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Poetry.

"THE LORD GOD IS A SUN."

God is a Sun; His glories shine
O'er earth with brilliancy divine;
But, on the Christian's lonely way,
His presence kindles constant day:
No cloud need that bright radiance dim,
No lack have they who trust in Him.

God is a sun: His presence cheers
The wanderer through the vale of tears:
No warmth—save where His sunbeams glow;
No light—save where His glories flow;
No hope—save when his cheering ray
Illumes the pilgrim's onward way.

God is a sun: in sorrow's night
He scatters hope, and joy, and light;
Gilds the dark billow's surging foam,
And shines upon the saint's bright home:
Gaze on the sun with tearful eyes,
And, lo! the rainbow beauties rise.

O be my sun, while in life's morn!
My onward path with grace adorn:
Each day, in sunlight I would dwell;
Each day, Thy presence I would feel:
And, when life's noonday wanes to night,
"At evening time it shall be light."

And when all earthly shadows fly,
And Jordan's billowy flood rolls high,
Thy radiance then shall brightly gleam,
And make dark death a golden stream:
I'll plunge beneath the awful wave,—
The Sun can cheer—the Lord can save!

—Wesley in *Mystic*.

Christian Miscellany.

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

All Things Fading.

The day is calm, and sunny, and bright,
and clear, and beautiful, and cool, and sweet,
and cheerful on every side. But the sun is
soon in the meridian, and moves swiftly to
the evening shades, where the lovely day
will soon be lost amid the surrounding dark-
ness.

The rose is sweet, and fragrant, and love-
ly. Its companions are many, and pretty,
and delicate, and meek, and fair, and rich,
and "beautiful exceedingly." But how
soon the rose fades, and the flowers wither!
Their fragrant how quickly gone! their
beauty how speedily fled!

The birds of the air, sweet children of
song, are here to-day, and to-morrow are
gone. Let us go into the groves. Hark!
I ten to those songs of love. How free,
how joyful, how varied, how gay, how mel-
liferous! It seems as if the woodlands were
alive with their song, caroling their sweet
strains of praise till the sound goes up on
high. Walk again into the forest. The
birds have flown—they are gone, all gone.
Their songs are hushed—their melodies are
ended—and silence, universal silence reigns!

It is spring-time. The green grass ap-
pears—the leaves put forth—the waters go
murmuring on—the meadows are adorned
in vernal beauty, and all nature smiles with
joy. All things how blithe, how cheerful,
how musical, how glad, how full of anima-
tion, life, and cheer! But autumn comes—
the verdure fades—the brook ceases to flow
—the meadows are sere—the forests are
dismantled of their leaves, and nature as-
sumes a sober and songless mood. How
wondrous the change! Surely we live in a
world subject to mutation, where the bright-
est things soon fade, and where the loveliest
die.

But man comes forth on the stage of life,
and looks healthful, proud, and vigorous,
"rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."
Is he not immortal? and while all else fades
and dies, will he not indeed abide forever?
Verily nay. "His breath is in his nostrils."
He too is swiftly passing away.

"His wasting life grows shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse he tells
Leaves but the number less."

In that very day he proudly boasts of his
strength, and thinks himself immortal, in
that very day he perisheth, and is no more.
"All flesh is as grass, and as the flower of
the field so he fadeth. The wind passeth
over it, and it is gone, and the place there-
of knoweth it no more."

"Be wise then, mortal, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day,
To-morrow may be dying!"

Rebuke in Love.

Rebuke in love, but not in anger; for an-
ger disturbs your judgment, dethrones your
reason, envenoms your language, and turns
your rebuke into recrimination. This closes
the heart of your brother against you.—
The main avenue of his heart is pervious
only to love. Violence is sure to close it
against you.

Rebuke in love, and reprove in specific
failings. But do not wait until a long cata-
logue of sins has been run up against your
brother and then overwhelm him with whole-
sale denunciation. No, no! Reproof, to be
of service, must be *specific*. This whole-
sale rebuke, especially if you wait till your
feelings are turned against your brother, to
administer it, will be construed into *twit-
ting*—that contemptible low vice, so often
indulged in by sinners.

Rebuke in love, again I say, but not ge-
nerally and indefinitely. For I once knew
a young lady, who injured her son by this
imprudent practice. He bore the profession
of Christ, but was wild and restive, and did
many things which merited rebuke daily.—
But these things were not rebuked daily,
but suffered to accumulate, till some un-
timely event soured the temper of the un-
usually kind lady, when she came down upon
him with accumulated guilt, and overwhelm-
ed him with a torrent of rebuke, good in
kind, but excessive in quantity. This al-
ways threw the son upon the defensive; for,
however willing he might have been to have
his errors reprov'd as they were committed,
he could not submit to such a violent array,
or plead guilty to such an accumulated
charge.

Rebuke in love; for love is the channel,
ordained of heaven, for reproof to flow in,
and it can flow smoothly in no other. Let
love but knock at the heart's gate, and its
porter openeth; but anger may thunder at
the gate for admittance, with all his train,
and thunder in vain. The heart will sur-
render only to the omnipotence of love.—
Herald and Journal.

Female Piety.

The gem of all others which enriches the
coronet of a woman's character, is unaffected
piety. Nature may lavish much on her per-
son; the enchantment of the strength of the
intellect; yet her loveliness is "uncrowned,
till piety throws around the whole the sweet-
ness and power of its charms. She then
becomes unearthly in her desires and asso-
ciations. The spell which bound her affec-
tions to the things below is broken, and she
mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and
hope to the habitation of God, where it is
her delight to hold communion with the spi-
rits that have been ransomed from the thral-
dom of Earth, and wreathed with a garland
of glory. Her beauty may throw a magical
charm over many; princes and conquerors
may bow at the shrine of her beauty and
love; the sons of science may embalm her
memory in the page of history; yet her pi-
ety must be the ornament, her pearl. Her
name must be written in "The Book of
Life," that when the mountains fade away,
and every memento of earthly greatness is
lost in the general wreck of nature, it may
remain and swell the list of that mighty
throne who have been clothed in the mantle
of righteousness, and their voices attuned to
the melody of Heaven. With such a trea-
sure, every lofty gratification on earth may
be purchased; friendship will be doubly
sweet; pain and sorrow will lose their sting,

and the character will possess a price far
above rubies; life will be but a pleasant vi-
sit to earth, and death the entrance upon a
joyful and perpetual home. And when the
notes of the last trumpet shall be heard, and
sleeping millions awake to judgment, its pos-
sessors shall be presented faultless before
the throne of God with exceeding joy and
glory that shall never wear away.

Such is piety. Like a tender flower,
planted in the fertile soil of a woman's heart,
it grows, expanding its foliage, and impart-
ing its fragrance to all around, till trans-
planted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigour
and unfading beauty in the Paradise of
God.

In conclusion I will say, following this
star it will light you through every labyrinth
in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that
will gather round you in a dying hour, and
bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan
of death into the haven of promised and
eternal rest.—*Phila. Sat. Courier.*

A Heart-reading Reproof.

A short time since, a lady who had been
remarkable for her thoughtlessness, request-
ed a professedly pious lady to accompany
her that day to visit another lady, who was
also professedly pious.

The afternoon passed away, and the sub-
ject of religion was not mentioned—probably
for fear of offending the gay friend who pro-
posed the visit. As the two neighbours
walked towards home, the first-mentioned
remarked that she had lost the afternoon, for
nothing would have induced her to leave
home, but the expectation of hearing some-
thing about religion; but she added, "I
came to the conclusion that there is nothing
in religion, or that my neighbours do not
possess it, for if they did, they would speak
to me about my soul." She said she had
been greatly alarmed about herself for several
days; but had concluded that afternoon,
that if religion was not worth talking about,
it was not worth thinking of.

"Never," said that pious neighbour,
"shall I forget that look of despair and re-
proach. I felt that I had murdered a soul
by my neglect."—*American Messenger.*

Reading the Scriptures.

The value and desirableness of the art of
reading well, are never more strikingly sug-
gested than when it is employed in reading
the Scriptures aloud. In the sacred desk,
or in the social meeting, or at domestic wor-
ship, how greatly it adds to the beauty and
impressiveness of the service, if the grand
and beautiful phraseology of the Sacred
Word be given forth by a tasteful reader.—
Good reading is often the best commentary.
The shades of thought can be expressed by
the inflection and emphasis of a reader that
enters into the meaning and spirit of a pas-
sage, with a clearness that no exposition
would improve. When enunciated rightly,
and clothed with devout feeling, what is so
striking and so impressive as the words of
the Spirit? How inexcusably negligent are
most of our pulpit readers! How little of
the divine force of the Bible is realized in
this part of public worship! And at the fire-
side, where assembled children listen to the
daily perusal of the Bible, how much its so-
lemnity and attractiveness would be en-
hanced if read clearly, intelligently, and well!
No one can read well who does not read
understandingly. The passage to be read
at church ought to be first studied, and its
meaning and spirit clearly possessed. It
would not then be an unmeaning service, as
it now too often is.

The Dead Tree.

A few years ago, during a revival of reli-
gion in one of the country towns of New
England, the wife of an infidel farmer be-
came deeply interested in her spiritual wel-
fare. He opposed and reviled her. On a
Sabbath morning she urged him to accom-
pany her to church. "No," he replied, in

a spirit of defiance; "I am going to the
wood-lot, to cut wood." The wife, with a
saddened heart, went alone to church. The
husband, with an angry spirit, yoked his ox-
en, took his axe, and went to the woods.
Wishing to leave the young and thrifty trees
to grow and increase, he looked about to find
some dead tree to cut down. He soon found
one, and placing his axe at its roots, he said,
"This is dead and fit for nothing but to be
burned." Instantly an unseen monitor whis-
pered in his ear, "And what are you but a
dead tree, fit for nothing but to be burned?"
It was a barbed arrow which pierced his
heart. He could not extract it. He struck
a few blows upon the tree, and then in re-
morse and anguish hastened home. His wife
returned from church to find him in their
chamber upon his knees, with his Bible be-
fore him, praying, O Lord, "be merciful to
me a sinner."

The Power of Divine Truth.

At a meeting of the London Religious
Tract Society, the Rev. James Hill, former-
ly of Calcutta, related the following fact re-
specting Captain Connolly, whose overland
tour to India had lately been published.

The Captain went out, a stranger to God
and to true religion; but his sisters were
pious ladies, and one of them happened be-
fore he went, to put into his baggage a Bi-
ble. I think he had never read, never look-
ed into it. It so happened that on his jour-
ney to India, he was taken captive by a
tribe of Turcomans, through the treachery
of his guide. He was made prisoner for a
short time. On one occasion he was loading
a camel with his own baggage, which had
been taken from him, and out dropped the
Bible which his sister had given him. He
took it up; he had never read it before, and
he sat down on his own baggage, that he
was employed in loading upon the camel,
and he read of the "unspeakable riches of
Christ." His mind was in a state to receive
the truth; and he told me in Calcutta, that
the religious impression made on his heart
was made on that occasion, as he sat amidst
the wilds of the Turcoman country.

Falling Flat on the Promises.

A negro in Virginia, who was remarkable
for his good sense, and his knowledge of the
essential truths of Christianity, and especi-
ally for his freedom from all gloomy fears in
regard to his eternal state, was once address-
ed on this wise: "You seem to be always
comfortable in the hope of the Gospel. I
wish you would tell me how you manage
it, to keep so steadily in this blessed frame
of mind." "Why Massa," he replied, "I
just fall flat on the promises, and I pray right
up;" an answer that would do honour to the
head and heart of a philosopher, and that
contains in it the true secret of earthly hap-
piness.

Choice Sayings.

When the multitude applaud you, serious-
ly ask what evil you have done; when they
censure you, what good.

It is better to go with the few to heaven,
than with the multitude to hell, and so be
lost for the sake of company.

Satan's fiercest temptations are usually di-
rected against the most gracious heart: he
is too crafty a pirate to attack an empty ves-
sel.

The Antinomians erroneously hold, that
we are justified from eternity; this doctrine
is a key which opens the door to all licenti-
ousness.—*Thomas Watson.*

Our hearts by nature are like the load-
stone, which refuseth gold and pearls, and
only attracts rust and iron. Unregenerate
people fly from God as if they were afraid
of salvation.—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

The root of a tree lies out of sight; so the
affections. When they are set upon the
world, what they do they do slyly. The soul
is lost without noise.

I am too much a catholic to be a Roman
Catholic.