

Spring
Abelide.

Steel,
Yellow,
Seed Oils,

1-4 in.
Tin, Iron

refined

ce, and

ing.

Augurs,
me, Same

Maslin

HINGES,
Tools, &c.

low pri-
SONS.

fully

to the

as been

for the

course

the

hammer,

Modern

Com-

and

ments.

and Sur-

Lavin-

Chapel.

Ladies

opened

own on

Drac-

RD.

N.B.

Leas

and

Pro-

tutor

lose-

tie,

of a

ed a

two

een

THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c., &c. [Vol. 1, No. 13.]

Ten Shillings per annum, }
Half Yearly in Advance. }

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

{ Single Copies,
{ Three Pence. }

POETRY.

The Autumn Hymn.

Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope,
And to the linden tree,
Thou promise Autumn—for the hope
Of nations turn'd to thee,
Through all the hours of splendour past,
With Summer's bright career—
And we see thee on thy throne at last
Crown'd monarch of the year!

Thou comest with the gorgeous flowers
That make the roses dim,
With morning mists and sunny hours,
And wild birds' harvest hymn;
Thou comest with the might of floods,
The glow of moonlit skies,
And the glory flung on fading woods
Of thousand mingled dyes!

But never seem'd thy steps so bright
On Europe's ancient shore,
Since faded from the poet's sight
That golden age of yore;
For early harvest-home hath pour'd
Its gladness on the earth,
And the joy that lights the princely board
Hath reach'd the peasant's hearth.

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows
To bless the sower's art
With gifts that ever claim from us
The harvest of the heart—
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,
What shall the glory be
When all Thy harvest, whitening here
Is gather'd home to thee!

Gratitude.

What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the scent of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet;
Sweet music's melting toll, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude. GRAY.

Thoughts.

Oh! there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
And the harp's base strings, till airs from Heaven,
On earth at dewy night-fall visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! JOHN WILSON.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

Wanted a better acquaintance with the thoughts and feelings of pure and holy minds.—Dr. Sharp.

The Secret of Powerful Preaching.

No sermon preached in New England has acquired greater celebrity than that preached by President Edwards, at Enfield, July 8th, 1741, from the words, "Their feet shall slide in due time."
"When they went into the meeting-house the appearance of the assembly was thoughtful and vain; the people hardly conducted themselves with common decency." But as the preacher proceeded, it is certain that the audience was so overwhelmed with distress and weeping that the preacher was obliged to speak to the people and desire silence that he might be heard; and a powerful revival followed. And it is said that a minister in the pulpit, in the agitation of his feelings, caught the preacher by the skirt and cried, "Mr. E., Mr. E., is not God a God of mercy?" and that hearers were seen unconsistently tracing themselves against the pillars and the sides of the pews, as if they already felt themselves sliding into the bottomless pit. This fact is often cited as a proof of President Edwards' peculiar eloquence—the more striking because it was his habit simply to read from his notes without gestures.

But there is another element to be taken into the account in explaining this result, and one that has been strangely overlooked. The following quotation will exhibit it:—

"While the people of the neighbouring towns were in great distress for their souls, the inhabitants of Enfield were very secure, loose and vain. A lecture had been appointed there, and the neighbouring people were so affected at the thoughtlessness of the inhabitants, and in such fears that God would in his righteous judgment pass them by, as to be prostrate before him a considerable part of the evening previous, supplicating mercy for their souls. When the time appointed for the lecture came, a number of the neighbouring ministers attended, and some from a distance; a proof of the extent of prayerful interest in behalf of the town.

Here, then, we have the secret of the powerful impression of that sermon, in the fact that Christians in the churches around, themselves under the unusual influences of God's Spirit, were offering their fervent prayers for God's blessing on that sermon.

Another sermon, the immediate results of which were perhaps more striking than the results of any sermon of modern times, was preached by a Mr. Livingstone, in Scotland. This also is often cited as an illustration of the power of eloquence. But in an old work, by Robert Fleming, of Rotterdam, entitled, "The fulfilling of the Scriptures," will be found precisely the same explanation of these extraordinary results:—

"I must also mention that solemn communion at the kirk of Skots, June 20, 1630, at which time there was so convincing an appearance of God, and down-pouring of the Spirit even in an extraordinary way, that did follow the ordinance; especially that sermon on the Monday, 21st June, with a strange unusual motion on the hearers, who in a great multitude were there convened of divers ranks, that it was known (which I can speak on sure ground) near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought on them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterwards; it was the sowing of a seed through Clideldale, so many of the most eminent Christians in that country could date either their conversion or some remarkable confirmation in the case from that day. And truly this was the more remarkable, that one after much reluctance, by a special and unexpected providence, was called to preach that sermon on the Monday, which then was not usually practised; and that night before, by most of the Christians there, was spent in prayer; so that the Monday's work was a convincing return of prayer might be discerned."

Here then is the secret. Christians, having received on the Sabbath an awakening from on high, spent the night in that wrestling and prostrating prayer which such an amounting of the calls into exercise.

These two extraordinary facts, therefore, are to be cited as examples, not of the power of eloquence, but of the power of prayer. And as one preacher was a saint in himself, the other of ordinary capacity, it is plain that the power of the gospel is not limited by the talents of the preacher, but depends for its full effect on the suitable combination of those two elements of ministerial as well as apostolical strength, "the Word of God and prayer." They show what the pulpit is capable of effecting, and compel us to mourn that its ordinary efficiency is far below what ought to be expected from an agency capable of so much. They tell Christians not to be wishing that they had a more talented auditor to build up their church, but to compass about the one they have with prayer—to double their minister's energy by doubling their own prayers; for to multiply by prayer the usefulness of the ministers we have, is as advantageous as to multiply their number. Let any "appointment for a lecture" be compassed about with prayer as was that appointment at Enfield, and that at the kirk of Skots, and see if the preacher do not show that his words are spirit and life. Let any pulpit where the truth

is preached be encircled day and night by such prayer, and charged with electric energy, it will give shocks of resistless power.—*Christian Recorder.*

Sunset.

"Hour of the soul—Elysian hour!
When Sol's declining blaze
Gloweth with the liquid tenderness
Of love's exulting gaze;
While earth and heaven absorb the streams
Of its delicious rays—
Illuming the soul—disclosing
The lights and shadows there reposing."

Let us ascend that beautiful eminence before us that skirts the eastern border of this fruitful vale. Now, after an arduous ascent, we have, at length, fairly reached the summit; let us now turn our eyes westward, and from this commanding position view the setting sun. What a splendid landscape now stretches out on all sides, and cooling zephyrs stir o'er these gorgeous heights!—These give but the greater zest to the more distant objects of our view. But see! ah, "see how the green-girt cottages glimmer in the setting sun!" Slowly and majestically the golden orb of day sinks to peaceful rest. What a halo of glory! What a gorgeous magnificence attends his departure! "Every height is on fire"—every vale smiles with his parting rays—every silvery lake and rill reflects his quivering beams—every forest grove catches the impressive splendours of his setting! The stupendous and perpetual mountains in the eastern skies are crimsoned with molten hues, and the clouds are luminous with his last smiles! But see, that glorious world of light rolls on—he is passing—"he is gone!"

See the heavenly and luminous pathway he trod! How it reminds one of the departure of the good on earth to the mansions on high! But see, the skies are yet bright with his lingering rays! Behold the clouds of heaven! how beautiful, how lovely they appear! "They seem like fairy islands in a stormless sea." How noble and stupendous do they, like mountains o'er mountains, rise, with their minarets, pointing towards that house, eternal in the heavens. With their burnished gorgeousness and crimsoned embroidery, they beautifully prefigure the emblazoned hills and plains of the immortal day above. Yet they are but the shadows of the heavenly glory. Sunset! Ah, it is a glorious prospect! The sight is magnificent indeed, and well calculated to call forth the devout admiration of every beholder! When we consider these wondrous exhibitions of the Almighty in the heavens, we are ready to exclaim, "Lord! what is man, that thou dost regard him? thou who hast set thy glory in the heavens?" "Who would not fear thee, thou King of saints?" "Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire?"

What object in all nature is more imposing, grand, and beautiful than a calm, gorgeous, luminous sunset! This is it when the spirits of the just quit this world for a happier brighter one above. How is the shadow of the vale of death, which so many Christians dread, lighted up by the sun of righteousness, when we are called to pass through it to life's sweet paradise! What glory beams around the dying hour of the good man! Who shall sketch the glorious scene? Angel bands may not pourtray the beauty and splendour of his path, who is passing "from glory to glory." He flies on golden pinions, from the twilight of time to the undimmed splendours of an eternal day; "there is a world where the sun always shines; there is no night there." Darkness is forever fled, and the sunlight of eternity breaks forth never to fade, amid the dehshable mansions of immortality. There, O there,

"The throne of glory eternally reigns"

Scottish Sabbaths.

I have heard many curious stories illustrative of that veneration with which the

Sabbath is regarded in Scotland. Let me mention one or two. A geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket-hammer with him, took it out and was chipping the rock on the way-side for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman.

"What are you doing there, man?"
"Don't you see? I'm breaking a stone."
"Yare doing mair than that: y'are breaking the Sabbath."

Another woman's inquiry of one who, on the Sabbath day, passed her on the road, singing as he went, was equally characteristic. It was very brief, "Songs, man, or psalms?" Now I am well aware that many readers will at once say, "what ultra severity!" and will be able only to see something absurd and ridiculous in these sayings.

Others, among whom I readily number myself, will view them in a light altogether different—as apt, amusing; and characteristic, no doubt, but as most valuable testimonies to the strong religious feelings of the people, and to that habitual decision with which many among them carry out those scriptural principles, regarding the observance of the Lord's day, which they have imbibed in their childhood, and put into practice from Sabbath to Sabbath during the course of their lives.—*Trench.*

Intercession of the Spirit.

Dr. Chalmers gives the following interesting explanation of the intercession of the Spirit:

How is it, that "the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered?" When the Spirit maketh intercession for us, it is not by any direct supplication from himself to God the father, on behalf of any one individual, but it is by pouring upon that individual the spirit of prayer and supplication. The man whom he prays for, is in fact the organ of his prayer. The prayer passes, as it were, from the Spirit through him who is the object of it.—These groanings of the Spirit of God which cannot be uttered, are those unutterable desires wherewith the heart is charged, and which can only find vent in the ardent but unspeakable breathings of one who feels his need; and longs to be relieved from it—who hath a strong and general appetency after righteousness, and yet can only sigh it forth in ejaculations of intense earnestness. These are called the groanings of the Spirit of God, because it is in fact He who hath awakened them in the spirit of man. When he intercedes for a believer, the believer's own heart is the channel through which the intercession finds its way to the throne of grace.

The Two Novel Readers.

In a village congregation not far from this city, there was more than usual seriousness during the last winter. Among the awakened persons were two who were alike in their fondness for fictitious reading, though differing in most other respects. The one was a gay married lady, living entirely without God in the world; the other a young man of a serious turn of mind, and enjoying the best religious influence in the domestic circle. The pastor cherished but faint hope in regard to the former, while from the exercises of the latter he anticipated the most favourable results.

Yet in a month or two the lady was rejoicing in hope, and had given manifest indications of decided piety; the younger man, on the contrary, seems now farther from the kingdom of God than ever. The reason under God is this: "The one broke off at once from her novel reading habits, the other retaining his. Will not the day of judgment reveal many similar instances?—*Am. Messenger.*"