bereft of its chief joy?

I make a similar appeal to that husband who has been called to lay a beloved wife in the grave, and has just now awakened to the fact that he did not duly appreciate her when living. She was so gentle that you was not aware of the power of her womanly influence over you, and so uncomplaining that you did not appreciate her claim upon your sympathies. You think now of the brightness of her countenance on the day of your espousals, of the many little contrivances which she employed for your happiness. You knew she was mortal, and yet you felt that she could not leave you, that she must not die. But the pale destroyer came; the bloom fled from her cheek; the light of her eye was quenched; and that face which had been so full of life became cold in death.—Have you, bereaved husband, bowed to God's dispensation and kissed the rod? How, then, do heaven and earth compare, after such a stroke as this? Does not the world appear "a paltry, naked waste."

"A dreary vale of tears?"

Does not heaven seem more desirable, and more near? Does it not appear to you more like the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven?—*Am. Messenger.*

Go at Duty's Call.

"I shall still advance till He, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks proper for me to stop."

Constantine, on foot, with his lance in his hand, was tracing the line which was to be the boundary of his future capital, Constantinople. His assistants, astonished at the growing circumference, remarked "that he had already exceeded the most ample measure of a great city." He replied, "I shall still advance till He, the invisible guide that marches before me, thinks proper to stop."

Could we but believe that Constantine was sincere in this,—that he did actually deem himself led by an invisible presence, into whose confidence he had thrown himself, and whose directions he was resolved to follow at all hazards, from a pure sense of moral obligations, we should see in him a far better man than has yet been discovered in the first Christian emperor. But, however sincere or insincere he might have been in his avowal of following a supernatural guide, the words he employed are full of suggestion. They remind us of Elijah, who will show himself to Ahab at the instance of the Spirit of God; of Daniel, who stops not short of the lion's dreadful den; of Paul, who will go up to Jerusalem, following an invisible Divine presence; and espe-

cially of the Son of God, who stops not short of Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and Calvary.—They remind us, too, of Luther, going to meet his bloodthirsty foes, and of the poor Englishman whom all England could not buy. But, not least, they remind us of what *we ought to be*, and so, indirectly, of what weak irresolute things *we are*. We ought to be bound by love and fear to our duty, incapable of falling behind it.

Every man has his work to do in the moral world, comparable to the building capital empire cities. This he must leave for God and his providence and his own co-working common sense to mark out. And while this is being done, he must say to passion, pride and love of ease, as they rise up astonished, and bid him to stop and attend to their claims, "I shall still advance, till duty bids me stop. The glory of God shall be the law of my life." While the day lasts, I shall plan just as largely, and execute just as laboriously, and sacrifice just as extensively as that law shall require. No threats shall awe me, no terrors shall make me afraid; no "lo! here," shall divert me, and no smiles shall seduce me! That law shall be my only "pathfinder." Thus should every man meet and hush the clamours of short-sighted utilitarianism; thus should he cast all his passions behind him; thus silence and subdue them, as Satan was silenced and subdued by the Son of God.

I WILL DO MY DUTY. He who can say that intelligently, can say anything that is noble. He is a moral hero. His greatness towers. The world can sit in the shadow of it. It reaches to the throne of God. It implies no noble birth, no giant stature, nothing prodigious. It implies only what every man possesses,—abilities which every man is, under God, capable of developing from himself. It implies simply that a person will do his duty, whether it be untrifling to breast the mountain storm, or unsexed to dwell in the sunny vale. Who says, I will do my duty? and how many are saying Amen?—*Morning Star.*

The lost Bank-note.

Mr. A.—was an irreligious man, nearly sixty years of age. He had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language. One day last winter, he lost a bank-note in his barn. He sought for it several times, but could not find it. At length he said to himself, "That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note.

He had told me, two months before, that he knew that his soul was not right with God, and he intended to live a better life, and seek salvation. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note, he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked, "What must one do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank-note." She said no more. It was a word "fitly spoken." He tried to follow the direction, and thinks that, through the grace and mercy of Christ, he found the "pearl of great price," and rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

There is a treasure for you, reader, precious beyond the power of words to express. There is salvation and heaven for you, and eternal glory, if you will seek it with all your heart, believing that it can be found, and resolved to find it. If you have not sought it thus, you have disparaged it, treating it as if it were not worth such earnest regard.—*Am. Mess.*

PERSEVERANCE.—A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry?