

# THE WESLEYAN.

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

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## Original Poetry.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

"The wise shall inherit glory."

Whilst pond'rous towers, the records of the past  
Are worn by time, or prove the worm's repast  
With all the wenders of the wondrous page,  
Forgotten are, or rendered dull by age:  
Whilst shields and swords and coronets shall rust,  
And Fame's proud temples moulder into dust:  
The warrior's plumes to time have fallen a prey,  
And patriot's laurels long have known decay,  
The man of God who spent a life of zeal,  
And toils unwearied, for his brethren's weal,  
Shall, blazon'd forth, survive the wreck of years,  
The hero's conquests, and his famed compeers.

Tho' with a cold reluctance, in the throng,  
Mayhap some plauded as he mov'd along  
Succeeding times alone the waste repairs,  
And, shorn of envy, to do justice, dares,  
Those holy gifts which on the altar burned  
'Till the worn body to the dust return'd,  
Shall show, through time, on history's faithful page,  
The patriot pure—the philanthropic sage,  
So lives recorded WESLEY'S honor'd name,  
In all the freshness of immortal fame,  
Who, as he lived above the world, expired,  
By all the martyr's heavenly rapture fired,  
Not wearied out, but worn by rolling time,  
He set, to rise in glorious light sublime—  
He slept, to wake to triumphs ever new,  
And those rewards his faith had kept in view—  
His Master's gracious plaudit to partake,  
With all who toiled and suffered for His sake.

Tho' grateful thousands, whom his labours bless,  
Have followed onward to their peaceful rest,  
Increase of years, increase his spreading fame,  
With those who love his venerated name:  
Nor forgotten, they who with him shared  
The toils and sufferings, self-denial dared,  
And who, by the same hallowed ardour fired,  
Maintained the truth, and in its cause expired,  
Whose names 'mong men, tho' written great or rare,  
Shall live recorded in the Book of Life!

August 26, 1839.

## Narrative.

THE WATCHMAKER AND HIS FAMILY.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

It was Saturday night: the clock had struck eleven:—we took leave of our friends, and directed our steps homeward. After passing through several streets we turned into a narrow lane: all was silent and dark except one low narrow window. "There," said I, "perhaps some poor mechanic, already tired with the labour of the day, still endeavours to increase his trifling pittance."

(To be continued.)

"Let us stop and see," said my companion. It was not difficult; for the house was an old-fashioned structure, built when the level of the ground was lower than at present; so that passengers easily saw what was passing within.

When we came opposite the window, we saw a middle-aged man at his work table, finishing one of the movements of a time-piece. His tool slipped, and the work was spoiled. He repeated the attempt, and again he was unsuccessful. A slight and momentary expression of trouble appeared upon his countenance, but the cloud soon passed away: he clasped his hands, and looked upward, while his lips moved as if uttering a short and fervent prayer;—the expression of trouble disappeared; he resumed his labour. In a few minutes he looked at the hour, and seeing it was now midnight, laid aside his work: then removing the lamp to a table in another part of the room, he took a book and began to read it. Presently he closed it, and kneeling down, prayed earnestly. Afterward, resuming his seat, he was for a short time engaged in meditation; and then, taking up the lamp, he left the room.

"There goes one of your godly ones, said my companion, walking on. "I am sure he is one of that sort."

"May be so, but did not you observe his patience, although he repeatedly failed in his work? Did you mark the expression of his countenance? It indicated trouble, but not anger or vexation."

"Yes, it was a peculiar expression, very different from that of workmen in general when an accident befalls them. I could not but observe it. The man seems poor, but there is something very decent and even respectable about him. But what could be the reason why he left off without finishing the movement?"

"Did you not see it was twelve o'clock? The Lord's day—the day of rest from worldly cares—has begun."

"Well, this is being righteous overmuch! If he went to church as usual, surely it could be no matter whether he worked half an hour longer to finish what he was about, or not: the man has to support his family. This is one of the mistakes about religion."

"I differ from you. I cannot blame the utmost strictness in endeavouring to do the will of God. Surely no man can be righteous overmuch in doing as the Bible directs him."

"But what harm would it have been if this poor