

## Poetry.

## NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE WESLEYAN.

With the last faltering footsteps of the year,  
Again, kind Patrons, we rejoice to bear,  
As erst in Spring and Summer's joyous hours,  
From moral gardens, brightly blooming flowers:  
Unwithered they, when Winter's frown severe,  
Bade vernal fields a desert aspect wear.

We to your portals come, when smiles sincere  
Gave honest welcome to the infant year,—  
And when the Spring came tripping o'er the plain,  
We blest, with you, her bright and laughing train;  
Ye marked the deep'ning glow the Summer cast,  
The brilliant tints, too lovely long to last,—  
Until the generous Autumn, with her store,  
To smiling hearts the fruits of plenty bore.

The flowers have faded now; the leafless trees  
Moan sadly, swept by Winter's chilling breeze;  
The year has nearly passed, the kind old year,  
Who would refuse for it a parting tear?  
Who pauses not, a backward glance to cast,  
On cherished scenes, on hopes that faded fast;  
For Friendship's smiles, for Love awhile that blest,  
For gentle forms we sadly laid to rest?

They have gone from us; they, the young and fair,  
Those who, with smiles, were wont to greet the year;  
The Absent and the Dead, alas, how yearn  
Our hearts for those who never may return,—  
Yet for the dear ones, who are with us still,  
Let warmest gratitude our bosoms thrill.  
Then oh, while, vainly checked, will fall the tear,  
Sweet memory's offering to the dying year;  
With hope renewed we greet the coming hours,  
Bright be the skies, and gently bloom the flowers:  
And oh, for you, kind Patrons, may rich store  
Of choicest blessings Heaven upon you pour;  
May Innocence and Peace your paths attend,  
And guardian Angels all your steps defend,—  
For you, released, the sullen brow of care,  
And, crowned with joy, thrice happy be the year!

And still, we trust, while circling months go round,  
In duty's paths unwearied to be found;  
Still to your fireside joyful tidings bring,—  
And pleasures, which conceal no latent sting;  
The thrilling and pathetic here shall blend,  
Reason and Fancy all their charms shall lend;  
With moral truths, the noble and sublime,  
To gild with fairest hues the wings of Time;  
So, doubly blest, shall glide your happy hours,  
While time improved shall strengthen all your powers;  
Duty shall smile, your willing steps to see,  
And Hope shall tell of fairer scenes to be.

And oh, while thus enriched your mental store,  
Turn not the modest suppliant from your door,  
But if, perchance, he may some pleasure bring,  
Be your bright smiles for aye a welcoming;  
With kindest gifts the wearied footsteps cheer,  
And echo back "To you a happy year!"

## THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, January 4, 1850.

## WINTER RESOURCES.

The winter months are peculiarly favourable to the observance of religious ordinances. The lengthened evenings afford opportunities of attending on the week-night services of the sanctuary, whether these consist of the preaching of the word of God accompanied with suitable devotional exercises, the more social prayer-meeting, or the still more limited gathering of church-members for the relation of christian experience. Whilst all is cold and dreary without, how delightful and refreshing is it to the minds of the seriously disposed, to assemble together within the sacred enclosure, for the hallowed and profitable purpose of waiting on the Lord in his commanded ways, in order to renew spiritual strength and obtain fresh encouragement and assistance to pursue the self-denying pilgrimage of life. The winter season has generally been regarded as the *harvest-time* of the Church. This is the case when christian Ministers and people are found united in vigorously and continuously working the heaven-appointed machinery of usefulness, in the exercise of strong faith, fervent prayer, and dauntless courage. Labouring thus for God, the promotion of his cause, and the good of souls, he smiles graciously on their efforts and crowns them with success. Instruction is imparted and received—conviction fastens on the previously unawakened conscience—and numbers are led, through the primary agency of the Spirit and the subordinate instrumentality of the Church, to turn their wandering feet from the paths of sin to the testimonies of the just, and to seek and find pardon and peace through the atoning blood of the Lamb. The Church itself is revived—the sacred fire of love is fanned into a stronger, mightier, sin-consuming flame—a spirit prompting to unreserved consecration of body and soul, with all their powers, on the sacred altar of THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST'S SACRIFICE, "once offered," is felt—the work of scriptural holiness

advances—God receives his revenue of praise—Zion puts on her beautiful garments—the Ministers of Christ are clothed with salvation and his people "shout aloud for joy." O halcyon days—days of the power of the Son of God—days of the Church's prosperity and the world's salvation—speedily visit every BRANCH of the Church universal, and especially pour down your meridian blaze on these northern regions to illumine, warm, and fructify, during the long winter evenings! Then shall nature's wastes be made glad, and the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then shall Winter itself become mild as the Spring, smile beautifully as the Summer, and be as fruitful as the bountiful Autumn; and amid careering storms, chilling blasts, and thick-falling snow, the joyous song of "harvest home" shall be heard throughout our land.

## THE WATCH-NIGHT.

This time-honoured service was observed by the WESLEYANS of this City, and doubtless in every other place throughout the world where Wesleyanism is established, during the last hours of the past year. The practice of watching out the old year and welcoming the commencement of the New, by preaching and appropriate exhortation, intermingled with singing and prayer, was introduced by our venerable Founder, and has been since religiously observed by his sons in the Gospel and other members of our Church. Such exercises are highly befitting the serious character of those peculiar points in the history of life, and are well adapted to awaken the mind to a just sense of the rapid flight of time, to a proper estimate of the value and importance of every passing moment, as well as to lead to a penitential review of the past, a present recumbency on divine mercy through the one great Propitiation, and to firm resolves, in the strength of grace, of future obedience, and of seeking and living in the possession of habitual preparation for the unseen and eternal world. Watch-night services have ever been found profitable by serious and pious persons, and, on this account, and not by reason of novelty, for that has long since passed away, they hold them in high estimation, and not unfrequently make considerable sacrifices to be present on these solemn occasions. The contrast, between their manner of spending the last hours of the expiring year and heralding in the New year, and that of giddy, thoughtless multitudes, who make this season altogether one of merriment and folly, if not of actual sin, is indeed great; but which is the more becoming to persons who are walking over the tombs of their kindred and are are momentarily liable to be summoned into the unchangeable future, admits not of a question. This difference is very feelingly described in one of our Hymns, which is generally sung during the Watch-night, the language of which is calculated to arrest the attention of the mere listener, and at the same time to arouse the faithful to a deeper consideration of the important duties to which they are summoned. Two verses of this expressive Hymn we quote, though they are familiar to the minds of many of our readers.

"How many pass the guilty night  
In revelries and frantic mirth!  
The creature is their sole delight,  
Their happiness the things of earth:  
For us suffice the season past:  
We choose the better part at last.

We will not close our wakeful eyes,  
We will not let our eyelids sleep,  
But humbly lift them to the skies,  
And all a solemn vigil keep:  
So many years on sin bestowed,  
Can we not watch one night for God?"

So spiritually profitable are these services, that it is not a rare thing for members of other Churches to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded of uniting with their Wesleyan brethren in watching out the old year. Whilst engaged in the exercises of the sanctuary, as the solemn midnight hour on swift-foot has been approaching, they have felt it good to be there; and after the few last moments of the year have been spent on bended knees, in silent prayer, in communion with God, they have risen, and with joyful hearts and renewed strength, have joined with their christian friends in singing that beautiful Hymn, commencing—

"Come let us anew, our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear."

The Watch-night in Argyle Street Church on Tuesday evening last was truly a hallowed season. The Rev. Messrs. EVANS, McMURRAY, BENNETT and HUESTIS took part in the services. The sermons and exhortations were appropriate and impressive; and the prayers eminently fervent. A gracious influence pervaded the assembly, and we trust that much spiritual good will be the happy result.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-one! A new, and rather strange number in our nomenclature of years! But, though unusual, it is a truthful designation of the time present. The past year has sunken quietly into the grave—its last day was cheered with mildness and sunshine, as representative of the calmness and tranquility with which the Christian meets his end. Another year has gone—a year never to be forgotten by some, either from very peculiarly pleasurable, or very peculiarly painful associations. But, come weal or woe, pleasure or pain, realization of best hopes or worst fears, time, restless time, advances. Another year has commenced. We must now use another date. Our eyes and ears, our purposes and actions, must become familiar with the *stranger*. It is well for us, mortals as we are, that our existence on earth is marked by revolving seasons, and by longer and shorter periods of time. These are monuments—registers of memory—silent yet eloquent monitors—wise and experienced teachers. Prudent and happy is the man who, from the lessons of the past, learns to improve the present, and, in the best sense, to prepare for the future. The year past has been eventful in the history of individuals, families, communities, kingdoms, empires and the world. The present year will in all probability be equally if not more eventful in all these respects. To pass from lesser to greater matters, and look at the all-important interests comprehended in the movements in the religious world to which the past year has either given existence or an invigorated impulse, may we not justly anticipate, ere this year terminates, the occurrence of some startling events, of some momentous crisis, the opening, and, it may be, the closing of some scene or scenes, in the acts of Providence, in reference to the true religion, which shall give an entirely new current to present affairs, leave a characteristic and indelible impress on the age, and exert an increasingly augmenting influence on the world's destiny to remotest time? This is neither impossible nor improbable. The times are pregnant with influences and consequences. His eye must indeed be dim, which, though it cannot penetrate all the *arcana* of the obscure future, does not behold, in the upheavings of nations, the stealthy but energetic advances of popery towards the recovery of lost supremacy in our father-land, and its waning influence in countries long under the exclusive domination of the triple-crown, the signs of preparation for the fulfilment of prophecies on the sacred page, the accomplishment of which will, by their suddenness, or grandeur, or terribleness, strike dumb the world, and overpower it with amazement.

We note these intimations of coming events for the purpose of reminding our readers that this year has special claims on their individual devotedness to the sovereign cause of truth and righteousness. Each has an important part to act. Each person has interests at stake which none but God can maintain and defend; and none can lawfully expect his favour and protection but those who are engaged in his service. Every individual has an influence for good or evil on others, for which he is held accountable. The war of principles, the contest between truth and error, may wax warmer and warmer, but as God is absolutely dependant on no human instrumentality to conduct his righteous cause to a triumphant issue, he may lay us aside, and the present year, eventful as it may prove, may witness our gathering to our fathers. The voice of Providence and of duty alike calls us to yield ourselves to God, above all things to secure his favour, and then, with hearts replenished with grace, fitted to meet any and every emergency, to play the man, to prove recreant to no truth, no trust, no obligation, but to stand in our proper place with all the firmness of the adamantine

pillar, and yet to move in our allotted spheres with all the alacrity, regularity, and perseverance with which the sun pursues his daily course.

We would not dwell on these, to the exclusion of other topics. It is our heartiest wish that the New Year may be happy and prosperous to our friends, and to our enemies, if we have any. Want driven from their doors, plenty in their homes, families in health gathered around their hearth-stones, enough of the world's wealth to pay their debts and to support the institutions of the land, clear consciences, pure hearts, and a well-grounded hope of the better land, where momentary changes are unknown—all these we hope they may richly enjoy—then this to them will be a happy year. They will be blessed now, and enabled to contemplate the future with calmness and delight.

## Notes of a Traveller in Europe.

My passage from Boston to Liverpool was only eleven days, during the whole of which time Neptune appeared to be reposing, and the surface of the ocean was not agitated so as to endanger even an Indian canoe. Arriving at my hotel at Liverpool about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, I proceeded, without sitting down to tea, to ascertain where the Rev. Dr. NEWTON would preach, and reached the place of his ministrations (Pitt Street Chapel) just after he had commenced. The occasion of his sermon was the death of the Rev. WILLIAM FRANCE—an old and able minister in the Wesleyan body, and much respected in that circuit, in which he had formerly laboured, and where he resided some time after the infirmities of age compelled him to retire from his active work. The text was—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." In the course of his sermon, Dr. Newton mentioned the names of no less than seven ministers in the connexion who have died since the last Conference in August; and amongst them were the names of the Rev. Messrs. STANLEY, ATHERTON, and CURTIS, with each of whom I was personally acquainted—men of vigorous minds, catholic hearts, extensive information, and who had acquitted themselves well and nobly in the service of the Connexion, and in their Master's work. Dr. Newton made affecting allusion to his own near approach to the end of his work, and protracted continuance in it—this being his *fifty-second* year in the work of an *itinerant* Wesleyan Minister, and he being now, with one exception, the oldest man in the Methodist world in the circuit work. After service I went into the vestry to speak to Dr. Newton. He recognized me at once, and saluted and shook hands with me with much cordiality—expressing his regret that he could not invite me to see him at his own house, as he was going away next morning, but hoping to have a visit from me before my return to America. He said his travels each week, between Monday morning and Saturday evening, still averaged five or six hundred miles, besides preaching and speaking, and attending his Sunday appointments on his own circuit, as usual. This is almost marvellous; but Dr. Newton gives unmistakable symptoms in the manner of both his public ministrations and private intercourse, that he has nearly finished the work which his Lord has given him to do—a work, I venture to say, not equalled by that of any man since the days of the memorable Wesley.

I was, however, most affected with the ravages which time has made during the last ten years upon the once manly and athletic frame of the venerable Dr. Bunting. My first meeting with him was unexpected and accidental. He had just left the Mission Hall for his own house; he had crossed Bishopsgate street into Threadneedle street, expecting an omnibus to pass, and moving on towards the Bank of England. When I met him, my attention was at once arrested by the noble appearance of an old man, supporting himself by his cane, and able to step not more than six or eight inches at a time. I felt certain that I had seen him, and while pausing to try and recognize him, he recognized me, and called me by name—thus evincing, in the extreme weakness and almost crumbling of his bodily system, the quickness of his perceptions and the retentiveness of his memory. His expressions and manner were very affectionate, and to me most affecting. I hastened to the Mission House for my Canadian letters and papers, and returned in about two minutes, and offered Dr. Bunting the support of my arm, which he accepted—remarking, "You see that time is making great inroads upon me; my legs are too weak to support what is placed upon them, and my spinal column has become too feeble to sustain what is inserted into it." He immediately asked respecting my family, the pleasantness of my passage—remarked upon the improvements in steam navigation, the state of the Wesleyan Church in Canada and in England, the nature and extent of the recent and existing agitations, and the indications of their probable issue. In these remarks Dr. Bunting evinced all his former mental acuteness.