

THE WESLEYAN.

26A (sub)

Vol. III.—No. 1.]

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC.

[Whole No. 105.]

Ten Shillings per Annum.
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1851.

Single Copies,
Three Pence.

Poetry.

THE INFANT'S MINIATURE.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

Yes! thou art here, my sainted babe! Thy lustrous eyes of blue,
The long dark fringe which o'er them Sleep as silken curtains drew;
The full red lip, the dimpled cheek, the polished lofty brow,
The matchless smile that lighted all—they're here before me now!
Yet years, long years have passed away since I, a mother blest,
And thou, a babe too fair for earth, didst nestle to this breast;
Thy rosy dreams were not more sweet than were my moments then,
But they are numbered now with pleasures that have been.
The most that I retain of thee is one small sunny curl,
A treasure I would not exchange for ocean's rarest pearl;
Though this bright picture, true to life, recalls thy infant charms
So vividly, I seem again to clasp thee in my arms.
'Tis beautiful to look upon, but only doth portray
Theasket, which a jewel held, that God hath borne away;
For shining in his dazzling crown is many an infant's eye,
And he required this precious one to deck that diadem.
And O! to paint a cherub's form, in vain the artist tries!
For 'tis his pencil must be dipped in azure of the skies;
Above the rainbow's hues and make the glittering stars
Its own.
For angel-beauty never yet in earthly colours shone.
So let me think of thee, my babe! as when thou wert of earth,
And like the picture, radiant with the smiles of infant mirth;
Forget the dismal hour when God recalled what he had given,
And hope to see thee as thou art, and claim thee still in heaven!

Christian Miscellany.

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

Look Above.

From the pointed summit of the Rigi, a mountain which rises as in a centre betwixt the valleys of Lucerne, Switz, and Zug, the prospect is as extensive as diversified, and indeed marvellous. Any traveller who has resorted to that peak, has found, if the sky were clear, that his most sanguine expectations were far below the reality, and that, indeed, the Rigi-view is a splendid one among the so numerous panoramas of Switzerland.

"What a magnificent range of wonders!" exclaimed a gentleman who was sitting, where I was myself, on the thick turf, opposite the north part of the view. "How grand, how mighty, how adorable is the Supreme Author of such things! Indeed, when I consider his works, where is displayed such a wisdom and such an omnipotence, I cannot admit there are men who do not adore the Almighty, who do not admire the Supreme Being, and who would not commit themselves entirely to the care of his Providence. For my part, sir, I declare to you that my deepest feeling is a boundless admiration and the most absolute adoration of that being who has created such marvellous works; and who supports and keeps them in being; and so gorgeously attires them with a myriad of beauties. Yes, sir, I desire to be a religious man, indeed! and cannot help feeling a sincere pity towards those who do not acknowledge, exalt, and adore that God who shows himself so powerfully, both to their eyes and to their minds!"

Traveller.—Magnificent indeed, and really grand and imposing is that scenery; and to God, the adoring creator and preserver of it, let us ascribe praises and adoration.

His power is eternal, and the works of his hands proclaim loudly that his wisdom is equal to his sovereign potency. Here, sir, we could be neither too deeply abased nor too humbly exalted. But pray, sir, are you not a painter? Did I not see you, yesterday afternoon, drawing the entrance of the forest?

Painter.—I am one, indeed, sir; and so the more do I value the beauties of nature, since I am led to contemplate both their forms and their colours. And as I told you, sir, I cannot understand a man who does not adore the Maker of that astonishing landscape.

Traveller.—And yet, sir, in that rapturous concert of so various voices, which rises from those Alps, mountains, forests, lakes, valleys, and wide perspectives, there is not a single note, a single accent addressed to the soul of a poor sinner. No, sir, we do not hear from all that immense nature, even one sound of grace. The name of Jesus, sir, is not written upon it!

Painter.—What sir, is not God, is not the maker of that rich nature, an all-good Being; and when I adore him, humbling my soul before his awful majesty, does he not receive with good will, and if it be needful, with mercy, the solemn homage of my mind? Is not my admiration, my praise, my deep adoration, the best service he requires from me, his creature? Do I not see, also, in the great Creator, my own protector and preserver?

Traveller.—Do understand me, I beg you, sir. Suppose I am in your painting-room, and there I see and contemplate with pleasure and admiration your skillful performances; your well-studied and learned compositions; and I praise justly, your accurate lines and fine colouring. So far I am, as you may see, in relation with you as with a man of genius and talent, and in that respect, I am decidedly better influenced than if I should pay no attention to your pictures. But, sir, all your works, be my admiration of them the greatest possible, do not even hint at your feelings towards me; and after perhaps many hours of wondering and praising, I part from you quite ignorant of my moral position with you. Are you for me a friend, or a foe? That I know not, all your beautiful pictures never said a word of it.—So is nature, sir; in it are "clearly seen" as says an apostle, "the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world; even his eternal power and godhead;" but nowhere in it is found the revelation of God's grace in Jesus. This knowledge does not issue out of material and visible things.

Painter, [starting with wonder].—Thanks, sir! many thanks, indeed! Never, till now, had I perceived that. . . . And yet nothing so obvious, so positive. No! true! Nature says nothing of redemption, of pardon and eternal life! Thank you! thank you! I must really think of it. In fact, sir, I must look above, look higher than these wonders. It is awful; awful, indeed. . . . I see it now!—Providence, Nature, Supreme Being, Great God, and so many other names, are not synonymous of that name Jesus! I confess, sir, that I was altogether mistaken.

Traveller, [affectionately].—Yes, dear sir, as the "name of Jesus is the only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," and since that magnificent scenery of the works of the Almighty never could lead us to Jesus, the duty, and the safety also, of our souls, is to look above this material nature, and to contemplate in the written revelation of God what this revelation of his power does neither manifest nor teach to men.—Dr. Casar Mullan.

Christianity needs to be argued for the putting down of infidelity and error; Christianity needs only to be stated for the purpose of producing conversion.—Chalmers.

Christian Education.

Any education of which our Immanuel is not the light and the life, discovers itself too soon in a sour, unblessed condition of society, in a bad public temper, and a dissolute state of manners. No device for advancing the substantial improvement of man can have success, unless the counsel of God is with it; and this it cannot have unless it minister to the divine life of the soul, and is the handmaid of Christian perfection. That a previous infusion of general knowledge is necessary to qualify for the reception and apprehension of religious truth, which is the favourite position of some modern theorists, is best answered by inverting the statement. Of all studies religion borrows least from the analogies and principles of other sciences, and, therefore, depends least upon antecedent cultivation. The column, based upon the Rock of Ages, rises majestically towards heaven, while the lights of learning play about the capital, and display its beautiful proportions. In all its essentials it is "perfect and entire, lacking nothing." It is the best corroborative of the mind, the most expeditious method of giving "wisdom to the simple." If it terminates in itself, it is well, and more than well. If it prompts to other studies and attainments, it not only invigorates the capacity for the task, but it secures them in a sacred subserviency to its controlling, ameliorating, and regulating influence. No unlettered man has ever yet made a progress in sound Christian knowledge, without a striking improvement in the tone and character of his mind. It carries him on from strength to strength, giving dignity, plan, and purpose to his acts, aims and objects. As soon as the religion of the Gospel is seated in the thoughts of the poor man, his existence becomes a whole; no longer a succession of impressions belonging to each hour as it passes, but an economy of acts and feelings harmonized in their relation to a common centre. He becomes a being of "large impulse, looking before and after," having a beginning and an end, a retrospect and a prospect in the use of his powers, his time, and his thoughts. He mounts above the dregs of his depraved nature. From a mere consumer of time, he becomes a provider for eternity. From being the slave of his momentary instincts, he feels himself raised into union with an infinite dispensation. But this can only be done by religion; pure, Bible-wide religion; not an unliving effigy, stuffed with rags and straw, and only mimicking the life-giving reality.—William Roberts, Esq.

Useful Suppressions.

Suppress that feeling of pride and self-complacency. If you wish to give glory to God, you will do well to keep self out of sight. Those are not really the most useful nor the most holy persons, who are so in their own esteem. The Lord does not delight in those who seek to rob him of his glory, nor dwell in the heart of the proud; "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." When you have come to consider yourself very necessary to the Lord's work; you, probably, will be laid aside.

Suppress that feeling of jealousy. You think yourself slighted. Others, you think, have more honour than you, when you are more deserving than they. Perhaps you think right; probably, however, your pride has over-estimated self, and underrated others. If it is true that you are not appreciated, and others are exalted to your prejudice, be not disturbed by it. It is a very small thing that you "should be judged of men's judgment." These little inequalities of the earth will soon be made all level. Whatever conduces to our humiliation cannot hurt us. The dangers of injury lie in the opposite direction. If you cherish jealousies and envyings, you can make yourself very uncomfortable, and do great in-

justice to others. If, through rich grace, you are enabled so to live as to deserve better than you receive at the hands of men, be thankful and satisfied.

Suppress that inclination to indolence or ease. It is unbecoming and un-Christian. You have no time to waste; no talents which you have a right to hide in the earth. The glory of God, the salvation of men, and your own salvation, require of you to "live by the moment." Your whole life is made up of seconds. What right have you to waste one more than another, or a few and not the whole? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." You know not which moment's work may be most blest.—New York Evangelist.

Sight of Prayer.

I was invited to aid a pastor in Delaware Co., Pa., during a revival about eleven years ago. A young man, now a missionary in New York, also assisted in the meetings for prayer. When I was about to leave I was accompanied on my way a mile or more by the pastor and the young man. We parted at a spot surrounded on three sides by woods; from the open side a field could be seen at some distance on a hill. Full of solemn feelings, we could not part without prayer. An old tree-top lay before us, and one of the company proposed to kneel down among its branches, not wishing any but the all-seeing Eye to rest upon us. All three prayed. We parted.

Three months afterward, a letter from the pastor informed me that among the persons received into his church, the fruits of the revival, was one who traced his first serious impressions, which resulted in his conversion, to the scene above described. While ploughing on the hill-side, he had seen three men bow together in prayer in the fallen tree-top, and the sight of prayer had so affected him, that he could find no peace until he became himself a praying man.

Thus is "praying in secret" rewarded openly. Thus varied are the ways which the Holy Spirit carries conviction to the conscience. Were Christians more frequently found on their knees, in their closets, in parting hours, and in social gatherings, there would be more converts to trace their religious impressions to the sight and hearing of prayer.—Messenger.

Conformity to the World.

"I conform myself in some points," says a professing Christian, "to the customs of the world, that it may not regard religion as a gloomy and repulsive subject, and that I may have an opportunity of doing good to my irreligious friends." If this popular plea be analyzed, it amounts to this: I lower the character of religion that men may think better of it. I disguise its strictness for the purpose of deceiving men. I become in some respects a man of the world, for the purpose of winning men over to a religion whose demand is—conform not to the world! I conceal those peculiarities which constitute Christianity, in expectation of making men love that which I plainly show I have no regard for myself! A wise soldier truly, that casts away his armour and then rushes into the midst of the battle! Such schemes we need only say, receive no countenance from scripture, and when resorted to, the result almost uniformly is, that instead of the world being benefited, the Christian is injured. He gave to the world a much more impressive example, who, when charged with being too precise in his religious conduct, replied, "I serve a precise God."

By the translation of Enoch and Elijah, God showed how men should have left the world if they had not sinned—not by death, but a glorious translation.—Matthew Henry.