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AS the honour of announcing that he has arranged a Vertical Light, at his Rooms, and he is prepared to produce pictures superior to others taken in America.

Star Life Assurance Company, OF LONDON.

THE AGENCY of this Company has been established in this Province about three years, and has made some progress, and up to the present...

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Call Importations for 1849. The arrivals from LONDON, LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW, we have received

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THE Proprietors of the BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, are determined to give purchasers the benefit of the advantages they possess as large and cheaply, and strongly recommend strangers and Wholesale buyers to call at their House before disposing of their money.

Cedar Posts. THE Subscriber has always on hand, very superior CEDAR POSTS, the very best material in the world for fencing, and will save the expense and trouble of renewing in a very many years.

The West India is published for the Proprietor BY WM. CUNNABELL.

THE WESLEYAN.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1849. Single Copies, Three Pence.

POETRY.

The Better Land. BY FRANK LEE.

Where, oh! where, is the better land, That happy, viewless Isle, Where the blessed spirits are hid, And summer doth ever smile.

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

The Claims of the Gospel.

1. The Gospel demands from us the most devout acknowledgment. Preachers, animated with the same spirit as St. Paul, have, in all succeeding ages, been raised up to publish the truth among Pagans, or to repress their inhuman doctrines in the fallen and corrupt Church.

of God to the world, the whole world ought to bring its offering of universal praise.

2. The Gospel claims from us an unshinking avowal. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," says the apostle; and he was ready to assert its divine and pre-eminent claims in every place.

Does that false and delusive form of Christianity, which boasts of its rationalism, endeavour to shame your simple faith by the philosophizing airs which it assumes?

On Schism.

It is not so true that you join not bodily with those who are separated, where you dwell not, nor have any particular call to join with them; nor that you choose the purest and most edifying society, rather than one that is less pure and profitable to you.

It is a fiction, when Churches do not only separate from each other, cordially, but also undurch each other, and endavour to out of each other, as if they were to be true churches of Christ.

Banjo's silver Mine.

In the days of the late Mr. Banjo, a man was known by the name of Banjo, who was a great and successful trader in the West India Islands.

Whatever, therefore, of this Gospel we know, approve, believe, or practise, if it leaves us short of personal salvation, is utterly nugatory to us; this great system has been formed, and Christ has died in vain.

Is the Gospel assailed by the sophistry or malignity of infidelity? I am not to shrink, although human reason affects to relieve me from mysteries, and to ground every part of its own theory upon demonstration.

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Fase, was a little hill called Luere, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them had formerly gone that way, because of its rarity, had turned aside to see; but going near to the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke and they were slain.

Then I saw in my dream, that a little off of the road over against the silver mine, stood Demas, to call passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellows—"Ho! turn aside hitherto, and I will show you a thing."

"What thing so deserving us to turn us from the way?" asked Christian.

"Here is a silver mine and some digging in it for treasure. If you will come, with a little pains you may richly provide for yourselves."

Then said Hopeful, "let us go and see." "Not I," said Christian, "I have before heard of this place, and how many here have been slain; and besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage.

"No doubt thereof," said Christian, "for his principles lead him that way, and hundred to one he dies there."

Dying in Peace.

A mother in Israel entered upon her last illness. Her mind was clear, as she looked at death and the scenes beyond it.

The next day she appeared to be dying. Then the light of God's countenance was shined upon her, and her mouth was full of praises.

"Are you in haste to leave us?" said one. "Oh, I will wait God's time," was her reply.

She soon fell into a gentle sleep. When she awoke her raptures had departed; but perfect calmness and peace of mind remained.

"I have no will about it," was her reply. She remained several days in this state of mind.

"I hope I am dying," said she. "Lord Jesus receive my departing spirit; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Shortly afterwards she expired.

"That," said one who witnessed her departure, "is dying in peace."