

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. 1.—No. 1.]

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1849.

[Price Three Pence.]

## SELECTED POETRY.

### FATAL MISTAKES.

BY REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

How fast the chains of nature bind  
Our poor degenerate race!  
What darkness clouds the parents' mind,  
If unenlivened by grace!  
As sworn to take the tempter's part,  
They fatally employ  
Their utmost power and utmost art,  
Their offspring to destroy.

By Satan's subtlety beguiled,  
To Satan's school they send;  
And each delights the favourite child  
To humor and commend:  
The proud with ranker pride they fill,  
Heighten their worst disease,  
And fondly soothe the stubborn will  
To tenfold stubbornness.

With lust of pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
Their children they inspire;  
And every vain desire inflame,  
And every passion fire;  
They wish them good, but rather great,  
Religious, but genteel;  
Pious, yet fond of pomp and state;  
As heaven would mix with hell.

Adorned in pearl and rich array,  
You see the murderer's prize!  
As, crowned with flowers, the victims gay,  
Are led to sacrifice;  
Down a broad, easy way they glide,  
To endless misery;  
And curse their dotting parents' pride,  
To all eternity.

Others, alas! how few,  
The fond, the foolish, the few,  
And rush with zealous zeal into  
The merciless extreme:  
They vent their passions' furious heat,  
In stern, tyrannic sway;  
Their children as their beasts treat,  
And force the slaves' obey.

With notions fraught, the Stoics scorn  
Pursue their rigid plan;  
In weakness look for perfect power,  
In babes the strength of man:  
The wisdom ripe of hoary hairs  
From children they require;  
Till time their schemes in pieces tears,  
And all in smoke expire.

Harrassed by long domestic war,  
With scarce a truce between,  
Their children's tender minds abhor  
The Egyptian discipline:  
They quite throw off the yoke severe,  
O'er nature's wilds to rove,  
And hate the objects of their fear,  
Whom they could never love.

## CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

### Our Three Homes.

There is no place so replete with endearing and delightful associations as home. However far removed from it, or however changed our circumstances, whether living in the sunshine of prosperity, or struggling with misfortune and poverty, we revert to it with a fondness peculiar to our earlier years, and forgetting the present, we seem once more to live over their happy hours and innocent amusements. There is the old tree, beneath which we have so often reposed, and among whose boughs we have so often heard the song of the birds, or the whisperings of the wind; yonder is the field through which we have passed, culling flowers and forming wreaths, and there is the spring from which, in the heats of summer, we have quenched our thirst; there are the wooded hills we have ranged; and, further on, glides the stream upon whose bosom we have so often sailed, in the calm of the evening hour. There is the house in which we first knew a parent's love, and a parent's protection; and there is the room in which we have played with a brother or sister, whose heart, perhaps, has since grown still, whose eye is dim, and whose form now rests in the dreamless slumber of the grave. Whatever may be the reverses or vicissitudes that attend us, whatever the difficulties we are called to encounter, or whatever the scorn poured upon us by the world, there is, at least, one green spot, in the waste of our life, to which we can turn

and be safe from all that can disquiet or annoy. There, we feel that confidence can be indulged, affection requited, and the kindlier feelings of the soul be unreservedly unfolded. Hence it has been said,

"Home is the sacred refuge of our life."

But, in the holy Scriptures, we think the word has a somewhat more extended signification. Not only is it applied to a person's ordinary place of abode—"then the disciples went away again to their home," but to our eternal state—"man goeth to his long home." And there is yet another sense in which, perhaps, it may be considered, namely, a home in the Church. We often hear allusion made to this fact by different individuals who say, they have found a home in the Church. Let us, then, consider the word in a three-fold sense—our home on earth, our home in the Church, and our home in heaven.

**Our home on earth.**—What constitutes a home, a happy home on earth? Many things, it may be said, contribute to this, such as, neatness and order, harmony between brother and sister, and a desire on the part of all mutually to serve and please. Amiability of temper and obligingness of manners go far, we must confess, to the promotion of fireside enjoyment; but it is questionable whether these, or any similar qualities, could long exist unless founded and supported by genuine religion. For this, while it comprises everything that is truly amiable and excellent, is the only thing which, in itself, can render home perfectly happy. Wealth and grandeur cannot do it. Education and refinement cannot do it. Spacious and elegant edifices, though situated in the midst of loveliness and beauty, though commanding the most exquisite prospect, and enjoying the most grateful and salubrious atmosphere, cannot be substituted for inward beauty and moral loveliness. Paradise may be without, while Pandemonium reigns within. Fully to understand the influence which true religion exerts on the peace and harmony of home, let us, for a moment, contrast the family where it is not, with that where it has unrestrained control of the heart and the affections. In the former the father but too frequently considers his home merely as a place where he may eat and sleep, and from which the sooner he is gone and the longer he is absent, the greater is his comfort. His wife he probably respects, but only as his housekeeper; his children are so many necessary evils, "to be kept out of the way as much as possible." There is no regularity to his habits; no fixedness to his desires; no steadiness to his purposes; all is restlessness and perturbation. The least thing will inflame him, like a spark applied to powder. He feels wrong; he acts wrong; and everything within and about him is wrong. His family is wrong; his wife is unkind and disobliging, and his children, he feels assured, have taken full degrees in sullenness and petulance. In society, he may assume the utmost complaisance and affability. He may smile with the gay, and laugh with the merry and the thoughtless, and his heart seem the abode of all that is cheerful and happy. But amid all this illusion and show, inward misery is his portion:

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart runs darkly to ruin the while."

Such a man was Lord Chesterfield, the ruling star of English etiquette. What is his confession, after having spent a series of years, and in truth, his whole life, in the pursuit of happiness? "I have seen the silly round of business and pleasure, and have done with all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently, know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which, in fact, is very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare. But I have been behind the scene. When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have

done, I cannot persuade myself that all the frivolous business of the world has any reality. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with the meritorious resignation and constancy which men boast? No, sir! I cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or not. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can."

Turn now to the family where religion reigns. Night and morning, the prayer of thanksgiving and praise ascends to heaven; upon every lip is the law of kindness; upon every heart, the seal of love. The world may be dark and stormy without, but, within the domestic circle, a heavenly peace diffuses its calm and holy radiance. Perfect harmony prevails, and the language of each sympathizing heart is,

"Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die:  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky."

**Our home in the Church.**—There are some, we are aware, who expect to reach heaven without having been members of the visible Church on earth. This is possible; but it seems mysterious that Christ should institute a Church, when it was equally feasible to gain the kingdom of God without its pale as within it. Is this the case? Or, can we not more successfully advance the glory of God, and promote the welfare of our own souls, by being thus united? Would not many of us fall away, or perish in the wilderness, or become a prey to the destroyer, if we attempted to walk alone: while, on the other hand, would we not proceed on our journey with more comparative ease and safety, if we were one in heart and interest? Most unhesitatingly we should. If one were cast down, then there would be those to lift up. If one were weak in faith, then there would be those to encourage. If one had tribulation in the world, or if friends and kindred proved false, then there would be those in the Church to whom he might turn and find friendship and affection, and he would find One at its head that would be to him more than a father and a mother. Yes, the Church! we love it; we love its members, its ministers, and its institutions; and to the latest day of our being will we remember the favour it has borne toward us, the shelter it has afforded us, and the home it has been to us in the midst of trial and affliction.

**Our home in Heaven.**—It is a home of rest. Rest! what a word of melody and sweetness to the wearied traveller, who has been weeks and months, and, perhaps, years, from the bosom of his family and his home, and who has suffered fatigue and privation by the way!

"O, welcome is that little spot,  
His dear, long-lost native home,  
O, welcome is that humble cot,  
Where he shall rest, no more to roam."

But incomparably sweeter is the rest of the Christian pilgrim, who, after a long and devious march through this "howling wilderness," has reached his Father's house above! His pilgrimage is then closed, and as he looks back upon the sorrows he has experienced and the difficulties he has overcome, it is with the consciousness that they are passed for ever. He rests from his labors; rests from his cares; rests from his fears; and rests from all that can corrode and disquiet.

Heaven is a home of happiness. There are none in this life but are called upon to pass through affliction and sorrow. Our nearest friends cannot always dwell with us here. The ties of friendship exist unheeded by the hand of death. From the family, perhaps, he takes a father and a mother, then a brother or a sister, until all are gone, and none is left to tell the history of existence. But in heaven death is unknown, and the family is never broken up. There we shall be free from the vicissitudes and trials of an earthly existence; no more change; no more parting; no more weeping; and no more sorrow. And this happiness we shall enjoy with the highest and holiest of beings. There we shall be with an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made

perfect; with the patriarchs, and the prophets, and the apostles, and the redeemed of every age and clime. There we shall be with God the Father, and God the Spirit, and God the Son, for ever and for ever. O, who would not seek this home, far up in the skies,

"Where they who meet shall never part,  
Where grace achieves its plan,  
And God, uniting every heart,  
Dwells face to face with man!"

House's Sketches.

### Music at Midnight.

It is related of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once in a walk to Salisbury to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress and needed present help: which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he helped the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discompoed. But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done, would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whenever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion."

O, how many might have the anxious thoughts which infest often their midnight hours, changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen, with full hands and friendly words, in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!

### Satan and Prayer Meetings!

Such meetings pull down his kingdom just in proportion to the spirit and power which prevail in them. "The one that was held for several days previous to the day of Pentecost was a sore trial to him, for it wrested from his grasp a vast number of his faithful servants. Can he be a lover of such meetings? This is impossible. And yet is he not sometimes there? Does he not stop the mouths of the saints? Does he not suggest to this brother, and to that, capital reasons why they should take no part in the meeting?"

He is busy doubtless in keeping numbers away, so as to make the meeting as thin as possible; but some who elude him in that matter, and who actually reach the place of prayer, he follows up and enjoins silence, if he cannot *absent*.

But if he cannot get silence, and here he fails often, he does what is next neighbour to it—he aims to make the prayer as formal and as heartless as possible. The prayer that has the least degree of warmth and energy is the one that most comforts him. He can endure to spend an hour at a stupid prayer meeting. There is nothing done there to shatter his kingdom. If he can keep things "about so," he will be content. A heartless prayer will be as effectual against his kingdom as an infant's breath opposing a tempest.—*Doston Recorder.*

### The enjoyment of God.

We enjoy all good in the enjoyment of God, as every ray of perfection beams forth from him and must be resolved into him.