

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. II.—No. 2.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 54.

Ten Shillings per Annum.
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1850.

Single Copies,
Three Pence.

To Advertisers.

Wesleyan, having a wide and general circulation, affords an excellent medium for advertisement to communicate with the Public. Particulars respectfully solicited.

Advertisements sent in before ten o'clock in the morning will appear in the whole of the week.

Marriages.

29th June, at the Wesleyan Mission House, North, by the Rev. William Smith, Capt. L. of the ship *Amelia*, to Mary Elizabeth, of the late Robert Barry, Esq., of Liverpool, &c.
30th ult., at Dartmouth, by the Rev. John Mr. Fraser Allen, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, Dartmouth.
Salt Springs, County of Cumberland, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. W. Crosscombe, Mr. William Miss Mary Mills.
door, on the 4th June, by the Rev. Robert D., Emma Maria, daughter of the Hon. de Haliburton, of Clinton House, to the Rev. bridge Smith, M. A., late of St. John's College, Cambridge; England, Vice President and Mathematics in King's College, Windsor.
quodoboik Harbour, on Monday 28th inst., by Adam S. Mair, of Newfoundland, Mr. Lemson Miss Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Anoth of the above place.
York June 26th, Mr. James L. Wells, of this, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late W., Esq., formerly of Dublin.

Deaths.

4th inst., at St. John N. B., after a long illness, the 10th year of his age, Albert Edward, son of Mr. W. H. Boyer—buried by his parents.
on the 28th ult., John Lyons, Esquire, M. J. Justice of the Peace, in the 65th year of his age—much and deservedly regretted.
Monday morning last, Albert Chapin, eldest son of Starr, Esq., in the 21st year of his age—deservedly regretted.
from the barque *Candace*, on the 18th of April the passage from Liverpool to this port, Geo. Heale, in the 18th year of his age, third son of Mrs. Heale, of Portland, N. B.

Shipping News.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

Arrived.

10—Packet brig *Halifax*, 54 days from Boston, to J. & Co.; brig *Lady Young*, Kennedy, 10 days from New York, to J. McDonald; brig *Leopoldine*, 20 m. Cienfuegos, to G. H. Starr; 10 days since from the Cape to the Cape; brig *Smith*, from over the bows; brig *Sinclair*, 17 days from Matanzas, to Cochran & Co.; brig *Wm. Wm.*, Cienfuegos, to H. Young; F. Knox, Taylor, Fredericksburg, 15 days; brig *Liverpool*, 42 days; schr *Liverpool* Factors, Liverpool.
day.—Barque *Empress*, London; brig *Venezuela*, Boston, 5 days; schr *Yarwood* Factor, Philadelphia, 9 days; R. M. Steamer, *Osampoon*, Bermuda, 4 days; schr *Charles*, St. John, N. B.; R. M. Steamship *Cambria*, 3 days.
11—Steamer *Merlin*, Corbin, Newell, 3 days; Schr *Ogle*, McDonald, Porto Rico; brig *Emile*, Fortune, Island; brig *Antionette*, Boston, 3 days.
12—Brig *Portland*, St. John, N. B.; schr *Atanagua*, 15 days; schr *John Ross*, Chisholm.
13—Brig *Mary*, Mitchem, Cadiz, 20 days; *Hollowell*, Watkin, Philadelphia, 9 days.
14—Schr *Lady Campbell*, Casco; *Emerald*, John, N. B.
15—R. M. Steamship *Hibernia*, Laing, Liverpool, 60 passengers; brig *D. B.*, Bonadri, 8 days; brig *Gaspé*, LeGros, Montreal; schr *Antoon*, Sydney; brig *St. Croix*, Berdrey; schr *Mary Ann*, Magab, Sydney; schr *ice*, Quebec, 14 days.

Cleared.

10—Eagle, Hilliers, Kingston, Jamaica; steamer *Sampson*, Bermuda; Halifax, Meagher, Boston Messenger, Siterman, Richibucto; *Brainerd*, New York; *Union*, Magdalen Islands; *Whippie*, St. John, N. B.
11—Steamer *Hibernia*, Laing, Boston; brig *1*, Bettinson, B. W. Indies; *Nithery*, Bonadri, 8 days; Am. schr *Hollowell*, Pictou; steamer *Corbin*, St. John's, N. F.

Memoranda.

10—by *Splendid*, Eldrige, from New York, at St. John's, N. F.—Ruth Fitz, of said ship, had been dismasted, 14th ult.—desired to reef.
Spanish brig *Aurelia*, from St. John's, P. R., Halifax, with sugar and molasses to W. Prior & went ashore at Prospect, Saturday morning, a dense fog, and became a total wreck—crew
mer *Hibernia* reports—June 30, off Cork, passenger *Margaret*, from Halifax; July 8—lat 47. 48, 50, spoke, H. M. Ship *Resistance*, for Halifax.
11—Barnmouth, June 24—Bombay, from Halifax.
12—Liverpool, June 27—sailed *William*, Halifax, 29—*Agnes*, Annie, Carl Richard, and A. Von Lakow, Halifax.
13—London, June 29—Landing, *Seafarer*, Halifax.
14, June 18—sailed *Metz*, Halifax.

Wesleyan is published for the Proprietors by WM. CUNNABELL, at his office, No. 3, CONNORS' WHARF, HALIFAX, N. S.

Poetry.

By the Wesleyan.
LINES.

On recovering from a severe illness.

From the couch of feverish pain,
Raised to buoyant strength again,—
From the quiet chamber, where
Death seemed often hovering near,
Come I, Earth, again to tread,
Thy green hills, while overhead
Laughs the sunny summer-sky,
Waking thoughts of days gone by.

Floating on the balmy air,
See the truant, Health, appear;
Beams once more the pallid cheek;
Languid accents livelier speak;
While the heart that long had lain,
Conscious of scarce sight but pain,
Thrilling with new life, doth move
In an atmosphere of love.

Friendship's words of welcome greet,
Friendship's sunny smiles I sweet;
Fled is now the grief, which late
Made the dwelling desolate;
And the light of joy hath place,
In each dear familiar face,—
While the tones of gentle mirth,
Wake around the quiet hearth.

Beauty beams around, above,
Everywhere are sounds of love.
Surely great the gift of Life,
With so many blessings rife,—
And my heart would grateful bow,
For the mercies lavished now,
Yet, amid them all, I feel
Thoughts of sadness o'er me steal.

For, ere this, my scattered steps
Hoped to lapse in floods of light;
Long ere this my raptured ear,
Heavenly melodies to hear;
In those pastures green to tread,
By the living waters led;
Meet again the loved of years,
Banished parting words and tears.

Earth is beautiful: I love
O'er its verdant plains to rove,—
By its streams and rivers stray,
'Mid its forests' rich array;
Love I, passing well, the gleam
Of the sunset's faintest beam,—
Yet, o'er all, there hangs a shade,
For the brilliancy must fade.

Dearer still affection's ties,
Yet the ones we fondly prize
May not with us ever stay,
When the lovely pass away;
Left alone, life's tide to stem,
Still the spirit clings to them,—
And, when doubts and cares assail,
Gleams heart doth sometimes fail.

Thus beneath the sunniest skies,
Longings often will arise,
For the land of fadeless bliss,
Where repose the loved of this;
Yet not thankless would I be
For this boon bestowed on me,—
Are these added years not given
Better to prepare for Heaven?

Active, then, my soul, again
Called life's combat to sustain,
Active in each duty be,—
Thankful in prosperity;
Nor, when adverse winds assail,
Let thy strength or courage fail,
Till, thy arduous labours o'er,
Rest awaits thee ever more.

M. E. H.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Grand Theme of a Successful Ministry.

To know what themes contain the greatest potency over the public mind, and which

should form the subject of an earnest ministry, we have only to consult the pages of ecclesiastical history. It is unnecessary, after what I have already written, to dwell upon the matter of apostolic preaching. It was by the purest evangelism that Christianity was planted in the earth, and it was when this gave place to a religion of forms and ceremonies, that the power and vitality of true godliness declined, and a mass of splendid corruption grew up, in the dark shadow of which the man of sin erected his throne, and the Papacy commenced its bloody reign. During the long night of the middle ages the sound of the faithful preacher was not heard, and the voice of Zion's watchman was silent, except in a few obscure nooks and corners of the earth; but wherever it was then heard, the same effects followed. It was this subject with which *Claude*, of Turin, when nearly all the world were wondering after the Beast, awakened in the ninth century the inhabitants of Piedmont, and commenced that glorious work which was carried on, more or less, for centuries, amid the seclusion of Alpine rocks and valleys; and which the concentrated power and fury of the Papacy could never entirely subvert. It was this evangelism which our *Wicliff* preached in England in the fifteenth century, and by it kindled a fire, amidst the smoldering ashes of which lay concealed the embers that were again to ignite, when fanned by the breath of the reformers a century afterward. By what means did *Luther* achieve his immortal triumph over the powers of the Vatican, and smite off the fetters which had enslaved the judgment, heart, and conscience, of man? By the potency of what subject did he lift up into freedom and dignity the prostrate intellect of the human race? What was the

of darkness, and inflicted a blow which resounded through the civilized world? It was the great evangelical doctrine of justification by faith. By what means did *Whitefield* and *Wesley* rouse the slumbering piety of our nation, and call up a spirit which is going on from strength to strength to this day? By the evangelical system of divine truth. What called forth the missionary enterprise, and constructed all that moral machinery which is at work upon the world's conversion? Before what system of truths have the inhabitants of Polynesia and New-Zealand surrendered their licentious habits and bloody rites; and the Hottentots and Esquimaux dropped their barbarism, and risen up into the form and manners of civilized men? What is the doctrine by which our missionaries are taking possession of India and China? I answer in one word, the doctrine of the cross.

Here, then, is a fact attested by authentic history, and uncontradicted by any one who is acquainted either with the present or the past, that all the great moral revolutions of our world, during the time of the Christian era, have been effected by one simple process, by one set of means—and that process is the preaching of the Gospel. Providential events may have prepared the way by leveling mountains and filling up valleys, and making smooth the course of the herald of the cross; but it was that herald's mighty voice, proclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," which, by the power of God's Spirit, has changed the moral aspect of our dark and dreary world. All this has not been done by learning, science, and philosophy; it is not the result of profound speculations on any theory of morals; or of fine processes of reasoning; or of splendid creations of poetic genius; or of the subtleties of metaphysical discussion; no, but of the simple testimony of the Gospel. While the philosopher has been theorizing in his closet, and the moral arithmetician has been carrying on his calculations in his study, the preacher has gone forth into the midst of the people, ignorant, wretched, and wretched, as they were, has lifted up the great truth of a loving God, a dying Saviour, and a regenerating Spirit,

and has by these means, as an instrument of God, changed the aspect of society, and revolutionized the moral habits of the nations.

Strange that with the knowledge of these facts, any of our preachers should think of substituting these glorious truths which have wrought such wonders in the world, by any other themes; or should act as if weapons that had proved their adaptation and their power, should be wielded now with a doubtful mind, and with a hesitating hand. If we should know how we are to convert souls to God, we have only to ask, how has God converted them?—*James's Earnest Ministry.*

The Cross of Christ.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bear; it is such a burden as wings me to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

Hold fast Christ, but take his cross and himself cheerfully; Christ and his cross are not separable in life, however they part at heaven's door.

To be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be; how heavenly a thing it is to be deaf and dead to this world's sweet music!

Make others to see Christ in you, moving—doing—speaking—thinking; your actions will speak of him if he be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for him—come to him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God; I sought him and I found him all I can wish or want.

Lose not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day; learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way; the world is a false coy and a deceitful guide to follow.

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward; it is a woeful thing.

How many a mere professor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! Many now take Christ by guess; therefore I say, be sure you take Christ himself; his sweet-work in the soul will not lie, it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.

The day of the Lord it at hand, when all men shall appear as they are; there shall be no borrowed colours in that day; men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God.

I wish our thoughts were, more frequently than they are, upon our country! heaven casteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial, and upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.

More, I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you, than Christ, singled out and chosen from all things, even though wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not half of what we love when we love Christ.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation—what more could love do?—*Rutherford's Letters.*

The Sun Behind the Cloud.

The children of God have an eternal and overwhelming fountain of consolation opened in the plan of Gospel discipline and salvation which is set before them. There is no condition, no trial, no gloom and heaviness of spirit, to which it is not adapted, and to which it is not fully adequate for all the relief that it is bet for them to receive.—Journeying through this vale of tears, they must necessarily pass through many a dark

and gloomy avenue. Storms, yea tempests of sorrow and distress will assail them and beat upon them. From the dark cloud that is over them, the thunders will be heard and the lightning-flash be seen. How to the storm they must; its violence will admit of no effectual resistance. But, look! battered and wayworn traveler, as thou hast prostrate in the dust by reason of the violence of the tempest, direct your sight beyond the dark and frowning borders of that cloud which is bursting with all its violence upon you. See! there is a streak of clear sky beyond, of golden light diffusing its thousand splendors abroad. I do not speak of the radiance of the natural sun with its cheering beams, but of the more splendid radiance of the Sun of righteousness, spreading far and wide around him celestial glory such as beams from the throne of God.—That Sun will shine when darkness and storm—when all other suns and stars shall have passed away. It will beam on your path, and conduct you and cheer you onward to that blessed place where the Lord Jesus will be your everlasting light, and the Saviour God a glory that will never wane.—*Prof. Stuart.*

Wesley's Liberality.

Perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin, has given so much away as did John Wesley. When his income was £30 a year, he lived on £28, and saved £2 for charity. Next year he had £60, and still living on £28, he had £32 to spend. A fourth year raised his income to £120, and steadfast to his plan, the poor got £92 of it. In the year 1775 the Accountant General sent him a copy of the excise order for a return of plate.—"Rev. Sir, as the commissioners cannot doubt but you have hit upon the most memorable answer; 'Sir, I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am your most humble servant, John Wesley.'"

Walking With God.

I love poverty, because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth, because it gives the means of assisting the wretched. I wish to deal faithfully with all men. I render no evil to those who have done evil to me—but I wish them a condition similar to my own, in which they would not receive from the greater portion of men either good or evil. I am to be always true, just and open toward all men. I have tenderness of heart towards those whom God has more strictly united to me. Whether I am alone or in the sight of men, I have before me in all my actions, the view of God who will judge them and to whom I have consecrated them all. These are my feelings; and I bless my Redeemer every day of my life, who has planted them in me, and who, from a man full of weakness, misery, lust, pride and ambition, has formed one victorious over these evils, by the power of that grace to which I owe everything, since in myself there is nothing but fear and misery.—*Pascal.*

Communion with Christ.

There have been great dealings between Christ and you, (believers,) in a way of friendly communion. What correspondence has been held betwixt Christ and you! What friendly interviews have there been between you! Christ hath been often looking down upon you, and rejoicing in his portion; and you have been often looking up to him, and solacing yourselves in his love; Christ hath been supporting and sustaining your hearts, and you have been staying and leaning upon your beloved. What mutual intercourse has there been!—There hath been a Jacob's ladder set up betwixt Christ and you.