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Poetry.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there—
No weary waiting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air—
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!
No hidden grief—
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.
Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song;
Its billows break away and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng!
The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies!
No night distills
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame:
No moon is needed there! The light which
fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!
No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep!
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!
No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!
No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread.
Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! Thy wounded
heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.
With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Price of a Soul.

There is a buyer in the markets of the world whose name is never in the newspapers, and whose bids are never in the prices current. Nevertheless, his business is widely extended, and pursued with ceaseless activity. He chafers in the open street. He walks boldly upon change. He glides into the dimness of the counting-house. He steps into the workshop. He goes out upon the farm. The theatre, the ball-room, the race-course, and the tavern, are all peculiarly the scenes of his most successful transactions. *It is the buyer of souls.*

He has various prices in his infernal traffic. He bought a soul, in one case, for thirty pieces of silver. He has bought some, we fear, for less. But for a larger price, for inestimable wealth, for countless riches, for heaps that will shine and glitter in men's eyes, O, how many have exchanged their souls! And then for fame and applause, the noisy breath of the multitude, and for gaudy, transient, unsatisfying pleasures, how many more have bartered their immortal spirits!

We are about to relate the history of one exchange. Some years since, the writer sat in the midst of a weeping congregation. It was the middle of the week, but the Spirit of God was abroad upon the hearts of the people, and they came willingly to the sanctuary of God. It was solemn without the walls of the old church, for an ancient forest waved around it, and hard by the dust of our fathers was sleeping; and solemn within, for God's Spirit brooded over the vast assembly. A young and earnest

servant of Christ was addressing them, and well do I remember how the hearts of all were thrilled, and how their tears started, at the narration of the following sad tale.

"A few years ago," said he, "there was living in one of our large cities, a young lady, who was the only child of wealthy and worldly parents. She was fond of the gay pleasures of the city, and plunged into them with all the enthusiasm of youth.—Her gaiety, youth, and wealth, were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world.

"While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening by a female friend to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church of the city. There the Spirit of God met her, and awakened in her the consciousness of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of pleasure for the service of God. They besought her and commanded her to return to the gay world. They surrounded her with her fashionable friends. But there was a power above theirs at work, and she was still stricken in heart. At last those parents actually bribed her to attend a large party of pleasure, by the gift of the richest dress that could be purchased in the city. She reluctantly consented—went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions. She had put out the light of grace.

"But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the skillful physicians they summoned, in their alarm could only tell them that there was no hope.

"When this opinion was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence: Her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the awful future. Then rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring that dress and hang it upon the post of her bed. She next sent for her father and mother. In a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then lifting up her hand, and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the terrible calmness of despair, 'Father, mother, there is the price of my soul!'

O what a disastrous exchange was that! A precious soul, with all its hopes and aspirations, its immortal powers, and high endowments, for a dress! How infatuated those guilty parents! How fearful danger is the strife against the Holy Ghost!

Reader, what is the price for which thou art parting with thy soul?

He Mistook the Light.

Ah, that is strange! and what was the consequence? Why, the largest steamship in the world, with a rich cargo, and a company of three hundred souls on board, was wrecked on a dark and stormy night on the most dangerous part of the coast of Ireland! The noble ship, which cost upwards of a million of dollars, left her port that very afternoon in fine trim, and with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage; and at nine o'clock she was thumping upon the rocks, the sea breaking over her with terrific violence, and threatening to send people, ship, and cargo, to instant destruction.

But how could they mistake the light? Were the captain and his officers on the look-out? Yes. Was the chart closely examined? Yes. Was the compass all right? Yes. And were the common precautions taken to keep the ship in her proper course? Yes; all this was done. How then could she have met with such a sad disaster? Why, because a light appeared which was not noted on the chart, and the captain was deceived by it. He mistook it for another light that was on the chart; and

so when he supposed he was running out to sea, he was really running upon the breakers. How great a mistake, and how terrible the consequences!

Every reader is sailing on a more hazardous voyage than the "Great Britain" attempted, and has the command of a nobler vessel and a richer freight than hers; yes, richer than all the treasures of the world. Thousands of plans are laid to mislead and divert him from his course. False lights are purposely held out to betray him, and tides and currents, of almost resistless power, set against him from every point of the compass. Will he steer clear of them all? Shall we see him push out into the broad sea with a bright sky, a fair wind, and sails all set for the desired haven? Will he accomplish the voyage, and his fears and perils be all exchanged for the tranquillity and joy of a happy home? It will depend on two things—First, whether he has the true chart, and takes good heed to it. It is known as the Holy Scriptures, and lays down the position of every light on the voyage; and he may be sure that any light not found on that chart is to be shunned. Secondly, whether he commits himself and the whole direction of his voyage to Him whose footsteps are on the sea, and who rides upon the wings of the wind. No one ever put his trust in him, and was confounded.

Farewell, then, young voyager! Be sober, be vigilant; keep your chart always spread out before you; and daily ask Him, to whose direction you have committed the voyage, what course he would have you this day to steer.—*Y. P. Gazette.*

Thanksgiving to God.

If a grateful affection live in our hearts, it will breathe through our mouths, and discover itself in the motion of our lips—There will be a conspiracy and faithful correspondence between our mind and our tongue: if the one be sensible, the other will not be silent; as, if the spring works, the wheels will turn about, and the bell not fail to speak. Neither shall we content ourselves in lonesome tunes, and private soliloquies, to whisper out the divine praises; but shall loudly excite and provoke others to a melodious consonance with us. We shall, with the sweet singer of Israel, cite and invoke heaven and earth; the celestial choir of angels; the several estates and generations of men, the numberless company of all the creatures, to assist and join in concert with us, in celebrating the worthy deeds, and magnifying the glorious name of our most mighty Creator, of our most bountiful Benefactor.

Gratitude is of a fruitful and diffusive nature, of a free and communicative disposition, of an open and sociable temper: it will be imputing, discovering, and propagating itself: it affects light, company, and liberty; it cannot endure to be smothered in privacy and obscurity. Its best instrument therefore is speech, that most natural, proper, and easy means of conversation, of signifying our conceptions, of conveying, and as it were transcribing our thoughts and passions into each other. This, therefore, *glory of ours*, and best organ that we have (as the Psalmist seems to call it), our tongue, we should in all reason devote to the honour, and consecrate to the praise of him who made it, and who conserves it in tune.—*Barrow.*

Isaiah's Vision of Christ's Glory.

It was God whom Isaiah saw—it was God whom all the hosts of heaven worshipped—it was God who sat upon the throne so lofty, so white, so radiant; but it was God in my nature—God in the flesh of man. And if it be further asked, to what period of Emmanuel's history the vision belongs? we would say, that the prophet saw him at the time when, "having purged our sins, he went on high, and sat down at the right hand of the majesty of God." Once was

there a man on earth who had the form of "a servant," and was "without any comeliness for which he might be desired." That was Jesus! But now he has dipped his raiment in the sun, "and is clothed with these royal garments down to the feet." Once a mob surrounded a helpless prisoner, and cried, "Crucify, crucify!" That was Jesus. But now "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Once they took a man and platted a fillet of sharp thorns for his diadem, and pressed it cruelly upon his temples. That was Jesus! But "on his head now are many crowns." Once they hung a man upon a cross, and great was his shame, and awful his agony. That was Jesus; but "now honour and majesty are before him—strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Once a man went down, not merely to the grave, "but descended into the lower parts of the earth." That was Jesus! But now "he has ascended up, far above all heavens, that he might fill all things." At Isaiah's date, Jesus, it is true, had neither been manifested nor slain—far less exalted. Nevertheless the vision anticipates all events connected with him; and conducting us amidst the heavens after that the Son of God has returned thither, shows us the man of grief and conflict, now "the only potentate." Our Lord has been to earth—he has been at Bethlehem—in the wilderness—in the garden—on the cross! but in the very flesh in which he contended and vanquished, has he entered again within the veil, "to reign before his anciently gloriously!"

What a Saviour, then, is our Saviour! "His visage was so marred—more than any man—and his form more than the sons of men;" but, "behold my servant! he hath prospered, and so shall be exalted, and exalted, and be very high." Men and brethren, look and wonder! The green earth, lying under the rays of evening, is beautiful—the still waters, gliding in sweet murmurs to the deep, are pleasant—the stars at midnight are glorious in their very silence. What more bright and more sublime than the sun when it prepares to run, like a bridegroom, its race! Yet in all these there is no beauty, no sweetness, no lustre, compared to what beams forth from the man Christ Jesus, "sitting on his throne!" Most lovely is the world to you—most excellent all the world contains—how ever on your lips!—how near your heart! But, O! if once the soul has had a view of Christ in his gloriousness, there only will its eye rest. There, in one surpassing beam, blaze all the rays of the infinite, supreme, eternal, holy Godhead; and we cannot help exclaiming with David, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens."—*Rev. J. J. Banar.*

Happiness in Sorrow.

I was once on a visit to a friend, who requested me to accompany her to see a sick woman, supposed to be near her end. The house was not a cabin, but a mere wreck of a once comfortable dwelling. Every appearance of comfort was absent. The partitions appeared to have been taken down, and the whole house turned into one large room. There was no glass in the windows—but that mattered not, it was summer.—Upon entering this desolate place, I saw the sick woman lying on a miserable bed, and attended only by an aged mother, above eighty years of age, and a little daughter about seven or eight. Here, indeed, seemed to be the very picture of wretchedness; and I was told that the brute of a husband generally came home drunk, and never gave her a kind or soothing word. Hear the conclusion—I verily thought, before I left the house, that this was the happiest woman I ever saw. Her devout and tender eye was sweetly fixed on heaven. Her countenance was serene, and illumined with a heavenly smile.—*Dr. Alexander on Religious Experience.*