

Hardware. SPRING, 1849.

SCRIBERS have received their Spring... Chain Cables and Small CHAINS, kinds, and Composition Spikes...

Wesleyan Day School.

SCRIBERS beg leave respectfully to state to Wesleyan Parents and to the public that the above School has been...

Primary Department. Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Spelling.

Higher Department. and Modern History, Ancient & Modern History, the Globe, Grammar, and Com-

Medical and Classical Departments.

Trigonometry, Mensuration, Land Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Latin, Algebra, Logic, and Rhetoric.

Water! Pure Water!

The Lake running through our City.

WRINGING & MANGLING MACHINES.

through H. G. HILL's should have one of these improved Patent Wringing and Mangling Machines, in their Laundry...

—To have three small Patent CHURNS or a very superior Patent Cheese Press.

—To let, possession given on the 1st day of Nov.

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THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c., &c. [Vol. 1, No. 14.]

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HALIFAX, N., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

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POETRY.

Questions and Answers.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?—We tread thy pathway to the tomb. Stars! wherefore do ye rise?—To light thy spirit to the skies. Fair Moon! why dost thou wane?—That I may wax again. O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?—The Word, that said, "Let there be light." Planets! what guides you in your course?—Unseen, unfeeling, unassuming force. Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?—My Maker call'd me, and I came. O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?—Ask not; for all things but myself I show. What is your arch which ever, where I see?—The sign of Omnipotent Deity. Where rests the horizon's all embracing zone?—Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne. Ye clouds! what bring ye in your train?—God's embassies—storm, lightning, hail, or rain. Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?—Then must be born again to know. How in the cloud what token dost thou bear?—That justice still cries "strike," and Mercy "spare." Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?—To shine on earth, and rise to heaven. Rise, glitter, break, yet, bubble! tell me why?—To show the earth's veil all beneath the sky. O Ray, Meteor! stay thy fleeting fire. —Not thus shall all the host of heaven expire. Ocean! what law thy charmed waves constrain?—That which Jesus's love holds thy mind. Time! whither dost thou fleet?—I travel to Eternity. Eternity! what art thou?—Time past, time present, time to come—in day. Ye Dead! where on your dwelling lie?—The house I rent the living—come and see. O Life! what is thy breath?—A vapour list in death. O Death! how dost thy strife?—In everlasting life. O Grave! where is thy victory?—Ask Him who rose again for me.

Departed Kindred.

BY THE REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

When dost thou pass with thy red dust grave, From earth's lowly bed to your place, The everlastingly home being, Such things as of a garden Spring And those dear sanded ones, to whom No more returns earth's joy or bloom, That in each of us I see, The love I and lost come back to me. 'Twas on a day when flowers were bright, A brother fell from my sight, 'Twas in the morning time to my child First with his cherub angels smiled, And now, when verdure decks the glade, And clustering vines the casement shade, I think of both—and in the ease A throng of hapless memories. Best heart-links, sundered here too soon, No mortal Spring returns the boon, But in the severance of our ties, The soul to heaven itself allies, And when at length, the veil withdrawn, Eternal life begins its dawn, The fountain of delight we sip, Is blending in companionship.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

The Three Wanderers.

The Church of S—is beautiful to the natural eye. Small, but neat—carefully kept and covered all over with a rich veil of

ivy, it is the admiration of many a passer-by. In it, however, no Gospel had been preached for at least half a century. The pulpit was occupied, and a weekly sermon read, but no glad tidings to the sinner came from the preacher's lips. Yet the people were satisfied—they had fallen into utter apathy. But there was one old woman with whom it was in some measure otherwise. She had spent her life in the midst of this death, and for a long time had been equally contented with the rest. About eight or nine years ago, however, she began to have a vague sense of her want. How it arose she knew not, and could never tell; but she felt that there was something wrong both about herself and her minister. What this was she could not explain, or what was likely to cure it. But she felt it. Each returning Sabbath made her feel it more; till impelled by this secret, indefinite sense of want, she wandered most unconsciously one Sabbath morning into the neighbouring town, which was but a few miles distant.

She knew nothing about any of the ministers there; and even though she had known, it would have been of little service, for she scarcely knew the errand on which she had come. "As God would have it," she wandered into my church, and sat down. She listened to the message, and thought it strange. She had never heard the like before, and hardly understood it. She waited and came back in the afternoon, and felt more interested than before. She then returned home, wondering at what she had heard. During the week conviction of sin took hold of her. The Spirit of God was working deeply in her soul. When next Sabbath returned, she again set out upon the same errand. Light seemed to be rising. Sabbath after Sabbath did she come, and ere long found the resting-place. Since that time she has walked consistently as a follower of the Lamb, during many trials and sorrows.

As soon as she had found the Saviour for herself, she began to tell her neighbours what she felt. One young woman she persuaded to accompany her. Under the first sermon, this girl was arrested and brought under deep convictions. She had never heard the Gospel before, and it came home with mighty power. Ere long her feet also were led into the way of peace, and she went upon her way rejoicing, "Looking unto Jesus."

She was naturally warm-hearted and eager in her temperament. This soon showed itself in her renewed state. She could not refrain from telling what God had done for her soul. And having soon after changed her residence to another village, she sought out some believing ones, and met with them for prayer and fellowship. For four years did she remain the same zealous, affectionate, happy Christian. Many knew and loved her. Even the ungodly wondered at her consistency of walk, and her beaming countenance of love, which spoke of the deep peace within—"peace like a river." She rested simply and counselingly on Jesus; and looking simply at the cross, she was a stranger to doubts and fears.

About three years ago God smote her with sore sickness. At first she was merely laid aside from work, but not confined to the house. And during this time she went continually about warning her neighbours, and beseeching them to turn to God. She lost no opportunity of telling her friends of Christ and reminding them of a coming eternity.

But she was soon laid upon her death-bed. While there, all was peace. She had known Christ in the day of her health, and in the hour of sickness he was not to seek. So long as she was able, she still continued to speak to her friends about their eternal welfare; and now she did so with double solemnity and power, as one upon the edge of that eternity for which she besought them to prepare.

To the last her hope was calm and bright for her was upon the Star of Bethlehem.

Jesus had been her all in life; and she found him to be her all in death. She was patient yet she longed to be with Him whom having not seen, she loved.

I saw her but a short time before her death. Her labouring breath made her but imperfectly heard. She grasped my hand and pressed it tenderly. "You told me long ago," she said, "that it was blessed to die in Christ, and I now find it to be so." After a little, she added, again pressing my hand, "Farewell, till we meet in glory!—farewell!"

About two years before her death, she had been the means of awakening a relative of her own. I remember one sweet bright summer afternoon, meeting them both together, and as I passed I spoke a solemn word to the careless girl. She then she was impenetrable. She turned away from my warning and that of her believing cousin. But not long after she was brought to a deep sense of sin, through means of the unwearied efforts of her relatives. She has since that found "peace with God," and has walked with him consistently as a child of light.

Thus it is that God works. In ways the unlikeliest yet the simplest. All of them worthy of himself—fitted to humble man and to exalt the Saviour. How interesting to trace his marvellous works! He begins with one poor solitary wanderer; that one is made the instrument of calling another; that second is made the means of drawing in a third. And thus the work proceeds. How natural, yet how full of wisdom and of majesty!

Should we not be more deeply interested in scenes like these! Should the outward bustle of political or ecclesiastical affairs and events ever withdraw our eye from such blessed, such heart-cheering narratives?—These are the things that gladden angels, and should they not gladden us? And should there not be far more earnest and importunate prayer that God would pour out his Spirit upon the parched fields, that we may not merely have one such scene, but many, many, thousands? O LORD, REVIVE THE WORK!

The Luxury of the Closet.

It is a great privilege to the true believer that he may confess his sins without fear or reserve, at the footstool of his Maker, and in the presence of an Almighty Mediator. Unable to sustain the burden within; unable to take to the confidence of his innermost thoughts and feelings, the closest human friend, he can go with entire freedom to one already familiar—to one better acquainted than he himself can be. No confession of an earthly priesthood can equal the sweetness and peace of the shaving of such a confession. The repentance that realizes the holiness and the goodness of God; that laments our own unfaithfulness and guilt; that strips us from all reliance on our own merits or strength; that penetrates with a subduing, yet encouraging conviction of the adaptedness and eternal love of the Saviour; that justifies the divine displeasure, while adoring the beauty of the holiness that condemns—repentance like this imparts a purity and sincerity of joy which no indulgence could ever afford. The closet—the lone confessional, where none but God can hear, we fear, is a place far too little frequented. Were it improved as it might be, the influence of its thrilling emotions would surpass all other methods of improvement, as well as other sources of joy. It leads to the forsaking of sin; it ministers to the energy and steadfastness of our desires to be holy and pure; it increases our sensibility to eternal things, and brings heaven down to earth.—N. Y. Evangelist.

What is Wanting?

Even granting that you enjoy the world, and that it has performed all its promises, and left you nothing to wish but that things should remain as they are, how do you

know that they will remain as they are? "What is wanting here?" said a courtier to his sovereign, with whom he was riding amidst the acclamations and splendor of a triumphal procession. "CONTINUANCE," replied the monarch. So say I. Tell me, if you will, of your youth, your health, the buoyancy of your spirits, your happy connections, your gay parties, your elegant pleasures, your fair prospects; and then name, What is wanting? I reply, "CONTINUANCE." A single day may spoil everything before to-morrow's sun shall rise you may be attacked by disease and death. You know not what an hour may bring forth.—Turn, then, for happiness from the world to religion; this is both satisfying and certain. Nothing can rob you of its privileges, they are vast as the capacity of your soul, and lasting as your eternal existence. Hear the beautiful language of Christ: "Whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John iv, 14.—J. A. James.

Beautiful Sentiment.

The late eminent Judge, Sir Allan Parks, once said at a public meeting in London:—"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization?—Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity; not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and beautiful parts to the gospel."

Close of Summer.

Another summer has folded up her record of human events, and bid adieu to earth.—As she passed away with her roses and sweet music we bade her a sad farewell—for her songs so cheerful and her flowers so sweet are needed to keep many a heavy heart from sinking. The summer has scattered showers and sunbeams, blossoms and fruits lavishly over a chequered and ungrateful world. She has fanned it with a perfumed zephyr, hung her bow in the sky, and wrapped her robe of rich verdure closely over the forest and the hills. She has done all that she could to breathe of love and win to virtue. But man heeds not the voices of the changing seasons. He poisons the zephyr with hate; he dims the rainbow with the smoke of desolation; he bathes her verdure in blood, and her voice of love is drowned by the mingling discord of contending passions, the din of battle and the wail of woe. Autumn has come now—a season of reflections, where the sere leaf, and the fading earth, and the mournful wind, bring to mind age—the tomb—another life—the bar of God.

Will man heed the voice of the present? Will he lament with the low sighing of the wind over the follies and crimes that the summer has witnessed, whose varied shades are all traced on the faithful scroll, to be seen again at the final settlement of human deeds? Will he hasten to spread peace over the field of desolation, to relieve the tears of sorrow, and bind up the broken heart? Autumn speaks of immortality.—Will man prepare for immortality by deeds of righteousness? Will he strive that a harvest may be garnered to him of the blessings of those ready to perish? Autumn spreads a gorgeous robe over the earth—many coloured and imposing as that given by the patriarch to his beloved son? Will man strive that the tender verdure of the first youthful feelings be succeeded by the