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Poetry.

THE SETTING SUN.

BY THEODORE SEDGEWICK FAY.

Farewell, O Sun!
To the horizon's rim,
Low bowed, thy glory dim,
Thy journey done:
So some fallen monarch lies,
Blinding the sight no more,
At still-scanned careless eyes
By common eyes.

Lower—more low—
The broken edge, between,
Of our old earth is seen
Ascending slow;
As its unwavering bound,
With mountain, sea, and plain,
Nation and town, again
Comes steadily round.

Linger awhile!
Still let thy crimson beam
Through the dark forest stream,
O'er the field smile.
In vain! thy hour is past:
Never on earth was given
A glory so like heaven,
And given to last.

Now almost gone,
How mournfully we gaze
On thy slow-sinking blaze.
Farewell, O Sun!
So some beloved one dies,
And takes, in faith's warm light,
His everlasting flight
From our wet eyes.

Thou dost not set;
Though plunged our globe beneath,
Though quenched in seeming death,
Thou shinest yet
In God's appointed time,
Thou wilt, like him once slain,
Before our eyes again,
Uprise sublime.

Yes, even now,
O'er realms, to thee revealed,
From our small view concealed,
Bendeth thy brow:
Thou seest, from pole to pole,
Blue gleaming at thy feet,
With many a shore and fleet,
Atlantic roll.

Beneath thy eye,
Arctic ice-cliff and plain,
Warm field of golden grain,
And India valley lie;
While on the ship's lone way,
A round the Cape, storm-tossed,
The dark and frowning coast
Stares in thy ray.

And so, when I,
Life's weary traveler o'er,
Reach that black fatal shore,
At length to die!
Almighty God! teach me,
As Earth's brief phantoms fade,
To follow undistressed,
Trusting in Thee!

Beyond Death's night,
Let nobler prospects rise,
Now fields and fairer skies
Break on my sight:
And so, my tired race run,
May my last moments shine,
Radiant and calm, like thine,
O'er setting Sun!

WHAT IS LIFE?

O! what is life? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms—and is gone:
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on;
Death comes—and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O! what is life? 'Tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look they die:
Life fails as soon; to-day 'tis here,
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life? If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

Christian Miscellany.

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

For the Wesleyan.

The Originality of the Bible.

BY THE REV. R. COONEY, A. M.

The divinity of this sacred volume has been repeatedly and abundantly authenticated. Its celestial origin has been the subject of deep and searching investigations, of learned and elaborate disquisitions, and of numerous polemical discussions. In these, Light has triumphed over darkness, and Truth has vanquished error. They are indeed the *process verbal* by which the divine character has been fully established. No marvel then, it will be said, that originality, striking originality, is a distinguishing and pervading feature of "THE HOLY BIBLE."

This is apparent in every part of it; and must of necessity be so, as it had no predecessor. It contains the VERY FIRST SPECIMENS of History and Legislation; of civil and criminal Jurisprudence; of Poetry, and Biography—of political science in all its branches, of ecclesiastical polity, of natural and moral philosophy, &c., &c.

But "The Originality of the Bible" is very clearly seen in the numerous, wonderful occurrences, mentioned in the earliest periods of its history. These had no antecedents—no preliminaries. In themselves, they form the most extraordinary events, and are as sublime in their operation and effects, as they are mysterious in their origin, and ancient in their calendars.

We hear a great deal of the vigilant Dragon that guarded the golden apples of Hesperides; and how often have we been delighted while reading the history of Deucalion the son of Prometheus. We have all heard of the labours of Hercules—of the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit of Iphigenia—of the friendship of Damon and Pythias—of Apollo driving the chariot of the sun; of Xion, and the perpetual revolutions of his torturing wheel—of the travels of Ulysses and Aeneas—In a word, who has not heard of, who has not read of, the marvellous exploits of "THE HEATHEN GODS," and of the great military feats performed by their ancient warriors and heroes.

But the fictions and fables of HESPERIDES are only an erroneous and distorted version of the prohibition and expulsion of PARADISE—The history of DEUCALION was suggested to the Epic Poets by the history of NOAH—The labours of HERCULES had their origin and type in those of SAMSON—the character of IPHIGENIA, and her installation as High Priestess of Diana, are a mere reprint of the case of JERTHA's daughter. Of the friendship of DAMON and PYTHIAS we would have never heard, but for the love of DAVID and JONATHAN. The travels of ULYSSES and AENEAS are as nothing, compared to the journeyings of the Children of Israel, and were surpassed perhaps, by even the migrations of Abraham. The wonderful achievements of their solar charioteer would have never been found in the allegories or myths of the Heathen theology, if Enoch had not been translated; and in Xion's ceaseless tortures, the endless duration of future punishments is clearly exhibited.

The Bible is indeed a kind of spiritual Diorama.—Here all these stupendous events are brought out in all their diversity, and in a constantly varying light; and "THE CROSS," the mysterious cross is the centre of this celestial exhibition, and on this sacred spot, various lights, issuing from quarters, meet together and form one confluent stream of light. A beam, somewhat shaded, issues from the manger of Bethlehem; a bright and beautiful one comes shining from the banks of the Jordan; from Thabor, from the Lakes of Galilee, and from the Mount of Olives. These shine throughout the whole Christian dispensation, and shew us, in THE

BIBLE, an inexhaustible mine containing "The Pearl of great price." "The golden wedge of Ophir"—The diamonds that embellish "The Crown of Life"—the precious stones of "The Urim and Thummim"—"The unsearchable riches of Christ"—"The treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—"The pure gold, the beautiful pearls, and the brilliant gems of which the Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem is built." And, while we devoutly, and with an enlightened understanding, explore this mine, and seek after its hidden treasures—"THE ORIGINALITY OF THE BIBLE" will be fully demonstrated—its gracious and hallowing influence will be experienced—and the hopes and visions of future glory will be realized by faith—

"By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Innovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God."

What I love too little.

I too little love to examine my own heart. Were I faithful in self-examination, I should know better where my affections were centred, and should be less liable to love improper objects, or to love proper ones excessively. I know that my heart is proud, treacherous, deceitful, and greatly wanting in pure love to God; and I feel towards the work of self-examination a reluctance, such as one who has to enter upon the investigation of the conduct of a disobedient child. I hesitate, and defer, and meanwhile evils are continually accumulating, and my case is being aggravated. How far better to come at once to the light, that the deeds of my wicked heart may be reformed, and that repentance and peace may ensue!

I love reproof too little. If I loved it, and counted the wounds of a friend faithful, how much more ready would friends be to give me needed admonition and reasonable reproof! How much more should I profit from it, when it was given; and how much less should I need it! But it is not merely the reproofs of brethren that I misimprove; but those also which come from the hands of my heavenly Father. "He that refuseth reproof erreth."

I love labour, and sacrifice, and self-denial too little. How reluctantly do I go into a vineyard where I know there is a burden to be borne! How easily do I excuse myself from doing something that is crossing to the flesh! I can easily say, "I am not fit for that work, or some one else can do it better than I," and so I pacify conscience by neglecting duty and living in idleness. It is easy to talk of self-denial, and of taking up the cross; but talking and doing are different things. Alas! what single thing have I renounced—what labour am I pursuing—or what sacrifice or self-denial of mine are there, to give testimony of the strength and the sincerity of my love to Christ?

I love God's holy Word too little. If I suitably loved it, should I not read it more and remember more, and practise more?—"The entrance of thy words giveth light," Should I stumble so much in darkness, if I suitably loved and pondered the divine testimonies? Could my heart be so cold, and so much a void, if it were well instructed in the wisdom of inspiration? Could I so far wander from God, if I made his word the constant lamp to my feet and light to my path?

I love the souls of men too little. Witness my want of fervour, earnestness, and importunity in praying for them. Witness my want of tenderness and faithfulness in reproving them of sin, and endeavouring to lead them to the Saviour. Witness my worldliness and trifling conversation, by which I hinder instead of promoting the salvation of souls. Ah! what witnesses against me will there be, who are living in impenitence, and who hear no admonition nor entreaty from my lips, but who, by my example of stupidity, are confirmed in unbelief.

I love the Saviour of sinners too little. I might as well have confessed this at first.—This is sufficient to account for all other evils and defects. Love to Christ is the fountain of all holy affections, and the source of all true obedience; and where this love is wanting, no marvel if its fruits are wanting. Here, then, is the cause of all my sins and sorrows. I have forsaken the Fountain of living waters, and have hewn out to myself broken cisterns, which can hold no water; and, of necessity, I am found wanting in all respects. What, now, shall I do? Where is the way of return to duty and peace?—Hasten, O sinful soul! with contrition, and confession, and tears, to the cross of Christ.

Humility—A Dream.

I thought I stood at the entrance of an immense palace, and saw a poor mendicant waiting opposite me. He seemed a man of broken spirit, his face was wan and pale, his words ever and anon were "Admit me, pray admit me to the palace."

But he, like myself, seemed to apply to the wrong persons for admittance. As I saw him leaning dejected against the doorway, I cast in my mind what advice to give him, forgetting, alas! that I too was ignorant. Then came the doorkeeper to him. I applied for admittance as a right, while the poor beggar only showed his rags and wept to him. "The doorkeeper gave attention; he took him by the hand, and so they went in together, and the gate closed on me."

Then I saw the beauty of humility. Not long after, I met the humble man of tears, but how changed! His garment was costly; his feet were shod with strange but substantial shoes; his face wore no longer its sad expression. "Now I accosted him and said, 'What means this change?' and what of the palace?" He answered me with solemnity, "This change is the free and unmerited gift of the great King. This," pointing to his garb, "is the robe of his righteousness, and he who admitted me is truly as the door of the palace. Through him alone can you enter. Go," said he, "and apply with humility and faith. His voice never yet sent away the humble suppliant." "What," said I, "can none but he admit me?" "And art thou not content?" he said, "Could a thousand others give me a place there, I would prefer the hand that led me so gently in; go," he said, "and learn humility."

The earnestness of his voice startled me. I awoke, and plainly saw that my dream had showed me Jesus the only way of salvation. Alas! I said, as I roused myself, that so many go away disappointed because too proud to depend on the meek and lowly Saviour.

Coming to Christ.

Once more, coming sinner! think of the Saviour who inviteth thee; full of grace as well as of truth. He complaineth if thou come not; he is displeased if thou call not upon him; he can bear with thy weakness; he can pity thy ignorance; he can be touched with the feeling of thy infirmities; he can affectionately forgive thy transgressions; he can heal thy backslidings, and love thee freely. His compassions fail not; he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; he can pity where no eyes pity, and be afflicted in all thy afflictions; he will bow his ear to thy stammering prayer; he will accept the weakest offering, if there be in it but thy heart; he hath strewed all the way from the gate of hell where thou wast, to the gate of heaven whither thou art going, with promises.

Behold how the promises, invitations, calls, and encouragements are mixed with the names of mercy, goodness, love, pity, and pardon! In his book they are fairly written, that thou through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope. Coming sinner! blessed art thou, for "flesh and blood have not revealed this unto thee, but thy Father who is in heaven"—Dunbar.