

THE WESLEYAN.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC. [Whole No. 27

Vol. II.—No. 1

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1850.

Single Copies, Three Pence.

Ten Shillings per Annum—Half-Yearly in Advance.

Poetry.

Voice of the Months—August.

From the Halifax Guardian.
In a chariot circled with golden light,
To the teeming earth I come,
With the burning day, and the sultry night,
With the harvest and the ripened bloom;
The green field weareth a dusky hue,
As my hot breath flocks along,
And my kiss steals softly the early dew,
That sparkles the vales among.
While I rule the realm of this glorious globe,
All beautiful things have birth—
The star-like fire flies gain my robe,
When the still night spans the earth:
A rich light gleams through the glossy leaves,
Of the silken-tandied corn,
And the reaper bindeth his yellow sheaves,
In the depth of my sunny morn.
The mower hath ceased from his fragrant toil,
But I bear as I journey on,
The incense sweet from his garnered spoil,
Scorn from my burning sun:
A dark hue shadows the drooping fringe,
That clings round each rising tree,
E'en the maiden's cheek hath a warmer tinge,
As she meeteth a glance from me.
The blueberry lentheth its crowned head,
In the pastures and lonely woods,
And the raspberry's crimson light is shed,
Through the forest's solitude.
The place where the steamer erst was seen,
Is a red stream channel now,
But the blue lily sigls to its banks of green,
And wreatheth a summer glow.
The harvest moon holds her brightly reign,
While below the calm earth sleeps,
Her limbs are seen in the starry train,
And the dew drops the tears she weeps.
And in me the sky is intensely blue,
Whence the fierce sun burneth down,
To open the furrow's fields anew,
With gladness for the harvest crown.
Come—and I bid a golden splur
With pleasures for all wild taste,
I endow with beauty the haunts of morn,
And fulfil the rugged woe,
For the summer growth her robust smiler,
With her lily bell and mellow
My sister months are her transient tales,
But she centres her soul in me.
August, 1850. M. J. S.

Sabbath School.

God seems not humble things
Here thought the proud despise.
The children of the King of Kings
Are training for the skies.

Resolution.

How often art thou conquer difficult
Wasting thy strength thus: So often and thy
Strength sink at rights of toil and haste,
Mark the possibility they fear.

Measure of Life.

We count our years, not years, in thought, not
Action:
We think on things, not on the deed,
We speak not from the heart throbs, when
They heat:
We heed the duty, not the deed,
We think on things, not on the deed,
We speak not from the heart throbs, when
They heat:
We heed the duty, not the deed,
We think on things, not on the deed,
We speak not from the heart throbs, when
They heat:

Christian Miscellany.

His labours been blessed by the conversion
of souls.
Such is the question which is so frequently
proposed in reference to the labours of
a pastor, and, upon an affirmative answer
to this question, depends, with some, not
only his call of God to the ministry, but
his very vocation. It has often been
said, "If a man's labours are blessed, he
is called of God." This is a question of
fact, and not of theory.

some have given to this question: "I think
we must have another pastor, for our present
one does not seem to be much blessed in
the conversion of souls," is a remark which
we sometimes hear from the lips of mem-
bers of our churches.

Now, what do such things mean? Why
they mean, if anything, that the responsi-
bility of saving souls rests with the pastor.
—But, why not equally with the Church?
—Suppose a pastor, who had been three or
four years with a Church, witnessing but a
few, if any conversions, should say, I will
leave this people and go with some other
people, where my labours can be blessed in
the salvation of my hearers? I have toiled
here without success long enough; surely,
I believe, with the same amount of effort put
forth somewhere else, which I have put
forth here, God would signify bless me—
hence I will not remain—I will leave; and
he does leave. Suppose all our pastors,
similarly situated should come to the like
conclusion, what would the Churches say?
Should we not hear a general complaint,
from one end of the land to the other?
Might they not well ask, can we make re-
vivals of religion? Can we save souls? Is
the direction of the Holy Spirit at our con-
trol? If we are doing what we can for
the salvation of those around us, are we to
be charged with the awful failure, if souls
are not converted?—Let our Churches re-
verse the tables, and apply the same meth-
od of reasoning to their pastors, and I think
they will see how unjust is much of this fault-
finding spirit.

The question should not so much be, are
souls converted under our pastorate? Labors,
does he faithfully and attentively
preach the gospel? Does he evince a love
to the souls of his hearers, by striving to win
them to Christ? and if he is not so much
blessed in this respect, as we wish he was,
may not the blame, in a great degree, fall
justly upon us? Are we personally devoted
to this work of saving souls around us?
Have we been faithful in warning our fellow-
men to flee from the wrath to come, and to
hold upon the hope set forth in the Gospel?
We say, and that frequently, in our confer-
ence meetings, and in other places, that all
the efforts of the watchmen are vain, unless
God succeeds their efforts by His Holy Spirit.
But do we pray for our pastor, that God
would thus attend his labours with divine
aid? Instead of spending so much breath
in complaining, should not we spend more
in praying?

Now, let our Churches talk in this way,
and act accordingly, and we shall see more
frequent and extensive revivals among us.
Let us remember that it takes the whole
Church to preach the gospel effectually.
The pastor may preach ever so faithfully
in the Sabbath, and a vain, if his people do
not practically, reach during the week. Of
what service are professors of religion
preaching every day, either for or against
Christ, if they do not lead men to heaven or to
quint ten on in sin?
Dear reader, what kind of sermons are
your preachers? How much have you con-
sidered the last week, to save a soul from
death? How much of direct effort towards
this point have you put forth, since you were
a member of the Church? With how many
of your fellow-men have you personally
conferred upon the subject of their salva-
tion? For whose souls have you exerted en-
ough to beseech them to be reconciled to
God? In view of these questions, you may
say, "verily I am guilty." I have not con-
ferred with any person during this last week,
upon this momentous subject. I have con-
ferred with many upon almost every other
subject, but upon this, the most important
of all, I have not said a word—and yet I am
not a non-planning or forgetful pastor. My
sermons are not uninteresting, and I do not
let my people go without some solemn
addresses. I am a firm believer in the
blessings of the Sabbath, and I do not
believe in any other day of rest. I have
been engaged in this work of saving souls
for many years, and I do not believe that
my labours have been blessed.

The Path of Life.

Looking awhile since, at a collection of
German lithographs, I was struck with one
that was simple in conception, and yet of
great power and beauty.

It was the picture of a little child in the
dress of a pilgrim, walking slowly along a
narrow path, which was bounded on each
side by a terrific precipice, the edges of
which were hidden from his view by a luxu-
riant thicket of fruits and flowers. Be-
hind the child is an angel, with a counte-
nance of mixed tenderness and anxiety, his
hands placed lightly on the shoulders of the
little pilgrim, as if to keep him in the cen-
tre of the path; while the child, having
closed his eyes, that he may not perceive the
tempting snares on either side, is walking
calmly forward, content not to see where
he plants each footstep, so long as he feels
the gentle and guiding touch of the angel
upon him. His whole aspect is that of
peace, confidence, and conscious safety, so
long as he follows the guidance of his hea-
venly monitor, and presses onward in his
way.

As I gazed upon it, several thoughts rose
up vividly to my mind; and as the descrip-
tion is used a picture, others, in view of it,
may ponder the lesson it suggests, and as
they ponder, be profited.

1. It reminds us of the dangers that sur-
round us on earth. As there was a precipi-
ce on each side of the path, in which the
little pilgrim was walking, so there is on
each side of our own. On every side there
is danger. The world allures; temptations
threaten; the adversary of souls assails;
passion pleads for indulgence; error beckons
away from the path of truth; delay,
whichever of some future season, is for-
ever postponing the great salvation. On
every side, and near at hand, is some pre-
cipice, or which we are in danger of fall-
ing.

2. The path of safety is a narrow path.
So it is with the little pilgrim, and so our
Saviour teaches, it is to us. "Wide is the
gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to
destruction, and many there be that go in
thereat;" but "straight is the gate, and
narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and
few there be that find it." And we must
keep in that way, and walk in it, or we can-
not be safe. We must not "draw back in
our course;" it is "perdition."
We must not be weary in it; to "run
well only for a season," is not to "perse-
vere to the end." We must not "turn to
the right hand nor to the left;" for our
rest will come to evil. "Forgetting
those things which are behind, and reach-
ing forth unto those things which are be-
fore," we are "to press forward toward
the mark for the prize of the high calling
of God in Christ Jesus."

3. The precipices of evil are invisible.
The edges of the precipice of transgression
are concealed by fruit, and covered
with flowers. But, alas, those flowers
blow only for death, and that fruit,
like the fruit that tempted our first parents,
is trusted only for ruin. The only security
is, "to show the very appearance of evil,"
to remember that the beginning of danger
is in little things, and that "he that des-
piseh such things shall fall into a little."
4. God is ever calling to guide us, if we
will but accept of His guidance. He con-
sented, by His word, by His providence, by
His Spirit, and by His angels, who, though
invisible, may ever be beside us, to keep us
in all our ways. He will bear the cry of
the weak, and My Father, he is the guide
of the poor. In the temptations of this
world, he will keep us. Even down to
hell and fiery hell, he will carry
us, and deliver us. It is in our ways we
are to be guided. He will be with us, and
will save us. He will be with us, and
will save us. He will be with us, and
will save us.

5. We must walk by faith. Closing our
eyes like that little child, to the tempting
snares that surround us; resigning our-
selves implicitly to the Divine guidance,
yielding to the slightest touch of the hea-
venly conductor, we must go promptly,
cheerfully, uniformly where God directs.
Thus, like that little pilgrim, we shall be
secure and cheerful and happy; and every
step will be a step of duty, a step of safety,
a step towards heaven.
Pilgrim to eternity, look upon the picture,
receive the lesson, imitate the example, and
be safe and happy for time and eternity—
American Messenger.

Methodism in Scotland.

Mr. Wesley's labours were especially own-
ed of God. Thousands were awakened and
converted. The great evangelical revival
of the last century commenced,—a revival
which has spread through England, Ireland,
Scotland, and the vast continent of North
America, and is now rapidly extending it-
self throughout the world. Some of our
readers, perhaps, may be surprised that we
have referred to Scotland as having been
brought under the influence of Methodism,
as, in that country, it has generally been
considered to be a failure. Those who en-
ertain that opinion have not carefully and
candidly examined the subject. We are
not to judge of the success of Methodism
merely by its direct effects. In some cases
its direct effects may be great, while its in-
direct influence is small. In other cases,
the indirect influence may be very exten-
sive, while its direct effects are limited.
The latter we conceive to be the case in
Scotland. It is a historical fact, that previous
to the introduction of Methodism, a
blighting *miserabilis* pervaded the country.
Few godly, evangelical Ministers were to be
found throughout the length and breadth of
the land.

The rise of what is designated the Evan-
gelical party is intimately connected with
Methodism. Take one fact for example.—
The late venerated Stephenson McGill, D.
D., Professor of Divinity, was one of the
first Ministers that made a firm and decided
stand in favour of Evangelical princi-
ples. By his exertions and example, he did
much to mould and form the present minis-
try of Scotland. In his Memoirs, recently
published by Dr. Burns, we find the follow-
ing—

"Stephenson McGill, D. D., Professor of
Theology in the University of Glasgow, was
born at Port Glasgow, on the 19th of Janu-
ary 1765. His father was Thomas McGill,
an extensive shipbuilder in that place. His
mother, Frances Welsh, was daughter of
Mr. Welsh, of Lockhart, in East Lothian.
Mr. McGill was a man of intelligence and
genius. He reared an altar to God
in his family, and was regular and exemplary
in all the duties of domestic life. In reli-
gious profession he was a Wesleyan Meth-
odist; and the history of his connexion
with this body is interesting. At Dunbar,
which was his native place, he had been
apprenticed to a shipbuilder, and when
about seventeen years of age, he happened
to go along with a comrade, one week-day
evening, to a Methodist prayer-meeting,
which was kept by a party of pious soldiers,
who had just returned from Germany, and
were encamped at Dunbar. A religious
impression was made on his mind, and,
along with his comrade, he joined the society.
That comrade was a Mr. Rankin,
who afterwards became a distinguished
Preacher in the body, and died many years
ago. Mr. McGill, in the latter part of his
life, removed to Glasgow, where his declin-
ing years were soothing by the kind atten-
tions of his affectionate son. He kept up
his faith in 1804, his connexion with
the Methodists, and, at the early hour of
the morning, was not inter-
ruptedly found with some members of the
body, engaged in a solemn assembly of the
spirit and in a beautiful hymn.