

THE WREATH.

For the Wesleyan.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

EARTH rests—and day-light sweetly lingers o'er
The verge of day reluctant to retire;
Now morning's glorious bridegroom draws away
His brightening smile—and nature seems to list
To that calm voice which calls her to repose
A few short moments—and another day
Numbers itself with many gone before.

Ah! 'tis an eve of beauty—for it is
The evening of the Sabbath—this methinks
Heightens the glory of the waning hours—
The gentle Moon's pale crescent in the east
Now lends the hour sacred to solitude,
And contemplative thought—while round her throne
The starry glories—rob'd in milder light
Seem looking thoughtfully upon the world,
And hymning evening vespers to their Queen.

Still glory has not left the western sky
Rose tints and purple in the horizon glow,
While shades of softer hues are stealing o'er
The wild expanse of ocean's silvery waves;
The azure sky that canopies the whole
Is still,—is purely beautiful and clear,
Save where a few light blushing clouds o'erhang
The majesty of the descending sun;
And as in splendour they look down upon
The darkling world, o'er which they calmly sail
In captivated fancy's eye—they seem
An hierarchy of holy angels sent
With words of comfort, happiness, and peace
To lowly pilgrims wandering to their rest;
Ah! 'tis a lovely scene—no sound of wail
Now interrupts the rapture of the thought,
Which catching at the universal calm
Leaves all the busy, troublous ways of life.
All—still—is silent—still—and peaceful: all
Proclaims the hallowed day of sacred rest;
And as through heaven's wide vault—I cast my eye,
Or listen to the distant dashing wave,
Or catch the trembling moon-beam as I walk,
Or gaze upon the range of wild terrace,
Of mingled earth, and seas,—rocks hills, and vales,
Raising eternal homage to the skies,
I'm lost—earth sinks beneath the lofty thought,
Creation speaks its mighty Maker near;
I see—I feel the presence of a God,
And in each passing breeze expect to trace
The footsteps of a present Deity.

And is this all that's lovely in this eve?
Ah! no—neath many a lowly cottage roof
The taper lifts its beam upon the word
Of Sacred Truth—and meditation marks
The dotting moments.—Then the christian bows
With humble holiness at the throne of grace,
The privileges of the blessed day,
The sacred ordinances of God's house,
With mercies of a thousand different shades,—
Tune the devotions of the prostrate saint.
The OMNIPRESENT sees the contrite heart,
The veil which shrouds the Deity is drawn,
And while man holds communion with his God
Heaven hears and answers,—Peace, sweet balmy peace
Falls like honey from the dropping comb
And fills his soul with hallowed ecstasy.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVAL AT COBORG ACADEMY.

To the Editor of the Christian Guardian.

U. C. ACADEMY, MARCH 11, 1832.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER.—You have already
learned from our Rev. Treasurer's letter, that the
Lord has been graciously pleased to favour our in-
stitution with a rich effusion of his Holy Spirit. This

announcement, I doubt not, has been gratefully hail-
ed by many, as well as by yourself, with more than
ordinary exultation. In attempting to furnish, in ac-
cordance with the expectation expressed in Mr.
Green's communication, an account of the origin and
progress of the blessed work which has been the re-
sult of this Divine visitation, I need hardly say that to
me it is matter of inexpressible gratitude to God,
that, amid the solicitudes inseparable from the of-
fice I sustain, a duty so pleasurable devolves upon
me.

I am not unaware, at the same time, of the delica-
cy of the task. To some, a public statement of this
nature may convey the incorrect impression that our
Academy is sectarian in its character; and others
may possibly avail themselves of it as a pretext for re-
presenting us in that unfavourable light. But the in-
telligent and the candid will be satisfied with the as-
surance that, in conformity with the fact that there
exists no religious test of admission to the Institution,
(whilst a vigilant superintendence is exercised over
the morals of *all* who enter it) means are adopted to
influence the religious opinions and attachments of
none. As to those who may be inclined to be disin-
genuous, they will never want expedients to give the
semblance of rectitude to their oblique intentions.—
Should there be any among your numerous readers
who regard the indications of unusual interest in the
things of God merely as a development of enthusi-
asm, they would justly claim our sincerest pity, and
our warmest prayer for their spiritual illumination.

That revivals of religion, characterized by vivid
and influential perceptions of eternal realities, and
productive of the genuine fruits of the Spirit, are
meet subjects of joyous gratulation among Christians,
and of heartfelt ascriptions of praise to God and the
Lamb, is too obvious to require any argumentative
proof. He who can contemplate such scenes with-
out emotion, and especially with mental revulsion, are
certainly far removed from any connexion of sympa-
thy with those illustrious spirits who, from their ce-
lestial seats, bend to witness the repentance of one
sinner, and derive fresh accessions of joy from the in-
teresting spectacle. With what rapture must *they*
behold many immortal minds simultaneously imbued
with a conviction of their sinfulness, and animated
with the resolve to flee from the wrath to come; and
while Heaven resounds with triumphant songs at the
conversion of souls, shall no harmonious voice be ef-
fected from earth, the arena of these achievements of
redeeming power?

When a Literary Institution becomes the scene of
a revival of the work of God, the auspicious event as-
sumes, on various accounts, an elevated interest and
importance. Among those who in such circum-
stances are made partakers of divine grace, it may
not unreasonably be anticipated that some one, at
least, will at a future day arise up for the Lord
against the workers of iniquity, and be the means of
extending and perpetuating indefinitely the good he
received while there engaged in the cultivation of his
mind. My heart expands with transport at the thought
that the morning of the resurrection may result in se-
quences the most momentous, as a result of the
invigorating influences which we have had, and still
are permitted to experience. But you have under-
stood from the narrative much longer than I mean-
ed.

From the day that I assumed, at the request of my
Canadian brethren, my present important charge, it
has been my uniform object, and indeed, in concert with
my respected associates, to maintain an elevated
standard of morality among the youth placed under
my superintendence. Nor have I had much cause
to complain of want of success in this respect. In-
stances have but rarely occurred in which a proof
was required for using profane language, or for any
other moral delinquency; and it has not often been
necessary to repeat the admonition. The efforts to