

THE WESLEYAN DAILY RECORDER.

CONFERENCE OF 1869.

No. 16.]

TORONTO, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1869.

[Vol. I.]

Poetry.

THE DAY LABORER.

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall:
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow, though the thorns may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold would scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name him whose hand upholdeth thee;
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow when the sunlight sheddeh,
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth,
When the sunbeams pass away.

Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days will break,
And the seed, in darkness nourished,
A goodly plant may make.

Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land,
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold not thine hand.

Sow, though the rook reel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft there may be given,
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not, for some will flourish,
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows, by the water,
Will the scatter'd grain be found.

Work: while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.

Work: in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own;
God guides the down of the thistle,
The wandering wind hath sown.

Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labor vain?
The word that for Him thou bearest
Shall return to Him again.

Thy strength—thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Sow by the wayside gladly,
In the damp, dark cavern's low,
Where the sunlight seldom reacheth,
Nor healthful streamlets flow:

Where the withering air of poison
Is the young bud's earliest breath,
And the wild unwholesome blossom
Bears in its beauty—"Death."

The ground impure, o'er-trodden
By life's disfiguring years;
Though blood and guilt have stained it,
May yet be soft from tears.

Watch not the clouds above,
Let the whirlpool round the sweep:
God may the seed time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.

Have faith, though never beholding
The seed burst from its tomb:
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.

Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripen'd grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

How rapidly the Sabbath Schools have grown in number, importance and influence! How great the contrast between their feeble beginnings and their present extent, popularity and power! It was in 1784 that Robert Raikes published his account of Sabbath Schools. The same year John Wesley said of them in his Journal for July, "I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may be nurseries for piety; the plants of grace set out in them bear abundant blessings for the church of Christ. Thousands, nay, millions now active and efficient members of Zion, originated in these schools. And the end of their usefulness is not yet. As an instrumentality for truth and righteousness they are becoming more and more potential every year.

THE HISTORY OF A GOVERNESS.

The following story, whose accuracy is vouched for by the narrator, cannot fail to be read with melancholy interest:—"A few days ago I stood by the side of a dying girl; her age was seventeen, and this is her history. She was the youngest child in a large family. Her mother was the widow of a clerk in a City bank, in London, England, who died suddenly, leaving his wife and children destitute. Her sisters went out as governesses; she remained at home, until increasing want rendered it necessary for her, too, to make her own living. She found employment as a daily governess. She walked each day four miles to and from her work, and received a few shillings a week. All day long she toiled, getting no food until she reached home in the evening. Who does not remember the hot summer of last year? Through the glare of that cloudless season this poor child starved on. The sun withered up flower and shrub, and also withered the brain of the daily governess. Day by day her strength melted away; at last she broke down. She could go no more to the daily lesson: it was too late now to give her food,

kindly smiles, or more wages. Her cry from morn to night, as she rocked to and fro, pressing her hands on her burning forehead, was, 'Mother, mother, my brain is gone.' One day she was found with one hand copying verses from the Bible; with the other she had gashed herself with a knife. It was then I first heard of the case. I advised her mother to send her to a hospital for the insane. My advice was taken. I often went to inquire after her. All found the place full of governesses, and that kindness could do seemed to be done for them. She soon became a raving lunatic. One day I took two of her sisters to see her. It was their first visit to the hospital, and they brought some flowers to give the patient. They were just in time to see her die. In her cell, with an angel smile on her young face, lay the little governess. She had fought the fight of life to its bitter end, and all was over now; and with a look, as though she blessed the world which killed her, her young spirit passed away to God. There was a post-mortem examination. Congestion of the brain was the cause of her death—hard work, they said, the cause of the congestion. A little food, a little kind thoughtfulness on the part of those who employed her, might have saved her life and the broken heart of her widowed mother.

"PLEASE, MA'AM, WHO IS JESUS?"

"Who is Jesus, please, ma'am?" were words that were uttered in all sincerity, by a little girl of some eight or ten summers. She was a new scholar in the Mission School. One of those who were in the class to which she was introduced was reading aloud about Jesus, and His life and works while in the world; how He had healed the sick, relieved the weary, comforted the sorrowful, and how He had died for us. Maggie was observed to be a most intently listener throughout the entire reading, and when it ended she looked up earnestly into her teacher's face, and anxiously inquired of her, "Please, ma'am, and who is Jesus?"

The teacher, neither surprised nor shocked, but more grieved (for such cases were not rare to her observation) of course promptly explained to Maggie who He was,—the babe of Bethlehem—the Son of God—the Saviour of sinners—and her Saviour. In turn, each of these facts of His history and efforts was presented to the child, who declared both by word and act that all these things were new to her.

AN ANGEL STANDING BY.

We have read of a certain youth in the early days of Christianity (these periods of historic suffering and heroic patience and legendary wonder, to which I call your attention)—we read of a Christian youth on whom his persecutors put in practice a more than common share of their ingenuity, that by his torments (let those who can or will, go through the horrible details) they might compel him to deny his Lord and Saviour.

After a long endurance of those pains they released him, in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren are said to have wondered too, and to have asked him by what mighty faith he could stand even fire, as that neither a cry nor a groan escaped him.

"It was indeed most painful," was the noble youth's reply, "but an angel stood by me when my anguish was at the worst, and with his finger pointed to heaven."

O thou, whoever thou art, that art tempted to commit a sin, do thou think on death, and that thought will be an angel to thee! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the hope of heaven of the world; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of all their charm; and the very extremity of thy trial may itself contribute to animate thy exertions by the thought that the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—Bishop Heber.

DANCING DIFFERENCES.

A writer in the *Moravian* says, what a strange thing this dancing is after all, when you look at it from a philosophical, or, if you please, unsophisticated point of view. The other day, Inzulans asked a lady how it came to pass that the entrance upon the floor of a ball room made such a wonderful change in the usual manner and habits. She asked him what he meant, she did not understand. He asked her, suppose I introduce you to a stranger, and he would not only take your hand, but put his arm around you, what would you do? What would she do?

All your lady readers know what they would do? and what the father, husband, or brother of such a lady would do. But, Inzulans, as soon as you enter the "hop" or ball, you permit a perfect stranger, who is introduced to you at the time, not only to take your hand but put his arm around your waist, and to sail around the room with you, in the giddy maze of the dance, and your father, brother, and husband think it all right! The lady admitted that she had not exactly looked upon it from that point of view, but gave Inzulans no other information than that things were allowable in the dance which were not so in ordinary life. How wonderful that delicate ladies can dance from 9 to 12 p.m., square dances, and round dances, and wind up with a sherry cobbler, and yet feel too weary to stand up during prayer in church.

THE FIRST LESSON OF TRUST.

"If God will not help me, no one else can!" These words were spoken almost despairingly by a pale, sad-faced child of about five years old. A fruitless search for some possession had left her overwhelmed with sorrow, she sat alone upon the ground, and gazed on the dim autumn twilight. Having no one below to sympathize with her in her distress, she looked for the first time from earth to heaven, experimentally learning, "vain is the help of man."

The child had lost a treasure, and children's treasures are precious, and children's griefs are sharp. The loss comprised a lock of her dead mother's hair.

She had worn the locket containing it since the day she could remember anything. Nightly she was expected to place this on her table that it might be seen that it was safe. She had neglected to do so, and now it was gone,—how or where she knew not,—and the child wept.

It was not for the ornament, nor yet for the disobedience, but for the loss of that brown lock of hair in the tiny casket—the child's wealth.

She knew that the locket would be punished, but what punishment could exceed that unshared sorrow? The joy of her life had departed; and though careless eyes observed that she did not eat, none observed her sad face and the absence of her chain.

"I wish it was Sunday," said the child "I could go to church: perhaps God would hear me there."

The child did not know that God's house is not made with hands, and that He is every where nigh to all that call upon Him. This was Friday, and two long days must intervene before she could make her request known to him in church.

The longest day however has an end, and Sunday came an length. Kneeling in the extreme corner of the pew, with her face to the wall, observed by none but God, she told over the petitions which her heart was ready to burst, and ended as she began: "If you do not help me, no one else can." So she begged God to send her back her lost locket, for He alone knew where it was.

When her prayer was over, a strange peace fell on the heart of the little suppliant. She did not question that her voice had reached the ear of the Most High, who rules the world.

Yes! gracious and Almighty God, Father of the fatherless, and herein mother of the motherless, as one whom his mother comforteth, so didst thou comfort her. Thou wert working for the desolate little one.

When she returned home, the sun shone brightly in her nursery, and glittered on the golden chain. Hastily she opened her casket and found her treasure safe. But she did not praise Him who had heard her cry. Only the soul that knows salvation through the Lamb slain can praise.

The power of the Lord had worked on the conscience of the thief to restore the stolen article, and it was not until thirty years after wards that the culprit was known.

Dear reader! that child now records the first conscious token of a loving Father's care over thy fellow-traveller, who by His grace would commune with thee by the way. In conscious helplessness I cast myself upon Him who has redeemed me from death and hell, and I would show forth His praise. My cry is still, "If Thou wilt not help me, no one else can!"

I know not how far this only evidence of a loving Father's care influenced my soul. Certain I am, that since I have known Him as my Redeemer and Lord, it has often made me ashamed to lack the simple faith of a child.

Through long years of sin and ignorance the remembrance of the recovery of my lost chain has made me realize anew that God, who feeds the young ravens when they cry, will much more care for the soul that calleth upon Him.

Since He gave me eyes to see Him I have been proving his wondrous power and willingness to help me. All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth, I have fallen back upon my own miserable plans and natural understanding, as if I had not again and again proved that I had infinite wisdom and power to draw from.

It is written, "When the Son of man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" He will find works, abounding works, of the natural heart in which He has no part as the Author, or Counsellor, or Partner; but of the faith that lives in Him, watches for Him, waits for Him, follows Him—how little!

And yet Jesus died to bring us near to the Father, that we might walk with Him, thus restoring the heavenly communion which Adam's sin had invested with terror and shame. The

daily intercourse of confidential affection, calls for no preliminary ceremony. Communion does not consist in a mere narration of wants or confession of failure. It is an interchange of mind, a giving forth and receiving. Neither are there any formal preparations to be gone through, nor set phrase to be uttered, before we acknowledge His abiding presence.

It was the living God, of whom I read in the Scriptures, that my soul longed to know. Seeking Jesus, my weary heart turned away from what was offered me instead; and I shall forever praise Him for the sorrow, and sickness, and trials, which have beset my path, since thus, and thus only, have I known that all other refuges are vain. Often have I returned to my first childish prayer: "If you do not help me, no one else can!"

I have thus learnt to love the cross ere it has been removed, as many Penitents has it marked on my otherwise toilsome way.

HOLINESS IN THE MINISTRY.

However well you may speak the word given unto you it will be utterly impossible to do it as it should be done unless your hearts are purified by the power of the Holy Ghost, applying the all-cleansing blood of the Son of God. I hold it a truth uncontrovertible, that to be faithful to the trust committed to us by the great Head of the Church, we must ourselves measure up fully to the Gospel standard, and the requirements made at our hands by Him from whom we have received our call to the work of the ministry. No man can preach the truths of the Gospel, as well as he who has enjoyed, and continues to enjoy them fully.

Holiness of heart and life, entire redemption through the precious blood of Christ, held to the end of life, should be the burden of every true evangelical minister's teaching.

In order to your becoming "workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," we say to you with all the plainness and earnestness possible, if not as yet in your possession, earnestness possible, if not as yet in your possession, earnestness possible, if not as yet in your possession, earnestness possible, if not as yet in your possession.

Nothing is most manifest than you may, and yourself will find it. The individual who fully and honestly consecrates himself, his all, to go and then by an act of simple, child-like faith, believes that God does *more*, this moment receive him wholly as his own, shall then and there obtain the assurance of this perfection.

And this assurance, this witness of God's Spirit, that the *work is done*, will be as clear and satisfactory to his own mind, as will be the witness of the same Holy Spirit to the great work of justification, which was wrought in him prior to the reception of this second blessing.

And be not led to postpone this work by the numerous specious attempts that are made by many to prove it unnecessary, and which are rife at the present time.

It is entirely too late to take the position, that it is impossible for Christian men to live without sin. He has studied the Word of God to little purpose, who has fully yielded to such an opinion. There can be no misunderstanding the meaning of those passages of Sacred Writ as these: "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin." (Rom. vi. 11). "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." (Matt. v. 48). "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." (1. Thess. v. 23, 24.)

The command of Christ, the Son or God, is as full of meaning, and as much binding on us now, as it was when it first fell from his lips upon the ears of those who listened to his personal proclamation of Gospel truth; and so likewise with the apostolic injunction. The Apostle Paul, so fully taught in the mysteries of divine truth, and so pre-eminently imbued with the Spirit of Christ, would never have uttered, nor left on record in the holy oracles, for the guidance and instruction of the Church in all ages, a *prayer* for a state of Christian experience and practice which he was persuaded was *unattainable*.

The truths which are essential to salvation, whether viewed in the Greek, Latin, or English versions of the Bible, are plain, pointed and easy of comprehension. "Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." (Rom. vi. 12).

The Greek word *harmartia* embraces the meanings of both the Latin words *neccatum* and *vitiatus*; the former signifying the outward act of transgression, the latter the corrupt or vicious principle from which act springs; or in other words, the one refers to inward depravity, the other to actual guilt. We are, therefore, taught that it is our privilege to be saved from sin—from the depravity, corruption, or delinquency of our nature, as well as from the dominating power of sin or actual transgressions of the law.

POPULAR FALACIES.

Never was there greater delusion than resorting to intoxicants for their stimulating properties to impart strength. "Irritation is not strength." You might just as well fancy that the whip applied to the horse, and which makes him go faster, strengthens him, as to imagine that the alcoholic whip strengthens you. If the whip strengthens the horse, why give him any more? or if the wine strengthens the man, why look so sharp after the bread and beef?

Professor Liebig says, "Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enables a man to make up the deficient power at the expense of the body, to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later. He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health which must always be renewed, because, for want of

means, he cannot take it up. He consumes his capital, instead of his interest, and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." How irrational would the conduct of that man be considered, who, having just sat down after a most fatiguing journey, should rise and gravely announce his intention of running two or three miles to rest himself! No more irrational than the conduct of those who, having become fatigued by bodily labour or mental study, require rest, yet set all the vital organs of their frame throbbing and working haves under the influence of alcohol.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.—MEEKNESS.

The Latins call a meek man *mansuetus*, which means "used to the hand," an illusion to the system of taming and re-claiming creatures wild by nature and habit, and bringing them to be easy and gentle; so the influence of the Holy Spirit calms the impetuous dispositions and teaches men lessons of submission and of meekness.

There is a natural meekness of temper or spirit, an easy-going flexibility of character, which is the fruit of temperament or constitution.

There is also an ethical or moral meekness, an amiable and a beautiful virtue, which is the fruit of education and mental training.

But the meekness here alluded to is the direct result of the influence and operation of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart, by which the "wild olive tree" is grafted into the good olive, and made to yield fruit unto holiness.

Meekness, in the school of the philosophers, is a virtue, holding a middle place between the extremes of rash and excessive anger on the one hand, and a defect of anger on the other—a mean which Aristotle confessed it was very hard exactly to gain.

Meekness, in the school of Christ, is a grace wrought by the Holy Ghost in the hearts of believers, teaching and enabling them, at all times, to keep their passions and dispositions under the government of reason and religion.

As a Christian virtue it is forcibly recommended to our practice by the example and precepts of our blessed Saviour. It consists not only in an unresisting but a forgiving temper—a temper that is unruined by injuries and provocations. It is, however, an infirmity and an evidence of weakness if it spring from a want of spirit or self-respect, or an unconsciousness of what is due to ourselves as men or as Christians. As a natural temper or the product of our constitution, it sinks into meanness and servility; but when it is an acquired temper, built upon principle, and moulded into a habit of the mind, it is one of the grand characteristics of the religion we profess.

By meekness, easiness of spirit, or quietness of temper—I do not mean that quietness of spirit which yields a ready compliance to the siren voice of the deceiver, and allows the introduction of error in doctrine or viciousness in practice. I do not mean a passive tameness of spirit, which knows nothing of "resisting unto blood-striving against sin." It is not a passiveness produced by ignorance or a stupid insensibility. It is not a timid cowardice that fears to reprove the wrong, and half sanctions rather than censures the wrong-doer. It is not servility, or a base cringing of spirit to the dishonourable or the sinful. It is not stoical indifference. Jesus was meek, and the great pattern of meekness, and yet no nature was more sensitive than His. The softest zephyr rippled the deep crystal current of his heart, and yet He spake in thunder tones, words of sharp and cutting reproof against all the popular forms of wrong.

It is not timidity; it is the calm energy of the soul rising into conscious might. It is the calm endurance of insults and injury, with a firm belief that the justice of God will vindicate us. It is a grace that lives and grows in a heart too great to be moved by little insults and puny wrongs. Its exercise makes the soul great, while it is an evidence of soul greatness. It is not weakness, it is strength. It is a victory over ourselves, and the rebellious passions and tempers of our nature. It is the self-restraint of a spirit which has learned gentleness in the school of Christ. It is the ruling one's own spirit, the quieting of intestine broils, the putting down and rooting up an insurrection at home.

It is power blended with gentleness, boldness combined with humility, the harmlessness of the lamb with the prowess of the lion. It is the soul in the majesty of self-possession, elevated above the precipitant, the irascible, the boisterous, and the revengeful. It is the soul throwing its benignant smiles on the furious face of the foe, and penetrating his heart and paralyzing his arm with looks of love.

Like all other holy tempers and graces, meekness originates in right views of the divine character and of the claims of God upon us. To him who has fully consecrated his whole being to God there is a firm conviction that God has a right to do with him, as His creature, whatever He pleases, and that, in the exercise of that right, God is uniformly guided by infinite holiness, wisdom, goodness, and love, and that, under such heavenly direction, protection, and control, he is safe in all the varying circumstances of life, and in silent, sweet submission he can say, "Here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him." "The will of the Lord be done."

This meekness is manifested in the cheerful submission of the soul to every word of God. The understanding is seen to bow in every divine truth, the will to every divine precept, and both without murmuring or disputing.

This is "receiving with meekness the engrafted work," with a sincere desire to learn,