

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

Volume IX. No. 30.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1857.

Whole No. 420.

The Saint's Farewell to Time.

—Supposed to be uttered by a dying Christian at the close of the year 1827.

BY REV. JOHNA NARDEEN, WESLEYAN MINISTER.

Farewell, old Time! Ere thou hast reached the morn,

Thy sun shall glid his wings in capricious;

Life's narrow stormy frith I shall pass o'er,

And cast my anchor on the eternal shore.

Where all is dateless, endless, infinite,

And being known no measure but delight!

Farewell, thou Sun, and thy bright Planets all

That roll in silent beauty round this ball;—

I go, I go to that celestial sphere

Where Jesus reigns through one eternal year.

Farewell thou earth and all that earth contains,

Ty graceful hills, green meadows, flowery plains,

I leave thy wave-worn shores without a sigh—

A Father's mansion-house, a Master's joy

I leave me hence—I must not stay.

Where pleasure never wears the fringe of wo.

Farewell to gold and silver, wealth and aid!

Ye fly from others, but I fly from you.

Farewell to honour! I'm enrolled above;

My plume, my crest, is loveliness of love.

By His dear hands that bleed I read my name,

Wrote round the living in Jerusalem.

Farewell to pleasure, vanities and lies—

Whose banks are with immortal verdure clad,

Whose streams make all Jehovah's cities glad.

Farewell to gardens, houses, orchards, lands,

I have a house above not made with mortal hands,

A spotless mansion-house of precious stone,

A crown of living light, a Jasper throne.

Farewell to knowledge, first of earthly things,

I go to drink it where the fountain springs.

Clear from its source pellucid and refined;

The drops of muddy error left behind.

Farewell to death, I shall forever bloom

In youth's fresh loveliness beyond the tomb.

Farewell to sickness, all the aches and pains

That crowd my vitals and consume my reins.

No hectic flush shall o'er my cheeks disclose

The transient blusher of a mortal rose.

This ring, burning head shall thro' no more,

And these sharp stiches in my side be o'er.

Farewell to friends, I leave the social ring

I send fly to Eden on a seraph's wing;

And shall join the ranks of the first-born,

Whom robes of light and crowns of life adorn.

Farewell thou dearest of my joys on earth,

The Church of God, my place of second birth;

Of second life, of nameless comforts too,

More dear than gold, more sweet than mortal dew.

Have been thy verdant pastures to my soul;

Where flowers appear and streams of pleasure roll.

I go to view the rained in beauty bright,

The saints embowered in love embosomed night.

I go to see the Lamb upon the throne,

And that dear Lamb the beatific zone.

That lead of sweet delight and calm repose,

Of Gilead's balm, and Sharon's fragrant rose;

There ceaseless bliss and sunlight knowledge reigns.

No feud to vex me, and no vice to stain,

But friendship formed by love. O angel powers!

Receive a weary pilgrim to your bowers:

Oh! let me listen to your golden lyres,

And burn like you in love's seraphic fires;

Adore the Lamb in each soul-thrilling chant

Your ardors feel and still for greater part.

The weakest, meanest, poorest sinner take

To your sweet fellowship for Jesus sake.

Resolved to books and all pedantic strife,

My name is written in the Book of Life;

I blush for holy men, and haste above

To see a pure society of love,

Through which the mystic Dove pours holy oil,

While sevenfold heaven beams from Emmanuel's smile.

Farewell to party and each various "ism,"

My soul united with the sacred Christ.

His hand is a line untinged with party gall,

Where all are one and *One is all in all.*

Farewell ye Demons who my ruin plot,

And vex my soul as Sodom righteous Lot.

Blush fiends of hell, thro' my Redeemer's care

I've leaped your fangs, as birds the fowler's snare.

Farewell my dearest children, fare ye well!

What pang I feel to leave you none can tell!

But I have drunk the latter parting cup

And now, thank God, can fully give you up!

Love, fear, adore and serve the Lord alone,

Soon shall we meet where farewells are unknown.

Farewell my dearest wife, I'm loth to part

With those the joy and companion of my heart.

With thee the dear companion of my care

And bliss, when I had any bliss to share,—

So round my heart with many a firm wound,

To give thee up means the deepest wound.

But Jesus calls me to his bliss abode—

I go the first, but thou art on the road.

'Tis but a moment, 'twill express thy tears—

And then were married through eternal years.

Well, now the bitterness of death is past,

The pang of soul-unwitting was the last.

The coast is clear, the mortal race is run—

Angels bring thee the chariot, all is won!

Step in my soul,—I go with all my heart,

Now let thy Servant, Lord, in peace depart!

commanding intellect and grasp of mind.

—whom powers, employed in the council,

in the senate, or at the bar, would have

raised them, in any civilized country, to

eminence and honor.—men who have watch-

ed over the rising interests of the Body,

and its connection with passing events, po-

litical and religious, and who, under the

Great Head of the Church, have guided it

onward, in its progressive advancement, and

power, with consummate wisdom and un-

flinching fidelity. These have, with equal

vigilance and ability, guarded and main-

tained the essential principles of the system

through all the fluctuations of the times,

and in all the flattering and adverse cir-

cumstances to which they have been ex-

posed. They have been foremost in seasons of trial

and danger, have roused the desponding

and given confidence and courage to the

feeble and the wavering. Nor have their

wisdom and diligence been less con-

spicuous in times of prosperity and en-

couragement. Then they have checked the

wayward and rebuked the vain, and pre-

served the people from presumption, as

they had previously preserved them from

despair. Nor—although no religious com-

munity has, as a sect, paid less attention to

systematic legislation and jurisprudence

than the Wesleyan Body—have the diligent

and devoted employment of these great ta-

lents in the consolidation and government

of the Body been left unrecognised or un-

rewarded. On the contrary, their efforts and

success have called forth a deep, general,

and sincere expression of grateful regard.

Other Wesleyan Ministers have distin-

guished themselves by the possession and

utmost exercise of other great mental at-

tributes. A section of these, of which the re-

vered and lamented Richard Watson may

be regarded as the head, stand forth as re-

markable for sublimity of thought and feel-

ing,—for a pathos and power, by which all

they touched were invested with true majesty

and beauty. Their minds, imbued with a

pure and divine philosophy, laid all nature

under contribution, lit up every Gospel

truth with heavenly splendor, and moved

the very depths of the soul by the force of

their reasonings and the energy of their ap-

peals. These also, having earned for them-

selves a distinction of the highest order, and

an undying reverence for their acknowl-

ed worth.

Yet not one of these presents to our

view such an instance of peculiar greatness,

extensive usefulness, or universal popu-

larity, as that which now stands before us.

How, then, is it to be accounted for, or

explained? We answer, in the terms of the

proposition already laid down, namely,

that the mind, and genius of Newton and,

in consequence, the course of action

which he pursued, were in an eminent de-

gree in harmony with the doctrines, prin-

ciples, and institutions of Wesleyanism.

Let us briefly retrace the course of his

life, and we shall find that the terms of the

proposition already laid down, namely,

that the mind, and genius of Newton and,

in consequence, the course of action

which he pursued, were in an eminent de-

gree in harmony with the doctrines, prin-

ciples, and institutions of Wesleyanism.

Let us briefly retrace the course of his

life, and we shall find that the terms of the

proposition already laid down, namely,

that the mind, and genius of Newton and,

in consequence, the course of action

which he pursued, were in an eminent de-

profound mysteries that ever were penned;

it brings the best tidings and affords the best

of comfort, to the inquiring and the discon-

soled. It exhibits life and immortality from

everlasting, and shows the way to glory.—

It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a

certain prediction of all that is to come.—

It settles all matters in debate, resolves all

doubts, and eases the mind and conscience

of all their scruples. It reveals the only way

of living and true God, and shows the way

to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom,

that condemns all folly, and detects all

error, and confutes all errors; and a book of

life, that shows the way from everlasting

death. It is the most compendious book in

the world—the most authentic, and the most

entertaining history that ever was published.

It contains the most ancient antiquities,

strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic

deeds, unparalleled wars; it describes the

celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds,

and the origin of the angelic myriads,

human tribes, and devilish legions. It will

instruct the accomplished mechanic and the

most profound artist. It teaches the best

rethorician, and exercises every power

of the most skilful arithmetician; puzzles

the wisest anatomist, and exercises the

nicest critic. It corrects the vain philoso-

pher, and confutes the unwearied astronomer.

It exposes the subtle sophist, and makes

diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws

—a perfect body of divinity—an unequalled

narrative—a book of legends—a book of

travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best

covenant that ever was agreed on—the best

deed that ever was sealed—the best evidence

that ever was produced—the best testament

that ever was sealed. To understand it, is to

be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to

be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best

copy, the magistrate's best rule, the house-

wife's best guide, the servant's best direc-

tor, and the young man's best companion:

it is the school-boy's spelling-book, the

farmer's best almanac, the soldier's best

choir grammar for the novice, and a pro-

found manual for a sage. It is the ignorant

man's dictionary, and the wise man's

directory. It affords knowledge of witty in-

ventions for the humorous, and dark sayings

for the grave; and it is its own interpreter.

It encourages the wise, the warlike, and

swift, and the operator, and promises an

eternal reward for the excellent, the conquer-

er, the winner and the prevalent. And that

which crowns all, is, that the AUTHOR is

without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

"IN WHOM IS NO VARIABleness OR SHAD-

OW OF TURNING."

READER, VALUE YOUR BIBLE.

—Anlo Saxon.

Is It True.

It is true that there are in the world

670,000,000 of our fellow-creatures who

are still bowing down to stocks and stones,

ignorant of the living and true God; and

that in this time emphatically called "The

age of missions?"

It is true that in our own land the Sab-

batth is openly, legally desecrated by liquor

and other traffic, open railway and excu-

sion parties, with many other habitual

customs?

It is true that there are, every year, at

least 8,000,000 of quarters of grain used

in making spirituous liquors, the base and

immoral produce of the grape?

It is true that the issues of the infidel and

immoral press are far above the religious;

Forsaking God.

We have known men, upon whose

grounds waved magnificent trees of cen-

tures' growth, lifted up into the air with vast

breath, and full of twilight at midday—

who cut down all these mighty monarchs,

and cleared the ground bare; and then,

when the desolation was complete, and the

desolate ground gazed full into their face

with its fire, they behought themselves of

shade, and forthwith set out a generation of

shades, and forthwith set out a generation of