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For the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c.

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

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Poetry.

THE MISSIONARY AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

● He stood beside her grave,
The loved, the early dead,
Where heathen hands had made,
With grief, her lowly bed.
In anguish lone and deep,
He gazed upon the spot,
Where, in unbroken sleep,
She lay, who cheered his lot.

She who, in youth's bright hours,
Had gladly turned from home,
From life's fresh, morning flowers,
With him afar to roam,
Who shared his joy and wo,
His toil, his every care,
No danger feared, no foe,
The Gospel to declare.

His dwelling, now was lone,
No voice was near to cheer,
No eye to meet his own,
No greeting sweet to hear—
She, who had been the light,
The sunshine of his way,
For earth too pure, too bright,
Had passed from thence away.

In prayer, and praise, no more
Her soft tones met his ear,
The charm of life was o'er,
He felt a stranger here,
He longed, his labours done,
To slumber at her side,
Yet, till the goal was won,
Would patiently abide.

He thought of that blessed shore,
Where they, in peace, would meet,
One holy song to pour,
To bow at Jesus' feet—
Then meekly kiss the rod,
That laid the cherished low,
And yielded up to God,
His choicest gifts below.

Epit. Rec.

Biographical.

THE CONVERSION OF A DEIST :

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

COME and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—DAVID.

[The following is actually true of a real individual residing not ten miles from the city of New York.—
Eds.]

My dear fellow creatures, in whose hands these remarks may fall, for the sake of Jesus Christ, and your

own immortal souls, (if you are still unconverted,) be candid with yourselves this once in their perusal. If you are disbelievers in the Christian Religion, you will probably have a contempt for accounts of this kind. I judge from my own deistical experience in this matter. I generally used them, when thrown in my way, for *waste paper*, unless particularly requested to read them. *You are particularly requested to read this.*

In commencing this narration of my conversion from what I had long considered myself to be, a *confirmed deist, to a Christian*, through the all-convincing power of the Holy Ghost, I feel myself under a trembling and prayerful sense of duty, that nothing in the least incorrect or unprofitable may be written.

I came to this town when I was little past the age of seventeen, from a place where heartfelt Christianity was almost unknown; and at that time I had heard, I think, but *two sermons*. I cite this truth, because I always supposed, while a deist, religion to be mostly the effect of education. About the age of nineteen I became seriously impressed under the preaching of a Methodist minister. In about six months, however, my serious thoughts left me; and I paid but little attention to preaching for about nine years. During this space of time, I read, meditated, and studied as much as I could. At the age of twenty-four I became quite confirmed in deistical principles, having read the greater part of those authors who are celebrated as the champions of infidelity. I now looked at religion, (or a religion, as I usually expressed myself,) as an attachment to a certain set of opinions or principles which generally made the deluded votary enthusiastically bigoted and fond of his own views, and thus he would rejoice in the notion of his being on the "right side." I considered all honest deists as being solely under the influence of *reason*, in points of difference with Christians on the subject of religious faith, while the latter were governed by warm feelings unwarranted by cool and rational judgment. In fact, I looked on the idea of a *change of heart* as the most superstitious notion that could emanate from an uncultivated mind. In respect to those men of clear and enlightened understandings who adhered to the Christian religion, I thought it was either from pecuniary motives, or a belief, that, by the sanction of it, they would keep the more ignorant under wholesome restraints and practices.

I could never be an atheist; because I saw something so harmonious, regular, sublime, and beautiful in the general order of nature, that to believe this wise arrangement of things to be the work of any