

Wesleyan Day School.

DESCRIPTIONS leave respectfully to the Wesleyan Parents and to the Faculty of the School, has been in operation, and is still open for the benefit of the youth of both sexes. The course embraces the following branches:

Primary Department. 1. Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography.

Higher Department. 1. Latin and Modern History, Ancient & Modern Geography, use of the Globes, Grammar, and Composition. 2. Writing, Commercial Arithmetic and Algebra.

Scientific and Classical Department. 1. Trigonometry, Mensuration, Land Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Latin, French, Logic, and Rhetoric.

French Language would be opened in the School Room, or at the Subscribers' residence, No. 50 Brunswick Street.

ALEXANDER S. REID

Hardware.

SPRING, 1849.

SUBSCRIBERS have received their Strong's Appliances, per Adams, Postoffice, Avenue, and Ocean Queen, consisting of: 1. Royal Chain Cables and Small CHAINS, of all kinds.

2. Copper and Composition Spikes. 3. Blister, Spring, and Tilted Steel. 4. Genuine White Lead, Black, Yellow, Green & Red PAINTS, Ochres, Linseed Oil, Rock Window Glass.

5. Lead, Shot, Lead Pipe from 1/2 in. to 14 in. diam. 6. Cast Iron, Brass, and Iron. 7. Saws, Axes, and other tools.

8. And Foster's prime and double refined Lard, tallow, and other articles.

9. Share Moulds, Cast Plough Mounting, and other agricultural implements.

10. And other articles, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

DAVID STARR & SONS. Halifax, May 20th, 1849.

Life Assurance Company.

OF LONDON.

THE AGENCY of this Company has been established in this Province about three years, and has made some progress, and up to the present without a claim being made upon it.

The Agents have recently instructed the Agent to persons insuring for the whole term of Life, to pay one half the premium for the first five years, and give a note bearing interest, for the remaining half, upon the same condition as the London Loan Fund Association.

As the proportion of profits divided among the Policy holders, participations is greater in this than any other insurance—being 90 per cent.—it therefore recommends itself to the favourable consideration of all persons intending to insure, the rates being as low as any other Company. If persons would give notice of their intention to insure, they would be convinced that it is the best investment to be found for a moderate sum of money, for the benefit of their families, after they are taken from them. The attention of all families in this Province generally, and of the Wesleyans in particular, is earnestly invited to this subject, and while the meeting of the Association is enjoyed, to call upon the Agent of the "Life Assurance Association for admission into the Society," who will furnish all necessary blanks and every information requisite at his office in Castle Street, Halifax.

DANIEL STARR.

JOHN WOODILL, Victualler.

RESPECTFULLY to inform his friends and customers that he has removed from his former stand, (opposite Day's Country Market) to the old stand, No. 52, UPPER WATER STREET, near Messrs. Sains & Wainwright's Warehouse, where he will be thankful for a continuation of their patronage.

DAVID STARR & SONS.

(No. 49, UPPER WATER STREET.) HAVE on hand a good assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, Iron of all kinds, Paints, Glass, Nails and Spikes, Sheet Lead, Lead, Bolt Copper, Composition Spikes, Chain Cables, and small Chains, with various other articles for sale on usual terms.

April 7.

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THE WESLEYAN.

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

Three Shillings per annum, Half Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1849.

Single Copies Three Pence.

SELECTED POETRY.

The Magnetic Telegraph.

BY REV. J. J. LYONS.

Along the smooth and slender wires The sleepless heralds run, Fast as the clear and living rays Go streaming from the sun. No peals or flashes heard or seen Their wondrous flight betray, And yet their words are quickly felt, In circles far away.

Not summer's heat, nor winter's hail, Can check their rapid course; They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage— The rough wave's sweeping force: In the long night of rage and wrath, As in the blaze of day, They rush with news of woe and joy, To thousands far away. But faster still than tidings borne On that electric cord, Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves The Christian's life and Lord— Of him who, taught in smiles and tears With fervent lips to pray, Maintains high converse here on earth With bright worlds far away. Ah! though no outward wish is breathed, Nor outward answer given, The sighing of that human heart Is known and felt in heaven: These long frail wires may bend and break, These viewless heralds stray, But faith's least word shall reach the throne Of God, though far away.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

Death-Zeal.

There lived a young lady in the place where the providence of God called me to labour a short time since, who after resisting the calls of mercy for several years, at length embraced that kind of infidelity called Universalism. So great was the warmth of her first love, that she declared that she was anxious to die. But a few weeks had passed ere she was seized with sickness, which terminated fatally in a few days. But there was no joy in that dying bed. Her refuge of lies afforded no support in that hour of fiery trial. Agony, that could not find utterance even in the shrieks and groans which she almost continually uttered, sat on every feature of her distorted countenance.

But a few miles from the place above referred to there lived a man whose soul was Mammon. He had leaped up a large amount of property, but had no other support or to avail the means of grace. Like Dives he was enlarging his barn, having no concern lest the storm should come and sweep his house from its sandy foundation, and leave him without a shelter in the day of wrath, when rocks and mountains shall be away. Though in the enjoyment of perfect health when he went forth to his business, in a few hours he was brought back to his house a lifeless corpse. His entire day he had devoted to Mammon even till his sun went down. Not a word did he utter of heaven—of hope—of prayer. He had perhaps intended to seek pardon for a life of sin upon a dying bed, but death allowed him no bed in death but the earth, and completed his work with so much expedition that none could gather around him while consciousness remained—most impressively teaching us the folly of those who

Since there is joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth, I fancy there fell on this dying man "such tears as angels shed," that so long a life of great industry and golden opportunities should be spent in chasing the dim phantoms of earth, and treasuring up wrath. Mercy's angel gave him a pressing invitation to the gospel feast; but he said, "I have bought a piece of ground: I pray thee have me excused." He was admonished to provide oil in his vessel, and be also ready; but when the cry was made, at midnight, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" his lamp was all unfurnished. More than one talent was bestowed on him, but he hid them in the earth saying, "God is an hard master," till, suddenly, he was called to his account. And thousands—some of whom will read this—are treading in his steps. Oh! my reader, why will you die?

What think you of the sensations of this dying man; if for a moment he was conscious while being thus roughly handled? Well may we exclaim:

"How dreadful must thy summons be, O Death! To him that is in ease in his possessions, Who counting on long years of pleasure here, Is quite unfurnished for the world to come."

But how does the Christian die? A few weeks since, I was called to attend the funeral of a woman. For many years she had lived by faith in the Son of God. Her purpose was to be always ready to depart. One morning she said to her friends, as she had often before, "If God should call me to-day, I am ready." On that day she was thrown from a carriage, and expired with this expression on her lips, "The Lord is good!"

Death had no terror for her—it was only the taking down of the clay tabernacle, that she might remove to her "house above, not made with mortal hands." Her dying bed was a heap of stones by the way-side, but the everlasting arms were underneath, and made it "soft as downy pillows are."

Christian reader, are you now in a state of mind like hers? Is it a state of mind suitable to die in? A man who constantly expects company, dresses accordingly. Are you dressed for death? O keep the best robe on continually! Do not get so absorbed in the world as to forget that heavenly visitants are expected. "Let me die the death of the righteous," for "happy are those that die in the Lord."

"Oh! never let me dare to live Such as I dare not die." —Zion's Herald.

The Missionary's Father.

At the recent meeting of the American Board, we noticed an old man, of mild and pleasing aspect, as of one who had suffered and profited much by affliction, and whose appearance indicated a poverty like that of the old disciples. He was absent from no meeting, and manifested all the interest of a joint proprietor in the concern. While contributions of fifties and of hundreds, and of thousands, were pouring into the treasury to relieve it from its debt, this good old man leaned towards us, as we were seated at the reporter's desk, and requested us to take a small piece of paper, and to write on it for him these few words: "From a Missionary's Father." He took the paper thus inscribed, and rolling in it a single dollar note, then from a slender stock of money, passed it up to the table of the treasurer, whose anxious visage was beginning to soften down into something like cheerfulness.

We were struck with this as one of the lesser and unchronicled instances which contribute to swell the tide of holy emotion at such a consecrated hour. We thought of him when it is said, "The Lord doeth what she could"—and of another of whom it is said, "She hath done more than they all." Here was one who had invested in the missionary enterprise, perhaps his dea-

rest treasure, the child of his affection and old age, the pride and solace of his heart. He had parted with the very staff and stay of his declining years to help on the good work; and now, by this one more offering from his scanty funds, was showing himself satisfied with his great investment, contented with its present and prospective dividends, and anxious to take all the additional stock he could procure.

We thought that such a meeting as that must be intensely affecting to a "missionary's father."

We thought it a question painfully doubtful, whether our own present degree of faith and zeal were sufficient to enable us to part with an endeared and precious child, all fitted and polished to the work, to go forth into that great work, to labour for Christ at a returnless distance from our side.

And we thought, too, that when the people of God shall love the Lord and his kingdom enough to give up their best trained, and most creditable, and most reliable children, to the missionary work, there will then be no lack of money, and no deficiency of prayers such as should annihilate "that miserable monster of a sixty thousand," and cause his frightening visage to be forgotten.

Christian friend, you call yourself the friend of missions—will you give up your son to this work, and feel it an honour and joy to have him accepted and worn out in it? And if not, how much will you gladly give to be excused from becoming a "missionary's father," and to buy off your idolized darling from his share in the toil, the suffering, the triumph and the glory? —Boston Recorder.

Men of Hot Hearts.

(FOR MINISTERS AND STUDENTS.)

"We want men of hot hearts to tell of the love of Christ," said a converted Chinese. It is as true in Britain as in China, that such men are needed. But is there not a fearful deficiency among us of such hearts? Are there not cold hearts in great numbers of the pulpits every Sabbath? Of many preachers, it may be affirmed they are cold, very cold. A mere round of services in the sanctuary does not meet the wants of the hearers. They need to be aroused, and must be, by the preacher, or they will sleep. He that enters the pulpit at this day depending on his audience for inspiration, will be a dull preacher. Christ's ambassadors should present themselves before the people prepared to create an interest. The sanctuary ought to be known as the place where men are made to feel. Give us light—give us also heat. Enough, and more than enough have we had of that preaching which is as cold as moonbeams.

To secure the hot hearts needed, it is in vain to visit Germany or any other foreign places. These hearts cannot be obtained by speculations on a "new theocracy." Nor will the arts of logic and rhetoric produce them; God alone can give them, and ministers must seek to him for them. Sitting around the earth, exploring foreign lands, gaining acquaintance with the wisdom of other climes and ages, seeking the highest accomplishments afforded by science and literature, are all well in their place; but preachers of the gospel should know that the duty assigned to them by the King of Zion, is to unfold the gospel that multitudes shall be saved. For this end they must have hot hearts.

Happiness of the Self-Denying.

Religion self-denial is no such hard and painful duty, as it is generally thought to be. The testimony of the Bible and the experience of Christians concur in relating the story. Both these authorities declare that the happiest men in the world are the self-denying and that they are happy in proportion to their self-denial, and because of it.

Look at facts: Moses was a happier man than Pharaoh. Does any one doubt this? Daniel was happier than the Chaldean king. Paul was happier than the emperor Nero. Howard was happier than Buonaparte. And the paradox to the selfish mind is, that these men found their happiness in self-denial. Of Moses it is said that he chose to suffer afflictions with the people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Paul's experience corresponded with his. He says, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in persecutions, in necessities, in distress, in every thing, in order to be with Christ." And in another place, after reciting a long catalogue of his sufferings, he says, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." Such are all Christian experiences. The purest and unmingled happiness tasted on earth, is by the men who most nearly approach the pattern of Him, who, though he was rich, yet came poor, that we through his poverty might become rich.

There never was a more obvious practical mistake than to attempt to find happiness in avoiding and going round the path of self-denial. They are at the poles of truth, who suppose happiness depends upon shunning the world. It is not upon taking it up and leaving it. True blessedness is in self-denial, not in avoiding it. He who shrugs his shoulders and says, "I must for Christ's sake, shun the world," is guilty of treating the most excellent gift permitted to man this side of heaven. On the infinite number of turn-outs and by-paths from the path of self-denial, he is hurried to in the belief that they are the true paths; when in truth they only lead to the crooked and the highway of joy unobtainable and full of glory.

Hope for God's love is the only way to true happiness.

The sailor on the ocean's billows would behold the star that glimmers in the sky across the trackless deep, and not look at the dark troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star is veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass, and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be hidden from his vision. So we, tossed on many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, must look not on the waves of temptation, that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

Reproof to the Swearers.

It is related of the venerable Dr. Matthews, late President of Hanover College, that on one occasion, as he was walking near the college with his slow and unsteady step, a youth who had not observed his approach, while engaged in cutting wood, began to swear vainly in his vexation. The Doctor stepped up and said, "Give me the axe," and then quietly chopped the stick of wood up himself. Returning the axe to the young man, he said in his peculiar manner, "You see now the wood may be cut without swearing." The reproof was effectual, and led to an entire abandonment of the impious habit.

Solemn Inquiries.

In what state did my soul come into the world? What condition is my soul in now? What would become of me if I should lose my soul? What would be my doom if God should this night require my soul? Ought not the salvation of my soul to be my chief business and concern? Should I not seek that salvation now?