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Poetry.

THE SEASONS.

How pleasing is the voice
Of God our Heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!

Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
Through earth and skies.

The morn, with glory crowned,
Her hand arrays in smiles;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze
His breath perfumes:
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms:
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
His gifts divine,
Through all appear:
And round the year
His glories shine.

THE UTMOST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIOURNEY.

"He is able to save to the uttermost."

The utmost—upon the skirts
Of the far host of life,
Who share not, on the heights of power,
Its glory, or its strife,
They bear the burden and the toil,
Nor banner lift, nor plume,
Yet there's an Eye that marks them all
Amid their rayless gloom.

The utmost—the last in sin,
The lost, whom men condemn,
And banish from the realm of hope,
He careth even for them:
He listeneth at their prison-gate
For prayer, or contrite sigh;
He knocketh long, he knocketh late,
Even where is no reply.

The utmost—till life recedes,
Even to the latest sand
Of time's most frail and brittle glass,
He still doth waiting stand:
He bendeth o'er the dying man
Till the glazed eye is dim;
He saveth to the uttermost,
That all may trust in Him.

—American Messenger.

Christian Miscellany.

"We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts
and reasonings of pure and lofty saints.—Da. S. CURR.

For the Wesleyan.

Death of Moses.

'Twas morn! The gorgeous rays of the
sun fell lovingly upon lofty mountains and
fertile plains, and rested on the assembled
multitude that gathered around their leader.
The day was glorious, but they heeded it not,
for they were listening to the last words of
him they loved. The decree had gone forth,
the words had been spoken, and the great
and mighty Moses was about to die. The
spirit of prophecy had been given, and he
called once more his people, to give utterance
to the many thoughts that swelled his heart,
and take a last farewell.

Methinks it was a lovely sight! The pro-
phet of the Lord, who had rescued the Isra-
elites from the bondage of Pharaoh;— who
had guided them through the perilous jour-
ney of the wilderness;— who had guarded
them from danger, and now, after many
hardships, had safely conducted them in view
of the promised land;— was gazing on them
for the last time.

And what were the feelings that filled their
hearts as they returned his gaze? Perchance
they remembered the food from Heaven;—
the raising of the Brazen Serpent;— the
pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night;
perchance they also thought of their rebelli-
ous murmurings;— of the Golden Calf at

which they bowed even while their leader
was pleading in their behalf to the God of
Hosts;— or bitterly blaming themselves as
the cause of his banishment from the prom-
ised land; for angered at their wilful impos-
tunities, he twice struck the rock from which
gushed the cooling water, thereby provoking
the wrath of the Almighty.

Perchance these feelings rushed rapidly
through their minds as they gathered round
him; and though the emotions of his heart
were fearful, no outward indications betray-
ed the inward storm, but with calm and lofty
brow, with earnest eye and outstretched hand,
he uttered words that sent an answering thrill
through every heart. "The Eternal God is
thy refuge, and underneath are the everlast-
ing arms"—then, with a murmured blessing,
a fond embrace, he turned away and slowly
ascended the mount.

Upwards and still up he went, till pausing
on a lofty summit, he gazed around. Above
him in towering majesty rose Mount Nebo;
below him were Israel's snowy tents, and
the children of his love, his wilful murmur-
ing children,— but he had been their father
for forty weary years, and oh! 'twas hard to
part! and as their mingled lamentations fell
upon his ear, rising in one long strain of
sorrow, he bowed his head, and closed his
eyes, for their every sob seemed to add
a new pang to his anguish, and sever one by
one the ties that so long had bound them.

'Twas but for a moment. The feeling that
had caused his frame to tremble, and sent
the life-blood with a sickening rush unto his
heart, — had passed away, and with uplifted
brow, and meekly folded hands, he gazed
again upon the Promised Land, as in all its
glorious beauty it lay spread before him.

The sight was soothing to his soul. The
blue sky with its light fleecy clouds, floating
in the clear ether was above. The sweet
cool breeze swept gently o'er his brow, seat-
tering the silver hairs. The sunshine gleam-
ed brightly o'er the waters, as with their rip-
pling murmurs they danced gaily by. The
lowing of cattle fell on his ear, and fairy
birds, with many coloured plumage and joy-
ous melody, flew to and fro.

But not only did the beautiful landscape
smiling in calm tranquility, meet his eye.—
The past he had reviewed, and now the
future also was given to his sight. He saw
the manger of Bethlehem, with its bright
benignant star. He heard the birth-song of
the angels; the joyous shout of the adoring
shepherds. Jerusalem, in its glory was
before him, and the majestic form of the
world's Redeemer, weeping o'er its final ruin.

He witnessed the scene in the garden of
Gethsemane, when the mighty struggle of a
bleeding heart, found utterance in the words,
"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass
from me, yet not my will, but thine be done."
The misty summit of Mount Calvary rose in
the distance, through whose dim-folding
clouds there gleamed a Cross.— An open sep-
ulchre appeared, in whose dark recesses
had lain the form of the crucified, the risen
Saviour.

He gazed as if life itself would pass in that
long, last, look, then laying down, as it slowly
vanished from his sight, God kissed his
willing spirit from his lips.

He laid him calmly down as if
To sleep a sweet brief sleep,
Unmindful of the throb below
Who stayed to mourn and weep.

The cold hard rock—his only bed,
His covering—the sky,
No pillow held his weary head,
But angels lingered by.

God sweetly kissed from those still lips,
The spirit meek away,
And left upon that mountain bleak,
The timent of clay.

His was a good and glorious life,
A far more glorious death,
For watched by angel bands he died—
Died on Jehovah's breath.

Baltimore, Md.

ANNINA

The Bible Plan of Benevolence.

We deem it essential to keep before the
mind the three simple principles, that

"every one" give, and give *statedly*, and
"as the Lord prospers him." In these
principles, scripture inculcations unite; they
are combined with divine wisdom in the
apostolic injunction, 1 Cor. 16: 2; and
have, so far as we know, the unanimous ap-
proval of intelligent and benevolent Chris-
tians.

A clergyman of Connecticut expresses
the sentiments of very many: "I do most
heartily rejoice in what has been done to call
attention to this *vital* interest of the church
and kingdom of Christ. I have acted
substantially upon this principle ever since
I entered the ministry. When in the Theo-
logical Seminary, I resolved to give at
least one-tenth of all I might receive. God
has prospered me. I have supported my
family comfortably, and been enabled to
give nearly \$1,200 to benevolent societies.
I mention this as the result of a *system*
which I early was persuaded, by God's Spi-
rit as I hope, to adopt for myself, and which
I do most heartily commend to all for their
own good, as well as for the sake of the
great cause."

The benefits of early adopting a system,
in its *keeping the heart warm and checking
avarice in mature life, and under the intor-
tuous influence of riches*, are admirably
illustrated in the history of a wealthy Eng-
lish banker. He had taken the Rev. Mr.
Knill into his carriage to attend a public
meeting; when the conversation turning on
benevolence, the banker remarked, "Few
know the *struggles of a man of wealth*, when
conscience whispers that he is but a steward,
and ought, out of his abundance, to give
largely." He proceeded familiarly to re-
trace his own history. His mother was a
poor but pious widow, and got him into a
wholesale West India house as an errand-
boy. He rose to be junior, then senior
warehouse-man and book-keeper. As soon
as he had a salary, he solemnly devoted a
tenth of his income to the cause of his Savi-
our; and he says, "Great was my delight
in laying aside the Lord's portion of my
first quarter's wages; it was *prayed over*,
and I entreated him to strengthen me to
keep my resolution." His employers were
also bankers, and were very prosperous.
He rose to be cashier with increased salary,
still consecrating a tenth. At length he
became junior partner. "The times were
prosperous," he says, "we made a great
deal of money, my share was large; now
came the tug of war. I had given my ten,
twenty, thirty pounds a year without a strug-
gle; but now when it amounted to ten times
as much, the desire to accumulate was
strong within me. I was rising in the
world; my expenses were increasing; and
many feelings hitherto dormant in my heart
strongly developed themselves. As was my
duty, I made it a subject of prayer, and was
enabled to keep my resolution. For many
years I passed through the same ordeal;
but by God's grace, I have still been en-
abled to devote a tenth of my income. His
blessing has rested on me. I have for four
years been head of the house. My fortune
has increased. Ere long I must render an
account of my stewardship. My only regret
is that I have not done more for my Savi-
our's cause."

The true Christian, God's Witness in the World.
You who have the Bible, and do not read
it, (says one,) or who read it and do not be-
lieve it, or who believe it and do not obey
it; you are, be assured of this, one of the
greatest obstacles to the triumph of the
Divine word.
If your life corresponded to your profes-
sion; if your hearts were penetrated by the
truths of the Christian religion; if your
conduct were conformable to it in all points,
your example would be its most effectual
recommendation.
The Eternal says to you, "Be ye my
witnesses." The witness which God re-
quires of you in order to convince the world
is your love, is your holiness, is your like-

ness to your Saviour. In refusing Him
this witness, you betray His cause; and
your repentance, your transgressions of
His law, your love of the world, the contra-
diction, in short, between your belief and
your works, retard the advance of God's
reign and the acknowledgment of revealed
truth in the world. Be ye awakened; be
ye converted yourselves, and, all around
you, men shall be awakened and converted.

Disciples of Jesus Christ, the more the
practical confirmation of the Christian theo-
ry shall be striking, the more your love shall
be burning and constant; your seat indis-
putable and wise; your piety contempla-
tive and active; your prayers humble and
confident; the more, in short, that you re-
semble your Master, the more valuable and
successful will your witness be. Rousseau
has said, "Take away the miracles of the
Gospel, and the earth will be at the feet of
Jesus." We say, Let lukewarmness be re-
placed by life, worldliness by holiness, self-
ishness by love in every professing follower
of Christ; and where the Gospel shall have
accomplished this magnificent miracle,—this
miracle which it alone can accomplish,—the
whole world shall believe in the Gospel.—
Christian Miscellany.

The Spoiler Spoiled.

Mary, the Queen of England, was a vio-
lent persecutor of the Protestants. Having
brought to the block and the stake multi-
tudes in England, Scotland and Wales, she
reached forth her hand to vex them of Ire-
land. She had signed a commission (1568)
authorizing the persecution and annihilation
of all Irish heretics, which was committed
for execution to Dr. Cole, a zealous son of
Rome. The Doctor immediately starts for
Ireland to execute the bloody mandate of
the Queen. At Chester, where he is to
embark, he communicates to the Mayor the
nature of his errand to Ireland, at the same
time pointing to a box, which to use his
language, contained "that which shall lash
the heretics of Ireland." The good woman
in the house where they were, (Elizabeth
Edmonds,) a friend to the Protestants, who
had a brother in Dublin, hearing these
words, was not a little troubled. Therefore,
watching her opportunity, she opens the
box, takes out the commission, and places
in its stead a sheet of paper in which she
had carefully wrapped a pack of cards with
the knave of clubs uppermost. Suspecting
nothing, the Doctor, the wind and the weath-
er favouring, next day set sail for Dublin.
He immediately appears before the Lord
Deputy and the Privy Council, makes his
speech, declaring the nature of his mission,
and presents his box to the Lord Deputy;
which on opening, nothing appears but a
pack of cards, the knave of clubs staring his
lordship in the face. The Lord Deputy and
Council were amazed, and the Doctor was
confounded; yet insisted that he had started
with a commission, such as he had declared.
The Lord Deputy answered: "Let us have
another commission, and we will shuffle the
cards in the meantime." The Doctor, chag-
rined, returns to England, appears at court
obtains another commission, but is now de-
tained by unfavourable winds; and *while
waiting, the Queen is called to her dread ac-
count*, and thus God preserves the Protest-
ants of Ireland. "Behold, He that keepeth
Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."
Hand of God in History, by H. Read.

Sleep.

Holy sleep! for this very reason one
likenes thee unto death. In one moment
thou pourest more Letho over the memory-
tablet of wearied and lacerated man than
the waking of the longest day. And then,
thou coolest the agitated, inflamed breast,
and man arises again worthy of the morn-
ing sun. Be blessed to me until thy dream-
less brother comes, who calms yet mureh
longer and more effectually.