



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

The Emigrant.

Pale Emigrant, a busy throng are near thee,— Yet all unheeding thou the while dost stand, Child, to its mother prattling, passeth by thee,— And cherished links of many a household band. Yet I can well divine why so uncaring, For the gay, busy, jostling crowd art thou; Visions of native land and home are glancing, Before thy memory's faithful mirror now. Far, far away, across the ocean lying, In placid beauty those green hills of thine;— Brings not their image to these saddening feelings, Huddling, and yet possessing balm benign? In that embowered cottage, oft times sighing, Dwells not the chosen of thy bosom there? At morning, noon, and eve, for these ascendeth, From her pale lips the meek, yet ardent prayer. And thy fair boys: the eldest with his lovely And thoughtful brow,—and eyes that seem to tell Of deep, deep feelings, in his bosom hidden, And holy thoughts that yet are treasured well. Another, mainly in each word and bearing,— His every glance doth intellect bespeak; And oh! thy darling, how shall I describe him, With his dark flashing eye, and rosy cheek. For well I know their images are near thee, I know it by thy sad yet hopeless smile, Yet, home-sick stranger, though thy heart seems breaking 'Would that I could thee of thy woes beguile. Heaven sooth thee in thy grief, for man is heed- less, And cares not for his brother's lonely lot,— And oh! remember, though afar divided, Thou, in thy home, canst never be forgot. Cheer up, cheer up, thy heavenly Father careth, For thee, alike where'er thy steps may roam, He watcheth o'er thy path, that lonely seemeth, And will, in his good time, restore thee home. M. E. H.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Silver Cup

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

The Palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them as bright as mid-day. Among the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelins, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases filled with flowers stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shined in their frames above. In the great hall stood immense tables covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the sideboard glistened massive plate, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now high and bold, floated in through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness. All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jewelled embroideries flashed from Geneva velvet. Courteous congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup. "Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first born learn to insult his father?" The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit. "Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk deep in my heart. Let me repeat it, and then at thy command, I will drain the cup. I saw a labourer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments, and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished. "We went on, and father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was very, very lovely, fairer

than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendour of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned, her husband lay helpless on a couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

"Once more we paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moonbeams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move and gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn off his mantle, and his plumed cap was torn and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up and laughs over its victims, in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I too should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

The Duke looked wonderingly upon his first born, and then placing his hand gravely, yet fondly upon his head, answered:

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so shalt thou grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and moved by the same impulse, all arose while one of the number spoke:

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and thy rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated your father upon the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France, and of himself."

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family is numbered that silver cup.—Christian Watchman.

A Good Wife.

The Rev. William Jay, of Bath, England, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, gave his wife the following noble compliment. Being presented by the ladies of his congregation with a purse containing £500, after a few remarks, he turned to Mrs. Jay, and said, "I take this purse, and present it to you, madam—to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and therefore it is that it has been so well kept. Consider it entirely sacred—for your pleasure, your use, your service, your comfort. I feel this to be unexpected by you, but it is perfectly deserved. Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, I am sure there is not one here but would acquiesce in this if he knew the value of this female, as a wife, for more than fifty years. I must mention the obligation the public are under to her, (if I have been enabled to serve my generation,) and how much she has raised her sex in my estimation; how much my church and congregation owe to watchings over their pastor's health, whom she has cheered under all his trials, and reminded of his duties, while she animated him in their performance; how often she has wiped the evening dew from his forehead, and freed him from interruptions and embarrassments, that he might be free for his work. How much, also, do my family owe to her; and what reason have they to call her blessed! She is, too, the mother of another mother in America, who has reared thirteen children, all of whom are walking with her in the way everlasting." Prov. xxxi, 10, 12, 28: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spell. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

A Mother's Voice.

The editor of the Cincinnati Atlas concluded a notice of a visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, Ohio, by relating the following:—

"Of one, an intelligent and modest young lady, who had become deaf from sickness when two years and a half old, we inquired whether she could recollect anything of sounds or words. She answered that she could not. It occurred to us that there might have been at least one sound which might be remembered, even from that tender age, and we ventured to inquire whether she had no recollection of her mother's voice. It will be long before we forget the sweet, peculiar smile which shone upon her features, as, by a quick inclination of her head, she answered, yes. What a world of thought and feeling clusters around such a fact! In all her memory there is but one sound, and that is her mother's voice. For years she has dwelt in a si-

lence unbroken from without, but those gentle tones of love still linger in her heart. There they can never die; and if her life should be prolonged to threescore years and ten, o'er the long silent track of her life the memory of that voice will come, in loveliness and beauty, reviving the soul of weary old age with the fresh, lovely sounds of her cradle hours.—Michigan Farmer.

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THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, September 29, 1840.

METHODISM versus PRESBYTERIANISM.

In our last, we said, that the attempt of the Presbyterian Witness at illustrating the assumed superiority of Presbyterianism over Methodism, in the case cited, was the very lamest we had ever witnessed. We now proceed to sustain our charge. But, before doing so, let it be distinctly understood, that we have had, and still have, no disposition to altercation with our Presbyterian brethren, in general, or, with that portion of them designated the Free Church of Scotland, in particular. We have been on friendly terms, and, if permitted, desire to remain so. At the same time, we cannot consent quietly to witness an effort made to damage our ecclesiastical discipline, with the design of giving a fancied superiority to another, whilst we have within our reach ample means of self-justification. The Witness is the assailing party;—we act only on the defensive. For the results of this controversy we shall hold him accountable. In our christian simplicity, we had thought that Methodism, as a Church, deserved something better from the Free Church, than, that she should at this peculiar crisis, lend her aid to excite, or increase, the prejudice of the public mind. That such may be the anticipated effect wherever the Witness has influence, there is little doubt. We cannot so wrong our cotemporary as to intimate that his insinuations are without influence. He himself believes they are calculated to affect other minds, otherwise he would not pen them. But the deed, at which we complain, has been done, and whether the attempt will be repeated remains to be seen.

As well here, as elsewhere, we may observe, that the Witness raises no issue on the general discipline of Methodism. As yet he urges his claim for superiority on one plea only. Beyond the record, we, at present, shall not travel, but confine ourselves to it, until the point in hand be disposed of. Let us then hear the Witness:—

"We compared it (Presbyterianism) with Episcopalianism, on the one hand, and with Congregationalism, on the other, and shewed its admirable capabilities to preserve the golden mean between the bodily domination of the former, and the democratic confusion of the latter. We promised to return to the subject, and, occasionally, to give cases in illustration, with the view of bringing out its practical bearing more clearly, and more palpably. We proceed to the fulfilment of our promise, and give, as our first case, an occurrence, that has recently transpired, at the Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist body—an occurrence which has created an immense sensation, not only throughout the pale of that denomination, but throughout the whole

christian public. We allude to the case of discipline, by which three Ministers have been expelled from the body, and other two censured by the Conference, and pronounced disqualified, at present, for the office of Superintendent. We say, nothing as to the rightness or unrightness of the judgment. We are even ready to admit that the Conference had ample warrant, from the peculiarities of Methodism, for adopting the course it has. Our simple object is to consider the case, as a case of discipline, and to contrast its treatment, under Methodism, with its treatment under Presbyterianism when legitimately exercised."

In all discussions danger exists of "darkening counsel by words," and of grounding a judgment on matters totally irrelevant to the question to be determined. That our cotemporary, in the present case, has done so intentionally, we, in charity, should hope not; but that he has done so, in reality, we shall easily prove.

Will he bear with us, when we tell him he has not touched the point in hand,—that with all his elaborateness, he has not stated what the discipline of the Free Church really is, or what it would be, in a case precisely similar to the one of the recent Conference? This as well in honour, as in justice, was he bound to do, as he most gravely informs us, that his object, in introducing this case to the attention of his readers, was, to consider it "as a case of discipline, and to contrast its treatment, under Methodism, with its treatment under Presbyterianism when legitimately exercised."

We owe it to our readers to furnish them with the proof of the above allegation. What may lurk behind the phrase "legitimately exercised," we do not pretend to know. We have now to deal with what is unequivocally expressed. Our proof is the plain and undeniable language of the organ of the Free Church. After giving a version of the case—on the correctness or incorrectness of which we are not called upon at this stage of the discussion to express an opinion—and after stating the disciplinary act of the Conference to have been expulsion in some cases, and censure in others, the Witness says—(and we call attention to the statement)—

"And, what it may be asked, would have been the course pursued in a similar case, under Presbyterian Government? Supposing these anonymous publications" (referring to the Fly-Sheets) "to contain no heretical opinions, to involve no moral charge, which they did not, then, the probability is, that a Presbyterian would have taken no notice of them at all—leaving the individuals assailed to defend themselves." &c.

This then is the vaunted superiority of Presbyterian, over Methodist discipline! The difference of treatment is unquestionably great—the contrast striking. The Methodist treatment we know; but we confess we have been somewhat puzzled to discover what kind of Presbyterian discipline on a case that is, which consists in a Presbytery taking no notice of the case whatever! We have a shrewd suspicion that it must be very lax—so attenuated as to be invisible. In other words, we infer, that the deliberate judgment pronounced by the Witness contains an implied confession, that, for a case in all respects similar to the one with which the Conference had to deal, Presbyterianism, "when legitimately exercised," has no discipline. According to this view, the case in reality stands thus—

METHODISM—discipline versus

PRESBYTERIANISM—no discipline.

What then becomes of the "superiority" which the Witness claims?

But we cannot allow him thus easily to escape. He has given publicity to the "Methodistic treatment," but, though professedly citing it for the purpose of contrasting it with the superior mode of Presbyterian treatment,

he has, we repeat, ment out of sight, is that a Presbytery it at all." Whether the exercise of neither small no It is nothing mo the case. There except as we wo nothing. Now, in words, what, in the one which of Conference, wo or treatment of him, however, th to the righteous judgment" that n fining himself so the "peculiarit confer, "for the ed. We shall w the required ex forded, we shall the claims he pu Presbyterianism

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The fact is the Witness of discipline e ed, out of and required therefore ex plinary proc