

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. II.—No. 20.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 73

Ten Shillings per Annum.  
Half-Yearly in Advance.

HALF-PAY, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

Single Copies,  
Three Pence.

## Poetry.

### "WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

We all do fade away  
As leaves in autumn hour,  
Or as the dewdrop's ray  
From summer flower:

Like the bright hours which bring  
The early light of morn,  
Or the sweet voice of spring  
On zephyrs borne;

Or like the passing gleam  
Of summer's rainbow ray,  
Or like the midnight dream,  
We fade away.

Then should our thoughts arise  
From earth's vain, sordid things,  
To worlds beyond the skies,  
On rapid wings—

To that bright world above,  
Where sorrow is unknown,  
Where saints shall dwell in love  
Around the throne;

Where God from every eye  
Will wipe away the tears  
Through an eternity  
Of blissful years.

—Hogg's Instructor.

### PRAYER FOR RESIGNATION.

Oh Thou whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
There is no mercy here!

Oh grant me to desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
More than the world's supremest gain  
Succeeded by a frown.

Then though thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see:  
The very hand that strikes the blow,  
Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### Suitable Advice to Christians.

Are you in trouble? Consider the example of your suffering Lord; the constancy, through grace, of many among his witnesses who have endured heavier trials than yours, and even "resisted unto blood, striving against sin;" the light in which you are taught to regard chastenings, as the marks of your honourable sonship, and of your Father's love; and the precious results of consecrated pain, "the peaceable fruit of righteousness" which "afterward it yieldeth" "unto them which are exercised thereby." "As many as I love," saith Jesus, "I rebuke and chasten;" pray then, only or chiefly, that the rod may be sanctified; for relenting pity will withdraw it when the design is answered. Meanwhile, seize the opportunity of glorifying God. Bow to his awards. Bless him when he takes away, as when he gives. Fly,—according to the happy suggestion of one who in a former age drank the cup of sorrow,—fly from the death of those beloved on earth, to find relief in the death of One infinitely more beloved in heaven. Refuse not the comfort which is offered to assuage each painful visitation. Mark how your Father "stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east-wind." Hear his voice, which calms the rising murmur,—"I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." And often inquire, in subsequent time, whether the end is gained; whether the vows made in the

past hour of calamity are fulfilled; whether your character is softened, ripened, and adorned with new graces; and whether your disciplined spirits are drawn with double swiftness toward the world in which "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." If these are the results, "count it all joy when ye fall into" the needful tribulation. That must be a benefit of the highest order, which perfects your patience and confers a maturity for heaven.

Are you "in heaviness through manifold temptations?" Hold fast your confidence in Jesus. Pray for a renewed assurance of His love. "O my God," says a sorrowful Psalmist, "my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." In the hour of your depression, think likewise of your Father's un-failing mercy and truth. Every storm that is past, every struggle ended, may serve to invigorate your hope of final rest. Look not with dread to the future. Divine "strength is made perfect in weakness."—You have indeed "run with the footmen, and they have wearied" you; but your Lord will enable you to "contend with horses;" and, though your nature's might has languished "in the land of peace, wherein" you "trusted," He will conduct you with triumph, in your latest hour, through "the swelling of Jordan."

Are you prosperous in the world? We "charge" you, that ye "be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy;" that ye "do good," that ye "be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for" yourselves "a good foundation against the time to come, that" ye "may lay hold on eternal life." Are you poor? It is enough, if you share the blessedness of the church in Smyrna, and receive the same glorious plaudit, "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty,—but thou art rich." Are you busily employed during six days of the week? Sanctify each work by doing it as unto the Lord; rescue an hour or two for week-night services in the Lord's house; and guard the rest of the holy Sabbath, with scrupulous reverence, from every avoidable violation. Are you privileged with leisure? Think of the Son of man who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and whose life was prayer and love. Are you old disciples?—Yours is the honour of being "nursing-fathers," and "nursing-mothers," to the feeble, the uninstructed, and the babes in Christ.

Are you in church-offices? Find in these a new impulse to personal devotion: "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord." Are you in yet more public life? Use your influence for the glory of God. Masters, seek the everlasting good of all who reside under your roof, or engage in your service. Electors, avail yourselves of your constitutional privilege, with a view to the claims of the King of kings on the world's homage. Act the Christian citizen. From the solitary suffrage, to the power wielded by Counsellors and Magistrates, let every thing be given back to Him from whose favour all social diligence proceeds. Under the impulse of His love, you may worthily cherish an interest in public affairs; but you cannot choose to mingle needlessly in the crowds of the ungodly, and the strife of merely political parties. Your Pastors call upon you, especially upon the more instructed classes among you, carefully to observe the signs of the times; not for the sake of unpractical and illusory speculation on unfulfilled prophecy; but that your prayers and Christian efforts may be directed and animated. Amid the changes that affect our own and other nations, you will be concerned, we trust, for the equal sanctity of order and liberty.—Confessate P. S. total address.

### A Prayer at the Mast-Head.

A sailor, recently returned from a whaling voyage, and in conversation with a pious friend, spoke of the enjoyment which he had in prayer while afar off on the deep. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on ship-board, where could you find a place to pray?"

"Oh," said he, "I always went to the mast-head."

I have heard of closets in various places, but never in one more peculiar than this.—Peter went upon the house-top to pray.—Our blessed Lord prayed upon the mountain-top. Others have sought the shades of the forest. I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, "Where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favoured spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mightily unto God. The gales that wafted his ship on its voyage would bear his petitions upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his sanctuary, and the angels that had charge concerning him would listen to the swelling song." As he lifted up his heart and his voice in prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his Maker. "The deep, deep sea," spread its "limitable expanse around him." The heavens, spread out like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the jewels that adorn his crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast, and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul; a soul that felt the power of God; that loved high and holy communion with the Father of spirits; and while others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jovial life, his joy was literally to rise above the world, and find intercourse with heaven.

What peace must have filled the sailor's heart! The storms might "rudely toss his floundering bark," but they could not shake his confidence in God. The ocean might yawn beneath him to swallow him in its fathomless depth; but he was sheltered in the bosom of his Father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of the winds, or be dashed on the rocks, or stranded on the shore, but he had a hope that was an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil.—Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the "star of Bethlehem" shed its celestial loveliness over his path on the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward to the haven of his eternal rest.—Forthward from the mast-head he strained his eye, and true as the needle to the pole, he pursued his way; when tempted, he sought the mast-head to pray; when in despondency, at the mast-head he found joy; when the taunts of his profane companions filled his ear with pain, and his soul with grief, he fled to the mast-head and poured out the desires of his heart into the ear of Him who hears the humblest supplicants that cry.

I love to think of this sailor. I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful as he! How many would neglect their closet, and seldom pray in secret, unless they could have a more safe retreat—a more sacred chamber than the mat of a wave-rocked whaler!—But He, "who now were a sailor's pillow pressed," wakes now on the mighty deep, and when the tempest-tossed mariner cries, he answers, "It is I, be not afraid."—New York Paper.

### Social Character of Pious Friendship.

The Jesus-ness of the righteous will be social. This falls in with the principles

of our nature. We are formed for intercourse; and it is not good for men to be alone. Much of our pleasure is now derived from our connexions. It will also be admitted that many of our pains are derived from the same source. This however does not arise from society itself, but a particular state of it. It is easy to conceive what happiness association could yield us, if certain things were removed from our associations and from ourselves. Hereafter every moral defect, together with every cause of sorrow and alarm, will be done away; and each will be capable of giving and receiving unalloyed gratification. It is pleasing to think we shall enjoy this rest with the most endeared and the most dignified society. Grace here teaches our hearts to love all that love the Lord; but there are those who are peculiarly united to us, by the ties of nature and friendship, and who are to us as our own souls. Who knows not the anguish of parting with such as these? And how intolerable would be the thought of losing them for ever! But the Scripture forbids the despair. We shall see and hear them again; we shall commune with them again; the intercourse will be renewed to infinite advantage, and be perpetuated for ever. We are commanded to comfort one another with such words—so fully does Revelation countenance our mutual recognitions in the heavenly world. But we shall also sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God. We shall intermix with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—you shall rest with us, says Paul—and they were the most eminent of men, men secondary in dignity to the Son of God himself, men who wielded miraculous powers, and foretold things to the end of time. There are persons pre-eminently distinguished from others, and for whom we entertain the most exalted respect. We look at the inanimate image of them in a picture. We read their lives with veneration; and when we reflect on their works, we are ready to exclaim, how happy should we have been to have known them! Yet were they living, and we could have access to them, we should dread as well as desire intercourse with them; we should shrink into nothing before them, at a sense of our inferiority, and feel embarrassed by delight. But nothing of this feeling will be known hereafter. Whatever distinctions may prevail, the freedom of our enjoyment will be unimpaired by them. Even angels, those glorious beings, will not confound us. The rustic will be easy at the sight and the notice of Gabriel. Yet the greatest essential will be wanting still, if we did not enjoy this rest with the Saviour himself. But we shall be for ever with the Lord.—Jay.

### Hearing and Doing.

The Rev. Mr. Erskine mentions a fact which may afford a very useful hint to every hearer of the Gospel. A person who had been to public worship, having returned home perhaps somewhat sooner than usual, was asked, by another member of the family who had not been there, "Is all done?" "No!" replied he, "all is said; but all is not done." How little is commonly done of all that is heard! "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it."

### Value of Time.

The learned SALMASEUS said, when on his death-bed, "Oh, I have lost a world of time! If one year more was to be added to my life, it should be spent in reading David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles."

### Union of Christians.

The humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the hieries they wear here make strangers.—The Irish Nook.