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Poetry.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan,—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The following lines, though written some years ago, may be considered new, because comparatively unknown. They were suggested by the complaint of an ingenious and industrious mechanic;—that "a working man could expect no reward for his labours, however important or well-directed, beyond the price of his daily toil." If you regard them as deserving a place in your useful paper, their early insertion will oblige,—

Yours most respectfully,
NOMINUS UMBRA.

THE REWARDS OF INDUSTRY.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might."—Ecclesiastes.

The garish beams of day were fled,
And night her sombre wings had spread
Obscure o'er the wide domain,
Where she assumed a quiet reign.
No bellowing winds were heard to roar,
Nor waves expiring on the shore;
Nor sound disturbed the slumbering trees,
So softly walked the balmy breeze:
And earth and skies were all serene
Without a frowning cloud between,—
When silence, pleased the scene to view,
Asked me to tread the nightly dew.
Together hand in hand we strayed,
And charms terrestrial surveyed;
Till, softly whispering in my ears,
She bade me view the glowing spheres.
A while I gazed from East to West,
And thus the listening nymph addressed:—
How beauteous shine yon golden stars,
As forth they wheel their flaming cars.
Each seems desirous to outvie,
His fellow travellers of the sky;
Save yonder star whose fainting hue
No'er sparkles in the glistening dew.
How mean, said I,—but silence broke
My lingering sentence as she spoke:—
Think not vain man thy vision bright
Enough to scan the realms of night.
There is an Eye which can survey
The stars beyond the milky-way;
Which walks among the lofty spheres,
Marks out their paths and counts their years;
That sees yon little pinking star
Exceeds the Godlike Jupiter.
For though he rides along the sky
In all the pomp of majesty;
And seems to you the king of night;
He shines but with a borrowed light.
But yonder star of fainter hue,
Whose beams scarce pierce the azure blue,
Shines in its own celestial ray,
And lends to orbs like him their day.
But from the people of the sky,
Turn to the sons of earth thine eye:
And say—how strikingly appears
Their emblem in yon lofty spheres.—
Some shine in golden robes arrayed,
While others scarcely pierce the shade.
But, what are Demi-Gods of earth,
With all their boasted rank and birth?
'Tis true—they seem to eyes like thine,
In envied majesty to shine.
While fame and wealth supply their rays
In beams of golden light they blaze.
But let the thundering voice of fate,
With stern decree reverse their state:
Let Poverty but intervene,
Their glory is no longer seen;—
Eclipsed,—they tell to all below,
Their rays were but an outside show.
But yonder man obscurely seen—
Regarded as an object mean—
Emit, in his own sphere, a blaze
Of brighter and more lasting rays.
'Tis he who tills the fruitful field
And makes the earth her produce yield;
Which gives the great vain man his food,—
His best, though sublunary good.
He builds the stately barque which rides,
In safety o'er the surging tides;
Whose sails by commerce are unfurled,
To hold communion with the world.
By him the silken robes are made,
In which the great man is arrayed;—
His Palace, covering many roods,
Whose lofty turrets pierce the clouds;—
His sumptuous furniture, and all
That deck within the splendid Hall;—
The plate which on his table shines,
His nectared sweets and palmy wines;—
The glowing wheels which roll along,
His chariot through the gaping throng,—
And all the works of art are made,
By the poor humble man of trade!
Think then when knowledge shall unfold
Her treasures yet to him untold;—
And science with her burnished keys,
Unlock new stores of mysteries;—
And there be with his arts combined,

For good to him and all mankind;—
And true Religion in his soul,
Light up the glory of the whole;—
How beauteous all his works must shine,
In yonder Eye—the Eye Divine!
Go then and lay thy weary head
Content beneath thy lowly shed.
Repine not at thy humble state,
Nor envy what the world calls great.
But learn from silence to be wise;—
She draws her lessons from the skies.

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Arrow sent back to the Archer.

Here is a man who prides himself upon his justice and honesty. He has never failed to fulfil his pecuniary obligations. He is scrupulous to a proverb on this point. He exults that his integrity is known and read of all men. He professes himself the man who gives to all their dues. And, not being himself of the disciples, it is in him to give them the lash now and then, sometimes snapper and all, for not coming up to their professions.

No ointment of mine shall assuage the smart of his rebukes when they are deserved. But let us see if the war cannot be carried into his own camp. Does he himself come up to his own profession of being strictly honest and upright? Does he pay all the debts he owes, and faithfully discharge every obligation? If he were to pay the most of his debts, and willfully neglect some, or even one of his creditors, could we call him honest? And especially, if, while he paid all his small obligations, he should refuse to pay a farthing to the chief creditor, to whom he owed more than to all the rest, would he be honest?

Now the fact is, that this man, not being a Christian man, has refused up to this hour to pay the most just and important debt he ever owed. All inferior demands he has been willing to meet, but the great one he steadily denies. He owes the greatest and best Being in the universe. He owes him supreme love for all the excellence of that Being's character, and all the good he has been receiving at his hand. But he has never paid the smallest fraction of that debt.

And what aggravates the wrong is, that this Great Creditor has seen this debtor ready and prompt to pay every other creditor, he has heard his thousand times repeated boast of the fact, that he does pay all he owes in every other direction; and yet his own debt, infinitely greater than all others, has never been paid.

At the same time the debt has never been denied—nay, always and most promptly acknowledged; and the purpose expressed of sometime or other paying it. But it has not been paid.

Now, this man professes to be honest and just; you could not offend him more than to intimate the contrary. Yet nothing can be plainer than that he is as unjust a man as there is living. He does not pay his debts. If he pays some of them, yet he does not pay the most important. The debt that ought to have precedence of all others in his regard; the one that ought to press upon his conscience with overwhelming power—that debt stands the lowest on his scale. All others are promptly paid. But of this great debt not a farthing has been paid, and nothing done about it save the reiteration of constantly broken promises, vows to pay, the more provoking as they are constantly disregarded.

Now, this man has always regarded himself as a just and honest man; he has prided himself on this commanding feature of his character. And, on the narrow scale of pecuniary obligations to his fellow men, he may be called honest. But in the noblest sense of that word, in the sense of all others

the most important to a rational and accountable being, in that sense he is not honest—he is not just.

Now, it is certainly true of him he professes one thing and does another. I do not call him a hypocrite in the sense in which many are so. But in his estimation of justice and honesty, he has no right to leave out of sight the unliquidated claims of God—no right to call himself just while he refuses to pay the great debt he owes of love to God—no right to self-complacency as though he had full claim to the honor of a truly honest man.

If he is just in one direction toward man he is not in another toward God. If minor claims are met, the mightiest and most important of all are denied. If a human tribunal will acquit him of injustice, yet another and one infinitely higher does not!

The Blind Sculptor at Innsbruck.

"I have just come," says one, "from a house at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, in which I saw only one humble apartment; its entire furniture consisting of a miserable bed, a broken harpsichord, and a bench, upon which were laid a few pieces of wood and some tools for carving. It is the dwelling of a blind old man named Kleinhaus." Then is given the following interesting narrative:—

At five years of age, Kleinhaus was attacked with small pox, which affected his eyes, rendering him completely blind. Before he was deprived of sight, he had often played with those little wooden figures which are so skillfully carved by the inhabitants of the Tyrol, and had even attempted to handle a knife, and to form a statuette himself. When no longer permitted to behold the light, his thoughts unceasingly turned to those images he was wont to contemplate with so much pleasure, and which he would fain have imitated. Then he would take them between his hands, feel them, and try to console himself for not being able to see by measuring them with his finger. Feeling them again and again, and turning them over in every way, he was able, by degrees, to comprehend from the touch the exact proportions of the figure, anatomising (if I may use the expression) upon wood, marble, or bronze, the features of the face and the different parts of the body—and thus to judge of the nicety of a work of art.

When he had acquired this skill, he one day asked himself whether he could not succeed in supplying the loss of sight by the keen sense of touch with which he was gifted? His father and mother were both dead; he found himself alone and destitute; and rather than beg, he resolved to make out, through his own exertions, a means of subsistence. Taking a piece of wood and a chisel, he at length began to work. His first attempts were very troublesome and trifling. Frequently did the unconscious blind man destroy, by one notch made too deep, a piece of work to which he had already devoted long days of labours. Such obstacles would have discouraged any other; but his love of art induced him to persevere. After many efforts, he at length succeeded in using his chisel with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the contour of each limb, that he saw as it were by means of his fingers the figure he intended to copy. Thus he proceeded by degrees till he attained what seems an almost incredible perfection; for he is now able to engrave from memory the features of a face, and produce a perfect resemblance.

In the museum at Innsbruck I have seen a bust in wood of the Emperor Ferdinand, which bears as strong a likeness to him as the bust from which it was fashioned, executed by a Venetian artist. I have also seen, at his own house, the portrait of one of his relatives, which he succeeded in executing by passing his hand repeatedly over the face of the individual. It is, they say, a perfect resemblance.

Kleinhaus is now seventy years of age: he is erect and robust; his countenance expresses much kindness and gentleness; and he contrives to work every day in his youth. During the course of his long career he has sculptured many figures. All this, however, has not served to enrich the indefatigable Kleinhaus. His countrymen have not known how to appreciate the laborious exertions of such a man, and they have not tried to improve his position. By and by, perhaps, they will raise a monument to his memory; but in the meantime he lives alone in his humble apartment, supplying his wants from the produce of his sculpture. But he is of a cheerful disposition; no vain desire agitates him; no ambition for honour or riches had troubled the dreams of the blind artist: his mind is wholly occupied with better thoughts. He commences his work in the morning, and, as it advances, his face becomes more and more animated, and his soul expands.

I thought, while looking at him sculpturing a group of remarkably graceful figures, of the harmonious Beethoven, who was affected with deafness. Kleinhaus, however, has a consolation that Beethoven could not enjoy. "I feel," said he, "each work of art that is presented to me, and each piece that I carve, even to the very minutest part, and I am content with it as if I had beheld it with my eyes." He has himself composed the music and the words of a hymn, in which he expresses, with a touching resignation, the emotions of a blind man. He sung it for me, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and I have tried to translate it, but could not well preserve the simple style of the original:—

"Behold the misery of the poor blind man! He must go through the world to seek his daily bread. No pen can portray what the blind man suffers. O all-powerful God have pity on him! When spring is come, and the ray of the morning sun reflects itself in delighted eyes, the blind man alone cannot rejoice in the gladdening beams. No picture, no colour, smiles before his eyes. Alas! this is to him a sad privation.

"Yet I will praise the Creator, although He has made me blind: I will worship Him, although darkness surrounds me.

"A day will come when I shall rejoice. My eyes will again be opened, and then shall I be able to contemplate the splendour of the Most High. He is the Good Shepherd. He watches over his sightless sheep; and when the thread of this life is broken, He will show them the light of heaven."

When the noble artist had ended this hymn, I pressed his hand with deep emotion, gave him the moderate sum he asked for the only two remaining little figures he had, and carried them away as a souvenir of one of the best-spent hours of my travels.

Choice Sayings.

A favour may be granted in a way which makes the reception of it difficult, and even painful: as, on the contrary, a benefit may be so conferred as to augment its value, and to cause reception to be as pleasing to the receiver, as bestowment is to the giver. We should not only aim at what is proper, but at doing what is properly. We read of the kind and gracious benignity, as well as of the philanthropy, of God our Saviour. (Titus iii. 4.)

A Christian believer once said in sickness, of which the issue appeared doubtful, "It is not for health that I pray. I wish my petitions to be such as God may consistently receive, and I consistently offer. I ask not that He would cure me; but that He would save me."

It was said of a Christian lady who before death suffered long from a tedious and exhausting malady, "She desired not life, though all that life could give had been hers. She desired not death, though constantly oppressed with the languor of disease. The one prayer of her heart was, that the Divine will might be accomplished."