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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

TO A MOURNER IN A CHURCH-YARD.

They live, they greatly live, a life on earth
Unkilled, unconcealed,—and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On us, more justly numbered with the dead.

—Dr. Young.

Not here, not here,
Oh, pale young mourner, bending o'er the dead,
Bathing with bitter tears each lowly bed,
They dwell not here;
Those whom thy fond arms vainly strove to save,
O'er whose fair forms soon closed the greedy grave,
They dwell not here.

What though deserted seems thy fireside now,
Though "dust be written on each sunny brow,"
Though quenched the eye in whose soft living fire,
Thy heart could read each fervent pure desire;

Mortality is stamped on things of earth,
Yet lives their all that gave that mortal worth;
The grave conceals the casket,—but the rare,
The priceless jewel is not buried there;

The active spirit mocks at time's decay,
It spurns the fragile tenement of clay,—
While, like a prisoned bird, it sweetly sings,
Then, heaven-inspired, plumes for flight its wings.

Snapt are the bars and lo, in glorious light,
The captive exile soars from longing sight!
But oh, it may be, how'ring still around,
The spirits of the loved with thee are found!

Do they not, gliding on the midnight air,
To thy sad couch the words of comfort bear?
From happy dreams say, dost thou never start,
To clasp some image to thy bleeding heart.

Then chide the morning-light, that broke the spell,
And banished forth, thy spirit prized too well?
Yes, yes, believe it, though thine eyes of clay
May not behold, they hover round thy way;

They haunt the bowers their memory dearest made,
The sunny paths, the pleasant forest shade;
And life's changing scenes, for thee they bear
Interest how deep, how heart-felt, how sincere;

With stronger love, and holier than this,
They all the spirit's finer powers combine,
Shielding, with guardian care, the treasured form,
And whispering hope when loudest howls the storm;

Tremor, no more within the church-yard's gloom,
Bathie thou, with bitter tears, each lowly tomb—
But, fearlessly, life's combat stern renew,
Gird for the conflict, glorious god in view,—

And soon the spirit shall assert its sway,
And shadows flee, when dawns eternal day.

M. E. H.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Sabbath.

Had the Sabbath no other benefit of which to boast than that of educating the incipient mind of the children of the working classes, it would be entitled to our warmest gratitude and commendation. Sunday-school instruction is one of the most hopeful and influential of all labours, and in the present perilous times is emphatically required! If the wide under-growth of youthful mind be not carefully watched and directed, in its earliest stages of development, small success will attend any subsequent efforts to improve it, when it has attained a dwarfed, misshapen, and stubborn maturity. If good impulses are not given to the rising intelligence of the labouring population in childhood, there is painful reason to fear, that in very many cases, the impressing season is irrevocably lost. Other teachers are in the field. Other influences are busy all around. Life opens up its beguiling scenes to the inexperienced eye. Harlotry lavishes its blandishments, and weaves its snares. Scepticism insinuates its doubts. Profanity next approaches, flashing its witty jests and blasphemies. Enticements to dissoluteness and sensuality ply the unguarded victim on every side, till at length the time not spent in the duties of his calling, is wasted in awful wickedness. Thus the fallen one becomes a wretched outcast from all good men. And thus minds that, with timely training, might have struggled into light and usefulness, become blasted by early neglect, and the fierce onset of earthly temptations.

But if youth will push its way to the brink of destruction, let us, nevertheless, fence the path with all possible resistances and obstructions. Since the road to ruin is so easy, and congenial to the heart of man, let us lodge in his mind every principle that is calculated to retard his progress and damp his guilty ardour. This object is blessedly achieved by the Sunday-schools of our country. What a fund of blessing is thus hoarded up in the Sabbath! Its uses, in relation to MIND, are not at present fully understood; for its rich, available sources have never yet been half explored. The present Sunday-school system, for instance, is but the embryo of a more perfect scheme for intellectual elevation hereafter to be disclosed.—*Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour.*

"I Can't Afford It."

"I can't afford it." Such an excuse has often dropped from the lips of the professed disciples of Christ. But was it as often true? You cannot afford to give for the promotion of the cause of truth, when God has said, "Give and it shall be given you, good measure, pressed down and running over." You cannot afford to honour God with your substance, and with the first fruits of your increase, when you hear the solemn asseveration of Jehovah, that in so doing your barns shall be filled with plenty. You cannot afford it! Now, dear friend, the Saviour knows that in your case that excuse is false. That ring on your finger, that ride for the enjoyment of it, those purchases you made to please your appetite, your pride, or some friend, say you might give something more to the cause of benevolence. God is evidently giving to you, and for what? that you may keep the most or all of it to yourself? Well, heard it up, if you will; but, remember, that in the sight of Heaven he is considered a fool that does it, and is to have the doom of such a fool in eternity. Lay it out, if you choose, for your own gratification, or for the gratification of your family and friends; but let it be impressed on your mind, that if you pered in such a course, it will be a fearful indication that if you are prospered in such you are to have all your good things in this life. But perhaps you are not prospered in it. You meet with losses and trouble just as others supposed you would, and as you had reason, to expect, if you are one of God's children. His people anciently sometimes earned wages to put into a bag with holes. If you will read the 1st chapter of Haggai, you will learn why they did it, and why you may not be more prospered. You cannot afford it! No, verily you cannot afford to be so covetous. It is not giving, but withholding, that tendeth to poverty. If you keep on withholding, the Lord, true to his word, will chasten you for your disobedience to him, or disown you at the judgment. If you ever again say, "I cannot afford it," say it to covetousness—to the demon spirit within, or without, that may be pleading with you to withhold from the cause of Christ. But never, no never, say it to the pleadings of love, and of God, in behalf of a sinful, suffering world.—*Christian Reflector.*

The Heart—who can know it.

A Painter who wanted a picture of Innocence, drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling by the side of his mother, who regarded him with tenderness. The palms of his lifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. This portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter, for he had bestowed on it great pains: he hung it up in his study, and called it Innocence.

Years rolled along, and the painter became an aged man; but the picture of Innocence still adorned his study walls. Often

had he thought of painting a contrast to his favourite portrait, but opportunity had not served. He had sought for a striking model of Guilt, but had failed to find one. At last, he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighbouring jail.

On the damp floor of his dungeon lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, worn was his cheek, and anguish unutterable was seen in his hollow eye; but this was not all: there was visible in his face, guilt was branded, as with a hot iron, on his brow, and horrid imprecations burst from his blaspheming tongue. The painter executed his task to the life, and bore away the successful effort of his pencil. The portraits of young Rupert and old Randall were hung, side by side, in his study, the one representing Innocence, the other Guilt.

But who was young Rupert, that knoeled in prayer by the side of his mother in meek devotion? And who was old Randall, that lay manacled on the dungeon floor, cursing and blaspheming? Alas! the two were one! Young Rupert and old Randall were the same. Led by bad companions into the paths of sin, no wonder young Rupert found bitterness and sorrow. That brow which in childhood was bright with peace and joy, in years became darkened by guilt and shame; and that heart which was once the abode of happiness, afterwards became the habitation of anguish. Fathers, tell the tale to your children; mothers, whisper it in the ears of your hisping little ones; teachers, tell it to your scholars, that they may know betimes the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the exceeding deceitfulness of the human heart.—*Scottish Sabbath-school Teachers' Magazine.*

The Resurrection Preached to an African Chief.

Mr. Moffatt, Missionary in South Africa, visited a Chief some hundred miles beyond the Station at Lattakob. This chief was famous for war and conquest, and had become the terror of the interior. The visit at the time was considered a dangerous one; but the veteran Chief received the Missionary with great respect, and treated him with much kindness. In one of his interviews with this man of war and blood, while seated amidst fifty or sixty of his nobles, in the course of Mr. Moffatt's remarks, the ear of the Monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What?" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about the dead?—the dead arise?"

"Yes," was the Missionary's reply; "all the dead shall arise."

"Will my father arise?" asked the Chief.

"Yes," answered Mr. Moffatt; "your father will arise."

"Will all the slain in battle arise?"

"Yes," said the Missionary.

"And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, hyaenas, and crocodiles, again revive?"

"Yes; and come to judgment," answered the Missionary.

"And will those whose bodies have been left to waste, and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered by the winds, again arise?" asked the Chief, with a kind of triumph, as if he had settled the business.

"Yes," replied Mr. Moffatt; "not one shall be left behind."

The Chief, turning to his people, said with a loud voice, "Hark! ye wise men, whoever is wise among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?"

And addressing himself to one whose countenance and attire showed that he had seen many years, and was something more than common, "Have you ever heard such strange news as these?"

"No," was the wise man's answer. "I had supposed, that I possessed all the knowledge of the country; for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients; but my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth; verily, he must have lived long before the period when we were born."

The Chief then turning and addressing himself to Mr. Moffatt, "Father," he said, laying his hand on my breast, "I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like the honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again! The dead cannot arise! The dead shall not arise!"

"Why," inquired Mr. Moffatt, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not add to words, and speak of a resurrection?"

The Chief raised his arm, which had been strong in battle, and quivering his hand, as if grasping a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands; and shall they arise?"

Never before did the light of divine revelation dawn upon his savage mind; and of course his conscience had never accused him, no, not for one of the thousands of deeds of rapine and murder, which had marked his course through a long career.

The African Chief shrunk from the thought of his deeds rising up in judgment against him. Ye who can call yourselves Christians, and profess to believe in the resurrection, how is it with your account? Have you no deeds which you fear to rise up in judgment against you? Or have you turned to Him who is mighty to save, to blot out all your transgressions?

A Whole City Visited by One Woman.

An intelligent, industrious, and kind-hearted woman in Russia became a Christiana. Her labours were transformed into Christian labours; and were followed up with an ardour and perseverance seldom exceeded. In her visits to the poor, she now carried books and tracts, as well as food and raiment; and when she found persons unable to read, which was frequently the case, she made it a point to read to them, and to explain what they could not understand.

Her prompt assistance was, in a great measure, instrumental to a zealous agent becoming extensively engaged in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. She gave him two of the first Finnish Bibles that ever passed through his hands; and when there was a great demand for the sacred volume in that language, she actually sold her watch, in order to furnish one hundred Bibles to the poor, at reduced prices. This was a noble effort in the cause of God; it augured well as to future usefulness; and the expectations which were excited by it were more than realized. She took the whole city of St. Petersburg for her sphere, and permeated it alone; and succeeded beyond all expectations. In the course of a few months she sold more than one thousand five hundred Bibles, and Testaments, and Psalters; and in this blessed work she continued perseveringly to engage. Hundreds derived advantage from her visits.

Something more Awful than the Judgment.

A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears, and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than any thing he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled—the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish—you will return to your carnal occupations, or sinful pleasures, with your usual avidity—and you will treat all you have heard as a tale that is told!"