

Pure Water through our City. NG & MANG. LINES.

should have one of Patent Washing... and proved to be a... in economy the... and less wear and... the hands. This... such as Blankets, Fl... of time, superior to... and, being enabled to... that is impossible... opens the grain, and... nearly dry by passin... This machine with... ch as Table Linen... articles as those by... any time without th... had irons this hot wa... y little room, not mo...

Patent CHURNS on... Cheese Press. H. G. HILL, 1 Brunswick Street... there are only a few... 8p. 5.

DILL, r. his friends and... from his former... Market) to the (old... WATER STREET... in Wright's Wharf... continuation of... im. May 19.

ver Oil, AL USE, SER; Chemist, Granville Street.

School. ave respectfully to... Parents and to the... School has been... is still open for the... sexes. The course... following branches:... ment. English Grammar,

ment. Ancient & Modern Grammar, and Com... Arithmetic and... ional Department... suration, Land Sur... Astronomy, LATIN... Rhetoric. Argyle St. Chapel... 3, to 3 P. M. on of young Ladies... would be opened... Pupils offer. has made known on... or at the Subscri... ick Street. ANDER S. REID

re. received their Spring... erthshire, Adelaide... staling of: Small CHAINS.

Spikes, ing, and Tilted Steel... ad, Black, Yellow... chres, Linseed Oils... om 1/2 in. to 1 1/4 in... ox., Grain Tin, Iron... and double refined... s, Cart Boxes, and... ough Mounting. ew and Pod Augurs, ers, Fry Pans, Sauce... Enamelled Maslin... and Shovels. of Locks, HINGES, r Carpenter's Tools, &c... ale at very low pri... STARR & SONS.

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THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c., &c. [Vol. 1, No. 10. HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

POETRY.

Doubt Not.

When the day of life is dreary ;
And when gloom thy course ensnoods—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not ! joy shall come at last.

Striving still and onward pressing,
Seek no future years to know,
But deserve the wished for blessing—
It shall come, though it be slow ;
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy tears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting—bearing,
Doubt not ! joy shall come at last !

Keep not then thy soul regretting,
Seek the good—spurn evil's thrall,
Though thy foes thy path besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all ;
Though each year but bring thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeing fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not ! joy shall come at last.

His fond eye is watching o'er thee,
His strong arm shall be thy guard,
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward,
By thine ill thy faith made stronger,
Hould the future by the past—
Hope thou on a little longer !
Doubt not ! joy shall come at last !

Where are they gone ?

BY C. D. STUART.
Where are they gone, the friends we knew—
The beautiful, the brave ?
But yesterday they clasped our hands,
To-day they're in the grave !

Alas ! like flowers in summer's prime,
We reck'd not they could fall ;
But we bethink ! they could not stand
Death's fierce and frosted gale.

Aye ! flowers they were—and many buds
How tender—and how rare—
Have drooped to face the scorching storm
And gone—aye, gone ! O, where ?

To brighter climes—to Heaven we trust,
Where bloom has no decay ;
Where one perpetual summer reigns,
And one eternal day.

Around that land death waits in vain,
His glass hangs to the door—
And though with bloming spreads the field,
He cannot pluck a flower !

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

Have you read your Father's Letter ?

Judging by some sermons and tracts, you might fancy that the Bible is a severe and angry book, or, at the very best, it is a book of good advices. This is a mistake. The Bible has many a solemn passage, and it abounds in good advices; but you miss the very best of it if you think that this is all. I shall suppose that a young man has left his home in Scotland or the north of England. He comes to this great London, and in a little while falls in with its worst ways. In the theatre, and the tea-garden, and the tavern parlour he spends all his money, and gets deep in debt; and then he turns ill, and is taken to the hospital. And when there he begins to bethink him of his foolishness: "I wish I once were well again. I wish I once were home again. But 'tis no use wishing. I know that my father's door is shut. They would not take me in. And if once I

were able to creep about, they would have me up for debt. It would just be out of the hospital into the jail." And, whilst bemoaning his misery, a letter comes from his father telling him that he has heard of his wretched plight, and reminding him of the past, and all he had done for his wayward child; and glancing his eye over it, the sick youth crumpled it up, and cramb it away under his pillow. And by-and-by a comrade comes in, and among other things the invalid tells him, "And here is a letter of good advice just come from my father,"—and that other runs his eye over it, "Good advice, did you say? I think you should rather have said good news. Don't you see he makes you welcome home again? and in order that you may settle your accounts, and return in peace and comfort, he has appended this draught for twenty pounds." Most people read the Bible carelessly, or with a guilty conscience for an interpreter, and they notice in it nothing but reproofs and good advice. They miss the main thing there. The gospel is good news. It tells us that God is love, and announces to every reader that the door of the father's house is open, and that this very night he may find a blessed home in the bosom of his God. And as we have all incurred a debt to divine justice, which, throughout eternity we never could pay; and as it needs a righteousness to recommend us to the favour of a holy God—in every Bible there is enclosed a draft on the Saviour's merits, to which the sinner has only to sign his believing name, and the great salvation is his own. By exhibiting the cross of Christ, by directing to that precious blood which cleanses from all sin, and by presenting a perfect righteousness, to every awakened conscience, the Bible becomes a benefactor and a friend in need. And, when rightly understood, the anglic anthem—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace: good-will toward men"—is the cheerful but stately tune to which the gospel goes, and to which in heaven itself they sing it.

And, reader, try to catch that tune. Pray that God would this very night by his own Spirit teach it to you. Fear not to believe too soon, nor to rejoice in Christ Jesus too much. Let the love of God your Saviour tide into all your soul, and, as it makes your feelings happy, so it will make your dispositions new. Peace and joy will keep you from some sins, gratitude and loyalty will keep you from the rest. No cheerful glass will be needed to raise your spirits then; for a soul exulting in the great salvation forgets its poverty, and remembers its misery no more. No sinful lust nor forbidden joy will enthrall you then; for you will have discovered deeper and purer pleasures. And there will be no fear of your growling and cursing through your daily task, or filling with consternation your cowering family; for the peace of God will make you pacific, and scattering on every side kind looks and friendly feelings, you will come and go a sunshine in the shop, a fire-light in the home.

No; do not sit so sullenly. I am a stranger, but it is the truth of God I tell. In all your life you may never have got a costly gift; but here, at last, is one. It is the gift of God, and therefore it is a gift unspeakable; but accepted as cordially as it graciously offered, it will make you blessed now, and rich for all eternity. Oh, my dear friend, do not eye it so coldly; suffer it not so tamely to pass away. This night has brought you good news. It has told you of the Saviour's costly purchase and wondrous present. Let it also bring good news to heaven; let it tell that with tears of thankfulness you have surveyed the "unspeakable riches of Christ," and have given yourself to him who once gave himself for you; let it tell that your history has taken a new turn, and that, breaking off from your worthless companions and evil ways, you have begun in lowliness and love to follow Jesus.—*The Happy Home.*

Tendencies.

There are certain currents of thought into which, if a people fall, it is difficult to see where they will land. We look at individual character, and form our opinions of it in the same way. If a man hold an egregious absurdity on one subject, we take it as an index of character, and very naturally expect to find absurdities on many other subjects. He that cannot sow or reap without asking the moon, will be a lunatic on many other points.

We have often folded our arms in mute wonder, when we saw what we supposed to be honest men, taking the absurd position of holding to the Bible and universal salvation. There are instances recorded in the Scriptures in which God destroyed men because they were too wicked to live—too wicked to live in a wicked world among wicked people; and yet, according to this doctrine, they are translated to a holy heaven, in the presence of a holy God, in the society of holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. How does a sensible commander act? If a man is guilty of a capital crime, he is brought before the judge, the jury is empanelled, and he is tried and condemned. The sentence is, that he shall no longer have the liberty of inflicting injury on the community, and therefore he shall either be confined in the penitentiary, or expiate his crime on the gibbet. The community which find a man too wicked to live at large with safety to themselves, do not commit him to the best room in the governor's palace, to enjoy the best privileges the house affords, nor recommend him to the embrace of the church and the privilege of holy communion, the Lord's supper. They are not chargeable with that absurdity. Not so with universalism. According to that system, God finds a man too wicked to live on earth, then kills him, and takes him to heaven.

A people who start with such an absurdity have no halting place. That softness of head and heart which leads a man feebly to appreciate the evil and effeminately to deplore the punishment of sin, will find its level in absurdities on other subjects. Accordingly, we find them holding the doctrine that the testimony of conscience against crime, and its feelings, when guilty, is a sufficient punishment. One of their writers—who holds the effectiveness of this punishment, says that its retributions are as sudden as the lightning's flash. Now, any man can see that if the doctrine of the immediate sufficiency of this punishment be correct, then all human and divine punishment is wrong. Every infliction of divine punishment recorded in the Scriptures is so much in addition to the sufficient punishment of conscience, and must therefore be unjust; and the punishment of the flood, of Sodom, of Belshazzar, and all others, only proves that God is an unjust tyrant. Nor is the level found yet. Every penalty attached to human law, for crime against the community or individuals, all forfeitures, imprisonments, and death for any cause, is only an unjust addition to the retributions of conscience, and should not therefore be inflicted. Who does not see that such a doctrine bids every fierd-incurate God-speed in his crimes, especially if his conscience be seared as with a hot iron, as God says it often is?—and who does not see, if it be true, that it legitimately subverts all the best as well the worst organizations ever devised for the good government of man—in short, that all government is wrong?

Trifling with Convictions.

You that are at any time under convictions, O take heed of resting in them! Though it is true that conviction is the first step to conversion, yet it is not conversion—a man may carry his convictions along with him into hell.

What is that which troubleth poor creatures when they come to die? but this—I have not improved my convictions; I such a time I was convinced of sin, but yet I went on in sin in the face of my conviction; as such a sermon I was convinced of such a duty, but I slighted the conviction; I was convinced of my need of Christ, and of the readiness of Christ to pardon and save; but, alas! I followed not the conviction.

My brethren, remember this—slighted convictions are the worst death-bed companions. There are two things especially which, above all others, make a death-bed very uncomfortable:—

1. Purposes and promises not performed.
2. Convictions slighted and not improved.

When a man takes up purposes to close with Christ, and yet puts them not into execution; and when he is convinced of sin and duty, and yet improves not his convictions, O this will sting and wound at last!

Now, therefore, hath the Spirit of the Lord been at work in your souls? Have you ever been convinced of the evil of sin—of the misery of natural state—of the insufficiency of all things under heaven to help—of the fullness and righteousness of Jesus Christ—of the necessity of resting upon him for pardon and peace, for sanctification and salvation? Have you ever been really convinced of these things? O then, as you love your own souls, as ever you hope to be saved at last, and enjoy God for ever, improve these convictions, and be sure you rest not in them till they rise up to a thorough close with the Lord Jesus Christ, and so end in a sound and perfect conversion. This duty you be not only almost, but altogether a Christian.—*Wood.*

A Cheerful Giver.

"How is it, Betty," said an elder of the church to a poor woman in Wales, who was always observed to contribute something whenever a collection was taken; "how is it, I always see you drop something in the plate? Where do you get it?"

"O, sir, I do not know," she replied.—
"The Lord knows my heart and my good will to his cause; and somehow or other, when a collection is to be made, I am sure to have my penny before me; and when it comes, I put it in the plate."

"Well," said he, "you have been faithful in a little; take this sovereign, and do what you will with it."

"A sovereign, sir," said she, "I never had so much money in my life as a sovereign; what shall I do with it?"

"I dare say you will find means of spending it," said he, "if your heart is devoted to the Lord's cause."

Soon after this a man came round to solicit subscriptions for some benevolent object. He went to one of the elders who gave him half a sovereign, and another gave him five shillings, both of which were regarded as very liberal donations. Not liking to pass by any member of the church, he asked this poor woman what she would do.

"Put my name down for a sovereign."

"A sovereign," said he, "why, where did you get a sovereign from?"

"O, sir," said she, "I got it honestly; put my name down for a sovereign."

She gave him the sovereign, and in about two weeks from that time, she received a letter from Doctors' Commons, informing her that a friend had just left her one hundred pounds. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth, &c. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Prov. xi. 25, 26.