

# THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 48.] A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 162

Ten Shillings per Annum }  
Half-Yearly in Advance. }

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1852.

{ Single Copies  
{ Three Pence

## Poetry.

### A MOTHER'S LESSON AT EVENTIDE.

BY MONTAGUE STANLEY, A.R.S.A.

It was the soft and tender hour of eve,  
When twilight veils the things of earth;  
When, bathed in dew, the flow'rets sweeter breathe,  
And calm and holy thoughts glide into birth;  
When with their sight the links depart  
That bind the world upon our heart.

From forth an oval, rich with sculpture raised,  
And twined with many a flower,  
A mother and her child in silence gazed  
On the deep, gathering shadows of that hour.  
At length the boy, with silvery tone,  
Broke on the stillness of that chamber lone.

"Mother, the sun is down, the crimson ray  
Gleams o'er the distant sea no more;  
Nor on the summit of the steeple grey,  
With ivy cover'd o'er:  
O! mother, did you say to me,  
It tells us of eternity?"

"Look, mother, what is yonder light,  
Above the mountain high?  
How fine, how soft, how clear and bright,  
It shines in yonder sky!  
O! mother, did you say to me  
Again, 'twas like eternity?"

"Mother, once more look out, and view  
How quickly has the darkness come;  
I can no longer see the yew  
That by the church-porch wave; alone  
Mother, you sigh, and say to me,  
It whispers,—Time! Eternity!"

"I did, my child: the shades of night  
Tell us how quickly death may come,  
Snatch from a light of sense and sight.  
And shroud us in the cold, dark tomb.  
Canst thou a Sun to light it see?  
"Yes, mother, Jesus died for me."

"Yes, like you sun, now hid from thee,  
He o'er death's waters, rolling dark,  
A crimson path hath left, to be  
The guide of thy frail earthly bark:  
My child, thy Saviour's blood must be  
Thy pathway to eternity."

## Christian Miscellany.

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

### Sanctification of the Sabbath.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six  
days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the  
seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it  
thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy son,  
nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-ser-  
vant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy  
gates."

I shall tell you what happened in the Em-  
menthal, (a fertile valley of the Canton of  
Berne,) in Switzerland, to a farmer, who  
cared for neither God nor man, and who  
wished in everything to have his own way.  
It was on a Sabbath afternoon. He had a  
large quantity of cut grain in his field, and  
observing the clouds gathering round the top  
of the mountains, and the spring becoming  
full of water, he called his domestics, saying,  
"Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for  
towards evening we shall have a storm. If  
you house a thousand sheaves before it rains,  
you shall be well rewarded."

He was overheard by his grandmother, a  
good old lady, of eighty years of age, who  
walked supported by two crutches. She  
approached with difficulty her grandson—  
"John, John," said she, "dost thou consider?  
As far as I can remember, in my whole life,  
I have never known a single ear of corn  
housed on the holy Sabbath day; and yet  
we have always been loaded with blessings;  
we have never wanted for anything. Grant-  
ing that it might be done if there were a  
famine, John, or appearances of a long con-  
tinuation of bad weather; but thus far, the  
year has been very dry, and if the grain get  
a little wet, there is nothing in that very  
alarming. Besides, God who gives the grain,  
gives the rain also, and we must take things  
as he sends them. John, do not violate the  
rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech  
thee."

At these words of the grandmother, all  
the domestics came around her; the eldest

understood the wisdom of her advice, but  
the young treated it with ridicule, and said  
one to another, "Old customs are out of date  
in our day; prejudices are abolished; the  
world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, "every-  
thing must have a beginning; there is no  
evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our  
God whether we spend the day in labour or  
in sleep, and he will be altogether as much  
pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to  
see it exposed to the rain; that which we  
get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody  
can tell what sort of weather it will be to-  
morrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of  
doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal,  
and thou knowest not what may happen this  
evening; but thou knowest that I am thy  
grandmother; I entreat thee, for the love of  
God, not to work to-day; I would much  
rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one  
time, is not a habit; besides, it is not a wick-  
edness to try to preserve one's harvest, and  
to better one's circumstances."

"But, John," replied the good old lady,  
"God's commandments are always the same,  
and what will it profit thee to have the  
grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?"

"Ah! don't be uneasy about that," ex-  
claimed John—"and now, boys, let us go to  
work! time and weather wait for no man."  
"John, John," for the last time cried the  
good old lady; but, alas! it was in vain;  
and while she was weeping and praying,  
John was housing his sheaves; it might be  
said that all flew, both men and beasts, so  
great was the despatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when  
the first drops of rain fell. John entered  
his house, followed by his people, and ex-  
claimed with an air of triumph, "Now,  
grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest  
rear, let the elements rage, it little concerns  
me; my harvest is under my roof." "Yes,  
John," said the grandmother, solemnly, "but  
above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the room  
was suddenly illuminated, and fear was  
painted in every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the  
house tremble to its foundations. "Lord!"  
exclaimed the first who could speak, "the  
lightning has struck the house!" All hur-  
ried out of doors. The dwelling was in  
flames, and they saw, through the roof, the  
sheaves burning which had been scarcely  
well housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among  
all these men, who but a moment before  
were so well pleased. Every one was de-  
jected and incapable of acting. The aged  
grandmother alone preserved all her pre-  
sence of mind; she prayed and incessantly  
repeated, "What shall it profit a man if he  
shall gain the whole world and lose his own  
soul? O heavenly Father! let thy will, and  
not ours be done!"

The house was entirely consumed; no-  
thing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put my  
harvest under my roof." "But above thy  
roof is the Lord's roof," had said his grand-  
mother.

This teaches us the lesson, that all is in  
the hands of God, whether in the fields or  
in the barn; and what we endeavour to pre-  
serve from the rain, can be reached in any  
place by Him who commands both the rain  
and the thunder.—Translated from the Ger-  
man for the Presbyterian.

### Primitive Itinerants.

They entered a town or village, "sounded  
the alarm," held up the cross, and were gone.  
They were wise in this course—that which  
was most needed was said, though many  
things were left unsaid. They were driving,  
in all haste, the plowshare through the fallow  
ground, and scattering broadcast the good  
seed; the time for minuter work in the  
field, for dressing and training the crop,  
would come they knew, and God would.

meanwhile, they believed, raise up appro-  
priate labourers for that necessity. They  
were the *Legio Fulminea*—the "Thundering  
Legion"—whose duty it was to break and  
scatter the ranks of the enemy, and to pursue  
and shout onward in the rout, scaling ram-  
parts, penetrating fastnesses, but leaving the  
spoils of the conquered field to the "reserve,"  
which were yet in the distance. The latter  
have come up; they have gathered the tro-  
phies; and now devolves upon us the task  
of defining the conquered territory, of fortify-  
ing it against future losses, of dividing,  
subdividing, and rightly governing its pro-  
vinces.

There is not mere rhetoric, but historic  
truthfulness in this view of the heroic mission  
of our primitive ministry. At the risk of a  
slight but not irrelevant digression, let us  
glance here a little further at its character;  
for its character is no insignificant illustration  
of its preaching. In all sober-mindedness,  
we do not believe its chivalry, and even  
romance, are rivaled in modern history, at  
least since the days of the Crusades. These  
stalwart evangelists were abroad, thundering  
through the land, when the storms of the  
Revolution were coming on, and while they  
were bursting over the country.

Those who know intimately the early  
Methodist history will doubt whether Wash-  
ington and the *sans culottes* army of Valley  
Forge endured more hardships, or exhibited  
more heroic characteristics than Asbury and  
his invincible itinerant cohorts. Asbury  
himself exceeded Wesley in his annual  
travels. His tour almost yearly was from  
Maine to Georgia, by way of the west, when  
a few log-cabins only dotted Ohio, Kentucky,  
and Tennessee; when not one Methodist  
chapel—was to be seen beyond the Allegha-  
nies; and when he had to be escorted from  
one settlement or fortified post to another by  
armed men. He averaged six thousand miles  
a year, mostly on horseback, on recent roads  
or through forests. During forty-five years  
of ministerial labour in this country, his  
travels were equal to the circumference of  
the globe every four years! And yet this  
glorious old bishop, who ordained more men  
to the ministry than any prelatical bench of  
the nation,\* and who, in his personal traits  
and achievements, as well as the later results  
of his labours, is, unquestionably, the first  
ecclesiastical personage in the American  
annals, has never yet been named in any of  
our national histories, and, probably, has not  
been known to our Ramsays, Bancrofts, Hil-  
dretths, or Goodriches.

And he was but a representative of the  
itinerant ministry of that day. Those great  
times produced such great men as Lee, who  
journeyed with two horses, one for a relay  
when the other should be fatigued; Pickering,  
with a district that swept from the ex-  
tremity of Cape Cod, around to the center  
of Vermont; Hedding, traveling through the  
storms of winter, from Long Island Sound  
to the Canada line; Soule, braving the  
borean terrors of the Maine forests; Bangs,  
Coate, Worster, Sawyer, Dunham, Coleman,  
traversing the wildernesses of Canada;  
M'Combs, Merwin, Roszel, Sharp, Bochum,  
Wells, Cooper, Garretson, Mills, Smith, and  
hundreds of others, who incessantly went to  
and fro, "crying aloud and sparing not,"  
through the middle states; Dupwody, Peirce,  
Dougherty, Kennedy, Capers, and many  
others, equally noble, the heroes of Southern  
Methodism. And then there were the stanch  
men of oak, the sons of thunder, in the west,  
M'Kendree, Roberts, Young, Blackman,  
Burke, Lakin, Quinn, Finley, Cartwright,  
Collins, etc., the leaders of the memorable  
old "Western conference," when it was the  
only one beyond the mountains—when it  
reached from Detroit to Natchez, and each  
of its districts comprised about two of the  
modern western conferences. Alas for the

\* He presided in 221 annual conferences, and conse-  
crated 4,000 ministers. He began his labours with  
600 members in the American Methodist Church, and  
left at last, at the head of 212,000, who have since multi-  
plied it to a million and a quarter.

man whose heart does not palpitate at the  
contemplation of such men, and such indo-  
mitable energy! Theirs was a hardihood,  
a heroism which old Sparta would have  
applauded with the clash of her shields as  
cymbals. The success of Methodism has  
often been referred to as a marvel—a know-  
ledge of the men who composed its first  
ministry explains the mystery.

Our history—not merely our Church history,  
but our national history—has an obli-  
gation yet to discharge toward these men.  
They laid the moral foundations of most of  
the American states. They marched in the  
van of emigration, bearing aloft the cross,  
and they were almost its only standard-  
bearers throughout the first and most trying  
period of our ultramontane history. When  
the tide of population began to sweep down  
the western declivities of the Alleghenies,  
and during the forming period of the states  
of the Mississippi Valley, they were in  
motion every-where, evangelizing the rude  
masses, and averting barbarism from the land.  
—From the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

### The Preacher and the Robbers.

A Methodist preacher many years ago  
was journeying to a village where he was to  
dispense the word of life, according to the  
usual routine of his duty, and was stopped  
on his way by three robbers. One of them  
seized his reins, another presented a pistol  
and demanded his money; the third was a  
mere looker-on.

The grave and devout man looked each  
and all of them in the face, and with great  
gravity and seriousness, said—"Friends, did  
you pray to God before you left home? did  
you ask God to bless you in your undertak-  
ings to-day?"

The question startled them for a moment.  
Recovering themselves, one said—"We have  
no time for answering such questions; we  
want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the gospel,"  
was the reply; but what little money I have  
shall be given to you."

A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then give it to us."

In taking the watch from his pocket, his  
saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you here?" was asked.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but  
religious books, because I have a pair of shoes  
and change of linen also."

"We must have them."

The preacher dismounted. The saddle-  
bags were taken possession of, and no fur-  
ther demand made. Instantly the preacher  
began to unbutton his great coat and to throw  
it off his shoulders at the same time asking  
—"Will you have my great coat?"

"No," was the reply, "You are a gener-  
ous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows:—"I  
have given you everything you asked for,  
and would have given you more than you  
asked for. I have one favour to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"That you kneel down and allow me to  
pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask  
him to turn your hearts, and put you in the  
right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with this man's  
things," said the ringleader of them.

"Nor I either," said another of them.  
"Here, take your watch, take your money,  
take your saddle-bags; if we have anything  
to do with you, the judgment of God will  
overtake us."

So each article was returned. That, how-  
ever, did not satisfy the sainted man. He  
urged prayer upon them. He knelt down;  
one of the robbers knelt with him; one  
prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin,  
said it was the first time in his life that he  
had done such a thing, and it should be the  
last. How far he kept his word is known  
only to Him to whom the darkness and light  
are equally alike.