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## Poetry.

### REST.

I stood by the ocean's waves,  
As they roll'd in fury by,  
And the madden'd billows flung  
Their white foam to the sky;  
And I breath'd aloud these words  
In my agony of soul,  
Mid the wild wind's swelling tones,  
And the sea's unceasing roll—  
When, from out its depths, a voice seem'd to say,

"There is no rest here—away, away."

I stood by the running stream,  
As it bounded bright along,  
A moment flashing in the light,  
Then dancing gaily on:

And again I spoke those words,  
In accents loud and clear,  
When a low and musical voice  
Came to my listening ear,  
And in silvery tones it seem'd to say,  
"There is no rest here—away, away."

I wandered forth at night,  
And stood 'neath the vaulted sky;  
'Twas gem'd with a thousand stars,  
Giving light as they shone on high.  
I thought of their ceaseless course—  
How year after year they roll,  
And these words from my lips broke forth,  
"Is there rest to be found for the soul?"

Then, from each tiny star I heard a voice say,  
"Think not to rest here, away, away!"

I stood 'mid the busy haunt  
Of the peopled world once more,  
And I heard its wild din swell  
Like the ocean's angry roar;

I scan'd each face as it pass'd,  
And peer'd into each dark eye,  
And stave every thought to read,  
As on the throng swept by;

But on each careworn brow the same look  
Seem'd to say,  
"I find no rest here—away, away!"

I turn'd to the Book of Life,  
And open'd its sacred page;  
There I learn'd that there is no rest  
To be found on the world's busy stage:

But it told me there is a home  
In the skies far, far away,  
Where sorrow and care cannot come  
In the realms of eternal day:

And a still, small voice whisper'd low in my ear,  
"There is rest to be found—'tis here, 'tis here!"

(From the Edinburgh Christian Magazine.)

### LABOUR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;

Mark how creation's deep, musical chorus,  
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing,  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.  
Labour is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

Keep the watch wound, for the dark night assaileth;  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labour is glory;—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;

Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;  
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from an prompting, that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wash on thy pillow;  
Work—and thou shalt ride over care's coming billow!  
Let not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!  
Drop not though shame, sin and anguish, are round thee,  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!  
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod:  
Work for some good,—be it ever so slowly!  
Cherish some flower,—be it ever so lowly!  
Labour! True labour is noble and holy;—  
Let labour follow thy prayers to thy God!

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### What Heaven is Worth.

To fix a definite value on heaven is impossible. We have no balances in which we can poise or measure the eternal weight of glory. The heavenly inheritance was never truly appraised.

"Go wing your flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, so far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years;"

and, after all, you have not obtained the elements of a calculation which shall show as a result, the sum total of heavenly bliss. But one thing is certain—Heaven is worth all the effort it can ever cost.

On this point we may safely take the testimony of those who ought to know.—Call in then the witnesses, and carefully note their statement.

Ask first the dying Christian. There he lies alone on the borders of another world. His physical powers are well-nigh wasted by the consuming breath of disease. He has endured long days and nights of intensest pain, with only now and then a moment of relief from almost mortal agonies. Ask him how much heaven is worth. And though his lips are now unable to frame an answer, you may even see it depicted upon his radiant countenance.

It shines like the face of an angel.—Heaven has already begun in that soul.—There is peace, perfect peace within. Not the calmness of indifference, nor the submission of insensibility, but the active realizing enjoyment; the gracious triumph is communicated to the mind by God himself. Does he now feel that any toil was too self-denying, any cross too heavy to be taken up and borne for Christ? Is there any regret, at such an hour that the religion of Jesus was openly professed before men, and God thus honoured by a public avowal of his cause? Is there any sorrow that the pleasures of the world were not more eagerly sought, and fully enjoyed? Is there any lingering suspicion that the Christian's hope now relied upon has cost more than it is worth! No, no. The feeling is rather that it is valuable beyond all price.

"Were the whole sea one chrysolite,  
This earth a golden ball,  
And diamonds all the stars of night,  
This hope were worth them all!"

Make to that soul, if you could, the offer of all created things in exchange for its peace, its sweet assurance that it has passed from death unto life, and it will be affected with nothing but pity for your folly, that you should think of accomplishing it with such a worthless exchange.

Go next and ask the Christian mother, who has just lost an infant child, how much heaven is worth. And she will tell you, rejoicing in the midst of her tears, that heaven is at once the home of her treasures and her hopes. Her heart is there, and though she still continues to rejoice and do good in her earthly life, yet her spiritual being is hid with Christ in God.

If you wish more evidence, consult the prophets, the evangelists, the apostles, the martyrs; the thousands who have counted their present life but the offering of all things, that they might win Christ and be found in him; and who have gone up through the smoke and fire of fagots at the stake, through the tribulation and anguish of persecution, the creaking of the rack, and every instrument of torture; who have

triumphed through the blood of Christ, and having first passed through the narrow gate of piety, have also passed the resplendent doors of paradise. Ask them what heaven is worth. Ask them if it cost them more than it now realizes to them of enjoyment. What is their reply? Their joy in God is so full that they cannot avert their eyes to look upon you. It would be painful for them to break in upon their thrilling symphonies even to answer your question.

Ask now Gabriel, who, with an eye of fire and a soul of love, tunes his heavenly harp to sweeter and still sweeter harmonies, and then lifts from his angelic brow a crown flashing with jewels, and casts it before the throne of him that liveth forever and ever, ask him what heaven is worth; and when you have heard his answer, translate it if you can into some language of earth, that saints below may be ravished with its import.

Would you still question the witnesses? Ask then, finally, the dying sinner, who is sensible of his condition, but is going without hope into the invisible world. Ask him what heaven is worth. "Heaven!" he replies, with a shriek that pierces the very soul with anguish; "there is no heaven for me. I am on the verge of hell. Its fires are even now burning in my soul.—Speak not of heaven to me. The thought of such a place stings me with remorse.—Hail! horrors!" and so he dies.

Pursue these inquiries to any extent you please, and there can be found no being in the universe, except the devil, the father of lies and those who are like him, lying children, that will tell you heaven is not worth all it can cost. The most soul-trying discipline and self-abasement, the most terrible persecution and excruciating earthly torments are trifles light as air, when weighed in the balance with heaven. This is the truth, as death-beds testify, as the Bible declares, and God avers. And, if men would only see it so, there is in this thought one of the strongest motives which can influence human feeling and conduct.—*Congregationalist.*

### Whitefield.

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark blue eyes small and lively; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them—but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more memorable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled, both in melody and compass; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him anything but enthusiastic and glowing; but his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of everything around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow-beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

"See that emblem of human life," said he, as he pointed to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of Heaven from our view—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away, like that dark cloud? O, my dear friends I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days, we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ.—We shall form a part of that vast assembly which will gather before his throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate—whether your hearts were absorbed in Him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. O, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavour to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? That your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well, but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost."

"You, O false and hollow christian—of what avail will it be that you have done many things—read much in the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven, by acts really polluted and unholy?"

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day sacrifice, in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy, a drop of cold water, your beloved son, may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned about him!"

His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"O, sinners!" he exclaimed. "By all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent! Let the fires of eternity be kindled against you, if there!" said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the roof. "'Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger, in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face and knelt beside the pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly by, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow! and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is, in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have banded it."—*The Rebels.*

### A Pillow for the Night.

To sleep well, lay these things under your head:—

1. A precious promise out of Scripture.
  2. A sweet verse of some evangelical hymn.
  3. A hearty prayer to God.
  4. A good conscience, purified with Christ's blood.
  5. A feeling of forgiveness and charity to all mankind.
  6. A resolution to serve God on the morrow.
  7. A glance of faith at the cross.
- American Messenger.*