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Poetry.

A Daughter's Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

No choral anthems pealed, for thee, a dirge;
No marble monument records thy name,
But little eulogized, thy spotless life
Has now, in Heaven's archives, eternal fame.

Yet oh, blest Spirit, from your glowing heights,
Filial affection's simple tribute bear,
As far be flattery's strain, this artless lay,
Asks, for thy memory, only Friendship's tear.

Not for the vigorous mind, and skilful hand,
Not for the Woman's gentleness and grace,
All these were thine, but, more resplendent, shown
The modest virtues, that adorn the race.

Devoted Love, that asks no selfish boon,
Rejoiced to share a dear one's weal or woe,
Still, to the sinking spirit, whispering hope,
And, smilingly, doth fortune's gifts forego.

Thine was the trusting confidence that bows
In meek submission, and in silent joy;
In seeming ills, a Father's hand can trace,
And, in his service, Life's best gifts employ.

Small was thy store, yet never vainly came
To thee the supplicants of want and care,
No harsh rebuke they feared, for gentle words
Of sympathy, made all thy gifts more dear.

Like some fair flower that, in secluded nook,
Sends forth its grateful fragrance on the air,
Untold, thy Charity no plaudits asked,
Enough, the widow's blessing and her prayer.

And still, embalmed with many tears, must dwell
The memory of parental tenderness;
The heart that soothed each grief, the loving glance,
The lips that never opened but to bless.

Those gentle hands shall press no more the brow,
Or smooth the pillow for the throbbing head;
Dimmed are the eyes; the voice is silent now.
Oh, can it be, thou dwellest with the dead?

Not often do we breathe the much-loved name,
For sacred is it for a stranger's ear,
But, in the deep recesses of our hearts,
We mourn, with love unceasing and sincere.

Yet, when too bitter grow the pangs of grief,
When the weak frame would gladly sink and die,
Methinks thy Spirit gently doth reprove,
Point to thy bliss, and check each sinful sigh.

Oh, to the inner heart, how fraught with joy
Is the firm hope that we again shall meet,
That, where no farewell word is even breathed,
If faithful, we, our Mother dear, shall greet.

Yet, from your glorious heights, one moment bend,
Filial affection's simple tribute bear;
As far be flattery's strain, this artless lay,
Asks, for thy memory, naught but Friendship's tear.

M. E. H.

Christian Miscellany.

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

"It costs too much."

That *unkind word*—don't utter it—"it costs too much." You remember the last time you allowed it to escape you. How many times you sighed and wished you had never spoken it. Though it took but a moment to utter it, it marred your peace a great deal longer than that. It escaped lightly from your lips, but it came back again, and haunted you, and weighed heavily upon your spirit. It cost your friend too much, too. It went like an arrow to his soul; and like an arrow, with a poisoned point, it rankled there. Ay, that word cost him many sad hours.

That glass of wine costs too much. You say you only paid a few pence for it. Young man! that paltry sum is not a millionth part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You will have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are safe enough?" Nonsense! A man might just as rationally talk about safety, when his boat is beginning to go round and round on the outer circle of the maelstrom, as to say he is safe enough when he begins to tippie his wine.

That dance costs too much. You gain something, it is true. Very likely you gain a whole evening's pleasure. But, my friend, you give too much for that pleasure. It intoxicates you. It unfits you for calmer enjoyments. It renders your daily toils dull and irksome. It drives your better genius from your soul—it brings in one to deceive you, to trifle with you, to ruin you. You tell me, "It is not wrong to dance." But can you not see that it is wrong as you *practise it*, and is there not something within you that whispers "It is dangerous," too? Has it not cost too much already? Are you not losing your relish for sacred things, the Bible, the house of God, the meeting for prayer? You are paying too much for dancing then. I shudder to think of purchasing such a pleasure at such a price.

That Sabbath excursion costs too much.—The last one cost you dearly. It was as much as you could do during the day, to banish painful thoughts from your mind. And when the guilty pleasure of the day was ended, and the twilight time arrived—the still twilight of Sabbath eve—those thoughts rushed in like a mighty flood, and quenched your joys. You thought of the bargain you made, and called yourself a fool for making it. You thought of earlier days, ere your heart had learned to sin so badly. You thought of a mother, once the guide of your erring feet on earth, now an inheritor of the heavenly world. You thought that from her far-off home she came to upbraid you, to plead with you, and to warn you of your danger. Ah! it was no wonder that you thought that excursion cost too much. It did cost too much. Take care! The tempter is coming again. Do not parley with him. Do not listen to him for a moment. Sabbath-breaking costs more than it comes to, a thousand times over.

That little theft costs too much. It is only a half-crown I know; and perhaps it would never be missed. But it will cost you as much as a fortune is worth. "I did not take the half-crown," you say. I am glad of it. But I am afraid you will take it, nevertheless. You have been looking at it with a wishful eye for some minutes. You have been trying to settle the question whether you would be found out or not, if you put the money in your pocket. You have been using all sorts of flimsy arguments to your conscience, to drown its voice. You said it was only a half-crown, and nobody would be any worse for your taking so small a sum. You talked about your salary being so small, and your master being so rich. And you guessed you would refund the money, interest and all, when you got to be rich yourself. I know you did not take the money. But while you were gazing into that drawer, and thinking what it was best to do about that half-crown, you were standing on a fearful precipice.—Many a youth has yielded to the tempter, as you were on the point of yielding, and thus entered on a career of crime which proved his ruin. It was a little petty theft that first one. But it cost him dearly. It will cost you dearly, my friend. It may cost you everything worth living for.

All sin costs too much. Strange that men, sensible judicious men, should ever need to be reminded of this. Strange that men, who are so sagacious in the main in closing a bargain, should purchase pleasure in any form at the sacrifice of virtue, and principle, and heaven. Yonder broker, standing at the corner of the exchange, has just refused to buy a few shares of stock because he thought it was too dear. He said it would cost him one-eighth per cent. more than it would be worth to him. He was wise perhaps; certainly he was wise if his opinion of the stock was right. He was careful at all events. But that very man is throwing away a jewel worth a thousand worlds, for a few ounces of shining dust. That young man behind the counter, that young woman attiring for the theatre, neither of whom will buy the veriest trifle if they deem it too dear, are both bartering away eternal life for threescore years of pleasure.—*Evangelist.*

A Sinner Saved by Grace.

Man in his unregenerate state is dead in trespasses and sins. In holy writ he is likened to a cage of unclean birds; to painted tombs, which appear beautiful outwardly, but are full of dead men's bones; to rotten trees, twice plucked up by the roots; to wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. His heart is a capacious receptacle for the lodgment of pride, lust, and impiety; his mind is obscured, his conscience seared, his will disobedient, and his feelings corrupt. He is dead while he liveth, yet, strange hallucination, he hopeth to live forever; he is fast asleep when she storm howls about him, yet, singular fatuity of mind, he dreams of many years of comfort and peace. His ideas of death and judgment are vague and clouded; he comprehendeth not that he is a vessel of wrath, and that his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. The thought seldom passes before him that he is a rebel, when God's household alone can be saved; that he is wedded to the lusts of the flesh, when the imperative mandate is "he shall walk in the Spirit." To sum the case in a single sentence, he is *without hope*—a condition deplorable in the extreme, and loudly demanding an inward, universal change.

When the Holy Ghost moves upon the soul of this wicked man, an awakening takes place; the eyes of his understanding are opened, and the light of conviction breaks in upon organs long enfeebled by abuse and disease. Like the sinner in the allegory, he begins to think that he is not fit to go to prison, neither to judgment, neither to execution; convictions of sin crowd upon him; he entertains a keen appreciation of his awful state; a pungent remorse sets in, succeeded by a hearty sorrow for the past, and a washing of penitential tears. He is led by the Spirit to seek some remedial plan, some scheme of salvation, some safe and sure avenue of escape from the terrors of the wrath to come. A message proceedeth from on high, "As the word of God is true" (unless thou repent,) "thou shalt never see the face of God with comfort." He is greatly troubled, for the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against the other.

This sad and fearful experience is followed by what is most appropriately termed "a repentance to salvation, not to be repented of." The way begins to open before him to flee the wrath to come, he ardently longs for escape from everlasting death, and sometimes even ventures, from the putting forth of the leaves, to anticipate the approach of summer.

Ah, the sweet gales of grace are blowing over his soul, and he soon feels that his sins which are many are all forgiven. The life of God is born in his soul, and everything assumes a new and reviving aspect. The Day-spring from on high hath arisen; all the mists and fogs of error, doubt, fear, and despair are dispersed and driven away. The gift of the Holy Ghost is life and peace; liberty hath been granted—liberty from sin, freedom from spiritual sorrow, and emancipation from the chains of worldly wisdom. The fruit is holiness, and the end everlasting life. Reposing on the gracious promises of Jesus, placing an entire reliance on his merits, pleading always the riches of his grace, he stands up in the full faith of the Gospel, his feelings purified, his passions hallowed, and his devotion quickened, the child of Adam, yet the adopted, re-created son of the Most High.

Justification of soul marks this new birth: the man is a new creature in Christ Jesus: "I write unto you babes," saith St. John; "how that your sins are forgiven for His Name's sake." Then cometh the graces of the Holy Spirit, humility, charity, purity, long-suffering, and a trusting in Christ. The temple of his faith is supported by three pillars—"righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" "the life which he now liveth in the flesh; he liveth by faith in the Son of

God, who loved him, and gave himself for him."

The sequel to this every day experience cannot fail to be instructive.

The man becomes a probationer, a stranger, and a pilgrim, seeking a city out of sight, whose builder and maker is God. His feet are turned toward Mount Zion, and as he travelth homeward, the song of redemption is in his mouth, "A sinner saved by grace."—*Ch. Ad. and Journal.*

The German's Family Worship.

Rev. Dr. Craig, of Hamburg, having distributed tracts in Holstein, the seat of the late war with Denmark, a man called on him some months afterwards, handing him twelve dollars as his first subscription to the Tract Society, telling him that by means of these tracts he had found the Saviour. In a short time the same man wrote asking Dr. Craig to pray for him, as he had trials to bear from his wife and mother. He had felt it to be his duty to establish morning and evening family worship. For a time all went smoothly; but soon the wife and mother became bitter foes of all such innovations, tending to disturb their grave-yard peace of conscience. They refused to attend. The husband invited a minister to come in and speak with them; but the poor man thought praying good in its place, but family peace better, and advised to give over family worship, at least for a time. Here was a triumph! A pastor had said it, and the husband must pray alone.

At length the husband applied to another pastor, the excellent Mr. Broderson, who visited them, and entered into interesting conversation. "You pray in your family?" said he. "Yes," said the husband, "we cannot not live without prayer." "And you bring your servants to join you?" said the pastor. "Ay," said he; "it is only my duty." "True," said the pastor, "only your duty. He that cares not for his own household is worse than an infidel. Only continue, and the Lord will bless you." Then turning to the wife, he said, "And you join your husband?" There was no reply. "You, you," said the minister, "I mean you." "No," she replied, very firmly. The pastor made one pointed appeal to her conscience, and returned home with a heavy heart, to ask pardon for having managed the matter, as he feared, so unwisely.

In about three weeks this woman came to him, saying, "Sir, I don't see any possibility of my being saved; I have slept almost none for two or three nights, and the thought haunts me night and day. 'I must be lost.' 'Have you told your husband?' " "Yes, but he tells me there is no need." "And so say I too," rejoined the pastor, "there is no need," and beginning with the third of John, he explained to her the nature of true conversion. She returned home, read much in her Bible; read her husband's whole stock of tracts through, and soon found peace for her soul. She now felt the necessity of Christian fellowship, and "not only gladly attended family worship, but invited some female friends to join her in a weekly prayer-meeting at her house. Her husband followed her example, and invited all whom he knew to be praying men around him on another evening in the week. They have adopted plans for visiting the poor and sick of their town, and distributing tracts and reading the Bible to them; and now he has proposed to contribute according to his means to support a colporteur in Moldavia and Wallachia, where he once resided. Truly the Word of God is like leaven, which was hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.

Satan's Dexterity.

Satan is dexterous in his devices. Religion and the Bible are in the world, and he cannot extirpate them. He accordingly invents false religions to counteract the true, and puts such interpretation on the Bible as will encourage men in their "damnable heresies."