

THE WESLEYAN.

For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."—SCRIPTURE.

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Original Poetry.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"—1 JOHN, III. 15.

Would that I had of thine, to show
The nameless nature of my love;
The strength of this desire to flow,
Out, in the fulness from above.
The astral crown in thee is bright;
The name illustrious; and the throne
High o'er the hierarchies of light;
But Thou art Love!
And Thou art loved, O Lord, alone.

Love Thee? Love life! Frail—fraillest thought!
Shall he not know, who is the eye,
The secret that in me is wrought,
Since God in pity passed me by?
I sink beneath the wondrous cross,
Alarmed with Peter's doubtful freight;
Nor less, at Paul's triumphant gloss,—
Incarnate Love,—
I shudder in eternal weight.

Love Thee! In thee alone secure
I live, I move, and have my breath.
All else, the wish, even, to endure,
Is counted vanity and death.
It is presumption thus to be;
Infinite mercy now to fade;
If I am not to honour thee,
Eternal Love,
Above all beings thou hast made.

A. J. W.

Narrative.

THE WATCHMAKER AND HIS FAMILY.*

THE HISTORY OF AN ARTISAN.

"I was brought up to the watchmaking business;—first errand-boy, then apprentice; afterward a journeyman in a considerable manufactory. But alas! I was not instructed in the principles of religion. My parents were poor, and they were glad to find a place for me as soon as I could earn a trifle. My master taught me nothing except my business; and although my memory was good, and retained what little I had learned, it was very little indeed. I was, like the generality of mechanics, disorderly and irreligious: I laughed at the Bible, though I had hardly ever looked into it; while the blasphemies of Faine and Voltaire, and other works of a licentious and impure description, were my delight. I was a skilful workman, and earned a good deal of money; but I squandered all away as fast as I received it; the public house was my daily resort. In a word, I was just such a thoughtless, wicked being as many of our arti-

ans are,—careless of the morrow, and indifferent as to the concerns of my soul.

"This was the wretched course in which I lived when I married my dear wife. She was then ignorant of the Saviour; but she had been regularly brought up and instructed by her parents: of course she was much grieved at my conduct; and often mildly and earnestly urged me to reform. I could not but acknowledge the truth of what she said, and a thousand times determined to lead a new life. But, Sir, who can change his own heart, or reform his conduct, when he sets about it in his own strength? My old habits and companions all conspired to retain me in their bands. I could not extricate myself, and plunged again and again into sin and folly.

"I was a husband and a father, but cared neither for wife or child. I was always unhappy and discontented; and when I returned home it was only to wreak upon my patient companion those tempers which were the consequences of my own ill conduct. O Sir, are you acquainted with the families of our mechanics? If so, I need not attempt to describe the discord, the misery, and wretchedness which so often trouble them, or to paint the consequences which ensue.

"Thus passed ten miserable years. I was an unkind husband, an irreligious father. This brief description at once tells you our wretchedness. 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' Isa. lvii. 21. Infidels may say what they please, but I speak from bitter experience. Where the love of the Saviour abideth not, there is wrath, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness: in a word, it is a hell upon earth. O that my dear wife could forget those years of pain and suffering! The remembrance of them is a burden which would overwhelm me, did not I remember that the loving kindness and tender mercy of the Saviour is greater than our sins. O," said he, taking his wife by the hand, "have you forgotten, can you forget, these things?"

"My dear," replied this excellent woman, "can your wife remember what our heavenly Father has declared that he has forgotten?"

"What do I not owe to you," said he, "Thus it is, Sir, that she always comforts me. Her example, and, above all, her prayers, have indeed been blessed to my soul.

"About three years ago I observed that my wife had some new acquaintance. There was evidently a change in her: she appeared more anxious about religion, and I found that she attended public worship

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