

FLY!—FLY!—FLY!!!
Fly from self, and fly from sin,
Fly the world's tumultuous din,
Fly its pleasures, fly its cares,
Fly its friendship, fly its snares,
Fly the sinner's hastening doom,
Fly and escape the wrath to come,
Fly to Jesus, he's the road,
Through which alone we fly to God.
Fly to mercy's gracious seat,
Fly, 'tis sorrow's last retreat;
Fly and bear your sin and grief,
Fly and you shall find relief,
Fly and let your wings be loosed,
Fly and stretch your flight above;
Or, fly, by dread of vengeance driven,
Fly from hell and fly to heaven.

Rapidity of Time.—Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we were actors, they appear before the mind like the scenes of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul, the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smiles of expectation play upon his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shouts of applause.

Look at him again—he is no in the midspan of life—care has stamped its wrinkle on his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their fatality—each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high is the only season of enjoyment.

Who is he of the aged locks, his form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly toward the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were evil—the hilarity of the youth, folly—he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other—the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him—still, he would lengthen out his days—though of "beauty's blossom," of "fancy's flash," of "music's breath," he is loath to exclaim "I have no pleasure in them." A few years of infirmity, insanity and pain, must consign him to idleness or the grave—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life—but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

From the Christianian Journal.
A good man is accustomed to rest in the idea of his duties as an ultimate object, without inquiring at every step why he should perform them, or amusing himself with imagining cases and situations in which they would be liable to limitations and exceptions. Duty belongs to us, the reason why we should obey, to the universal Lawgiver. While obeying his authority we can never err, because we are obeying the dictates of infallible wisdom. In attempting to fathom the reasons of many of the commands of God, we find ourselves liable to deception, for who hath known the mind of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? In obedience also we always secure, with infallible certainty, our own best interest, although we may not at all times be able to see why. Because we are following the counsels of one who knows perfectly all our necessities, and is ever consulting our good. Implicit obedience then to the counsels of heaven, whatever appearances there may be to the contrary, is the path of wisdom as well as of safety. He is twice a fool that disobeys the least of all the commands of God, for any seeming advantages, however great they may be. As it is impossible to err in practice while our conduct is regulated by the commands of God, so error in doctrine is equally impossible while our belief corresponds with the teachings of inspiration. One of the most delightful features of the sacred volume is, that it contains nothing but truth, and such truths only, the belief and love of which will make us wise unto salvation. The sincere Christian in adopting the divine oracles as the unerring rule of faith as well as of practice, often meets with truths such as the philosopher does among the phenomena of nature which are connected with mysteries which he cannot fathom. The object however is not to fathom mysteries which are not revealed, but to know the truths which are revealed and which belong to him and to his children. However dark and mysterious and unworthy of belief any clearly revealed doctrine of inspiration may appear to others, this simple consideration forever satisfies him; God has revealed it. Therefore it must be true. God has revealed it, and therefore it must conduce to the good of all who cordially receive it. He has another test, equally infallible, of every truth of God. By doing the divine will, he knows of the doctrine that it is of God. Except ye be converted, and become as little children ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

In thy choice of a Wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

Nature and Revelation.—It is an established law in nature and revelation that "a stream cannot send forth two waters, bitter and sweet," unless something interpose aside from its own nature, and this law or principle can never change. A stream which does not now change the thorn & thistle which grows by its side, into myrtle or wheat can from its nature never do it. If the thistle now grows, however fertilizing the stream can never change, the thistle may always grow. So with regard to the deity. It notwithstanding the goodness and mercy of God, misery exists,—if notwithstanding this, the thorn of misery is seen on every side, and it the nature of the Deity can never change. No argument brought from his own nature or goodness can possibly prove that misery will ever cease. Other sources of argument must be looked to, or the man who builds his foundation here will fare as does the midnight traveller, who, trusting to a false guide pitches irrecoverably from a precipice to the gulf below. Let the reader take warning.—*Maine Wesleyan Journal.*

Another Specimen of Welsh Preaching.—Delivered in the English Language.
At a protracted meeting, held some time ago, in the village of N—, I had the pleasure to hear the Rev. Mr. —, a Welchman, preach in the English language. It reminded me at once of the specimen of Welsh preaching that was noticed some years ago, at Bristol, England. I never saw a congregation so solemn as the one at this time in N.; for nearly the whole audience were actually lifted up from their seats. His text was in Matthew v, 29—"And not that the whole body should be cast in to hell." His subject was the punishment of the body in hell. I can distinctly recall but some brief passages of the sermon.—When describing the punishment of the members of the body of the ungodly in hell he spoke as follows:—

"Those eyes, which now look upon vanity, will then eternally look upon divine justice, administered to the miserable soul and body confined in eternal chains. Those ears, which now delight to listen to the voice of flattery, will eternally hear the noise of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. That tongue, which now blasphemes God, will cry for a drop of water in hopeless despair.—Yea, those fingers, which are now delicate and adorned with rings, will for ever burn like candles in the lake of fire."

He described the scenes of the resurrection day nearly as follows:—
Then every one shall have his own body. Though one limb was lost in Asia, another in Africa, and another in Europe, and the body finally buried in America, at the sound of the trumpet of God, those limbs, which have been consumed by fishes, wild animals, or birds of prey, will fly through ethereal space, to meet their kindred body: and oh, with what dread the guilty soul will meet the body at that great day! It will but increase her torments. To be reunited, will but complete their eternal misery!

"But let us change the scene. Not so with the pious. He will bless the day when soul and body are reunited; for then all the members of the body will be eternally honoured by Jehovah. His eyes will be for ever fixed on God and the Lamb. His ears will for ever listen to the song of angels and saints. His feet will walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. His fingers will play on the golden harp of Paradise. Yea, every member of the body, as well as every faculty of the soul, will be for ever happy in the enjoyment of God and the Lamb.—Thus every member of the new raised body of the Christian will be honoured in heaven, and every member of the body of the ungodly be for ever tormented in hell!"

Such was the tenor of a sermon which produced so wonderful an effect upon the audience; when every infidel was struck with terror and conviction. But I lament that I cannot do it better justice. There was a living power, a circumstantial detail, a graphic truth in description, which can scarcely be represented upon paper.—*Western Recorder.*

Revelations of a horse.—A somewhat laughable accident occurred at the stable of Nettleton's Hotel, in this village, on Friday last. The stable is so constructed that on the back side the chamber can be entered from the yard. A horse having probably in his head an idea that if he could get at the place where all the hay came from he should have a glorious picking, wended his "winding way" into the said stable chamber, and there, fancying that a roll on the hay would be a capital fun, he proceeded to indulge himself with one; but unfortunately he chose a spot so near the "foddering place," that upon the first effort he succeeded in placing himself, topsy turvy, in the hay rack, where he lay, flat on his back, until the front of the crib was taken away, when he succeeded in performing a further revolution on to the lower floor of the stable, where he came safe and sound on his feet.

The likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or keep one so, is to be good yourself.

An Anecdote of Richard Baxter.—During Mr. Baxter's residence in Coventry, he, in company with several of ejected ministers who resided there, commenced preaching in a house by the side of a common, not many miles from the city. The time of service being rather early in the morning, Mr. Baxter set out for the place the preceding evening. The night being dark, he raised his way, and after wandering about for a considerable time, he espied a light on a rising ground at some distance, to which he immediately bent his steps. On his arrival, he found that it emanated from the window of a gentleman's house. He called, and begged to be allowed to remain until the morning, at the same time stating that he had lost his way. The servant informed his master, that a person of very respectable appearance was at the door, and wished to be accommodated for the night. The gentleman ordered the servant to invite him in. The invitation was cordially accepted, and Mr. Baxter met with the greatest hospitality. At supper, the gentleman inquired what was the profession or employment of his guest. Mr. B. from several things spoken by his host, saw it necessary to be upon his guard, and replied: "I am a man-catcher, sir." "A man-catcher (said the gentleman,) are you? You are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am determined to seize one Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a neighboring cottage to-morrow morning, and you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter no longer remained ignorant of the quality of his host, and consented to accompany him.—After breakfast next morning, they accordingly set out in the magistrate's carriage for the place. When they arrived, the people were a beginning to assemble outside of the house; but no Dick Baxter made his appearance to preach. The justice seemed to be considerably disappointed; and said to his companion, he supposed that Baxter had been apprized of his design, and would not fulfil his engagement. After waiting for some time in ardent expectations for the approach of the Non-conformist, but without effect, Mr. E. told the magistrate that it was a pity for so many people to be collected together, and on the Sabbath morning too, without something being said to them respecting religion, and hoped he would deliver a short address to them on that subject. He replied that as all religious services should begin with prayer, he could not perform that part of the duty, not having his prayer-book in his pocket. "However," said the gentleman, "I am persuaded that a person of your appearance and respectability, would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to begin with prayer." After a few modest refusals, Mr. Baxter commenced the service with a prayer at once solemn and fervid for which he was so remarkable. The magistrate was soon melted into tears. The man of God then delivered a most impressive sermon; after which, the magistrate stepped up to him and said, he felt truly thankful that Baxter had not come for he had never heard any thing which so much affected him in the whole course of his life. Baxter turning round to him, with a pathos not to be imitated, said; "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit. I am entirely at your disposal." But the justice having felt so much, during the service, he entirely laid aside all his enmity, and ever afterwards became one of the most decided friends of Nonconformity, and died, it is believed, a decided Christian.

Boundlessness of the Creation.—About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon, the other redeems it from all insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and all and

animals them all with the evidence of his glory.

GAMBLING IN STEAMBOATS.
Why is it that the editors of religious papers are so silent on the subject named at the head of this paper? It is because they are not aware of the extent of the practice of gambling on steamboats, or because the evil is not appreciated? That the time has come when an attempt ought to be made to check this evil, increasing through the neglect of those who ought to lift up their voices and their hands against it, there can be no doubt but nothing is said or done to effect a reformation. It is not an uncommon thing that the majority of the passengers on the boats of the Ohio river, are those to whom the practice of gambling is a great amuse-ment.—Now this, and it is a fact, show that it is time for the public to lift up its voice against this detestable, abominable vice,—this "gate-way to hell."
What is the most judicious course to be taken in order to check and root out this evil, it is not the province of the writer to decide. It is pretty certain, however, that those who have pecuniary interest in steamboats will adopt no measures to check this practice, until it is for their interests to do so.—As soon as it shall be for the interests of steamboat companies to forbid the practice of gambling on board their boats, we will soon find that a card-table will be wanting in the turniture of a steamboat. And will this not be the case, if the religious and moral portion of the community would give their patronage to boats in which gambling is not practiced? or, if such cannot be found, to start a boat or line boats of such a character. We believe there is moral soundness enough in the western country to sustain such a measure; for it is not only the religious part of the community that view this practice as a very hot bed of vice, but, may I not say a majority of those who make no pretensions to religion view it in the same light. Yet the evil is rather increasing—is becoming more fashionable, and all that is done is occasionally the utterance of a regret. Captains, or, at least, a captain, can be found who would gladly throw cards, card-table, and, I had almost said, gamblers, into the river, could they be sustained even by the religious community. But no; professors of religion will not wait an hour for the sake of patronizing a captain who reprobates the practice. Is this slander? The truth supports it. "Tell it not in Gath."—*Standard.*

The last days of Whitfield.—While resident in the United States of America, it was a subject of no ordinary pleasure to give ear to anecdotes relative to the good man who first planted the tree of Christianity in that land. The most effective missionary of modern times was George Whitfield, whose memory is still fresh in the remembrance of living persons, who in their youth listened in astonishment to the powerful utterances of truth delivered by him. I shall never forget the description given to me by one now perhaps in another world, of the last sermon Mr. Whitfield ever preached, the individual to whom I refer was then in his 86th year but he retained a strong remembrance of the most trivial circumstances connected with that great man. "It was usual, he told me, for Mr. Whitfield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when Mr. Whitfield was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma. At the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitfield seemed desirous of speaking; but from the weak state in which he then was it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit, and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes unable to speak, he then said, "I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name." He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future, a part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman, in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following—"I go, I go, to rest prepared, my sun has arisen, and by aid from heaven, giving light to many. 'tis now about to set forever—No, it cannot be! 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory; I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven: many shall live when this body is no more, but then—Oh, thought divine! I shall be in a world, where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands; how willingly would I live forever to preach Christ, but I die to be with Him, how brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labors which I see before me yet to be accomplished; but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of Peace will surely visit you." These and many other things he said, which though simple, were rendered important,

by circumstances; for death had let fly his arrow, and the shaft was deep lodged when utterance was given to them; his countenance, his tremulous voice, his debilitated frame, all gave convincing evidence that the eye that saw him should shortly see him no more forever. One day and a half after this, he was numbered amongst the dead. When I visited the place where he is entombed, Newburyport, I could not help saying, the memory of the just is blessed; few are there like George Whitfield, however zealous; they do not possess the masterly power, and those who do, too often turn it to a purpose that does not glorify God.

It is not generally known in this country, that there are five chapels in many parts of the United States that were purchased by Mr. Whitfield, and left for any one to preach in who possessed suitable credentials. I believe this originated from an unpleasant feeling evinced by some of the established church there, when under the British crown, by whom he was considered an irregular churchman. In one of these chapels I have myself preached; it is in Four streets, Philadelphia, and will hold from five to seven hundred persons, this was one of the most gratifying circumstances of my life.—*London Christian Advocate.*

"Ask for the old paths."—It does seem to us that there is peculiar need for thinking of this injunction at the present day. The doctrines which our forefathers regarded as of so much importance to the success of religion, and to the preservation of truth, have been to some extent neglected in the preaching of later times. Various causes have contributed to this.—A desire not to excite controversy among the denominations springing up in the midst of our congregations, has doubtless been one cause. Another has been a desire to unite different parts of the Church of Christ in the same benevolent enterprises. To promote this, the peculiarities of doctrine which distinguished them have been, to a considerable extent, waived. And we doubt whether something of this effect is not to be ascribed to placing activity so far above truth that the latter has been undervalued. If men would only act, would only urge on benevolent plans, some have seemed to think this is about enough—that regard or abstract doctrine might have done very well for our fathers, who left their native land rather than yield up a particle of their doctrinal belief, but it is too old fashioned for the present age of activity. From these causes or from others, it has come to pass that the old paths, are trodden by many of the rising generation almost unwittingly—and it is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that one in whom they place confidence might lead them, without their perceiving the difference, in a direction far aside from the old paths. Error has almost always come into the Church of Christ in consequence of a previous keeping back of truth, from whatever cause. The effect of this is to make men uneasy when it is taught, and to disqualify them for detecting error when that is taught. We do not wish to see the day when abstract discussion shall take entire possession of the pulpit, and banish the life and ardor which it now exhibits. And we should forbode evil were we ever to see the day when doctrinal truth is frowned into forgetfulness. In fact the pulpit will send forth doctrine of some kind. There may be a short season of transition when sound doctrine is not taught but it will ere long be followed by the teaching of error. If for years in succession the preacher does not state them distinctly—if he does not support them by strong and cogent reasoning, he may rest assured that in the natural course of things, doctrines—but of a different stamp—will be zealously taught from the very desk whence he now excludes the doctrines of grace.

Life is precious, freedom is precious, health is precious, peace is precious, food and raiment are precious, gold and silver are precious, parts and gifts are precious, jewels and pearls are precious, kingdoms and crowns are precious; but however precious all these things may be in their places, they are nothing in comparison to Jesus Christ.

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