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Poetry.

For the Wesleyan.

THOUGHTS

On the death of the late Mrs. L. Irene Palmer,
who died January 25, 1852.

"And all that fancy conjured up,
And made thee look and say—
Till we have loathed reality
That chased such dreams away."—L. E. L.

Didst never, at the evening hour,
Muse by a summer lake,
When tones of far-off melodies
Would o'er the stillness break:
Though there was neither voice nor form,
To say whence came the strain;
'T would pour its tender memories,
Upon the heart again.

So comes thy presence, dearest one,
To those thou'st left behind;
Thy memory leaves the sweet effect,
Of music on the mind:
We're led by Fancy's magic power,
Through vistas of the past;
While sadly, sweet remembrings,
Are o'er our spirits cast.

We see thee on the sunny hill,
In fancy's hues arrayed;
And fail to feel that thou art in
Thy lowly dwelling laid:
But we'll miss thee when the balmy May,
Whispers among the flowers;
We'll miss thee when the laughing June,
Awakes the summer bowers.

But faith would pass the solemn tomb,
That keeps thee from our view;
Our spirits would not linger there,
"North shadow of the yew."
But borne on faith's "strong eagle wing,"
Our sudden hearts would rise;
To greet thee, dear departed one,
In mansions of the skies.

Reclus Cottage, W. Scot., April 21, 1852.

AMELIA.

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN.

BY MISS EDITH BAXTER.

I love to think of heaven,
The Christian's final home,
Where crowns and harps are given,
To all around the throne.
Where saints of every nation
One song of love shall swell,
Ascribing their salvation
To Christ, Immanuel.

I love to think of heaven,
That place replete with joy,
Where spotless robes are given,
And pleasures never cloy;
But hill and vale rejoice,
And golden prospects please,
And sweet seraphic voices
Flout on each living breeze.

I love to think of heaven,
That "chosen spot of space,"
Where God unveils his glory
Through Jesus' lovely face;
As king the angels crown him,
On that ethereal plain,
While ransomed souls around him
"The Lamb! the Lamb!" proclaim.

I love to think of heaven:
My much-loved friends are there,
And precious babes I've given,
My saviour's love to share.
As stars of night they glitter,
Amidst his glorious crown;
No gems of love are fitter,
Or shed such light around.

I love to think of heaven,
Those mansions bright and fair,
And feel, when ties are riven,
No farewell sound is there;
But happy spirits ever
In union sweet will move,
And with their blessed Saviour
Range o'er those fields of love.

I love to think of heaven,
The Christian's glorious rest,
Where sorrow's waves can never
Break o'er their peaceful breast;
But higher still is swelling
That radiant sea of love,
New light and life revealing
From out the throne above.

Who would not dwell in heaven,
That city paved with gold,
All garnished with salvation,
So beautiful to behold:
Where, hand in hand with angels,
That landscape we'll explore,
And gather flowers immortal,
When time shall be no more?

Christian Parlor Magazine.

Christian Miscellany.

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

Salvation Freely Offered to All.

We must view the love of God, not as a vague and inapplicable generality, but as specially directed, nay actually proffered, and that pointedly and individually to each of us. It is not sufficiently adverted to by inquirers, nor sufficiently urged by ministers, that the constitution of the gospel warrants this appropriation of its blessings by each man for himself.

This all-important truth, so apt to be lost sight of in *lat* and *hazy speculation*, may be elicited from the very terms in which the gospel is propounded to us, from the very phraseology in which its overtures are couched. It is a message of good news unto *all people*—to me, therefore, as one of the people, for *where is the Scripture that tells that I am an outcast?* Christ is set forth as a propitiation for the sins of the *world*; and God so loved the *world*, as to send His Son into it. Let me, therefore, who beyond all doubt am in the world, take the comfort of these gracious promulgations—for it is only if out of the world, or away from the world, that they do not belong to me. The delusive imagination in the hearts of many, and by which the gospel is with them bereft of all significance and effect, is, that they cannot take any general announcement or general invitation that is therein to themselves, unless in virtue of some certain mark or certain designation, by which they are specially included in it. Now, in real truth, it is all the other way. It would require a certain mark, or certain designation, specially to *exclude* them; and without some such mark which might expressly signalize them, they should not refuse a part in the announcements or invitations of the gospel. If the gospel have made no exception of them, they either misunderstand that gospel, or by their unbelief make the author of it a liar, if they except themselves. They demand a particular warrant, for believing that they are comprehended within the limits of the gospel call to reconciliation with God. Now the call is *universal*; and it would rather need a particular warrant, to justify their own dark and distrustful imagination of being without its limits. When in the spirit of a perverso or obstinate melancholy, they ask their Christian minister—What is the ground on which he would bid them into the household of God's reconciled family?—well may he ask, what is the ground on which they would keep themselves out? He stands on a triumphant vantage-footing for his own vindication. His commission is to preach the gospel to *every creature* under heaven, and that takes them in—or to say that *whosoever cometh* unto Christ shall not be cast out, and that takes them in—or behold I stand at the door and knock, if *any man* will open I shall enter into friendship and peace with him, that also takes them in—or look unto me *all ye ends of the earth* and be saved; there is no *outcast* spoken of here, and that too takes them in—or *every man* who asketh receiveth; and surely *if language have a meaning*, that takes them in—or Christ came into the world to save *sinners*; and, unless they deny themselves to be sinners, that takes them in. In a word, although they may cast themselves out, the primary overtures of the gospel recognize no outcast. They are not forbidden by God—they are only forbidden by themselves. There is no straitening with Him. The straitening is only in their own narrow and suspicious and ungenerous bosoms. It is true they may abide in spiritual darkness if *they will*—even as a man can, at his own pleasure, immerse himself in a dungeon, or obstinately shut his eyes. Still it holds good, notwithstanding, that *the light of the Sun in the firmament is not more open to all eyes, than the light of the Sun of Righteousness is for the rejoicing of the spirits of ALL*

flesh. The blessings of the gospel are as accessible to all who will, as are the water or the air, or any of the cheap and common bounties of nature. The element of Heaven's love is in as universal diffusion among the dwelling-places of man, as is the atmosphere they breathe in. It solicits admittance at every door; and the ignorance or unbelief of man are the only obstacles which it has to struggle with. It is commensurate with the *species*; and may be tendered, urgently and *honestly*, to *EACH INDIVIDUAL* of the human family.—Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Theology of the Free Church of Scotland.

Reputation.

A good name is an ornament to the character; it attracts the general confidence of mankind, and it is the best security of success in any vocation. One who is not conscious of a good name distrusts his fellows; and he who moves through society with a suspicious eye, repels confidence, and renders himself unhappy.

Reputation is the public stamp of merit, and respect is the homage which is paid to it. Reputation may be obscured, respect may be withheld, but merit cannot be wrested from a person who is true to himself and to virtue.

To expect reputation without merit and rectitude of conduct, is to look for a healthy tree from a decayed root; and to hope for respect without reputation, is to look for blossoms from a withered stem.

A person who adulterates the character of another, exposes himself to similar attacks, which are the more sensibly felt because they are deserved. The fair reputation of a good man, adorned with humility, is a defence against calumny; or, if he is attacked, he finds a refuge in his rectitude.

Found not your character on deceitful appearances, but on the sure basis of good principles, which nothing can subvert. He who expects to win by dissimulation a reputation which can be earned only by virtue, deceives himself; for a false reputation cannot long withstand detection and shame.

If the world smiles on you, smile on it in return. If it slights you from envy or jealousy, forgive its injustice, retain your benevolent sympathies, pursue your righteous course, and in the faithful discharge of your duty you will repel calumny by the virtuous tenor of your conduct.

Is a man of immoral principles, and does he endeavour to conceal his delinquency, and rejoice when he can effect his purpose? Vain effort—vain exultation! He cannot flee from Omniscience and himself—from his Judge and his conscience, and there is no peace in him in whose breast conscience is the accuser of secret guilt.

Those with whom such a man holds intercourse, are either ignorant of his real character, or they know it, but forbear to give expression to their sentiments. If others are ignorant of his real character, what consolation can this afford against the reproach of conscience and the fear of exposure? If he suspect that others know his real character, (and vice is suspicious,) a cold manner, an inverted eye, or a whisper, will strike him with dismay.

Your principles are good, and your conduct is correct, yet your character is misrepresented. If the misrepresentation is from ignorance, the likeness is false; none of your friends can recognize it; and why should you be moved by a portrait which bears no resemblance to you? If it is from malice, malice is an unhappy passion; and while you regard it with a compassionate spirit, be grateful to the Most High that none can speak ill of you without a violation of truth.

When an action is injuriously misrepresented, a man, conscious of his integrity, will sometimes not condescend to an explanation, but offer the general tenor of his conduct as a confutation of the calumny. But when he extends his view into society, and perceives that his character may be

affected and his usefulness impeded, he deems it his duty to stand forward, and by a simple statement of truth, without irritation and acrimony, repel the accusation.

If your character is respected, and if you are conscious that your principles are good, be little anxious about the defence of your little innocent singularities. It is sometimes good policy to give up something that is trifling to pleasantry or gossip, in order to save from scandal something that is important—the respectability of character.

As a rill from a fountain increases as it flows, rises into a stream, swells into a river, so, symbolically, are the origin and course of a good name. At first, its beginning is small, it takes its rise from home, its natural source, extends to the neighbourhood, stretches through the community, and, finally, takes a range proportioned to the qualities by which it is supported—its talents, virtue, and usefulness, the surest basis of an honourable reputation.

The relatives and kindred of a young man, by a natural process, communicate his amiable and opening character to a wider circle than that of home. His associates and friends extend the circle; and thus it widens, till its circumference embraces a portion more or less of society, and his character places him in the class of respectable men. With good principles and conduct, neither envy nor malice can intercept the result of this progressive series; without good principles and conduct, no art or dissimulation can realize the noblest aim of a social being—a well founded reputation.

A fair reputation, unsupported by good principles, is hypocrisy, liable to detection, and consequently to shame; but, though it should elude detection, no man can really enjoy praise, when he is conscious that it is undeserved, and therefore implies reproach.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

An Ambition, Worthy but Rare.

"If you were an ambitious man," said one to a minister of talent and education, who was settled in a retired and obscure parish, "you would not stop in such a place as this." "How do you know that I am not an ambitious man?" said the pastor. "You do not act like one." "I have my plans as well as others—the results may not appear as soon, perhaps." "Are you engaged in some great work?" "I am—but the work does not relate to literature or science. I am not ambitious, perhaps, in the ordinary sense of the term. I do not desire to occupy the high places of the earth, but I do desire to get near my Master's throne in heaven. I care but little for popular applause, but I desire to secure the approbation of God. The salvation of souls is the work he is most interested in, and to the successful prosecution of which he has promised the largest rewards." More of this ambition would throw more young men into the ministry, and would greatly change the aspirations and efforts of some now in it. Is not an unhallowed ambition the worm at the root of many a minister's mental peace and spiritual usefulness? It is one thing to labour for the promotion which man gives, and quite another to labour for that which God gives. The latter is true piety—we dare not say as much of the former.—Oberlin Evangelist.

Choice Sentences.

Thy life being appointed but a short course and the course of a general knowledge being too long for it, thou art to endeavour for that knowledge chiefly which most concerns thee: otherwise, thou mayest die a good astronomer, and an evil man.

If thou art a wise man, as soon as thou castest thy eyes upon a good man, thou wilt desire to imitate his virtues; but whenever thou fixest thy sight upon a man given up to his vices, thou wilt mistrust thyself, and interrogate, "Am not I like that man?"