

THE WESLEYAN.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

Scripture.

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POETRY.

MY NATIVE CITY.

"My heart is in the home of my childhood"—I. E. L.

I come to thee,

My native city! with a dreamer's heart:
With all its rapture as in other days,
Ere many a year had brought increasing smart,
And laid it at thy feet, to send thy praise
Far o'er the sea!

I come to thee!

To gaze again upon my childhood's home,
The scenes of sunny pleasure, short and gay,
I tasted, ere my heart had learned to roam,
And stray in other climes of milder ray,
Among "the tree!"

I come to thee!

But with a heart of feeling swelling deep,
For here are nature's charms I loved so well,
The broad blue-sea, oft cradled in its sleep,
But now with waves, that loud its greatness tell,
Mighty and free!

I come to thee!

And O, how many a change the past hath wrought,
In all that bears the signet of man's power!
All but thy rock-bound shore I oft have sought,
To muse upon the beauties of an hour,
They had for me!

I come to thee!

And fain would see the friends of other years,
But some have wandered on the trackless main,
And some have wandered where no temple rears
Its spire; and some upon the battle plain,
Have ceased to be!

To thee, I come!

But I have learned to feel that all must change,
And though I've dreamed of pleasure, well I know
The world is cold, and human hearts so strange
Oft from each other—and the tears that flow
From hearts of purity, are dear to heaven,
And only to such holy hearts are given,
That blessed home!

By John, N. B., Esq.

From "Leisure Hours," by JOHN K. LASNEY.

HISTORICAL.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

By THE REV. R. M. MACBRAIR, WES. MIS.

ALL the wonderful works which God has exhibited in the natural world, are calculated to convey some important lesson to the mind of a reflecting being. Nor do we think that the usefulness of various objects in the creation is to be limited to the immediate service which they may instrumentally render to the multitudinous exertions of human skill. Some appear to be placed conspicuously before us, not so much for the purpose of aiding us in the arts of life, as for the instruction of our intellectual and spiritual natures.

The "manifest wisdom of God" is conspicuous

throughout the natural world, in every part of which we trace the most surprising displays of creative power and preserving goodness. But the human mind requires to be taught other lessons than those of wisdom and mercy. And hence we also see so many exhibitions of the wonderful and sublime in creation; the design of which is to implant in us a sense of our own nothingness, and of the majesty of the Great Supreme. Who can witness a storm at sea, when the lightnings flash in awful grandeur, and the immense billows seem to rise like an impending mountain, without feeling the littleness and impotency of man? Or who can stand upon an Alpine summit, and behold the everlasting hills, rearing their rugged tops above the clouds, —separated from each other by the most appalling dells,—and feel the deep solitude of those dreary wastes, without being made aware of his own personal insignificance? Hence we generally find that the mind receives much of its tone and character from the scenery by which our habitation is surrounded. For this reason, perhaps, Scripture employs so many figures of natural things to allure our minds above the earth, and make them familiar with the contemplation of those spiritual subjects which are thus impressively imaged or illustrated. Perhaps one of the grandest objects in nature is a volcano. The wild devastation strewed around it, often mixed up with spots of luxuriant vegetation,—the solitary grandeur in which its cone towers aloft to heaven, like a throne of desolation,—the suddenness with which it breaks forth in flames of sulphur, and casts a lurid glare like the funeral torch of a whole country,—whilst torrents of burning lava, and showers of stones and ashes, bury in one vast grave all that existed of nature's beauty, or of man's art and prowess: the very thought of such a scene brings us into nearer contact with eternity, enforcing the consideration of life's uncertainty, and displaying a faint image of "the end of all things," when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the things that are therein shall be burnt up." I had long desired to see Mount Vesuvius, and to visit the interesting remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, cities which have derived their fame from the awful and singular manner of their overthrow. A short stay in Naples enabled me to accomplish this purpose; and the following is an account of my visit to the volcano, made towards the close of November, 1833:—

After leaving the dirty city of Naples, and its still more filthy environs, we passed along the high road, which leads round the bay. Its opposite shores are covered with the most luxuriant verdure, and enchant the eye with the villages and towns which peep out of the rich foliage. But the vestiges of destruction were