

THE WESLEYAN.

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SELECTED POETRY.

Mother, Home, and Heaven.

"The three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Mother—
The first fond word our hearts express,
In childhood's rosy hours,
When life seems full of happiness,
As nature is of flowers;
A word that manhood loves to speak,
When time has placed upon his cheek
And written on his brow
Stern lessons of the world's untruth,
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly pondered now;
As time brings back, 'mid vanished years,
A Mother's fondest hopes and fears.

Home—

The only Eden left untouched,
Free from the tempter's snare;
A paradise where kindred hearts
May revel without care;
A wife's glad smile is imaged here,
And eyes that never knew a tear,
Save those of happiness,
Beam on the hearts that wander back,
From off the long and beaten track
Of sordid worldliness;
To seek those purer joys that come
Like Angels round the hearth at Home.

Heaven—

The end of all a Mother's prayers—
The Home of all her dreams;
The guiding star to light our path,
With hope's encumbering beam—
The heaven for our storm-tossed barque,
From out a world where, wild and dark,
The tempests often rise—
But still in every darksome hour
This hope will rise with holy power,
And point us to the skies,
Where Mother, Home, and Heaven are seen
Without a cloud to intervene.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

FOR THE WESLEYAN.

The Gospel.

BY THE REV. R. COONEY, A. M.

This is a gracious—yea a divine constitution. It is not like the civil or political compact that obtain among men. These are often the conceptions of suspicion, and fraud; and the records of ambition and tyranny.—The Gospel is a great state document, issued by "The King Eternal, immortal, and invisible," and sealed with his own divine imprimatur. National treaties, municipal charters, &c. are obscured by technicalities and conventionalisms; and hence, after the lapse of ages, instead of being regarded as sacred, they are looked upon as myths or legends. The Gospel is in Christendom, what the burning bush was in the land of Midian. It is also "The ark," in which all may obtain refuge, and like "The Rainbow," it inspires our hearts with hope and confidence. The Star of Bethlehem—the Day Spring—the Sun of Righteousness—all these meet together in this blessed institution, and their various beams, bright and hallowed, mingled into one, shed their concentrated radiance upon all the world.

Without the gospel mercy could not have been legitimately developed, nor could justice have been satisfied. But here, "mercy and truth meet together, and righteousness and peace kiss each other." The Gospel is "The Urim and Thummim" sparkling upon the breast of our "Great Melchizedek," and it is also his golden censor filled with incense. Without the Gospel there never would be any saints in Heaven; such beings as "the spirits of just men made perfect," never could have been. Death would never be destroyed. The existence of Hope would

be a fable—the doors of Heaven would never have opened to man; and the transfiguration of Enoch, and Elijah, would be only beautiful apologies, surpassed in all their details, by the wonderful exploits of JUPITER, APOLO and HERCULES.

The Gospel is the Garden of the Lord, planted and arranged by his own hand—and here, in "the cool of the day," when his anger was abated, he spoke to our first parents, and spared them for his Name's sake. Here in this sacred enclosure—Sabbath Schools—Bible Societies—Sanctuaries—Civilization—Learning—Liberty of conscience—Freedom—Happiness of every kind have grown.—In a word—The Gospel is the suggestion of divine love—the scheme of divine wisdom—the display of divine goodness—and the manifestation of divine power and glory.

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my Faith with treacherous art;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

Notes of Doing Good.

(From the Ecological Magazine.)

On one of the sultry days of last June, I was taking a walk in a grove, which is contiguous to a populous town in Kent, and sat down on a bench to rest under a shady tree. My attention was presently arrested by the approach of a young man, whose emaciated appearance at once excited my commiseration. Perceiving him stagger from weakness; I arose and offered to conduct him to a seat. After expressing my sympathy with him, and my hope that his visit to the place in which I reside might contribute, with the blessing of God, to his recovery, a conversation ensued, of which I give you a faithful report—

"Sir," said I, "you appear to be very ill?" "Yes," he replied, "I am reduced almost to a skeleton with an affection on my lungs, and the doctors have given it as their opinion that I shall not get well; in fact, I seem to myself to be leaving this world." "Well," I rejoined, "will you excuse a stranger, if he asks you whether you think you are prepared to enter the next?" He turned towards me with an earnest look, and answered, "No sir; I fear I am not. I know the theory of religion; but I would not deceive you, sir, I do not think I have ever felt its power. Our reciprocal communication then proceeded as follows: "Do you not think it is high time to ascertain whether you are prepared for death and for heaven?" "Indeed I do, but I have so long neglected, or almost neglected, divine things; that I cannot now pay attention to them as I would, and I am so weak that I cannot read much nor apply my mind to any subject long together; and I am come to this place alone, and have not any pious friends to converse with me." "Did you ever read in an old book of two persons who met by a well, close to which one sat, when wearied with His journey, and said to the other, 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that talketh with thee, thou wouldst have asked him, and he would have given thee living water?' " "O, yes; that is the history of Christ and the woman of Samaria." "Then, you have read the Bible?" "Yes, never through, but parts of it at different times." "Well, I am glad to hear it; and though I cannot give you this living water, I can tell you of Him who is able and willing to do so. It is no other than the benevolent person who, as we say, accidentally met with that sinful woman, and enlightened her mind and converted her heart. And He still lives, and is willing to welcome every sinner who appeals to Him; and has expressly declared that those who come to Him He will in no wise cast out. Do you wish Him to bless you, and turn you from iniquity, and save you from final ruin?" "Yes, that I do; but I cannot—I cannot—really, I cannot believe." "Who told you that you must believe on Him? Have you been at all in the habit of attending any of

the ministers of the Gospel?" "Yes, but very irregularly; I have gone sometimes to one place and sometimes to another, but was never constant. In truth, sir, I wonder I have not perished in my sins before now. I was left an orphan in early life. My father was killed by an accident when I was a babe, and my mother has been dead for years, and I was very early left to do as I liked, and followed many evil ways. I have fought against my convictions, and yet I sometimes think God is afflicting me in mercy." "And I begin to think so too; and as you may have read the sufferings of the prodigal son—were among the means of softening his heart, so I hope your present chastisement may urge you to return in penitence to the house of your heavenly Father. Now, let me entreat you not to trifle with your renewed religious impressions. Lift up your heart to the Saviour, and say, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' Know, assuredly, that he is mighty to save; that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. When you go to your lodging think on this passage, and let it encourage you to apply to one who will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed, but will bring forth judgment to victory." At this moment the youth was overcome with weeping, and I took two tracts and a little book out of my pocket, begged of him to give them an attentive perusal, inquired where he resided, and several strangers coming up, I bade him good morning, promising at his request to pay him a visit.

I went to see him the next day, when he entered more fully into his own history, informed me that he was a clerk in a house of one of my friends in the city, to whose kindness during his illness he bore a grateful testimony. I read him the first part of the 12th chapter of the Hebrews, prayed with him, and engaged, with the permission of Providence, to see him again. On each successive visit, I found him increasingly anxious to receive instruction, and acquiring clearer knowledge of the way of salvation. A few weeks afterwards he was also repeatedly visited by a pious member of a church in the neighbourhood, who several times conversed very freely with him on the affairs of his soul; and who told me that he believed he was a true convert to Christ, and gave the most satisfactory evidence that he had passed from death unto life. As I was about to leave the place in which I first saw him for the sea side, I went to bid him farewell, and was affected with our last interview. His conversation, though from weakness he engaged in it with some difficulty, was of the most pleasing character. Of himself he spoke with deep humility; of those who had befriended him by their ministrations during his sojourn at his lodging, with affectionate thankfulness; of his Saviour, who, he said, had "met him in the way," with the tenderest acknowledgements of obligation to his forbearance and compassion; and of his hope of heaven, with humble confidence and joy. Three days after my departure, I received a few lines from a friend, informing me that "he died in the faith, peace, and hope of the Gospel."

Personal Piety.

My son, if ever thou lookest for sound comfort on earth, and salvation in heaven, unglue thyself from the world, and the vanities of it; put thyself upon thy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; leave not till thou findest thyself firmly united to him, so as thou art become a limb of that body whereof he is head, a spouse of that husband, a branch of that stem, a stone laid upon that foundation. Look not, therefore, for any blessing out of him; and in, and by, and from him, look for all blessings. Let him be thy life; and wish not to live longer than thou art quickened by him: find him thy wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, re-

demption; thy riches, thy strength, thy glory. Apply unto thyself all that thy Saviour is, or hath done. Wouldst thou have the graces of God's Spirit? fetch them from his anointing. Wouldst thou have power against spiritual enemies? fetch it from his sovereignty. Wouldst thou have redemption? fetch it from his passion. Wouldst thou have absolution? fetch it from his perfect innocence. Freedom from the curse? fetch it from his cross. Cleansing from sin? fetch it from his blood. Justification? fetch it from his grave. Newness of life? fetch it from his resurrection. Right to heaven? fetch it from his purchase. Audience in all thy suits? fetch it from his intercession.—Wouldst thou have salvation? fetch it from his session [sitting down] at the right hand of Majesty. Wouldst thou have all? fetch it from him who is "one Lord, one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in all." Eph. iv. 5, 6. And as thy faith shall thus interest thee in Christ, thy Head, so let thy charity unite thee to his body, the Church, both in earth and heaven. Hold ever an inviolable communion with that holy and blessed fraternity. Sever not thyself from it, either in judgment or affection. Make account there is not one of God's children upon earth but hath a property in thee, and thou mayest challenge the same in each of them; so that thou canst not but be sensible of their passions; and be freely communicative of all thy graces, and all services thou fees, by example, admonition, or consolation, prayer, benevolence, &c. of that sacred community. And when thou raisest up thine eyes to heaven, think of that glorious society of blessed spirits who are gone before thee, and are now there triumphing, and reigning in eternal and incomprehensible glory; bless God for them, and wish thyself with them; tread in their holy steps, and be ambitious of that crown of glory and immortality which thou shalt inherit with them.—Bishop Hall.

Solicitude for a Neighbour.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. Ringham, of C——, in the State of Vermont, then an old man, now, I trust in heaven, gave me the following narrative—

"When I first came to this town in my youth Mr. L—— came with me, and we pitched our tents here in the wilderness, not far from each other. Here we lived and laboured, side by side, for many years.

"Soon after our settlement in C——, it was my happy lot to be led to embrace the Saviour. But my neighbour L—— remained as he was, unreconciled to God, without hope, and even manifesting a marked opposition to spiritual religion, till he removed about three miles from me, when I had fewer opportunities to see him and converse with him; and at length had almost ceased to think of him, with solicitude for his salvation.

One evening, during a season of the outpouring of the Spirit, as I was casting my thoughts over the town, before the hour of family prayer, the case of this former neighbour came to mind, and deeply interested my feelings. After prayer I retired, but sleep departed from my eyes; my mind was too active, and my emotions too powerful to sleep. An apprehension of the lost condition of my friend, and of his exposure to death and the judgment, with a sense of my neglect of opportunities to warn him of his danger, pressed so heavily on me, that I could not rest in bed. I retired into a grove, where I walked, and meditated, and prayed, till I felt an inexpressible desire to see him, and once more converse with him on the things which concerned his everlasting peace.

"It was a beautiful night. The autumnal air was soft and balmy. The moon shone with peculiar brightness. All nature seemed to be resting in silence. I saddled my horse, and rode slowly towards the residence of my friend, which I reached about two

Wesleyan Day School.

SUBSCRIBERS leave respectfully to the Parents and to the School, that the above School has been in operation, and is still open for the benefit of the youth of both sexes. The combination embraces the following branches:—

Primary Department.
Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography.

Higher Department.
Latin and Modern History, Ancient and Modern Geography, use of the Globes, Grammar, and Commercial Writing, Commercial Arithmetic and

Mathematical and Classical Department.

1. Trigonometry, Mensuration, Land Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Latin, French, Logic, and Rhetoric.
2. Room adjoining the Argyle St. Chapel, attendance from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
3. Lectures for the tuition of young Ladies.
4. French Language would be opened sufficient number of Pupils offer.
5. of the different Classes made known on application at the School Room, or at the Subscription, No. 30 Brunswick Street.
14th. W. ALEXANDER S. REID.

A CARD.

Archibald Morton

NET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER.

LEAVE respectfully to notify his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture articles in his line of business, at low rates in his establishment, No. 23, Jacob's St. He will be happy to wait on purchasers from the country.
He also offers his services as FUNERAL TAKER.
May 5.

Card.

Subscriber conceives it but due to his friends to thank them for past encouragement and presume to solicit the continuance of yours. He expects shortly to receive his stock of London Paints, which he warrants and No. 1. Orders left at his shop No. 30, Street, or for the convenience of residents north end of the city at his dwelling, on the east front of the Round Church, Brunswick Street, will receive his best attention.
A man and two boys wanted.
10, 20, 1849. JOHN F. SMYTH.

Hardware.

SPRING, 1849.

SUBSCRIBERS have received their Spring supplies, per Acadia, Perthshire, Adelaide, &c. and Gosan Queen, consisting of:—
Ironed Chain Cables and small CHAINS, of all kinds,
Screw and Composition Spikes,
Dial Shear, Blotting Spring, and Tilted Steel, rita's genuine White-Lead, Black, Yellow, red & Red PAINTS, Ochres, Linseed Oils, Wick Wicks & Glass,
Lead Shot, Lead Pipe from 1/2 in. to 1 1/4 in. lates, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, Grain Tin, Iron Wire,
1/2 and Foster's prime and double refined cythes, Sickles,
Anvils, Bellows, Vices, Cart Boxes, and axle Pipes,
Share Moulds, Cast Plough Moulding, Nason's Patent Scotch Screw and Pod Augurs, Pots, Bake Ovens and Covers, Fry Pans, Sauce-pans, Stoves, Bell-Metal and Enamelled Maslin stoves,
Muskets, Pistols, Spades and Shovels, an excellent assortment of Locks, HINGES, Cutlery, Brushes, Files, Carpenter's Tools, &c. &c., which they offer for sale at very low prices.
DAVID STARR & SONS.
Halifax, May 5th, 1849.

JOHN WOODILL,

Vitrualler.

RESPECTFULLY to inform his friends and customers that he has removed from his former residence (opposite Davy's County Market) to the (old Mill) stand, No. 52, UPPER WATER STREET, opposite Messrs. Saltus & Wainwright's Wharf—where he will be thankful for a continuation of his patronage, formerly conferred on him.
May 19.

Pure Cod Liver Oil,

FOR MEDICINAL USE,

Prepared and Sold by

ROBT. G. FRASER, Chemist,
139, Granville Street.

July 14

Wesleyan is published for the Proprietors

BY WM. CUNNABELL,

AT HIS OFFICE, NO. 3, CONNORS' WHARF,

HALIFAX, N. S.