

THE WESLEYAN.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS."

Scripture.

VOLUME I. HALIFAX, N. S. MONDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 19, 1838. NUMBER 20.

POETRY.

THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art, shall seem Erin to me."

I HOPED to share thy British home—mine is an English heart;
And I had shrunk, instinctively, from kindred ties to part;
Yet, when to thee, in faithful pledge, my youthful vows were given—
I always pray'd to love thee most—yet oh! not more than heaven.

My own betrothed, I yield to thee a faithful heart and hand;
With thee, I'll gladly share the ills e'en of a foreign land;
The love of woman has too oft to worthless things been lent,
But, when she takes her God as guide,—she never can repent.

Yes, I will share thy foreign hearth, if heaven prolong my life,
And prove what I have prayed to be—thy friend, thy faithful wife:
Though, far from England's smiling plains, I am compell'd to roam,
Where Christ is preached and where thou art, shall be my happy home.

I will not pain thy feeling heart, by breathing one regret;
Nor must my kindred ties suppose their kindness I forget;
To Christ, and to his glorious cause, my vows have long been given;
Nor will I shun the cross with thee, in hope to share thy heaven.

DELTA.

NARRATIVE.

THE LEGACY.

Is one of those lovely and fertile vales with which England abounds, and in a retired town, some years ago resided a happy and industrious pair, who in the midst of their toils for daily bread, and the anxieties for the welfare of their family, had not forgotten "the one thing needful." The house of God was their delight, and in his ways they had long found a solace amidst all their cares, which made their daily bread sweet, and their daily toils light. They had a privilege which is not enjoyed in every one of the lovely valleys of England, and which cannot be found in all its towns, much less in all its retired villages—they enjoyed the glad sound of the Gospel, and listened with delight for many years to the messages of heavenly grace. Thus their life passed on, until the woman, whose piety was of no common order, seemed to be verging on that heaven for which her Christian friends had long believed her preparing. I will not pause in my narrative to describe the esteem and affection which the blameless character and pious life of this venerable Christian produced for her both in the place of her residence and in the neighbouring towns and villages.

In the all-wise dispensations of Providence, this excellent woman, after seeing her children grow up in life, was laid on the bed of affliction. There she exemplified, as might be expected, the power of the gospel in a meek submission of herself and her's into the hands of God. Her whole deportment was not merely consistent, it was highly encouraging. She not only

bore her afflictions, and bore them patiently, but she rejoiced in them with the joy of faith, and waited for their issue in the triumph of immortality. At length she was released, and entered into the joy of the Lord. But her departure was connected with the remarkable events I am about to detail. She was ripening for glory about the time when the Missionary cause was first coming into notice. She had heard of the benevolent project of those pious men who broached the then ridiculed scheme of sending salvation to the heathen; and, just before her death, she called her daughter to her bed-side, and said, with all the solemn but elevated feeling of a dying Christian, "*Here are Twenty Pounds—I wish to give it to the Missionary Cause. It is my particular desire that, after my death, you give it to that Cause; and, depend upon it, you will never have any reason to be sorry for having given it.*"

"After my mother's death, I took the money," said the daughter, "and gave it according to the dying directions of my venerated parent, not thinking that ever that cause would bring comfort to myself."—"There appeared, indeed, no possibility of the benevolent act returning in any shape to bless the family of the liberal donor. What was given to effect a purpose so far off, and among heathen nations, was never likely in any way to benefit those connected with the pious woman who had set apart this portion for the Lord's cause. But the daughter, who, had, with becoming diligence and care, fulfilled her mother's dying bequest, and who inherited no small portion of her mother's spirit, at length had a son, who as he grew up, gave symptoms of a state of mind and heart as opposite to that of his mother and grand mother as can well be imagined.

As this youth approached man's estate, he became very profligate, and brought heart-rending trouble upon his mother. It is useless to describe the pangs a godly mother feels when her first-born, perhaps her favourite son, her hope for her hoary hairs, or her widowhood, turns out ill. This youth proved utterly unmanageable either by tenderness or authority. He threw off all regard to his friends—forsook them—entered into the army, and vanished altogether from their knowledge. The providence of God, however, at length brought him to India. Here, after some time, he fell into the company of a missionary. The man of God dealt faithfully with the youth, who was much impressed, and could neither gainsay nor get rid of the good man's word. At length his conviction mastered his conscience, and subdued his heart. He became an altered man, and gave such evidence as satisfied the Missionary, that a work of grace was indeed begun.

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