

THE WESLEYAN.

For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—SCRIPTURE.

VOLUME II.

HALIFAX, N. S., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1840.

NUMBER 26.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

A light, from far beyond the suns,
Wide circling through the sky;
Shines in my heart, altho' it shuns
The proud rebellious eye,
And this sweet light—this holy light—
To me, in mercy shrouded,
Is not of faith alone, but, sight—
By all my hopes of heaven.

Come, then, ye children of the Lord,
The children's faith maintain;
Of all delivered in his Word,
The light and life remain.
Here is accomplished prophecy
Where falsehood has no part—
Here is the Day—spring from on high:
The Day—star in the heart!

O, blessed be the Lord our God,
His wonders thus to show;
And blessed be the paths we trod,
His countenance to know.
And blessed, blessed, blessed, be
The meek and lowly pure;
Who follow to eternity
The light that shall endure.

Toronto, Dec. 14, 1839.

A. J. WILLIAMSON.

Communications.

A VISIT TO A FISHING VILLAGE.

WHILST on a short tour through the western part of this Province, during the present year, I staid all night in one of the small villages, inhabited mostly by that valuable and hardy class of men who are engaged in the fisheries—the most prolific source of the wealth and prosperity of our favoured country. The women and children of the village had mostly been busily employed, all day, in taking care of, and in curing, the proceeds of their husbands, sons, or brothers' industry—their hard earned spoils from the ocean; and save from a solitary old man, who, leaning on his staff, and bending beneath the weight of years and infirmities, I could not expect, at so busy a time, any other than the ordinary civilities due to a stranger.

As I approached him, the old man bowed courteously, and with unceremonious kindness bid me welcome to the house of one of his sons, with whom he then resided. There was something, I must confess, even on the first view, in the old man's manner, which, considering his mode of life and circumstances, spoke of his being influenced by other sentiments and feelings than ordinarily falls to the lot of men brought up in the humble and laborious ranks of life—in those which

are common in a country like ours, where education, at least in his youthful days, was so very limited. I soon, however, found what I had at first suspected—that the old gentleman was a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour; and who now, at nearly the close of his pilgrimage, experienced the fulfilment of that most gracious promise, made in Isaiah xl. 30, 31. For though more than eighty summers and winters had brought with them, to the pilgrim, their toils and privations, he enjoyed comparatively good health, and possessed a degree of agility uncommon in one of his years. It happened he had been one of those whose path in life had been strewn with thorns, and who had tasted of the wormwood and the gall—those bitter enjoyments in the cup of man's existence; but who at the same time had, in a very eminent degree, learned the great secret of extracting moral good from natural evil.

Being determined to partake of the hospitality and kindness of the good man and of his children, for the night, we entered into a very free and unreserved intercourse, during which my admiration was often called forth, at the rich unction that attended his discourse. I learned that if he had quaffed the cup of sorrow to its dregs, he had also richly partaken of those streams of comfort, which flow so freely and abundantly from the fountain of goodness and love. I also learned that for more than fifty years, he had been a member of the Methodist Church; his entrance into which, after the expiration of half a century, he hailed as one of the events of his past life, with unmingled gratitude and pleasure, and as one of the most conspicuous of his long and cheerful pilgrimage.

He was one who was entertainingly loquacious, and with much fervour and enthusiasm spoke of the by-gone days of Methodism in Nova-Scotia, of the toils of its early preachers, and of many of those precious seasons he had enjoyed in the holy services of the Church, when, like himself, wanderers from God and from happiness (many of whom were now before the throne) had been brought to confess and forsake their sins, and to experience the blessings of forgiving mercy. The venerated names of Black, the mission—Garretson—Jessup, and others,—the pioneers of Methodism in the wilderness, were to him familiar as household words; and the benefits he had derived from their public and private instructions, were the subjects of his unqualified expressions of grateful remembrance.

I congratulated him on his having reached the Centenary of Methodism, (more than half of which he

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