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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

SYMPATHETIC LINES.

On the Birth of my Father's only and beloved Child.—*Sam. Eliza McPhail.*

With the earliest flowers of spring she came,
To gladden your joyful hearts;—
And, like a sun, her presence seemed to fling
A gleam over the sombre earth.

For never were summer skies more bright,
Than her tearless orbs of blue;
Her cheeks entwined the rosy blush,—
And her lips the coral's hue.

And oh, unto fond parental ears,
No sweeter music came:
Then when, in accents of tenderness,
She gently lisp'd each name.

With what jealous care ye daily mark'd,
Your flower more brightly bloom;
Nor dream'd that the spider, Death, was near,
That prepared was her early tomb.

For with radiant hues was the future deck'd,
—And in fancy ye lov'd to view
Your darling, when years but increased each
Grace, and fresh charms on your pathway threw.

Alas, that the hopes of the heart, so entwined,
Should be ruthlessly snapt away:
That the soul of many, the loved of all,
On earth might no longer stay.

With the earliest flowers of Spring she came,
And blossomed but one short year;
Ere the Autumn breezes, sighing, exhale'd,
Their requiem over her bair.

Too fragile the winter of life to endure,
With the summer's glory she pass'd;
Like a vision of beauty, she glideth from sight,
Then vanished, too lovely to last.

But oh, ye weeping and stricken ones,
Mourn not for your faded flower;
Too fair for earth, it bloom'd not now,
In an amaranthine bow.

From the chilling blasts of time's storm,
From the tempests of sorrow and care,
The blossom now up us to clearer light,
And gloriates a balmy air.

"Gone, but not lost," is your cherub child,—
For she bendeth with looks of love,
From her mansions bright, your steps to greet,
To a happier home above.

M. E. H.

The story of grace has a beginning, but grace itself has none. We cannot love a friend, till we have a friend to love; but the heart which loves is throbb'd with us ever since we breathe. We cannot weep over the dead, till there are the dead to weep over; but the soul that feels as the eye that weeps were not created by the sight of death. It was the sight of the multitudes that awake the compassion of Jesus; it was the sight of the city that broke up the fountain of his tears; but the tender spirit that compasses it is suffering as his always. So it was the sight of suffering man, that called forth in Him the grace of God; but the grace itself has been there during all the infinite past. It was only waiting for an object towards which it might flow out; and now, like a long pent up river, it bursts forth in strength to overflow the earth.—*Rev. H. Bourne.*

The Missionary Spirit.

A very clear and striking exhibition of the missionary spirit was made at the British Wesleyan Conference in 1813 by Dr. Coke. Having crossed the Atlantic eighteen times in promoting missionary objects, and still longing to spread the Gospel, tho' sixty-six years of age, he proposed to the Conference to lead a band of missionaries to the East Indies. His age, and the difficulties of the enterprise, led his brethren to attempt to dissuade him from it. When he could not persuade them by his arguments, he burst into tears exclaiming, "If you will not let me go, you will break my heart." He also offered his whole property of £6000 to establish the mission.

Another manifestation of the same spirit is afforded us in the memorable words of Melville B. Cox: "Let a thousand missionaries fall, but let not Africa be given up." We want more of this spirit of earnest pity for the misery of a sinful world. It is the love of Christ constraining us. It should pervade the entire church. Every member needs it as the prevailing sentiment of his heart. That will confirm it; the result will be, increasing usefulness.—Every Christian needs it as the guiding principle of action. It will lead to prayer— fervent, believing, effectual prayer; to all appropriate efforts for the salvation of men. Contributions for the spread of the Gospel will not be lacking. They will be graduated by our interest in the object and the magnitude of the work, rather than the conduct and opinion of others, or the excitement of a missionary meeting. There will be a regular appropriation of substance, limited only by our ability. Witnesses for Christ, we shall feel also that we are his stewards, and love to pour forth our Christian sympathy in a practical manner.

Attentive regard to the example of Christ—to our obligation to him—to the great object of his death, will increase this spirit. Prayerful consideration of the wants of the world will promote it. If we devoutly inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do," and are guided by our conviction of duty, we shall possess the missionary spirit, and maintain it in increasing vigour.—*Zion's Herald.*

Inconsistent Prayers.

It is not uncommon for men who go to war to pray, or procure the services of a chaplain to pray for them. It sometimes happens that the covetous and quarrelsome; that those who live to wrong others, and who are fond of litigation, pray. Such men may be professors of religion. They keep up a form of worship in their families, they pray for success in their worldly engagements, though these engagements are all based on covetousness. Instead of seeking property that they may glorify God and do good; that they may be the patrons of learning, philanthropy and religion; they do it that they may be able to live in splendour, and pamper their lusts. It is not, in-

deed, very common that persons with such ends and aims of life pray, but they sometimes do it; for, alas! there are many professors of religion who have no higher aims than these, and no such professors feel that consistent prayers that they should observe some form of prayer. If such persons do not receive what they ask for; if they are disappointed in their plans, they should not set it down as evidence that God does not hear prayer, but as evidence that their prayers are offered for improper objects, with improper motives. Prayers offered that we may have the means of sensuality and voluptuousness, we have no reason to suppose God will answer, for he has not promised to their such prayers, and it becomes every one who prays for worldly property, and for success in business, to examine his motives with the closest scrutiny. Nowhere is deception more likely to creep in, than into such prayers, nowhere are we more likely to be mistaken in regard to our real motives, than when we go before God and ask for success in our worldly employment.—*Albert Barnes.*

Christian Journeying.

In scarcely any circumstances are Christian professors more apt to forget their sacred character, than in journeying. It has often been remarked, how different religious persons are at home, and abroad. Pure grace, however, will manifest itself in every situation. It is not a changeable habit, to be put off and on with alterations of locality. The child of God will feel himself called upon to uphold his Master's cause in every part of the world, and to let his light shine in every latitude, and even to the ends of the earth. In Paris, in Calcutta, or in California, he will find himself equally near to his Bible, his Saviour, and the throne of grace.

If a man's heart is right with God, he will recognize peculiar occasions of being useful on journeys. On the railway, in steamboats, in stage-coaches, in hotels, in ships, and in foreign climes, he will be thrown into the company of worldly persons and unbelievers. Let him in such cases lift up his soul to Christ, remembering that the vows of God are upon him. Some of these strangers whom Providence has thrown in his way, may never hear the word of solemn admonition, unless from him; yet he must meet them in judgment. A single sentence, uttered seasonably, and with prayer, may, with God's blessing, lead to the conversion of a soul.

Christian traveller, the man who sits by your side, and with whom you have had pleasant converse on all other topics, ought to hear from your lips something on the great topic which, according to your profession, is most dear to you. Pray that God may lead you to the "word fitly spoken." Sigh in secret for some operation of the lips in usefulness. Soberly, earnestly, seed wherever you go, and say beside the waters! "The effort, although it made, cannot give offence; it may be the most successful effort of your life. Let it be your prayer, on commencing every journey of business or pleasure, that you may honour God in it; let the same prayer ascend at every place where you tarry for the night, and all the day long. There have been men so imbued with the spirit of piety, that their passage through whole continents has been marked as with a train of light.—*Am. Messenger.*

Faith.

A kind and tender-hearted clergyman, a "good shepherd" of his flock, was one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the sinner; follower of Jesus, and refer to some illustration that had just occurred in his family. He had gone into the cellar, which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only four years

old was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

"Are you down cellar, father?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark; I can't come down father."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"O, I shall fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall and hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eye to the utmost but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after she discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called:

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said—

"I knew; dear father, I should not fall."

Posthumous Influence.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent, "O, that my influence could be gathered up, and buried with me."

It could not be. That man's influence survives him. It still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not, when he came to die, and perceive how deleterious his influence had been, he could not put forth his dying hand to arrest that influence. It was too late. He had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded and coffined, and buried out of sight, but not so his influence. For that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and will walk, till the hand of God arrest and chain it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us. For good or for evil we shall and must live to act, on earth, after our bodies have returned to the dust. The grave, even so far as this world is concerned, is not the end of us. In the nature of things it cannot be. We are, every one of us, doing that, every day, every hour, that will survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget and disregard, than our influence upon others; yet there is nothing we should more dread—there is nothing for which we must hereafter give stricter or more solemn account.—*Congregationalist.*

The Grandfathers.

We have somewhere read an anecdote which is too good to be lost, of an Irish peasant, who was advised by the priest to give up his Bible and study the fathers.—"Who are the fathers; I never heard of the fathers," said the peasant. "Why," said the priest, "the fathers are St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and other saints." "I never saw them," said the poor man; "but I have the grandfathers. I have Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and I think the grandfathers are far superior to the fathers."

Insensibility to Daily Mercies.

As the Dead sea drinks in the river Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers and is never the fresher, so we are apt to receive daily mercies from God, and still remain insensible of them, unthankful for them.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Divine Pity.

It is over the coffin, or the tomb of the beloved, that our hearts pour forth the hidden depths of gushing love. So is it over a lost world that the heart of God has gone forth, pouring itself out in all its unutterable tenderness of compassion. It is towards his poor wandering prodigal, that the father's heart goes out. Over him he sighs and weeps. He sees him without a home, without a friend, self-exiled from the paternal roof. He thinks of him in poverty, in rags, in filth, in famine, ready to lie down and die. He fancies him drinking the cup of the drunken, sitting among the unclean, joining in the mirth of the profane, gulliest among the guilty. And as he broods over these things, his whole heart is turned within him. He almost forgets the happy circle around him, in the intensity of his yearnings over his outcast boy. So is it with God, in his compassion for this forlorn, this self-banished world. The out-goings of his heart towards it are infinitely beyond that of a father's affection, or a mother's deepest tenderness. This is grace—that feeling which is called forth, not by the worth, but by the worthlessness of the object, which awakens at the sight of want and misery, and guilt.

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