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## Poetry.

### HYMN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Glad on the mountains,  
Bright o'er vales and fountains,  
Dawns the fair day of peace and love;  
Nations are waking,  
Where the day breaking,  
Chases the clouds that brood above.

Welcome, bright morning,  
All the earth adorning!  
Gentiles and Jews shall own thy sway.  
Kings have confessed thee,  
Prophets have blessed thee,  
But never lived to see the day.

To us is given,  
Like a glimpse of heaven,  
Light of that glory promised long.  
Oh, may it brighten,  
Till it shall lighten  
All earth with radiance full and strong!

O God, most holy,  
Fain would we, though lowly,  
Send up our mingled praise to Thee;  
Thine is the giving,  
Ours the receiving—  
Thine shall the endless glory be!

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### A Small Disciple.

There are such. We have seen them. If our readers never saw one, we are glad. We will give a brief description of one, hoping they may be profited by the picture.

1. He has small acquaintance with the Bible. If the actual worth of that book could have been an incitement to a large acquaintance with it, or the earnest injunction of its Author to study it had prevailed, there would have been knowledge of it. But they have both failed. The Scriptures are a territory into which he has taken only now and then a hasty ramble. Long and diligent journeying there, to know what might be known, has never been practised. Hence a very small circle of ideas would embrace all his knowledge of the lively oracles.

2. He is very sparing in his attendance upon Christian privileges. Custom, and perhaps other motives, make him acquainted with the sanctuary on the Sabbath, but he is seldom discernible on other occasions. This neglect helps to keep him small. If he only had the heart to turn into all the fat pastures that are open to him, he might find ample food, and increase in spiritual stature.

3. His prayers are small. The whole soul is not in them, only a part of it. And when but a small part of the soul is engaged, the prayers themselves cannot be otherwise than small. They do not go largely forth, expanding and increasing as they must from a heart all on fire with love and zeal. They are fettered and cramped, and are dwarfish. There is nothing of the giant about them.

4. His faith is small. A grain of mustard seed is to large an object for the comparison. If his faith filled but that small measure, Zion would not be long in learning that man's spiritual strength. But he has only dim visions of eternal things. Instead of soaring upward as on eagle's wings, he grovels and creeps. If you were to place him beside some of the men of strong faith that may be found in Zion, you would be surprised at the contrast.

5. He is very small also in his charities. They are drops, small drops, and not very near together either. We have heard one commended, who gave all that she had, which is a large donation; and of others who have given themselves—and of others who have done what they could. All this is large and noble. But this disciple was never found in such company. It is pitiful to see one who is so largely indebted to God's beneficence, as a disciple, and one whose profession im-

plies so much, and one whose hopes embrace so large and glorious an inheritance hereafter; it is pitiful to find charity with him a small affair. It ought to be one of the largest of his Christian graces. Indeed Paul would have disciples abound in it so much, that it should be like a mantle, covering and binding together all the other Christian graces—the very "bond of perfectness." We wish this disciple had hearkened to Paul. What a noble position he might have held, compared with the sorry spectacle he now presents.

Now, because all these things are true, we do not see how we can call the person any thing else than a small disciple. We looked about for a better name, but could not find one. The Scriptures speak of growing in grace, and of rising "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." But it has not been so in this case. We have to tax charity heavily to hope he ever began to grow at all. We trust there is some life in what so nearly resembles a dead body. But all the indications are so small, that we cannot but have anxiety.

We should like to make a personal address to all the small disciples who read this article. But we have misgivings about its being of any use, because the really small disciple is the last person to suspect his own dimness. He would not dream this article had any relation to him. Hence the shot would fly harmless over his head. We will leave him, therefore, hoping that to some of our readers, this account of the small disciple shall be at least of some advantage.—*Boston Recorder.*

### "Take Heed how Ye Hear."

"What do you think of the sermons yesterday?" said Catherine to her cousin, as they sat at the little work-table, beside a cheerful winter fire.

"The subjects were good," returned Maria with the air of a critic, "particularly that of the morning sermon; but for the rest, you know that Mr. Somers is not a favourite of mine."

"Nor of mine, I am sure," said Catherine. His manner is not pleasing; and I think his illustrations are often in bad taste."

"They are always very commonplace," said Maria. "Mr. Somers has nothing original nor striking in his ideas. Then his endless quotations from Scripture! I sometimes think he might as well give us a few chapters from the Bible, and omit his own comments altogether."

"I was so very sorry that we had no better treat for dear grandfather, yesterday," continued Catherine, looking towards the venerable occupant of an easy chair on the other side of the fire. "He has such opportunities, you know, in town of hearing men of first-rate talent."

"Your concern on my account was needless, Kate," said the old gentleman, who had hitherto appeared inattentive to their conversation. "I am not accustomed to the preaching of 'men of first-rate talent'; for I believe it my duty to attend regularly on the ministry of my own pastor, who is a good man, of only moderate attainments, though truly and experimentally acquainted with spiritual things. I look for a blessing to my soul, not for mere intellectual gratification from a sermon; and I trust I may say that, notwithstanding your apprehension, I was not entirely disappointed yesterday."

"But still," interrupted Maria, "you must think it a subject of regret that, with a congregation such as ours, we have not in the pulpit a man of ability to command the attention of his hearers; to arrest, as it were, their wandering thoughts; to compel them to give heed to the important truths which he would enforce. What delightful results we might hope for, if, instead of Mr. Somers we had some energetic preacher, whose words should come home to every heart, and awaken every careless and slumbering conscience!"

"My dear Maria," said the old gentleman, "I read in my Bible, that though Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, it is God alone who gives the increase. With out his blessing there would not be such results as you speak of; with it, the sermons of Mr. Somers will not be heard in vain. I acknowledge that I have listened to men of more brilliant talent and powerful oratory; but I must add, that I have never heard the doctrines of the gospel more faithfully declared, nor its obligations enforced by more Scriptural argument, than in the sermons upon which you commented so freely."

"We will admit that Mr. Somers is a sound, evangelical preacher," said Catherine; "but then, dear grandfather, his unattractive style—his monotonous tone."

Her grandfather did not appear to notice this remark. "If Maria," said he, "can forgive another quotation from the book, which was given for our instruction in righteousness, I would suggest a question as to the propriety of your thus permitting yourselves habitually to speak with levity of the minister who labours among you, whose prayers are doubtless frequently offered on your behalf, and whom you should esteem 'very highly in love for his work's sake.' Can you hope that the Holy Spirit will bless the word preached to the saving or instruction of your souls, when you regard the minister of Christ with so little reverence, and find in the message which he, with a solemn sense of his responsibility, delivers to you, only occasion for criticism and idle discussion? Is it thus that you should receive the ministry of reconciliation? Is it in this spirit, analyzing the construction of a sentence, censuring the defects of emphasis and tone, is it in this spirit that guilty and perishing sinners should hear the tidings of mercy through a Saviour's blood, and learn the awful doom of those who 'neglect so great salvation?'"

"Do not think me needlessly severe," continued the venerable adviser. "I have myself, during my younger days, suffered in my own soul from this evil habit of looking out for error and deficiencies, when I ought to have listened with humility and prayerful attention; and conscience will not suffer me to remain silent while I see those whom I love falling into the same snare. 'Take heed how ye hear;' and when the gospel is preached to you, diligently examine your hearts and lives by the standard of faith and holiness set before you from the Scriptures, reserving your criticism of the preacher until you have made such progress in spiritual attainments that there shall be no more left for him to teach, nor for you to learn. Could such a time by possibility arrive, the desire to censure would then have passed away, with every other sinful propensity of our nature; and although this cannot be in our present state of existence, yet even here you will be enabled to attain to somewhat of that better state of mind, if you pray earnestly for grace to receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

### Human Harps.

"Strange, that a harp of thousand strings,  
Should keep in tune so long."

So saith Watts, speaking of the human frame. The words have been ringing in my ears all day long, and have given rise to the following reflection, derived, it is true, rather more from the sound than from the sense of the poet's lines.

*How differently different people are tuned.*  
There are human harps, the strings of which seem to be stretched all awry, and will give forth no harmony, strike them as you may. In truth, they were never in tune. Some jar they must have received at a very early period of their existence, which no subsequent care or skill could remedy.— Beware of these. Touch them as seldom as possible. Leave them for a higher and better state, in which the parts may be all newly adjusted by the Great Maker.

Some have harmony enough in them if you do but know how to get it out. They will "discourse excellent music," in the hands of skilful performers. Many a sweet-toned and well-tuned instrument has, in bad hands, received much of that blame which ought to have been laid upon the player.— Look well to your playing. Study the nature and touch of your instrument before you go on. "Use all gently." Do you think a rough hand, rudely swept over the strings of the human heart, will be likely to bring much music out of it? It will bear no such performances.

You are a player, my dear friend. You strike some living harp every day. Are your touches such as to bring out its harmony, or such as to jar, or perhaps break its strings? Nay more, you are a harp yourself, played on daily. Are you in tune? Do you give out sweet sounds, or discordant notes? Some are as fitful as the Aeolian lyre; now soft, and rich, and pleasing, and now wild and startling, you know not what chord will come out next: May the Great Maker adjust our harp strings, and keep us in tune from day to day, that we may well sustain our parts in the great orchestra of life, and be fitted to aid in the harmonies of heaven!

### "Not up to the Times."

This is a phrase in frequent use. One says that his minister is not up to the times, and another that this or that religious paper is not up to the times. But what does this mean? The meaning must be got only by asking, who says it?—and from the subject to which it is applied. The opponent of capital punishment applies it to those who carry into execution God's commandment, and the laws of the land based upon it.— The come-outer applies it to all those who do not enter into his scheme of abolishing church and state, and introducing universal anarchy.— "Not up to the times," is always a popular cry for those who wish to push the times against the law and truth of God. This cry is always to be suspected. It goes upon the presumption that God's truth can be accommodated to the wishes of man, however various or opposite—an assumption utterly at variance with truth. The doctrines of the Bible and the duties arising from them are as immutable as God himself. They are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. They can never be accommodated to the times, but the times must conform to them. Principles adopted at the demand of the times will have need to be given up at other times. All the fancied improvements of errorists are so many refuges of lies which will be swept away. This demand holds us to a fluctuating standard—to a weather-cock which changes its position with the varying wind. It is one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. "Away with him, away with him, crucify him." It is ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth.—*Pur. Rec.*

### A Choice Thought.

I saw a graceful rose bush. The humming bird made low music amid its bloom, and the gay butterfly flitted around its loveliness, but I observed that the bee only extracted honey from it. All men enjoy the Divine mercy, but the Christian only derives blessedness therefrom.

### The Bible Dangerous.

Yes, the Bible is, indeed a dangerous book, but for whom? It is dangerous for infidelity, which it confounds; dangerous for sin, which it curses; dangerous for the world, which it condemns; dangerous for Satan, whom it dethrones; dangerous to false religions, which it unmasks; dangerous to every church that dares withhold it from the people, and whose criminal impetuosity and fatal illusions it brings to light.—*Adolphe Monod.*