

THE WESLEYAN.

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HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1851.

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pendent of the New York
e, in his report on the clo-
s remarks.—
duce and lumber trade is
stantly increasing. During
000 bbls. of flour, and about
what were received here
of which passes through to
l. The lumber business is
about 6,000,000 feet of saw-
sived here from Canada.—
ity has exceeded forty mil-

Marriages.

the Rev. P. G. McGregor, Mr.
e, to Miss PROBE ANN McDo-
lobott.
sylvania, on the 11th December,
azlehurst, THOMAS J. COOKE, to
ter of the late Captain STAIRS, of
on Saturday 21st December, by
UGLAS TUCKER Esqr., Surgeon,
BETH ANN, eldest daughter of J.
of this city.
acon Willis, on the 28th Dec'r.,
LIZABETH HORN, second daughter
a Passage.

Deaths.

lay 29th Decr., at his residence,
nty, State of New York, JOHN W.
1 72. — Father-in-Law of T. B.
rican Consul at this port.
wallis, on the 3d December, of
arm, after a short but painful
s, REBECCA, the beloved wife of
s, in the 49th year of her age.
Decr., after a short and painful
with christian resignation, JANE,
of Fedden, Rawdon aged 37 years,
ine, on the 5th December, Mrs.
Dr. S. Rice, in the 76th year of her
stomach.
SARAH ELIZABETH, infant daugh-
ODELL, of Fredericton, N. B.,
four days.

Shipping News.

OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.
h.—R M S America, Shannon, Bos-
unard & Co—was detained in
sequence of the late arrival of the
perienced heavy weather; schrs
Island, to E Albro & Co; Maria,

Schrs Charles, Whipple, St John
Jougall & Co and Salter & Twining;
Rhode Island, 11 days — to Fairbanks
Baltimore, New York, 5 days — to
Sydney; Goodwill, Dunn, Anna

chr Villager, Liverpool N S.
schr Victoria, Doni, Kingston Jam,
s; brig Tibertus, Brown, Philadel-
er & Twining.

y 1st — Brig Velocity, Anderson,
s, to W. Full; brig Brothers, Duns-
s, to T. C. Kinnear & Co; schr
selburne; brig Halifax, Meagher,

CLEARED.
ova Scotia, Bruce, Boston, — Salter

America, Shannon, Liverpool.
Velocity, Sullivan, Jamaica; schr
o Rico.
elle, Laybold, Boston, — B Wier &
tus, Rouffignac, Demerara, Oxley
n & John, Gair, Kingston, Jam-
banks & Allison.

MEMORANDA.
reports two schooners ashore at
Joseph—cargoes fish—names not

Yarmouth N S, from St Kitts for
argo of salt, when about fifty miles
l Rock, sprung a leak, and shortly
r Francis Elizabeth, Nichols, from
d all the assistance he could, both
umps to keep her from sinking.—
into Mayaguez, and run her ashore,
called, and she was condemned.
arrived at Newport, U S, with loss

ports hence, at Guyana, William,
nily, West; and brig Mary, Banks,
— Arrd—brig Vivid, Crockett, hence,
Indus, Day, Sydney, C B; Jane
brig Nile, Parks, West Indies, via

like, from LaHave for Boston, with
ashore on the morning of the 24th,
astward of Race Point Light—crew
r occurred in consequence of Capt
Eight. The schr is badly hogged,
are open on each side, and the tide
er. The deck load has been taken
making to save part of the salt. In
she will be a total loss, with the ex-
She was a fine looking schr, six
s insured in Nova Scotia—the cargo
ater advices state that she would
the cargo had dissolved.

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WESLEYAN OFFICE, Marchington's

Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

FAREWELL!

There's melancholy in that word,
That startling word *farewell!*
That parting friends with feelings keen
Can scarcely wish to tell.

Its sound is harrowing to those hearts,
Struggling against their woe;
Though urged by friendship's tenderest calls,
They gladly would forego.

The prayer for good, in that soft word,
Comes gushing from the heart;
And makes that hour so sad and drear,
That hour when friends must part.

Farewell! that word embraces all
The heart's best wish can breathe;
For all of good, of purest kind,
In heaven or earth beneath!

The trembling hand—the flooding tears,
The language of the face;
Pourtray in stronger—firmer notes,
Than poet's pen can trace.

Reality is all its own,
Of that fast binding spell;
Which chains our senses in that word,
That muttered word Farewell!

Remembrance fondly clings to it,
Through latest hour of life;
Through all the changeful walks of man,
Of grief and sorrow rife.

For some fond friend it still retains
Its influence on the heart;
Nor ceases till the bright home comes,
When friends no more may part.

Till in that haven of sweet rest,
Life's sorrows all shall cease,
In yon high blissful world of joy,
Where all are smiles and peace!

November 26, 1850.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Tears wiped away.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Tears were visible and affecting expressions of distress; and therefore, to say there shall be no more tears, is to say that all those causes of sorrow which exist in the present world shall be eternally removed.—The text, therefore, adds, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying;" because these are the causes which rend the hearts of men, and suffuse their eyes with tears.

There shall be no more tears of separation. The longest and most painful separations are those which are caused by death; and what eye has not been dimmed with tears by this? He must have been unhappy indeed over whose unmoistened grave no tears are shed, and whose death has occasioned no regrets. But the number of these is few.—Death rends all hearts. When Joseph died, the children of Israel wept sore. "My father! my father!" exclaimed Elisha, when Elijah was taken from him. "O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" said the much moved David, as he went up to the chamber over the gate, that he might weep alone. And when his friend Lazarus died, "Jesus wept." Well; be it so. To weep and to be wept over is the irreversible decree as to man below; but then, so much the more welcome the state we hope for. A great voice is heard out of heaven. And there shall be no more death. The sight would be a blot in the tabernacle of God. The rigid limb, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the pallid cheek, the fixed and darkened eye,—these, these are not scenes for heaven. But this is the decree: "There shall be no more death." This shall restore and perpetuate your friendship, and wipe the tears of separation away for ever.

And with the tears of separation pass away all those which pain wrings from the tortur-

ed body, or sorrow from the wounded spirit. Martyrs, you have been racked and torn, but there is now no more pain for you: for, like your Master, you have exchanged your crown of thorns for a crown of glory. Patient sufferers from disease, you could weep, though you could not murmur; but wearisome nights are no longer appointed you. Nor does the spirit full charged with its inward grief pour the flood into the eyes. No publican here smites on his breast, exclaiming, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" No Peter, the cowardly denier of his Lord, goes out to weep bitterly. No tears of shame and grief are shed over barrenness of spirit, and hardness of heart. Zion no longer cries, "The Lord hath forgotten me." "There shall be neither sorrow nor sighing, nor any more pain."

And we may add, that there shall not be even tears of joy. For what do they suppose? The joy which finds relief in tears supposes a previous anguish, and that the change from one state to another shakes the feebleness of mortality. Or it supposes that we are unused to strong emotions, that our measure of joy is soon filled up; that even the bliss of earth may be too copious for the contracted vessel of our hearts, and therefore so easily overflows in tears. But there shall be no such alterations in heaven; nor will the capacity for blessedness be thus limited. Joy will not be so much a stranger that we will weep at meeting it. It will be, not the transient flash which dazzles, overpowers, disappears, but the fixed and steady element in which we shall live for ever.

And the text gives the reason of all this. "The former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." How impressive and sublime is the scene thus presented! Under the throne of Him who is arrayed in the glory of the father, lie a heaven and earth, the present seat of death, and sorrow, and pain. He speaks, and they vanish, and "the former things are passed away." He speaks again, and a new heaven and earth spring into being: "The tabernacle of God is with men; and he that sitteth on the throne saith, Behold, I make all things new." What a dream will their earthly sufferings and labours, our joys and sorrows appear! They have passed away, and a new world opens to our view to abide for ever.

"With joy the sailor, long by tempest tost,
Spreads all his canvas for the distant coast:
With joy the hind, his daily labour done,
Sees broad shadows and the setting sun;
With joy the slave, worn out with tedious woes,
Beholds the bliss that liberty bestows."

And if the sailor thus joys, though the tempest must be again braved; and the labourer, though to-morrow's sun must awaken him to new labours, and shine again on the fetters of the slave; what is that joy, when the howl of the last tempest sinks upon the ear, when the last labour is completed, and our chains fall off for ever! Behold, He creates all things new! The heavens are new, the earth new, the body new, the spirit new, society new, circumstances new; and new for this reason, that all is perfect, and all unchangeable.—Walsley's Sermons.

The Mystery of Godliness.

And for what are we expected to surrender all the divine and delightful visions and foretastes of never-ending felicity? Why, for the vain conjectures, the random guessings of a wildering scepticism; which would take from us our peace, our Saviour, and our heaven; and give us, in return, the idle roavings of miserable uncertainty, or the gloom and desolation of absolute despair. The evil genius of Deism, my brethren, would blind us, and conduct us to the brink of a precipice, and bid us leap: but it tells us of no angel waiting to receive us, and bear us in safety to a better world, where we shall again open our eyes on the light of the living, and be ravished with the prospects and enjoyments of heavenly bliss. Ah! no. It would lead us onward darksome, and disconsolate, and shivering with anxiety lest we should

fall down, down, down into the gloomy gulf of annihilation, where thought, and reason, and happiness, and hope—where our souls, our being, our all, must be lost, lost for ever!

Which of us does not shrink from the dreadful experiment? Methinks I hear you, as with one voice, say, "Let it not be mine, let it not be mine. Let the Deist unchain the fiends of war, and overwhelm the earth with blood, and carnage, and desolation: let him seal up the clouds, and poison the winds of heaven, and charge every blasting breeze with pestilence and death: let him extinguish the stars, and blot out the sun from the firmament: let him, with infernal madness, seize the torch of destruction, and fire those magazines which are intended to hurl all nature into convulsion, and flames, and ruin. But, O let him not attempt to murder my soul, to bereave me of existence, to rob me of immortality! Perish the doctrine that would distract my heart with doubts! and perish everything like doubt, which has been occasioned by my looking off from the light of heavenly truth!"—Rev. John Bryant.

The Young Infidel.

The following sad account of a young man who for a time attended the ministry of the Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, illustrates the fearful consequences of breaking away from the influence of the Gospel:—

The young man was the son of pious parents, and for several years was regular in his attendance at the house of God. At length he became acquainted with some young men of infidel principles. The more he associated with them, the less pleasant he found it to listen to the Gospel. Ere long he absented himself wholly from the sanctuary. He then began to indulge in the pleasures of sin, and went to such length in criminal indulgence, that he soon laid the foundation of a fatal illness. Three months after he had abandoned the house of God he was on the verge of the grave. Mr. Noel was then called to visit him. The dying youth refused to converse with the man of God; but covered his head with the bed clothes. After several vain attempts to enter into conversation with him about that Being before whom he was soon to stand in judgment, Mr. Noel offered a prayer for him, and was about to quit the apartment. Just as his hand was upon the latch of the door, the young man made an effort to sit up in bed, and asked Mr. N. to stay a minute. Mr. N. returned to the bedside. The sufferer's strength was well nigh exhausted. He whispered in the ear of Mr. N. the appalling words, "I'm lost!" He sunk down in the bed, drew the clothes over his head and never spoke again.

The Contrast.

Should CHRISTIANITY universally prevail—should its precepts be acted upon, in all the length and breadth of their requirements, there would be no occasion for bolts, nor bars, nor penitentiaries, nor anything of the kind; every man would become as an angel, and earth as paradise! But, if INFIDELITY should universally prevail and triumph, who believes that there would be no occasion for bolts and bars, and penitentiaries? Who believes that every man would become as an angel, and earth as a paradise? In the providence of God, infidelity did once prevail. Where? In revolutionary France. When? During that period so called "THE REIGN OF TERROR." Yes, infidelity did then prevail and triumph, for then the National Convention decreed that there was no God.—The Sabbath was abolished; churches were closed or converted into "temples of Reason." Death was declared to be an eternal sleep; and the Bible was dragged along the streets of Lyons, in a way of derision and contempt. Yes, infidelity then prevailed and triumphed; and most frightful was its reign. Its crown was terror; its throne the guillotine; its sceptre the battle-axe; its palace-yard a field of blood; and its royal robes dripped with human gore! All France was, as it were,

one vast slaughter-house, and the rulers of France as demons from the bottomless pit! O, my soul come not thou into their secret! unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united. Verily, "their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."—Dr. Baker's Revival Sermons.

Great Effects from Simple Means.

We all feel that it is an honour to be the means of accomplishing great results by simple methods. I remember having recently met with the following incident in the life of that distinguished philosopher, Dr. Woollaston. A chemical friend called upon him, and expressed a wish to see his laboratory, expecting, of course, to be introduced into some magnificent apartment, where he would be surrounded by the most splendid apparatus of chemical instruments. What was his surprise when the philosopher presented to him a tray with a few glass tubes and other simple appliances, by means of which alone that distinguished man was enabled to work out his great results! On another occasion, when meeting a friend in the street, he took no small pleasure in leading him aside to a corner, and taking out of his waistcoat pocket a tailor's thimble, in which there was a simple but beautiful galvanic arrangement, and pouring out the contents of a phial, immediately brought to a white heat a piece of platina wire. He was proud of being able to accomplish such great results by such simple means. He loved to lose himself amid the grandeur of nature, to be overshadowed, as it were, by the magnificent operations of the laws of nature, proud of being able, by such simple instrumentalities, to produce results so great and important. And does not the same honour belong to the man who is the means of accomplishing the salvation of his brother man by putting into his hands a shilling Bible or a sixpenny Testament? Oh, how sublime the result! oh, how simple the instrumentality!—Rev. J. Stoughton.

Scripture Illustration.

Augustin, when referring to that passage of Scripture in which it is said that we shall renew our strength like eagles, relates the following fabulous story of that bird. He says, that when it grows old there is an incrustation found upon its beak, so that it is not able to partake of its food, and therefore it pines away until it rubs its beak against the sharp ledges of the rock, and thus removes the incrustation, after which it returns with avidity to its usual aliment, and thus renews its strength, and, recovering the beauty of its plumage and the vigour of its wings, ascends into heaven, careering on the gale and sailing on the storm. There was something like this going on at the time of the Reformation. The Church had had her mouth sealed up for a long time by spiritual despotism, and had been debarr'd from that sustenance which is the life of the Christian's soul; but at the time of the Reformation the hard incrustation which had thus gathered over the Church was rubbed away, and she returned again to feed on the bread of life; and having done so, she renewed her strength like an eagle, and, with shining plumage and steady wing, soared upwards towards heaven.

Consult the Town-Clerk of Ephesus.

"I HAVE heard you say," observes Dr. Mather, "that there was a gentleman mentioned in the 19th chapter of the Acts, to whom you were more indebted than any other in the world." This was the town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel was to do nothing rashly. Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual with him to say, "Let us first consult with the town-clerk of Ephesus." What mischief, trouble, and sorrow would be avoided in this world, were people more in the habit of consulting this gentleman!