THE WESLEYAN.

" HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

Scripture.

NUMBER IN.

VOLUME I. HALIFAX, N. S. MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, 1838.

POETRY.

ures" He, imo imead. that The

n for forn-

e in-

vhat-

irtue such

et in

rked

, by

med

d the

may

they

, for

g to

cure

and

ony,

ence mily

i iL

and

How

and

the

, is

0055

ould

par-

ility

ppi-

y is

un-

10

ex-

MG.

80.

0 1

nıl.

39;

001

not

rel,

in-

ob-

the

inc-mu-leli-

be be fend re-the the ter

50

THE SUNBEAM.

By MRS. HEMANS.

Firos art no lingerer in monarch's hall, A joy thouart, and a wealth to all ! A bearer of hope unto land and sea-Surbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles-Thou loss touched with glory his thousand isles. Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam, And gladden'd the sailor, like words of home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades, Thou art streaming on through their green arcades: And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow Like fire-flies glauce to the pools below.

Hook'd on the mountains-a vapour lay Folding their heights in its dark array; Thou breakest forth-and the mist became A crown and a mantle of living flame

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot-Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;-But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell, And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's will places a guest thou art, Flushing the weste like the rose's heart; And then scernest not from thy pomp to shed A tender smile on the ruin's head

And thou turnest not from the humble grave, Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest. Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast

Thou tak'st through the dim church-usle thy way And its pillars from twilight flish forth to day, And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old, Are bath'd in a fleod, as of molten gold.

Subeam of summer ! oh ! what is like thee ! Hope of the wilderness, joy of the set '-One thing is like thee to mortals given .--The faith touching all things with hues of heaven

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LYDIA STURTEVANT ; OR, THE FATAL RESOLUTION BY REV. ELIAKIM PHELPS.

to learn. It is certain that from her earliest years she had regarded religion with respect, and had entertained the expectation of becoming a Christian before she died. It is not known, however, that she was the subject of special religious impressions until the same mer of 1824. During the months of July and August of that year her mind was solemnly impressed, and she felt that it was unsafe to continue in the malest of religion any longer. One morning, especially, the first impressions as she awoke was, that she must effibrace religion then ; and that her soul was in that a ment danger of being lost if she delayed. She saw herself, as she expressed it, " to be a great sinner, as the hands of a God of justice"-saw that there " a co no hope but in Jesus Christ-that in Christ there was a full and complete salvation—that he was ready and willing to receive her then, and that delay would probably be fatal to her soul." She deliberated ; she reasoned; she prayed, and finally made up her mind to the deliberate RESOLUTION that she would repeat and accept the offer of salvation before the close of THAT DAY. She did not actually repeat then, but resolved that she would do it that day. The resolution was, as she believed, the solemn and dehberste pur pose of her soul; and she felt a degree of satisfaction in the thought that the question of her eternal salvtion was now so near a final and favour life of justment. But the day had its cares and its pleasures business and company filled up its hours, and the night found her as thoughtless, almost, as shelf, filefor months.

The next morning her religious impressions were renewed and deepened. She saw, more clearly the before, the danger of her condition and the necessity of immediate repentance. Sin now appeared user exceedingly sinful; she reprovehed hersed for viol ting the resolution of the previous morning, and a agony of soul, better conceived than described, formed another resolution, as she expressed it, "to begin it. ligion before the close of that day." And with this the anxiety of her mind again subsided. The vedece. vows of the previous morning gave her some the st LYDIA STURTEVANT was the name of an annable young ness; she felt not quite the same confidence in have d lady of my acquaintance; who died at the age of six- that she did before ; but she had now formed her recultivation of her mind considerable attention had ger doubtful; and the agony of her soul gave way the given a pledge to repeat that day. She felt, as see

teen. She was the daughter of respectable and pious solution so firmly, she was so fixed in her purpose parents in one of the New England states. On the that she considered the issue could herdly be very lotbeen bestowed. Buoyant in spirit, and beautiful in the soothing reflection that she should sooth and person, she was the pride of her parents, the orna- Christian. She had now taken, as she unregared ment of her circle, and the admiration of all who knew "one step"-had formed a solemn purpose, and had her.

To what extent her mind had been imbued with re- expressed it, committed, and hardly had a doubt is to ligious truth in childhood, I have not been able fully the accomplishment of her purpose. This day also