

Names of subscribers should be written PLAINLY. We have had to guess at some, and we fear we may not always guess correctly.

Original Poetry has had to be deferred this week.

The "Circular" of the "Rising Sun" Division" is crowded out this week.

"OF INTEREST TO ALL."

Longley's Great Western Indian Panacea.

- 1. For Colds and feverish feelings and prostrating fevers.
2. For Asthma, Liver Complaint and Bilious Affections.
3. For Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Loss of Appetite.
4. For Costiveness and nervous complaints.
5. For Stomach Affections, Dyspepsia, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, &c.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Sunday, 6th - M. Minerva, Delmar, New York, 7 days; to M. M. Donnell and others; brig Portland, Scott, New York, 5 days; to master; sculler Richard, Campbell, Cambridge, 12 days.
Monday, 7th - Elizabeth, Medford, Philadelphia, 13 days; brig Jane, McMonagie, Alexandria, 13 days; brig Halifax, Laybold, Boston, 70 hours.

MEMORANDA.

Arrived at Halifax, Jan. 11 - Sailed scbr Jane Elizabeth, Bowditch, Kingston, Jan.
Boston, Jan. 22 - Arr'd, brig Halifax, Halifax, N.S.
21 - Cl'd, scbr Margaret, ditto; Masonic, Belfast, Ireland. The Vixen to sail 23d.
New York, Jan. 21 - Cl'd, brig Scotia, ditto.
22 - Brig Dublin, Liverpool, N.S.

MARRIAGES.

At Church Hill, on the 15th ult, by the Rev. James MacDonell, Mr. David Whitman, of Canada, to Miss Mary Mores of Nova Scotia.
At Church Hill, on the 22d ult, by the Rev. Mr. James Kelly, to Miss Jane Miller.
At New Antigonish, on the 11th ult, by the Rev. J. Newson, to Mr. James Crowe, to Miss Mary Lawrence.

DEATHS.

At Antigonish, on the 27th ult, in the 50th year of age, Mr. Thomas Black, brother of the late Rev. Wm. Black of Halifax. He was blessed with the use of his faculties to the last, and died in the enjoyment of a blessed hope.
At New Antigonish, on Saturday last, after a lingering illness, Miss M. S. Brown, aged 81 years, leaving a large number of friends. She was a member of the Baptist Church at the time.

THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c. [Vol. I. No. 31.]
HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY-MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

POETRY.

HOME.

In our wanderings and jostlings amid the cold world,
In the vortex of pleasure, or profit when whirl'd:
In the saddest of hours, as onward we roam,
Hog sweet to remember there's one spot our home.
If affliction our lot and distress crowds our way,
And friendless and joyless we mournfully stray;
And oft o'er our pathway the darken'd cloud come,
How soothing to know that for us there's a home.

There peace and contentment harmoniously dwell,
And forever the eyes of discord expel:
What hope awaits the prospect of joys yet to come,
And the bliss of the future, in that humble home.
To the saints while they struggle with sufferings here,
And anon are sore tempted with terror and fear;
Yet smile 'mid the threatening and gathering gloom,
Cheer'd onward by thoughts of their dearly lov'd home.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Mrs. Janet Johnston, Formerly of Fredericton, N. B. BY HER BROTHER MR. ROBERT CHESEBUT.

It is of infinite satisfaction and comfort to the surviving relatives, that our dear sister was by divine grace enabled to hold fast the profession of her faith without wavering; yea to become stronger and stronger, as her trials and difficulties in this life increased. These were multiplied by having a family of seven young children poorly provided for, without the means or opportunity of giving a suitable education, and by herself, as well as being again separated from the precious means of grace. Yet she bore these as a Christian. In the year 1815, she writes "I feel that infinite wisdom has designed that all these things shall work together for my spiritual and eternal good. I have learned many useful lessons, the vanity of all things here below, the corruptions of my own heart, and I often think if I am so happy as to gain heaven at last, I shall have to praise God through all eternity for adversity: I feel renewed cause daily to cast my care upon Him who has so long and so tenderly cared for me, and who has ever vouchsafed His grace to strengthen me in the trying hour. My prayer ever will be that the Lord will sanctify my trials to my spiritual good, and that they may lead me more fully to love Him with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength." Such was the tenor of her experience up to the time she with her husband and family left Andover, and came again to Fredericton, where they remained about a year. During that short period her griefs were fully put to the test, but still triumphant. She lost her second daughter, aged 12 years, a severe and trying dispensation, but one to which she cheerfully submitted as to all others, with the scriptural expression of resignation—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

From the general depression in trade and other causes, her husband concluded to remove to the United States. To that arrangement she cheerfully agreed, considering the advantages of educating her children and providing for their future necessities would be much greater than where she was living, being about two miles from Fredericton. Late in the autumn of 1818 she left Fredericton for the last time and proceeded with all the family to Boston. From a letter, dated Chelsea, January 1st, 1819, which is too lengthy to be inserted here, it is evident that not time nor change of place, had made any difference with regard to her religious feelings and duties. She presents the same consistent character. The same ruling principle prevails under all the different aspects of life. In the above mentioned letter she speaks very favourably of the Methodist Church at Chelsea, and says, "I cannot tell you how grateful I feel that I am situated amongst such a people. It has long been the desire of my heart to enjoy this, and it was my prayer on coming here, that I might be so situated as to enjoy the privileges of the Sanctuary; and now that God has so highly favoured me, I trust I shall be enabled to make a wise and proper improvement of the privileges I enjoy." She speaks also of having attended a Love-feast at which her husband and her three eldest children were present, and describes it as "a time of rejoicing from the presence of the Lord."

How many more such refreshing seasons our dear Sister was permitted to enjoy in that place we know not. Six months after this, her husband made another remove into the interior, and at this time made choice of West-Lebanon in the State of Maine. The last letter we received from her was dated from that place, March 22, 1819, in which she administers consolation to us on the loss of one of our sons, "perhaps the best prepared," she says, "to join the fold above." She adds, "O how must those feel who have no Heavenly Father to go to in the hour of deep sorrow, such as you have passed through—who can draw no comfort from the future—who feel not the Father, their Father, their present help in time of trouble. O may the Lord so sanctify these outward afflictions that they may become spiritual advancements to us all, that we may be prepared and made meet for our heavenly inheritance, and at last be an unbroken family in heaven!" She concludes this letter with the earnest prayer—"The Lord grant that we all may be enabled more fully to lay up treasures in heaven, that if we be called suddenly we also may be found ready, having our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb!" Thus it may be seen that religion engrossed her thoughts, and a preparation for eternity was considered by her the "one thing needful."

Shortly after her arrival at Mount Lebanon she gave birth to a son, whom she named after her Class Leader at Chelsea, from whom and his excellent lady she had received much kindness. From this time her health declined, and disease (dropsy) made rapid progress. Every thing was done that medical skill could devise, but her hour of release was fast approaching. When informed of the Physician's opinion that she could not survive many days, the intelligence produced no alarm. On the contrary, in the most calm and collected manner, she proceeded to improve the few hours that remained, by calling to her side the children; and beginning with the eldest, she told them she was dying, that this was the last time she would be able to address them, and, as long as she was able to speak, continued to counsel and advise them as their several capacities were capable of receiving instruction. To her husband she calmly said, that

God had been with her all her life, and would not forsake her in the article of death. On the following day finding she was growing weaker, she expressed a wish to see the Baptist Minister, who had kindly called on her before, there being no Methodist Minister in that neighbourhood. On his arriving and conversing with her, he inquired if there was anything particular on her mind that she wished him to refer to in prayer. She answered—"My family—my family—pray that they may be kept from the evil that is in the world." The female in attendance, who has written the account of the last moments of Mrs. Johnston, remarks, that seeing her sinking fast, she asked her if she was much worse—she answered, yes, but would soon be better. "I then said, have you any fear of death?" She answered—"O no—no—I have no fear of death—that has all been taken away. Glory be to God—glory be to God—it is all taken away." I said I was glad to hear her say so. She then repeated these lines—

"My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear; &c."

She lingered during another night without speaking to any one, perfectly sensible, and I heard her repeatedly say, 'Come Lord Jesus—Come Lord Jesus.' About nine o'clock on Thursday morning, she gently breathed her last without the least motion. May my last end be like hers!" Thus departed this life, Mrs. Johnston on the 19th of September, 1819.

The only regret she expressed to her husband during her sickness, was, that of being buried on the Farm, (as is the custom in that place) and not beside her two children who were lying in the Grave-yard at Fredericton. Her husband—to his honour be it said—faithfully fulfilled this her last wish. Her remains were brought here on Friday the 26th of October, and interred beside her two children; the solemn burial service being performed by the Rev. W. Temple, the resident Methodist Minister in this city. Peace be to her ashes! Amen. Fredericton, N. B. Nov. 5, 1849.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

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

"Redeeming the Time."

"Redeeming the time." How may it be done? Can you not redeem much from idleness? Are there not moments, if not hours, in the day which run to waste, spent in idleness, or needless sleep? Might you not redeem much from useless visiting, vain conversation, and needless recreation? True, we are social beings, and some recreation is needful for spirit and body. But do you not devote more than needful to such purposes? Might you not redeem much from politics? Can you not redeem much from business—yes, from business? Remember, "it is not all of life to live." You ought to "provide for your own household," to be "diligent in business." But you have no right to be all business; no right to have so much business as to have no time for your family, the Church, and the world; no time for the closet, the altar and the prayer-meeting. "Redeeming the time." And to what purpose? Redeem it for your own moral and intellectual improvement. It is your solemn duty every day to make advances in knowledge and virtue. Have you any settled plans for your own self-improvement? Are you aiming at progress? Redeem it for your family. Perhaps you have children growing up around you, in respect to whose education, physical, intellectual and moral, you have scarcely felt that you were responsible, and have no

plans of action. Shame! Why are you a parent, but for the express purpose of training your children for the responsibilities and enjoyments, both of the life that now is and of that which is to come? Redeem it for God and the world. A great contest is going on in the world between good and evil, light and darkness, God and Satan. You are bound to be on the side of God and truth. Nor is it sufficient that your name is found upon the muster-roll. God expects you to do battle in his behalf.

"Redeem the time." Some do the very reverse. Some murder time! They say—"What shall we do to get rid of the time?" and they fly to the novel, the theatre, the card-table, the ball-room—anywhere, and anything to "kill the time!" What madness! What madness! The conduct of that man who should burn the title-deeds to a vast estate, who should deliberately scuttle the ship which contained his treasures, would be wisdom itself compared with the folly of him who strives to get rid of the passing moment—who murders time. You may easily succeed in murdering time, in killing the brief hours of the present life; but O, how will you murder ETERNITY! How will you "get rid" of the leaden ages of your never-ending existence? And how will you lay the ghosts of murdered hours, when they haunt you there?

"Redeeming the time?" What time? The present moment. You have no other. Redeem that by the earnest discharge of that duty which is most pressing, most important.—Herald of the Prairie.

On Visiting.

To make and return visits it both friendly and fashionable; but it is sad, that too often, when we commence the visitant, we drop the Christian. How melancholy that it cannot be known whether we be Turks or Christians, but by our posture at table! Where the entertainment is remarkable for nothing but noise and nonsense, loud peals of laughter and buffoonery, it is a poor welcome we give to our guests, and a shameful return we make to our host. If at one table we find profanity, at another folly, he that visits least will suffer least. A whole day spent in mirth, and not one word in any discourse about religion, and not one thought of God in any heart, is an awful blank and a sad waste of time.

Though at a friendly feast or social entertainment, we do not meet to preach, yet we should always meet to improve one another in useful knowledge; and a serious "word fitly spoken" might shine "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Such a conduct might, at some times, though not often, produce the laugh against us; but the approbation of Heaven, and the testimony of a good conscience, will easily balance this. If our company be such, that we can get nothing serious introduced, let us rejoice that they cannot prevent our obligations to God, and, in our meditation, let us now and then retire to converse with God above. In how many houses, at how many tables, may a husband be written, religion is not here; the glory is departed! What ever table our Saviour, when on earth, sat at, he was sure to enrich it with some heavenly dishes, and feed his audience with sacred truth; so it should be our constant endeavour never to come away the worse of any company, but the better; never to leave any company the worse of us, but the better. Why should not our grace, as well as the impurity of others, like the rich perfume, betray itself, whether we will or not? Everywhere, and every time, at home or abroad, wherever we eat or drink, receive or return visits, and in every company, we should do all to the glory of God; who gives us all that we enjoy below, and will at last make us sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, where the converse shall enlarge, delight, and ravish over more.—Solitude South, &c.

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