

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 49.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 103

Ten Shillings per Annum }  
Half-Yearly in Advance. }

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1852.

{ Single Copies  
{ Three Pence

## Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

### ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The flowers of earth are budding brightly forth  
To fill with fragrance the soft balmy air;  
The tiny petals filled with morning dew  
So frailly delicate, so purely fair—  
But thou, loved one! hast left the clay-cold sod.  
To bloom with beauty in the Garden of our God.

The birds of Spring are carolling their lays,  
Rejoicing that the winter's frost is past;  
Their clear sweet music gushing gladly forth—  
Now Spring's soft breezes have returned at last:  
Thy winter past—thy spirit now above  
Sings the glad song of a Redeemer's love.

We see the signs of gladness all around;  
We hear the sounds of laughter and of mirth—  
We meet the joyous glance of happy ones,  
Whose hearts are fettered not with cares of earth:  
And yet our hearts are desolately lone,  
Knowing, loved one! thou art forever gone.

Gone!—from the love so tender, fond and true;  
Gone, from the smiles that watched thy coming here,  
Gone, from the cheer that beams now dark and lone,  
Gone, from the joys home, left sad and drear,  
Gone, from the griefs and trials of this earth,  
Where joys celestial have in Heaven their birth.

We weep in sadness for our bitter loss;  
We mourn the setting of thy life's bright sun;  
We grieve for hopes once bright and gaily fair,  
So swiftly vanished and so softly flown;  
Yet for ourselves, and not for thee, we weep,  
For thou art now, where all the weary sleep.

A bird, let loose from out its prison home,  
A flower, transplanted to a milder clime;  
A soul, untroubled by the toll of earth  
At peace beyond the bounds of space and time.  
Such art thou now, with all the sanctified,  
A happy spirit, freed and glorified.

Brunswick, N.S. ANNA.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### The Influence of Older Christians.

The apostle takes it for granted that a Christian's attainments and usefulness should be in proportion to the date of his profession: "When for the time ye ought to be teachers," was his language to the believing Hebrews. What, then, ought to be the extent of your knowledge, the maturity of your graces, the depth of your experience, the perfection of your example, the power of your influence, and the measure of your usefulness, who have been planted so many years in the courts of the Lord! What a beautiful record is it in sacred history of ANITA and PRISCILLA, that this holy pair employed their ripen knowledge and their richer grace in instructing the young and eloquent APOLLOS in the way of the Lord more perfectly! I am not ashamed to avow my obligations to a poor and godly couple, long since gone to their rest, who, by their simple piety, consistent conduct, friendly disposition, and mature experience, nurtured the germ of religion in my heart, and helped to train me when young a disciple for usefulness in the church of God. They watched me with the solicitude of a father and mother in Israel, instructed me in their lowly cot in the principles of the gospel, relieved my perplexities, gathered out the stones from my path, and aided to establish me in the paths of righteousness and peace. How few of the older disciples of the Lord are thus disposed to open their doors to the young inquirers after truth and salvation, and to act the part of nursing fathers and nursing mothers to the new-born babes in Christ! How useful might be THE OLDER FEMALE MEMBERS of the churches, in employing those seasons of intercourse which are continually occurring with their younger friends, to cherish in their minds the spirit of faith, prayer, and holiness! Instead of this, is not too much of the time spent in useless gossip, frivolous chit-chat, and vain discourse on fashion, dress and news? O, ye matronly professors, consider how important is the right formation of the female character! Recollect that those young women who frequent your

house, listen to your conversation, and are looking up to you as examples, will, perhaps, be one day placed at the heads of families like you, and will exert some influence upon the world, through their husbands and their children; and recollect also, that they will be likely to take the tone of their religion, the standard of their womanly piety, from you. Endeavour, then, to breathe into their souls the spirit of ardent and consistent religion, repress the disposition to vanity, mould them to sobriety of judgment, and train them as you have opportunity to elevated sentiments of usefulness. Blessed is that woman—she is indeed a mother in Israel—who, by her amiable, cheerful disposition, united with good sense, and engaging manners, attracts the younger females to her society, and who, when they are gathered around her, exerts her influence to render them blessings both to the church and to the world. It is an ill-sign for a middle-aged female professor of religion, when the more frivolous of the young are fond of her society, and the more spiritual retire from it. Perhaps some will reply, "We ought to exhibit religion to young people with a cheerful aspect."—Certainly you ought; I wish you to appear ever happy in their presence, the very type of peace; carrying, in the sunshine of your countenance, the index of a mind at rest, and a proof that you are the children of light, walking in light; but this is different from froth, and merriment, and levity. The cheerfulness of a Christian, should be joy and peace in believing; rejoicing in the Lord, a serious joy, a joyful seriousness. "Speak that the words which become sound doctrine: that the aged women be in behaviour as becometh holiness, teachers of good things; that they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, that the Word of God be not blasphemed."—(Titus ii. 1-5.)

Let all, then, whether male or female, solemnly inquire, whether they have ever yet sufficiently estimated the importance of the subject of this address. Let them recollect what their own ideas and expectations were of older Christians, when they entered the church, and what surprise and disappointment they experienced. Let them consider in what light it may be supposed they now appear to those younger believers who have lately become acquainted with them, and ask themselves if no surprise has been felt at seeing them no more distinguished for spiritual attainments. Let them look round and see if some are not violating consistency, and pleading their example. Let them especially remember, how responsible is their situation, and how fearful a thing it is to be the means of lowering, in young believers, their ideas of the solemnity and spirituality of the Christian profession, and of spreading lukewarmness through the Christian church.—*J. A. James.*

For the Wesleyan.

### Sayings of Sir Thomas Moore.

One of them was, "Souls in a separate state would think as meanly of the bags of gold hoarded in their life time, as a man advanced in years would think of a bag of cherry stones, which he had hoarded when a child."

When he saw any of the young men of his household dressing themselves fine, in some uneasy fashion, or stroking up their hair, to make themselves high foreheads, he would coolly tell them that if God gave them not hell, he would do them great injustice, for they were taking far more pains to win it and to please the Devil, than many even virtuous men did to win heaven and please God.

Another was, that God could not punish man worse than if he should suffer everything to happen that every man wished for. "Not only," said he, "doth pleasure withdraw wicked men from prayer, but affliction doth the same sometimes. Yet there is this

difference, that affliction doth sometimes wrest a short prayer from the wickedest man alive; but pleasure withdraweth even one that is indifferent good from all prayer."

### The Preaching of the Grave.

Our earth in full of silent preachers. The brook, with its ever-moving waters, speaks of change, of the lights and shadows of individual existence. The river tells the same great lesson as applied to states and nations. The ocean, now sleeping in its waveless repose, now rolling madly beneath the winds of heaven, typifies, in its peacefulness, in its anger, our ever-changing world.

Thus, the falling leaf speaks silently, but impressively, of death; the flowers around us open their fair petals with mute teachings of our heavenly Father's goodness; the lofty mountains breathe forth sublime lessons of his power; and not a drop of water sparkles in the bucket, but it silently proclaims his wisdom. Thus with everything—surely not less with the grave! The grave! What preacher more solemn in its teachings? What instructor more truthful in its lessons? It needs no outward timidity to enforce its preaching; the humble resting-place of the poor speaks as solemnly and impressively as the costly mausoleum of the honoured or the rich. It ever appears before us in its own simple solemnity—the powerful preacher of death and eternity.

Yet its teachings are not always the same, in the graves of the past, the present, and the future, we hear different voices, each speaking forth its separate lesson.

The graves of the past! Who can number them? They dot every valley, and lie scattered on every hill-side—they speak forth in every clime, in all tongues, to all nations, the self-same words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Yet, mingled with this one grand thought, they individually preach to us other and not less important sermons.

Let us hearken to the past's great grave, its universal sepulchre, as it preaches to us in the awfully sublime picture of a deluged world. Gaze in imagination upon that scene! look calmly upon the wide-rolling, all-embracing waters! hear their solemn tones; look beneath their dark waves! Listen to the winds, as, sweeping over the wide expanse, they sigh over a buried world! Behold this monument of man's depravity and God's judgment, and tell me if there is no preaching here?

Are they frightful, terrible words which fell forth from this vast grave? Behold that ark of Gopher-wood, freighted with all of earth's living wealth! Watch it ride safely over the troubled waters! See it float peacefully through every danger—the storm harms it not; the winds molest it not; the grave below is no grave for this; for God's mercy is there.

Hearst thou now sweeter words? These are the two voices from the past's great grave! the past's grave of the world! But the past has another tomb, whose preaching shall be heard through all time—the lingering sounds of whose words shall reach even into eternity. Beneath the sky of Judea lies this sepulchre. Cities are buried there. How impressively do those sluggish waters preach to us! What solemn lessons do they silently tell, as they roll their bitter waves over the buried monuments of man's wickedness and folly! What an everlasting memorial of the depravity of the human heart!

But the past has other graves—great graves! where scores of hearts are sleeping, the victims of ambition—of despotism—of war; and they preach to us! From their cold darkness many a sermon comes of the ills which sin has brought upon our race. They tell us of the misery which tyrants cause. Sad evidences are they of the power of the monster War!

And yet there are other graves, individual graves, which perhaps speak to us no less solemnly than those we have mentioned. There are humble graves, whose preaching,

soft and low, comes to but a few listening ears; there are heroes' graves, which send forth their teachings to all of earth's struggling millions; there are Christians' graves, where the good love to linger, and hearken to the angel whisperings which speak sweetly there.

Thus the graves of the past preach to us. From each vast sepulchre—from each proud mausoleum—from each undecorated burial-place, each humble narrow house—swell forth the teachings which, if practically heeded, would fill our hearts with wisdom, and gild our days with happiness.

But the present has its graves, new-made graves, where the tears of the afflicted still moisten the sod, and the sighs of bereaved ones are ascending to God.

To-day's sun will set on thousands of these new-made graves. What preaching is here! Yet how little do we heed the grave's silent words! Do you ever visit the grave-yard, reader?

The graves of the present preach, perhaps, more impressively than the graves of the past; but how solemn should be the warning when the graves of the future appear before us! There, reader, is your grave! Do not turn from it, do not neglect it, there it lies—your own grave! It preaches to you. Heed its words, and when you come to it, you will find it a pleasant, welcome grave, where you may peacefully lie down and slumber, secure from the weariness of earth; then, after the world's last grave of fire, you shall rise sanctified, glorified, to sleep in the grave no longer, to fear death no more, to live in heaven with God and his angels and saints for ever.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

### The Improvident Traveller.

A certain traveller who had a distance to go, one part of his road leading through green fields, and the other through a tangled road of brambles and thorns, made great preparation for the first part of his journey.

He dressed himself in light and gay clothes, and put a cake in his pocket, and nimbly proceeded on his way, along the beaten path across the green meadows.

After a while the road became rugged, and by the time night drew on, the traveller was in a pitiable plight. His provisions were exhausted; his clothes wet through, and partly torn from his back by the briars; his flowers were faded, and weary as he was, the slender cane which he carried would not bear his weight; a stream of water was before him and darkness around him.

"Alas!" said he, smiting his breast, "I am hungry, and have no food; wet to the skin, and have no dry clothes; weary, and no staff to rest on; I have a stream to cross, and here is no boat; I am bewildered and have no guide; it is dark, and I have no lantern. Fool that I am! why did I not provide for the end of my journey as well as for the beginning?"

My friends, time is hastening away, you are travellers! Life is the beginning, death the end of your journey. If you have made preparations for both, happy are you; but if otherwise, you resemble the foolish traveller.—*Humphrey.*

### Faith Develops True Greatness.

Faith—that is to say in all possible spheres the vision of the invisible, and the absent brought nigh—is the energy of the soul and the energy of life. We do not go too far in saying that it is the point of departure for all action; since to act is to quit the firm position of the present and stretch the hand into the future. But this at least is certain, that faith is the source of everything in the eyes of man which bears a character of dignity and force. Vulgar souls wish to feel, to see, to touch, to grasp; others have the eye of faith, and they are great. It is always by having faith in others, in themselves, in duty, in Divinity, that men have done great things. Faith has been, in all times, the strength of the feeble; and the salvation of the miserable.—*Vinet.*