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Poetry.

GIVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Give prayers: the evening hath begun;
No earlier than the rising sun;
Remember those who feel the rod;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can boundless blessings give:
Breathe prayers; through them the soul shall live.

Give alms: the needy sink with pain;
The orphans mourn, the crushed complain.
Give freely: hoarded gold is curst,
A prey to robbers and to rust.
Christ, through his poor, a claim doth make;
Give gladly, for thy Saviour's sake.

Give books: they live when you are dead;
Light on the darkened mind they shed:
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the germs of holy trust;
They wake untired when you are dust.

Give smiles, to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild;
It bringeth love, its guard to be—
It, helpless, asketh love from thee.
Howe'er by fortune's gifts unblest,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.

Give words, kind words, to those who err;
Remorse doth need a comforter.
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
Condemn not—we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

Give thought, give energy, to themes
That perish not like folly's dreams.
Hark! from the islands of the sea,
The missionary cries to thee:
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Patience is Eloquence.

Patience is eloquence! What though it be silent? Hath not the eye its language? cannot the wronged or the loving soul, tell its story there, though the voice be mute forever? The lips speak while they utter no sound, smiles arch their entrance or scorn curves them with a language that need not be measured in words. Is there not an eloquence in the life that schools itself to adversity, and patiently abides the will of its Heavenly Master, as calmly as the great sun waits for the cloud to pass from before its brightness.

Patience is eloquence; and eloquence teaches, subdues, refines, ennobles and enriches both soul and intellect. Think you not there was eloquence that told upon the heart of the captive Bruce, as he languished in voluntary banishment in his own dear Scotland? Indeed there was; the humble spider that shared his solitary cave, by his untiring perseverance, awakened him to action; roused once more the conqueror's spirit that had laid down to die in his bosom. And as that wonderful web floated from the rough walls above his head, he saw, glittering in mystic characters upon every silken fibre, the words, "never despair—wait—be patient."

Look at yonder quarry; rough and dark, it lines the cavity of some Italian bank; it was imbedded there in the arms of the yielding earth by an Almighty hand; and piled in mighty masses, layer upon layer, it seems defiantly to resist the strength of man. Near by stands a hewer with his heavy chisel, and the implements of his labour.

A huge block of marble, unshapely, and full of cavities, with ragged edges and projecting corners, rolls detached from its wall of adamant, and lies upon the soft sward where the grass and the little wild flowers, bolder its unwieldy sides. Look again! it

is no longer shining with dew beneath the grey portals of the morning sky. In a room narrow and high, where models from the antique, and casts of curious device are scattered lavishly around the walls, it stands an unsightly thing amid grace and loveliness.

Upon one side a child shakes from his waxen fingers, clinging sprays of myrtle and white lillies; upon the other a maiden unbinds her flowing tresses before an unseen mirror; here a youthful mother bends smilingly over a little babe, there an eagle spreads his glossy wings above the brows of warriors and statesmen, or a dove dips its beak into the crimson of an infant's lips,—and thus, encircled with these gems of patient art, stands the unpolished stranger, the sun from the high orient mellowly tinting its whiteness, yet imparting no warmth, no beauty.

Through the half-opened door, enters a man negligently attired; his eye, grown dark with concentration, lights up with a strange fire, as he stands with folded arms, before his new trophy. Why does he smile as his glance roves from point to point? why, with his forefinger does he mark lines, and curves and circles in the air? why walk round and round it with such exultant manner? His soul, in some bright form, has entered the lifeless mass, and he has but to strike off the crusted-crystal to reveal the fair proportions of his inner thought—some perfect and beautiful embodiment, that shall fill every mind with a portion of the inspiration that created it.

And now commences his labour; a day waxes and wanes, and as the evening sun sheds a glory on the inspired brow of the artist, and a living voice, soft and musical, calls him to repast and repose, still stands the lifeless marble, with here and there a shining fragment strewn the floor at its base. What has been done? you would deem nothing; on this side a little space of surface, smooth and bright,—that is all. Another day, and yet another; weeks, months, move laggingly along; still is the artist at his labour, his cheek now pale with care, now flushed with anticipation. But behold! the thought is bursting into being; up from the chaos of deformity springs brightness and beauty; life glows along the marble, penetrating as the gleaming chisel flies, the very veins of the bloodless stone; the very heart of the adamant rock.

Features, face, and form; how soft the grace that dwells in each sweet outline—patience, God's gifted child—and deathless fame awaits thee.

At length it is finished; bright like an angel, and as pure, it needs no crowning grace; and as the caressing fingers of the sculptor wander lovingly over the ivory whiteness of neck and brow, he feels that his is indeed a reward not of earth.

Patience is eloquence; what to the artist is the towering genius, the strong ability, the surrender of time and outlay of means, without its exercise? An impatient stroke of the chisel, where harmony and delicacy were requisite, would have ruined all; at times the finish of the minutest feature, demanded hours of patient attention and study; now, here stands patience rewarded; here shines forth the eloquence of patience.

So be patient, oh, man, whatever height thou art striving to attain. Check the fierce strife of young ambition, lest you listen not to the eloquence of patience. Would you enter the halls of science? would you be such a giant in knowledge that their very walls would tremble beneath your tread?—Then be patient over the midnight lamp; do not by your untimely haste deprive the world of a Franklin, a Johnson, a Beethoven, or a Michel Angelo. Do not strive with mere frescoing to adorn the chambers of the dread temple within you, but directed by the guiding hand of patience, strike out lasting monuments that shall stand for ages to come, forever blessing your memory with a continual presence of the great mind that hallowed them.

And thou, too, oh child of sorrow, whatever wrongs, cares or discouragements are yours, be patient. If the rich and the great persecute you, rail not; they will but mock and laugh, conscious that the random shots of your anger will glance back from their triple walls of gold. They have the power now, but be patient—wait; the eloquence of such patience, if it reach not the wealthy tyrant, falls like the music of a heart attuned to heaven, upon the never failing ear of God. He will be pleader for your cause, and judge of your oppressors. Wait and you will see the mysterious workings of His providence. Calumniated, misrepresented, and misunderstood, you may be the subjects of sad opprobrium, even friends may look askance, and your good name become a by-word of reproach. Vainly you will stem the tide with the impetuous torrent of contending words; the more you stir the fountain of black slander, the more will its impure depths defile the surface; be patient; let your lips be sealed; time is the arbiter of wrong, and God is the arbiter of time and wrong. As surely as the Almighty has said, "vengeance is mine" so surely, sooner or later, shall your fair fame appear in the eyes of all.

A good man bearing calmly and bravely the insults of an inferior foe, rendering no evil for evil given, looking to the Father which is in heaven for strength to stand amid all, patiently abiding till the right shall triumph, is a prouder monument to the power of true religion, than the costliest piles that for ages past have been consecrated to the Christian faith.

Many such have shown, while at the last admiring thousands have shouted their just praises, that patience is indeed eloquence.

The Face of an Angel.

It must have been a very strange and striking change that passed over the face of a prisoner at the bar, accused of blasphemy and treason, when, instead of turning pale with fear, his countenance shone with so much brightness, that "all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

I never saw an angel, and none of these Judges on the bench had ever seen one, but they saw something in Stephen's face that made them think of an angel; and it seems to me that if I should meet one in the street, as some have been met, I should recognise him as a visiter from a better world. Stephen's face answered to the idea of an angel as it dwelt in the mind of the Judges. We all have an image of angelic form and beauty that comes to us in our meditative hours, when thoughts of holiness and heaven, and high enjoyment in God's service, are in our minds. In early life such images have come to us in our dreams; and we have brought with us from the realms of sleep the memory of angels as they have stood around our pillows, or beckoned us to come up higher.—Jacob saw them in his sleep, and his dream was never forgotten. Still we do not know how "the face of an angel" looks.

Must it not be a face of exceeding purity? Is not that one thought suggested to the mind by an angelic countenance? Perfect sinlessness is reflected. But more than this. With the expression of freedom from sin, must there not also be some indication of love to God and all that is good, glowing like the sun, and burning to glorify Him whom it longs to be like? These images of infinite purity and holy love are combined in the idea of an angel. The tame picture of beauty, such as the painters seem to be satisfied with, scarcely answers the type a good man forms of the face of an angel.

Happiness, perfect and supreme, must reign in the heart of angels, and shine in the face. And was it not thus with Stephen, with the scowls of a hostile council on him? Joy was beaming there, so that any one who looked at him would know that he was happy, though bonds and imprisonment and a cruel death were before him.

All God's people ought to wear pleasant faces. There is no virtue in frowns, no piety in sour looks, no sin in a genial smile. If the heart is full of love to God and love to man, it ought to be a heart full of joy.

The face of a Christian ought to be as much like the face of an angel, as it is possible for the earthly to resemble the heavenly. Holiness and happiness should beam in the features. Then the world would take knowledge of Christians, that they live with God and are like him. Religion would be commended to those who have it not, as the source of highest joy. Angels would dwell with men; or at least we should often say of this or that saint, as we looked steadfastly on him, that his face is as "the face of an angel."

There is no poetry, no fancy, but practical truth, in this. Of all men in the world, the godly have the best right to be happy. And if the heart is right, the face ought to show it. Angels look happy because they are happy; and they are happy because they are always good and doing good.—*Christian Miscellany.*

Anecdote of Latimer.

It is related of Latimer, that when he once preached before that tyrant, Henry VIII., he took a plain, straightforward text, and in his sermon assailed those very sins for which the monarch was notorious, and he was stung to the quick, for truth always finds a response in the worst man's conscience. He would not bend beneath the authority of his God; but sent for Latimer, and said: "Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all you said to-day when you preach next Sunday." The trimming courtiers were all anxious to know the consequences of this, and the chapel was crowded. The venerable man took his text, and after a pause, began with a soliloquy, thus:

"Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of thy earthly monarch, thy life is in his hands, and if thou dost not suit his fancies he will bring down thy grey hairs to the grave; but, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who hath told thee 'fear not them that kill the body, and can do no more; but rather fear him who can kill both body and soul, and cast thee into hell forever!' Yea, I say, Hugh Latimer, fear him."

He then went on, and not only repeated what he had before advanced, but, if possible, enforced it with greater emphasis. After he had finished, Henry sent for him, and said: "How durst thou insult thy monarch so?" Latimer replied, "I thought if I were unfaithful to my God, I could not be loyal to my King." The King embraced the good old Bishop, exclaiming, "There is yet one man left who is bold enough to tell me the truth."

The proper object of thanks.

A lady applied once to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said,—

"When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Stop!" said the good man: "you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for the rain; teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

The Infidel Reproved.

When the Rev. Mr. — heard an infidel jestingly say once, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that Venerable Minister turned round, and said, in an accent of deep solemnity, "You may find, Sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

In the United Kingdom, it is said, there are above two thousand Bible organizations.