

POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

THOUGHTS

In view of a particular Providence.

O the dews are sweet to a thirsty land, And the Lord still gives with a bounteous hand; But, ever it seems as the blessings fall, That the latest are sweetest and best of all.

Long, long have I tasted the only Good, Loving Him more than my daily food; Longing to be with his fulness blest, And finding my way to a peaceful rest!

But now of His grace, wherever I go, Holy and beautiful flowersets grow;— And—oh! how precious the fruit must be— A branch of the vine is in blossom for me!

And I look to Him who hath given to see, How lonely the travel to heaven may be; And I trust, as I value his gifts this day, That, in mercy, he will not take away!

A. J. W.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

For the Wesleyan.

DIED on the 4th inst., at Maccan Mountain, William Cook, aged 79 years, a member of the Wesleyan Society of that place. He had only been a professor of religion about seven years, but he diligently improved that short period in working out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

Wm. Cook was a native of England, and belonged to the British Army for a number of years, and was actively employed in Canada during the late American war. About twenty years since he commuted his claims for a pension for a grant of land in this county, and shortly after came to reside thereon. For several years he was the slave of excessive drinking, by which he kept himself and those dependent on him miserably poor; but happily about thirteen years since he, by the advice of his friends, quit it at once and for ever.

He subsequently joined the temperance society and became a truly reformed man, by which he secured the respect of his neighbours and friends. But here he rested for a long time, as it is to be feared many do, a stranger to religion, and extremely hard to be convinced that anything more was necessary for him than his reformation. At length the close conversations of a faithful member of our church, brought him, by God's blessing, to see and feel his need of the renewal of his heart. This discovery was no sooner made, than he sought the attainment of the blessing with strong cries and tears unto Him that is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. Nor did he long mourn before God—his sorrows were soon turned into songs of deliverance, which he was not afraid or ashamed to declare before his fellow sinners. This happy event took place about seven years since, at the close of a considerable revival of religion, under the ministry of the Rev. C. Lockhart, then a local preacher, but now traveling in the N. Brunswick District.

No sooner was his soul set at liberty than he united himself with the church of God in that place, and went on his way rejoicing. He is spoken of by his class leader and christian brethren as a zealous soldier of Jesus Christ, the Captain of his salvation. He constantly but affectionately urged his fellow christians to press forward towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. He had considerable troubles in his family and in his circumstances; but none of these things moved him from his steadfastness. He had for some time past suffered much from bodily affliction, but his mind was kept in a happy state, blessing and praising God in the furnace of affliction. His last conflict was comparatively short, but very severe, yet in the midst of agonizing pain he would encourage those around him to meet him in heaven, where they should suffer no more. A few hours before his death he called his family around him, and, among other things, said,—"I am dying—I shall yield up the ghost and go to Jesus." After pausing awhile he said with remarkable earnestness—"Lord remember me,"—and expired. Thus died William Cook, leaving behind him for the benefit of the church, the example of a humble zealous christian.

W. Cross-comb. Amherst, 19th October, 1849.

For the Wesleyan.

DIED at Bay Verte, on the 11th inst., at the advanced age of 79 years, Mr. Valentine Wood, an old and respectable inhabitant of the Province, having emigrated from Burniston, in Yorkshire, of which place he was a native, about the year 1773, since which he resided in the County of Westmorland, N. B. As a member of civil society, few men were more highly es-

teemed. During the protracted period of 51 years he was a devoted and zealous member of the Wesleyan Church, and by the meekness and humility of his spirit, the consistency of his christian course, and the uniform uprightness of his moral character, he exemplified to all, the power of faith to purify and renovate the fallen nature of man. He was pre-eminently a cheerful, happy christian; his whole appearance manifesting that sunshine of the soul which bespeaks a heart at peace with God, with itself, and with the world. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." A. D.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

I am too Happy to Sleep.

"I am too happy to sleep," were the words of a young man by whose bedside I watched; as the night wore away no sleep came to his eyelids, but he looked forward to that everlasting rest which God has promised to those that love him. He rejoiced in the living God, and his soul, weary of life, panted to be gone and dwell with him who gave it.

The above expression has awakened in my mind some reflections on true happiness. The unconverted sinner may exclaim, the above expression is nothing—many nights have I passed too happy to sleep; the morn has broken upon my vision, yet sleep had not visited me. But, friend, were you happy? had the night been spent with God, or in the ball-room? If in the latter your happiness was not lasting. The enjoyments of the moment may have elevated your spirits; the sound of music, the glancing of lovely forms, and all the show of the ball-room may have passed before you, and you have exclaimed, I'm happy—I seek no other happiness than this.

But soon the lights fade away—the music stops—the lovely forms and faces are gone—the morn breaks upon you, but are you happy? The vision of the night has passed away—it is not lasting; the succeeding nights may again produce the same results, yet what becomes of the day—the interval between the scenes? God received not the love of your heart, but to the pleasures of sin you paid tribute, and lasting happiness dwelt not with you. I'm happy, cries the young man who sips his wine, and throws care to the winds; "let us be gay," he exclaims to his companions; life lasts not always—enjoy it whilst we can.

Fatal delusions, if followed! "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; he who is deceived thereby is not wise." He sees not before him the path of the inebriate, the desolate home, the penitentiary, the scaffold, the drunkard's death. Your happiness passes away "like a vision of the night."

When sickness cometh, and stretched on a bed of pain you are laid, when life draws to its close and the dim shadows of death are flitting about you, are you happy? Sleep fleeth from your eyelids, the night passeth, yet no sleep, the morn is welcomed, but no rest. "Is it joy that prevents your eyelids from closing? Is it peace of mind that tells sleep to be gone? No, not joy, but fear!"

You are about entering upon immortality—the freed spirit will soon launch into eternity, and whither is it bound? will it clap its wings and fly with joy to meet its God, or will it wander to and fro on the dark waves of chaos? The scenes of your past life rush before you—the ball-room and its gaieties, the midnight orgies, with their songs and mirth arise before you, yet bring no happiness. You have neglected God, and you are miserable. Your language now is,

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me. But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it."

Not thus with him who was too happy to sleep, whose soul longed for immortality, who rejoiced at the approach of death, that the freed spirit might wander with its God amid scenes of eternal bliss. His language was,

"The world recedes, it disappears! Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears With sounds seraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting?"

Such is the language of "the Christian triumphant in death." The grave opens before him, yet it has no terrors—his journey is beyond, in the sweet and blooming land of eternal joy. Wanderer from the fold of God, draw near to the fountain of his love, and bathe in its refreshing waters, that your end may be peaceful and your happiness eternal. Zion's Herald.

Old Chairs of Interest.

Nobody in all the neighbourhood interested me like Mr. —: I have not think of the dear old gentleman. How pleasant was it to run into his bright little parlour, and sit by his side, hearing him talk, or talking to him; reading to him, or hearing him read; asking questions, or listening to stories of old times, when he was a boy. Though his frame bore the frosts and infirmities

of threescore years and ten, they had not chilled his heart; it was still young and fresh, and brimful of kindness. It also held his purse-strings, so that from the little parlour streamed substantial blessings, as well as hearty love; and it happened that I had occasion to know how often they found their way to the humble lodgings of a widow and her daughter.

These two were the relics of a past generation, and they seemed to be almost strangers, amidst the new one which had sprung up around them. They had, in a measure, outlived their connections, their property, their early friendships, and the poor make no new friends. Few cared for them, and they cared for few. The only light which warmed or cheered them was the setting sun of days gone by. But if this warmed them, it could not feed or shelter them, or hinder the embarrassments of poverty, had not the old man's purse come to their aid; and so stately did he eke out the scanty income of the widow, that I sometimes thought he was like to make her believe that her last days were her best days. I used often to wonder why he was so thoughtful of her wants; others were not, and what claim had she upon him?

One evening, in speaking of his early struggles, he said, "When Mary and I were married, we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a stout arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up the tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbour, Mrs. M——, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied our necessities; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put on our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M—— and me now; she has become a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face. "I don't forget these old chairs."

Ah, now the secret was out! It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living upon an income drawn from the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done fifty years before, and it sufficed for her and her daughter. —Cher. Messenger.

STANDING REGULATIONS.

Correspondents must send their communications written in legible hand, and, unless they desire the names of authors, editors, or contributors, to be published, and enclosed in a confidence, with their proper names and addresses. The Editor holds not himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents—claims the privilege of modifying or rejecting articles offered for publication—and cannot pledge himself to return those not inserted. Communications on business, and those intended for publication, when contained in the same letter, should, if practicable, be written on different parts of the sheet, so that they may be separated when they reach us. Communications and Exchange should be addressed to the Editor, Halifax, N. S. Issued weekly, on Saturday Morning—Terms Ten Shillings per annum, exclusive of postage—half yearly in advance—Single Copies three pence each. The Wesleyan Ministers of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Districts are our Agents; who will receive orders and make remittances.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, November 3, 1849.

The Balance Struck.

"I admire the WESLEYAN BODY because it is an EVANGELICAL BODY,—because, with the aid of Divine Providence, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, it has been enabled to do great things in this, the land of our nativity; and I admire it also because it is, constitutionally, a Missionary Church."—Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Free Church of Scotland.

In the last Presbyterian Witness we are favoured with "A Parting Word to the Wesleyan;" in which we perceive great moderation of tone. Formerly, he would be "glad to enter into controversy" with us—now, he has "not the smallest desire to protract discussion with the Wesleyan." To us it is a source of gratification to know that we have been the assailed, not the assailing party. Had he not volunteered an attack on Methodism—the recent skirmish would not have taken place. When, however, he went out of his way to attempt the damaging of the Body to which we belong—a Body which had manifested nothing but kindness

to the Free Church—we felt it our duty to repel the assault.

He charges us with waxing hot in the discussion; whereas we wrote every word with the utmost coolness imaginable. We have stuck to the point, and pursued him step by step. Now let us see how matters stand. In our first reply, we expressed our regret at the interference of the Free Church's Organ. In our second, we confided ourselves to the exposure of our contemporary's logic, and calling upon him for certain explanations necessary for the illustration of the subject. So far then it was "cool" enough. Now, it was not until he, afterwards, without provocation on our part, and contrary to all previous professions of friendliness, threatened to "warn Presbyterians against Methodism," and charged the "whole system of Arminianism, maintained and propagated by the WESLEYANS, as being 'Popish'" on the doctrines of "original sin, and human merit," and asked us what we "would say" to all this, that we were constrained by justice and truth, in reply to this gratuitous crimination, to use plainness of speech, but not passing the bounds of christian decorum. If Free Church Ministers can allow themselves to circulate slanderous accusations against our "whole system," they must not think it indecorous in us, nor imagine that we are "waxing hot," because we deem it proper to designate those charges by their real names. This, we confess, sufficient in those allegations—not since retracted, but rather justified—to excite the honest and righteous indignation of every Wesleyan in the land; and as until they are withdrawn, and the ground distinctly given on which they are based, will the Wesleyans be satisfied. Think of it as our contemporary may—we can bring ourselves to regard the public impeachment of the "whole system" of Wesleyanism, as Popish on essential doctrines, in any other light than that of a very serious matter. We may here remind him, that the very time those calumnious assertions were in course of circulation, the Wesleyan in Charlottetown, P. E. I. and St. John, N. B., with their wonted good-will towards the Free Church, were opening their pulpits, by request, for the occupancy of one of its most distinguished Ministers. The Wesleyans have never, in one solitary instance, committed an act, to call forth the harsh and unmerited stigma which the Witness has attempted to fasten upon them. This point we place prominently before our readers, and before any of the adherents of the Free Church into whose hands our Paper may fall; and we think the latter will not, in calm reflection, feel disposed to condemn the course the Witness has adopted.

In his "parting word," he gives it as his opinion that the epithet "Evangelical" which we prefixed to our Arminianism is a "misnomer"—states it to be his "thorough conviction that conditional election extracts a great portion of the very essence of Evangelism from the truth as it is in Jesus"—and intimates that notwithstanding our "loud and strong protestations on the doctrines of Original Sin and Justification by Faith in our Church," we are yet unconverted. Though a little more guarded in expression, this in fact is but a reiteration of his former accusation. We challenged his proof—but no proof has been given. Not a citation from the works of Mr. Wesley or of any of our standard writers has been made. Our contemporary we hope will not think we are "waxing hot," if we "hint in a brotherly spirit" our doubts of his adequate knowledge of the subjects on which he has so confidently

written. What will he say to the statements of JOHN WESLEY, long ago as the Conference of 1740? In what sense is Adam's sin imputed? In Adam all die, i. e. 1. Our hearts are mortal, and our souls die, i. e. we are separated from God. And hence, if we were a sinful, devilish race, by reason of Adam's sin, we should be liable to die. Rom. v. 18, Eph. ii. 3." Equally sound and scriptural views on the essential doctrine of justification by Faith, despite the unjust assumption of the Witness to the contrary, we need not enlarge on these to the evangelical character of Wesley will certified and historic fact, and decided testimony of such a man as Wilson—which appears at the end of the article—makes the flippancy of our contemporary and we seriously caution against trifling with the reputation and useful body of evangelical churches, by ascribing to them errors which they do not hold.

We cannot allow another trifling, past unnoted. "John Wesley, Witness," believed in the periculous human nature in the present state of Wesley believed in the scriptural of "Christian perfection" as he plainly and guards it, not, however, from the expansion and glorious principle of good in him which he held to be totally depraved, the work of grace, the result of a grace, implying, in its very essence, christian experience superinduced by the Spirit of God. Wesley agrees with Mr. Wilson point is another question. He never have stated Mr. Wesley's views on this matter.

Turn we now to other topics. Our contemporary we have either misapplied "the grand object" of the title. Adverting to his Editorial, we find that it commences with oftentimes spoken of the "supremacy of Presbyterianism, in the a fair and wholesome discipline," referring to the contrasts he had in between it and Episcopacy on the one, and Congregationalism on the other. He had made to return to the promise he had made to return to the fulfilment of it by giving, as his first case, the recent expulsions from the Conference. His object—if it be him better we will call it his "grand object"—for so doing, is thus stated—"We say nothing as to the right or unrighteousness of that judgment, we are even ready to admit that the had ample warrant, from the precedent of Methodism, for adopting the 'Our simple' (not grand) object for the case, as a case of discipline, contrast its treatment under Presbyterianism with its treatment under Presbyterianism legitimately exercised." The object, then, from the was to contrast Presbyterianism with the discipline, and, in a "simple" show the "superior excellence" thereof. Now after the mountain has awaked, we found that this "superior excellence" consisted in this simple case—that, in a case precisely "of probability" was a "Presbyterian" have taken no notice of it at a glance we saw through all this. We had a right to expose it. And more—as the "grand object" of Presbyterianism at the expense of the Free Church, it is our duty to to the Free Church really instigated to do anything whatever—that the

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