

THE WESLEYAN.

NEW SERIES.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, &c. &c. [Vol. 1. No. 2.]

Ten Shillings per Annum (Half-Yearly in Advance.)

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1850.

POETRY.

WINTER.

The winter and the chilling north
So ride with winter's cold;
Rude boreas mounts his icy car
And in its chariot the skies.

The lagged sun, in gloom appears
Upon the paleless day;
And see! the stars and planets haste
To close the winter day.

Then the pale moon with generous ray
Sheds her light on the night;
As morning throws her robe
Around the earth's night.

Winter, I do not thy frost shun
A healthless frost thou art!
Thy cold is not the trembling leaves
From every bush and tree.

Yea, in the cold and winter reign
The joyous sunbeams forth;
And sometimes by the frozen breeze
Smiles gaily in the north.

The blazing fire, and cheerful group,
In cottage, or in hall,
The merry, or instructive book,
Make us forget thy thrall.

And thou too, sure winter bring'st
Some tokens of the Spring,
The infant buds, and the first green
That heralds the new year's birth.

Thou art the dawn of a new year,
All time's first, ten years—
And yet, beyond thy threshold bars
The smiling spring appears.

Then, then, the olden forest tree
Will wave its branches high,
And May, will bid her blessing wreath
Upon the olden tree.

Like unto this, and this will be
Earth's resurrection day—
When new flowers will come a-sea,
On changeless verdant hay.

W. J. Mot, Dec. 11, 50. AMERICA.

For the Wesleyan.

SEQUEL TO

When shall we three meet again?
Faithful still, though parted long,
Weak in frame, and feeble sight,
Since our loved words were said,
Years, on rapid wings, have fled,
Years of mingled joy and care,
And we three have met again.

Met, but on our youthful brow
Time hath set its silver grey;
From our eyes the lustre fled,
Many cherished hopes are dead,
Yet our friends are yet the same,
For we three have met again.

Dreary hath our youth been proved,
Distant from the loved we loved,
Still, in memory's eye we sit,
Boyhood's haunts have cheered our sight—
And we hope, though long in vain,
That we three shall meet again!

We have watched our loved ones fade,
Forms of beauty lovely laid,
Life with us, though death be,
Soon shall we be called to die,
But, where parting gives no pain,
There may we three meet again!

M. E. H.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

We need a better acquaintance with the thoughts and meanings of pure and holy men.—*Mr. Sharp.*

The Work of the Next Half-Century.

The events of the first half of the nineteenth century are woven into the tapestry of eternity. The shuttle of time is busy with the threads of destiny which will form the roof of the world's history for another

half-century. It is with a feeling of profound awe that we gaze on the outlines of the vast picture as Providence and prophecy unfold it, and meridian light falls upon it.

We spoke in our last of the period just elapsed as the season of preparation—the moral, social, civil, scientific, and religious concerns. The elements of mighty agencies have been brought into being, and their power has been tested—but only as the trial trip of the ocean steamer preparatory to the distant voyage. Foundations have been laid, and the early courses of the superstructure have gone up; but only far enough to develop the plan of the great Builder. The quarries have been opened, and the sound of the hammer is heard on every side; but the temple remains to be built, and the polished stone gathered into it, that the top stone may be brought forth with shouting of "Grace," "Grace."

The work, then, of the half century on which we now enter, is that of edification—in the literal and spiritual sense—building upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets; Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building is framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.

There may be those who regard their mission to be that of demolition; men who would destroy the marriage relation, to lay new foundations of social happiness; arouse the jealousies of the poor against the rich, to equalize wealth; or drive the ploughshare of reform through church and state, to reach some Utopian end. But they seem not to know, that destruction and construction are quite different things; and that the way of wisdom and of duty leads in the direction of positive effort on the walls of the temple, rather than exerting the battering-ram which as often strikes the gates of friend as foe.

What is to be built? The kingdom of the Redeemer—"not of this world"—"which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—and "endureth for ever." It is an invisible, spiritual kingdom. Its seat is the heart of man. It seeks no unjust alliance with temporal power. It mediates or unmediates governments, by fashioning the mind and morals of the people. Where it reigns, freedom triumphs, and where it is not, despotism reigns. Around it cluster all that is precious in individual and social happiness, and in civil and religious liberties.

Who are the Builders? All who love the kingdom of Christ. But each in his place and order. All come by the post of greatest responsibility and efficiency to the minister of the gospel, and should ably seek his counsel as to the position of the walls they are severally to supply. It is wrong to usurp his prerogatives, and interfere with his plans, as it is for him to repress their zeal and diminish their efforts. Do we not hear their wailing on every side crying, "The work is too heavy for us?" and is not the universal cry of lamentation that they have no more to contribute? There are those indeed, like Judah the son of Nephthali, who exclaim, "My Lord Moses, forbid them," when some Ephraim and Manasse prophecy in the camp. But all true builders, fainting under their burden, with Moses' reply, "Earliest then for my sake?—Woe! I G-d that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them." There is room, and more than room for all. Let each build over a saint his own place, in his own sphere, using such instrumentalities as the great Master-Build-er puts in his reach, and the work will be done.

What are the tools to build with? They are many. They are simple. They are tried. If they are used aright, they will all be found to work. A hammer, a saw, a chisel, a plane, a level, a square, and a line, are instruments of little value. They are not to be despised, but they are not to be used as if they were. The change that is to be wrought in the employed discipline, not only in the tongue is unequalled. Take care that it is not "set on fire of hell," and

spoiled. The brain may be employed in planning, the hands in executing, and the feet in running on errands of mercy. Add to this direct, personal influence, the power of associated effort, and the helps providentially furnished by the press; think of the facilities afforded by the existence of Christian organization, with their lines of communication and action stretching around the globe; bear in mind that every railroad, and steam-boat, and ocean steamer, and telegraph, and printing press is embraced in the inventory of instruments for building up the kingdom of Christ, and may be made to contribute to the extension of Christian knowledge; and will you not say, "All these tools shall be vigorously employed in the work which is most worthy of my toils and sacrifices. I will use them all as opportunity presents; and I will bestow my money freely to employ them where I cannot go to build the walls of the spiritual temple?"

With what spirit should the work be done? It should be peaceful. The sound of the hammer and the axe should no longer be drowned by the clashing of the swords of fratricidal controversy. The rising wall should not be thrown down by one set of workmen, because laid with a trowel of different form from their own. Ephraim should not vex Judah, nor Judah, Ephraim. All should not rush to the same spot to build, because it is easier work, but should emulate each other in seeking the posts of danger and difficulty. It should be with an earnest spirit that the work advances. Every body else is earnest, and Christians are earnest in other matters; why not in this? It should be done with an enterprising spirit. Worldly schemes are prosecuted on a tremendous scale now-a-days. The world will soon be girdled with railroads and steamers. Commerce will compass the earth for gain. Shall the spiritual edifice for which the world is kept in being, and for which all worldly enterprises are the mere scaffolding, linger or waste? Or shall not this generation mark the period of the completed work of the church, in the establishment of the kingdom of the Son of man?

The hand that writes, and the eye that reads this paragraph, will cease their office before another half century shall have elapsed. O that the Spirit of the Most High be poured out on the ministry, the churches, and the institutions of benevolence, so that the work of the generation might be done within the generation, and the kingdom of God established over all the earth.—*American Messenger.*

The Blessings of Religion.

"Religion is what treasure would Reside in that heavenly world."

To the Christian, the religion of the Saviour is a living fountain—a perpetual spring of the purest comfort. It yields the highest and sweetest enjoyment on earth, by saving us from the love and dominion of sin, while it inspires with the hope of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Life, without the religion, is a world without light, a death-like slumber, a "flightful dream." Where, in adversity, can we flee, but to the religion of Christ? When afflictions pour in upon us like a flood—when grief corrodes the breast—when cares perplex the mind, and disappointments blight our fondest earthly hopes, then it is that we can realize its value. It will dispel the darkness of gloom, and spread an ocean of joy and delight over all the scenes of human existence. We can dole of the pleasures of the world, but we can do no more than weep for them, when we are without it. With what emotions of gratitude and appreciation should our lessons be learned, and our prayers offered, and our thanksgivings uttered? Shall we not render to Him the language of praise, and of grateful thanksgiving? And shall we not let our earnestly to impress the hearts of others with its soul-

redeeming, joy-inspiring truths? Yea. Let it be our highest ambition to recommend this religion, both by precept and by example, to all within the sphere of our influence. And may we say, in the language of the poet:

"I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to praise my God,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days."

A Striking Anecdote.

A cavalier once asked Dr. Nettleton, "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That," he replied, "is a question which does not concern you so much as another, namely,—How you shall be saved? You have a wicked heart, which is a very filthy unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart, which cannot be saved; and the question which now most deeply concerns you is, how you shall obtain it?"

"But," said the man, "I wish you to tell me how I came by my wicked heart?" "I shall not," replied Dr. Nettleton, "that at present; for if I could do it to your entire satisfaction, it would not in the least help you towards obtaining a new heart. The great thing for which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven."

As the man manifested no disposition to hear anything on that subject, but still pressed the question how he came by his wicked heart, Dr. Nettleton told him that his condition resembled that of a man who is drowning, while his friends are attempting to save his life. As he rises to the surface of the water, he exclaims, "How came I here?" "That question," says one of his friends, "does not concern you now. Talk hold of this now."

"I shall not," replied Dr. Nettleton, "that at present; for if I could do it to your entire satisfaction, it would not in the least help you towards obtaining a new heart. The great thing for which I am solicitous is, that you should become a new creature, and be prepared for heaven."

Heart Searching.

"Inquire well what is thy hope, what thy heart's truest turns to, and cleaves to, to comfort itself in any distress; yea, in the times of the greatest ease, what are thy thoughts most biased and turned to with closest and deepest delight? Canst thou say it is to God?—that thy heart hath got that retreat, and is inured to that,—is frequently there throughout the day—turns by and passes over husband, or wife, or children, or riches, or delight, or anything that would stand in thy way, and stays not till it be in Him;—and there rejoices in His love, sits down under His shadow, content and happy that others should share and rule the world as they please; that thou dost not envy them, with all their gay hopes and gay prospects; yea, possibly, scarce at any time, but that sensible presence of God and shining of His char-d covered love upon thee, yet still He is thy hope, thou art at a point with all the world, hast given up all to wait on Him, and hope for Him, dost account thyself richer in thy simple hope than the richest man on earth in his possessions? Then art thou truly so; for the hope of God is heaven begun, and heaven complete is the possessing of Him."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

CHOICE SAYINGS.

Every hour is worth at least a good deed, a good wish, a good endeavour.—*St. Bernard.* Expect that God will mind those prayers, which they do not mind themselves; or that He will open His ears to those who are not anxious to hear Him, and with Him. Heaven is won of't upon earth.—*To all your actions, remember that God sees you; and in all His actions endeavour to see Him; that will make you fear Him; that will make you love Him.*