

Wesleyan Day School.

Subscribers have respectfully notified to Wesleyan Parents and to the generally that the above School has been in operation, and is still open for the benefit of the youth of the city. The course of instruction embraces the following branches:

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

Higher Department. Algebra and Modern History, Ancient & Modern Geography, use of the Globes, Grammar, and Composition, Writing, Commercial Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

Mathematical and Classical Department. Euclid, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Land Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Latin, French, Logic, and Rhetoric. School Room adjoining the Argyle St. Chapel, open for attendance from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. A distinct Class for the tuition of young Ladies in French Language would be opened at a subsequent number of Pupils offer. Terms of the different Classes made known on application at the School Rooms, or at the Subscription Office, No. 30 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S. ALEXANDER S. REID.

A CARD.

Archibald Merton

INET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER. GENTLEMAN respectfully to notify his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture all articles in his line of business, at low prices, at his establishment, No. 23, JACOB'S ST., Halifax, N. S. He will be happy to wait on purchasers in person, or by mail. He also offers his services as FUNERAL DERTAKER. May 5.

Card.

THE Subscriber conceives it but due to his friends to thank them for past encouragement and presume to solicit the continuance of their favours. He expects shortly to receive his stock of London Prints, which he warrants to be No. 1. Orders left at his shop No. 30, B. Street, or for the convenience of residence, at the east front of the Round Church, Brunswick Street, will receive his best attention. A man and two boys wanted. April 20, 1849. JOHN P. SMYTH.

Hardware.

SPRING, 1849.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received their Spring Supplies, per Acadia, Perthshire, Adelaide, and Ocean Queen, consisting of: Prov'd Chain Cables and Small CHAINS, of all kinds; Copper and Composition Spikes, 1 1/2 lb Shear, Hester, Spring, and Tilted Steel, and the genuine White-Lead, Black, Yellow, Green & Red PAINTS, Ochrom, Lined Oils, Thick Window Glass, Lead Pipe from 4 in. to 1 1/4 in. Lutes, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Grain Tin, Iron Nails, and Foster's prime and double refined Cast Iron, Scales, Axes, Belows, Vices, Cart Boxes, and Axle Pipes, High Share Moulds, Cast Plough Mounting, Messrs' Patent Sowing Crew and Pod Augurs, Pots, Bake Ovens and Covers, Fry Pans, Sauce Pans, Kettles, Cell-Metal and Enamelled Maslin Kettles, Muskets, Pistols, Spades and Shovels, and an excellent assortment of Locks, HINGES, Cutlery, Brushes, Files, Carpenter's Tools, &c., which they offer for sale at very low prices. DAVID STARR & SONS. Halifax, May 5th, 1849.

JOHN WOODILL,

Victualler.

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

DAVID STARR & SONS.

(No. 19, UPPER WATER STREET.) HAVE on hand a good assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Iron of all kinds, Paints, Glass, Nails and Spikes, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Bolt Copper, Composition Spikes, Chain Cables, and small Chains, with various other articles for sale on usual terms. April 7.

Wesleyan is published for the Proprietors

BY WM. CUNNABELL.

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

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c., &c. [Vol. 1, No. 4.

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HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1849.

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SELECTED POETRY.

Working Men's Evening Hymn.

BY CHAS. BAYNE.

Our Father—boundless is thy love, To erring mortals shown, The countless blessings we receive, Spring from thy love alone. Thou rulest in the heavens above, There's none like unto thee, Thou dwellest in a humble heart, Yet fill'st immensity.

Our Father—when the morning stars, For joy together sung, And golden harps to hymns of praise, By seraph hands were strung; The earth obedient to thy word, From chaos stood redeemed, And ocean wave and forest vast, In the bright sunlight gleamed.

Our Father—when the morning sun Bids gloomy darkness flee, Ere we go forth unto our toil, We look for aid to thee. And Father, when at eventide, Thy toiling children bend To thee, the High and Holy One, Be thou their guide and friend.

Our Father—bless the working man, The tiller of the soil, The miner and the mariner, And all who live by toil, Give unto each his "daily bread," Each vain repining still, Thou is our heritage and we bow meekly to thy will.

Our Father—bless the gentle one Who shares our lowly lot— Lave dwell not in the palace halls, O'er the poor man's cot. And Father, bless the children these, Hast given to our trust, Be thou their guide in after years, When we lie in the dust.

Our Father—when the lamp of life Burns dim and fades away, Like sunset shadows from the earth, Die at the close of day; May we as calmly sink to rest, As in the setting sun, And all the glory shall be thine, Thou great, Eternal One.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

The Ill-Dressed Disciple.

THE first time I saw him, and this was before he became a disciple, he was a ragged character. He had not an article of the Christian dress upon him. The "filthy rags" of his squalid life were a shame unto him. But they dropped off, I cannot stop to tell how, so that the next time I saw him, I perceived there had been a very great change in his apparel. A great King had taken him into his family, and there was "fine linen, clean and white," upon him, and divers beautiful garments; and such an alteration in the man that I could hardly believe he was the same I had seen in the old rags.

Time ran on, when, after long absence, I fell in again with the disciple. I had often thought of the change that I had seen in him, and, as I knew it to be the case with most in the King's family, that they went on improving in their appearance, I certainly expected to see this disciple one of the most beautifully dressed in the community. I knew he had had a fair start, and I looked for every thing that was "comely and of good report" in the matter of his spiritual apparel.

But the sight saddened me. I could scarcely believe my eyes. "Is that you?" said I, in utter surprise. Well, it was he, and a sight he was.

When I had formerly parted with him, he had on a beautiful robe, which was called charity, or love; and a good judge had said that kind of garment was a "board of perfectness." And I do not think a more comely garment ever was, or could possibly be, put upon a mortal. But that robe now!—how torn, tattered, and soiled! I should think malice had had a clip at it; and envy had gone off with a rag; and jealousy had pulled out many threads with her cruel fingers. And what was not ragged was soiled to a woe. He admitted that a rude and powerful fellow, called Worldliness, had pitched him into the dust. He might as well have called it a slough, he was so begrimed. I was glad that they had not stripped him utterly of this garment. There were a few strips of the "fine linen" left; though the remnant was not clean. It was a sad dress for a disciple to be in.

And he had worn a girdle, and a beautiful one it had been, for it was made of "righteousness." It well became the beautiful robe which it once fastened upon the body. But the girdle was now in keeping with the tattered and soiled robe. It looked as if I should judge the one looked which Jeremiah had dugged out of the ground, where it had been hidden many days, which was "marred and was profitable for nothing."

And his feet had been "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;" and a most beautiful appendage to the costume it was; and very many of the saints had been shod in like manner, so that they could "run and not be weary, and walk and not faint," in the ways of the Lord. And this disciple, so long as he retained this part of his apparel, was a very spirited and lively traveller in the ways of the Lord.

But when I saw him in this manner, my sad plight in regard to this matter. He made sad work in the business of travelling. As for running, in the ways of the Lord, that was over long ago. And as for walking, he was scarcely even up to that.

For an ornament for the head, I had seen the brother with a helmet called the "hope of salvation." The most beautifully dressed disciple in primitive times, even Paul, wore one of this kind, only it was a good many times more beautiful. But the one I now refer to was good, and it gave a most dignified and noble appearance to the said disciple.

But when I saw him lately, that once beautiful head-dress was disfigured to one's amazement. It was crushed and soiled.

I do not know that anything more need be said, to show that the individual in question was a very poorly dressed disciple.—There was not one article of that beautiful apparel which he had received when he entered the King's family, but had been made a sad spectacle to look upon. The "fine linen, clean and white," was all sadly soiled, while rents and clausms in all directions, announced what company he had been in, and what usage he had received.

It was more of a pity, in that, which he received his beautiful garments—

- 1. He received a very solemn charge to keep everything in good order, and worthy of a member of the King's family.
2. He as solemnly promised he would.—A great many people heard him utter that vow. And it is not doubted there were invisible hearers too. And,
3. He had the most pressing and urgent motives to keep himself arrayed in the beauty of holiness. The King's command was one; the King's kindness in giving him such apparel in the place of former rags, was another; and the help promised him was another; and the peace of conscience it would have given him, was another; and the good he could have done in promoting the moral beauty of others, was another; and the shining examples of all the well-dressed disci-

ples since the world began was another.—And there was yet another. The King sent him word often, that if he did not look out for his spiritual apparel he would not be able to "go through the gates into the city," and therefore he could not be present at that great banquet he was preparing for all who were arrayed in "fine linen, clean and white." This was now and then as a "fire shut up in his bones," but it soon burned out, and he kept on being the ragged disciple I have been describing.

But, if that disciple reads this article, let me assure him the great King is in earnest, and that if he keeps on refusing to give heed to his apparel, his soul will come into unspeakable trouble, and there will be the greatest danger that he will go where the "filthy are filthy still," and where unclothed disciples will never find fine linen wherewith to appear with acceptance before the Lord of the banquet, and the "innumerable company" who will enjoy it with him.—N. Y. Observer.

Far away from Heaven.

I know not what eternal death is. I can't tell you some things. It is far away from heaven—these blissful plains where eternal joy dwells. It is far from hope—hope that here "comes to all." It is the abode of all the abandoned, and profane, and vile—the collected gull and weighedness of this world. It is a place where no sanctuary like this opens its doors and invites to heaven; where no Sabbath returns to bless the soul; where no message of mercy comes to the suffering and the sad. It is a world unblessed like this with the work of redemption. On no second Calvary is there a Redeemer offered for sin, and from no tomb there does he rise to life to bless the sufferers with the offer, and to furnish the pledge of heaven. No spirit strives there to reclaim the lost; and no angel there is the messenger of mercy borne, whispering peace to the hearts of the desponding there with promise and hope; and from no eye there is the tear of sorrow ever wiped away. There is no such friend as Jesus; no voice of mercy; no day-star of hope; no father, mother, daughter, pastor, angel, to sympathize; no one to breathe for the lost the prayer of pardon; no great Intercessor to bear the cry of mercy up to the throne of God. It is death—lingering, long, interminable death—the dying sorrow prolonged from age to age; onward—onward toward eternity.

I have no power—no heart to attempt to portray these scenes. They are not topics for declamation. For of whom are these things spoken? Of the dwellers in distant worlds? Of those whom we have not seen? Alas! of many, many of the wicked in this house. How many now in despair may have occupied the seats which you now occupy—not suffered now to go and tell their brethren, lest they also come into that place of torment! Oh, they are spoken of our kindred and friends—of wives and husbands, and parents, and school-companions, and teachers, and pupils, who are out of Christ. They are spoken of those to whom we are bound by every tender tie, and to whom the heart is drawn by all the gushing sympathy of love; but are they less in danger on that account? Oh, is there no danger? Suppose a voice from heaven should be heard in this house, and saying to the living here,— "The day is coming in which all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth, they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation;—the wicked shall be turned into hell;"—"Except ye repent, ye shall all perish;" is there a heart here that would not feel that there was danger? Should a hand be seen writing on these walls the names of all those who are in danger of hell, how solemn would be this house! With what anxiety would you trace the record made! How anxiously would you look to see if your name was begun—was recorded—was fixed there!

How deep the anguish of the soul! How deep, perhaps, the groans that would be heard in every part of the house!—Burns's Practical Sermons.

The Sabbath.

The "Fifth Permanent Sabbath Document" exhibits some of the developments of Providence in reference to this holy day.—God does not always reward and punish men according to their deserts in this world, but he is often known by the judgments which he executes. It is seldom that he punishes any individual who habitually violates the Sabbath.

THE BOSTON MERCHANT.

He was called to Charleston, S. C., in a vessel owned by himself. Having finished his business, he was ready to return. But the vessel was detained a number of days by contrary winds. On Sabbath morning the Captain came to his lodgings, and told him the wind was fair, and that all the tight bound vessels were getting under way. He replied:—"You must not go to sea to-day; it is the Sabbath, and I cannot permit my vessel to leave the port." The captain demonstrated, but in vain. The next day the wind was contrary, and it was not till Saturday that they could leave the harbor. They then took a favorable breeze, and were soon wafted to their desired haven. On reaching Boston, the captain found that out of a vessel which left on the Sabbath had arrived, and did they arrive till several weeks after. They encountered a violent gale; some of them were wrecked; others were blown off to the West Indies, and in various ways they suffered great hardships, dangers, and losses, which, had they stayed in port on the Sabbath, they might have avoided.

The owner returned by land, which he had advised with him, and he had a very interesting public worship. The stranger was anxious to know who the stranger was, and when they learned that, after his long absence from his family, he had stopped because it was the Sabbath, notwithstanding he was so near home, they concluded that he must be an upright honest man, with whom it would be safe to do business, and the number of his customers, from that circumstance, in that town, was greatly increased. In after life he often spoke of it, and remarked that, had he intended to promote only his own worldly interest, he could not in any way have done it more effectually, for afterwards he had a large portion of the town for his customers.

FIFTEEN YOUNG MEN.

At a respectable boarding-house in New York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on Sabbath morning, shaved, dressed, and prepared, as to their apparel, for attendance on public worship. They also actually attended, both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner table, shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to Church; nor were they usually seen in any place of public worship. One of them is now living, and in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All failed in business, and are now dead. Several of them came to an untimely and awfully tragical end.

Many a man will say, as did a worthy and prudent citizen, "The keeping of the Sabbath saved me." It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its Author, "They shall ride upon the high places of the earth," and he will feed them with the heritage of his people.