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Poetry.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

There's a crown for the monarch, a jewelled crown—
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in flowers on golden stems;
They have rifled the depths of Golconda's mine,
They have stolen the pearl from the ocean's brine;
But the rarest gem and the finest gold,
On a brow of care, lies heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor of lotus-flowers,
Braided with myrtle of tropical bowers;
The golden hearts of the nymphs gleam
From the snowy bells, with a mellow beam;
They have stripped the breast of the sacred Nile,
They have ravished the bowers of the vine-clad vale.

But the fairest flower in the sacred flood,
And the vine must fade on a brow of blood.
There's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay:
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks repose on his pensive brow.
They have searched in the depths of Italy's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath in vain they've sought—
All water away on a brow of thought.

There's a crown for the Christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of a bloodless strife:
'Tis a halo of hope, and joy, and love,
Brightened by sunbeams from a fountain above.
They've gathered its light from sources afar,
From the seraphim's eye and Bethlehem's star:
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a Christian's brow is a brow of peace.
—Zion's Herald.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Have a Place for Prayer.

We do not need to enter the closet to find the Lord. He is ever near to us.—
But we enter in order to escape distractions, and in order to regain those associations, and, it may be, to surround ourselves with those mementoes, which we formerly found helped to our prayers. One who has great powers of abstraction may take refuge from surrounding bustle in the depths of his own spirit, and pass along the crowded streets in the perpetual hermitage of his own self-seclusion, undiverted and undistracted by all that is whirling round him.—
But few indeed have this talent of inward sequestration—this power to make a closet of themselves; and, in order to find for their thoughts a peaceful sanctuary, they must find for their persons a tranquil asylum. It little matters where or what it is. Isaac went out into the field, and Jacob plied his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and, in the cool shadow of his oaks, at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel; and it would appear from some of his psalms, that a cave, a mountain fastness, or cavern in the rocks, was David's frequent oratory. Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his seaside lodging, when the messenger of Cornelius found him. It would seem that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place"—the hill-side, with the stars above, and the shadowy world below—the fragrant stillness of the garden when evening had dismissed the labourers, were where the Man of sorrows loved to pray.

It was in the old church of Ayr that John Welsh was wont, all alone, to wrestle with the angel of the covenant; and we have stood in the wild rock-cleft where Peder found frequent refuge from his persecutors, and whence he caused his cry to ascend "unto the Lord in distress." It does not

need four walls and a bolted door to make a place of prayer. Retirement, and silence, and a sequestered spirit will create it anywhere. By the shore of the sounding sea—in the depths of the forest—in the remoteness of the green and sunny upland, or the balmy peacefulness of the garden bower—nay, amidst the dust of the dingy ware-room, or the cobwebs of the owl waited barn, in the jolting corner of the crowded stage, or the unnoticed nook of the travellers' room, you have only to shut your eyes, and exclude your spirit, and you have created a closet there. It is a closet wherever the soul finds itself alone with God.

Grounds of Substantial Peace.

Let the world be as valuable as it will, yet something else is wanted to give peace to the mind, something that can calm the fears and raise the hopes for futurity; and this nothing but religion can do, which entitles us to His protection, before whom things past, present, and to come bow down and obey. If we have the assurance of his love and favour to us, nothing can disturb us; we stand upon a rock against which the winds and waves may spend their fury, but shall spend it in vain; for it is immovable. The very circumstances which give terror to the worldly man, and fill his breast with horror, will give ease and comfort to the pious. When he thinks of the shortness of his life, and the speedy account he must give to God, his blood retires to his heart, and hardly there maintains its post; but when the good man's thoughts are so fixed, his heart springs with joy, and all his hopes begin to bloom: the prospect of that blessed day so fills his mind, and engages all his thought, that he is lost in pleasure and delight, and forgets all the pains and calamities of life. Not the tyrant's frown, nor the executioner who waits for blood, can rob him of his peace: he looks on them as Messengers sent by Providence to deliver him from his pain, and to carry him to the haven of his rest, where his soul longs to be.—
This, this only was the art by which saints and martyrs overcame the world, and looked upon racks and gibbets, and every form of death, but as so many doors opening into the kingdom of rest and glory. By the same art still do good men triumph under all the trials of fortune; by this they preserve their peace in their latest hours, and resign with joy their spirits into His hand who gave them.—*Bishop Sherlock.*

Moral Daguerreotypes.

One is struck with amazement at the endless variety of expression fixed by the sun, and every instant there may be a new one. Now, there is a moral in all this. It shows what a record there may be, when we little think of it, of what we do, and what we are.
The sun takes our likenesses by the process of the Daguerreotype. No matter what the expression may be, there it is.—
There is neither concealment nor flattery. The sun takes exactly what he finds. If it be beauty or deformity, a noble emotion or a vile one, it is all the same to this impartial painter. He will not heighten the one nor diminish the other, but brings out every feature, with every touch of character. All this without our intervention, at least without our will. There needs but to be given a face, and the sun will take it.
And what if this process were going on, invisibly to us, through some medium interposed in all nature? What if every play of emotion, every attitude, every design revealed in the countenance, every revelation, in fine, of the character in the face and deportment, were thus unalterably taken down, to be reproduced before us? What if every image of ourselves is kept, a copy of it, for the judgment? Suppose that a man could have his past being thus laid before himself in a succession of impressions, from childhood to manhood, and from man-

hood to old age, would any one find any difficulty in deciphering the whole character from such marks?

Nay, sometimes a man would need to have only a single expression of countenance brought before him, a single attitude, in order to wake up conscience, and throw open the door to a whole gallery of evil doings and feelings in his past existence. But such a series of Daguerreotypes will doubtless be among the materials in the book of judgment at the last day; and with more accuracy than that with which the most perfect series of maps or views present the face and scenery of a country, men will find their whole past being reproduced before them.—*Dr. Chace.*

Biblical Pronouns.

Luther pronounced pronouns to be the sweetest and most consolatory expressions to be found in the word of God. What, in fact, more tenderly elevating than where the prophet Isaiah heralds peace and refreshing to the people of Israel? "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." No longer the "Lord God, the Lord strong and mighty;" but "your God," and "my people." And how marked the difference, between saying, "The Lord is a shepherd," and "The Lord is my shepherd;" between the heathen, who acknowledges God as the Father of all things, and the ransomed of his well-beloved, who behold in the Lord, "Our Father which is in heaven;" between "the Lord will hear me when I call upon him," and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"I am a Christian."

An officer riding in the streets of Peking (in China) dropped his purse. A poor man, who was a Christian, saw it fall, took it up, and ran after the officer to give it to him, but did not overtake him till he had reached his house. The officer, who was a heathen, asked him rather rudely what he wanted. "To restore the purse which you have lost," said the Christian. The officer, on seeing his purse, was much surprised and pleased; but he could not help inquiring why the poor man had brought it to him,—the custom of that country allowing people to keep what they found. "I am a Christian," said the poor man, "and my religion obliges me to do it."

Walking by Light and Faith Contrasted.

We attain not to the measure of apostolic experience, because we walk not after the example of apostolic faith. The vigour and buoyancy of the Church's youth are gone,—the fresh morning dew of Pentecost is no more upon her branches,—she droops and languishes through unbelief. She hears the Gospel, but is not satisfied; as if faith came otherwise now than by hearing; she will not rest merely in the word of God.—
Over and above it, she "repines a sign," she "seeks after wisdom."

We walk too much by sight, and therefore we walk in darkness at noonday. Let us shut our eyes and walk by faith, taking hold of God's hand stretched forth to us in the Word, so shall we see clearly even amidst the obscurity of midnight. Though we see not Christ, yet, if we believe in Him, we shall "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Instead of simply looking to the God of grace, and leaning on the Saviour's arm, we look round about us, and with nervous alarm scan the difficulties and dangers of our position. Like Peter, we look at the winds and the waves, when we should be directing the eye of faith to Jesus. We stand, as it were, on the shore, like Israel, looking at the Egyptian army rushing down behind us, and the waves of the Red Sea rolling before.—
We look,—therefore we stand still and tremble. Had we faith we would encourage ourselves in the Word of God, and go forward.

Walking by sight we can go along briskly, while the way is smooth; but no sooner have we come up to the breast of a sharp overhanging mountain, than we stop short, and scan its inaccessible heights with dismay. Faith, on the contrary, does not go briskly along merely when the way is smooth and easily trodden, but even when it finds a mountain of difficulty across its path, still strong in the Lord it presses forward,—it shrinks not back nor hesitates. The heart of Zerubbabel is in it, and it demands for itself right of way: "What art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

Christian brother, if you would go forward on your way rejoicing, pray to the Lord that He may increase your faith. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible unto him that believeth." But he, to whom all things are possible, what is he else but an almighty man? Only believe then, and you are almighty. Unbelief is weakness, for it is you alone; faith is omnipotence, for it is God and you together.—*English Presbyterian Messenger.*

Awaking in Heaven.

A few years since a young man entered college with the purpose of preparing to preach the gospel. From the first day of his college life, it was manifest to all that his great object was to please God. He stood high as a scholar, and his influence as a Christian was felt throughout the institution. His teachers loved him, and indulged the most pleasing anticipations with respect to his future usefulness. But God saw fit to lay his afflictive hand upon him. Repeated attacks of bleeding at the lungs constrained him to relinquish his studies and his cherished purpose of becoming an ambassador of Christ. He submitted without a murmur, and engaged in secular employment. For a season, his health seemed to improve; but ere long, the bleeding returned, and it was plain that he must die. With the dew of his youth upon him, he looked into the open grave without fear and without complaint. His strong faith rendered him calm, and even rejoicing.—
His strength failed rapidly, and the hour of his departure drew near. His friends were gathered around his bed, and received his parting counsels. He then requested them to unite with him in singing a hymn. With a clear, full voice he sang that beautiful hymn which has furnished consolation to so many wounded hearts—
"There is a fountain filled with blood."

When the hymn was finished, he said, "I am weary; I am going to sleep, and shall awake in heaven." He fell into a gentle slumber, and his spirit passed from earth.

Who is not ready to exclaim—"Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his!" But let us remember that in order to this, we must LIVE THE LIFE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

He Went About Doing Good.

This is the pattern for every Christian.—
He is a counterfeit who does not strive to imitate it. The strength, the alacrity, the joy of the soul is connected with this imitation.—
Religious people are heavy and mooping, and cast down, because they are idle and selfish. The active, benevolent spirit of watching for opportunities to do essential service to our fellow creatures, they often feel no more than the profane. What, then, avail doctrines believed to no good purpose? Usefulness is the very excellency of life. No man in the real church of Christ liveth unto himself. Every true Christian is a tree of righteousness, whose fruits are good and profitable unto men. He is glad to help and to comfort others. He is diligent and industrious. He speaks to edification, dwells in peace, and gentleness, and love. He reproves what is wrong by an excellent example, and recommends by his own practice what is pleasing to God.