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Poetry.

GOODS ANVIL.

The following poem, from the German, was published at the request of several persons who heard it read at the conclusion of one of the Boston Theatre lectures:

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and hastes it,
He tries it cool and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow,
That only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say praying, As God will!
And hope in Him and suffer still.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day we gather bright and beautiful
flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.
To-day a wealth of leaves shaded us—to-
morrow, sore and fallen, they crumble beneath
our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet
of green—to-morrow it is brown with the
withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before
the gale—to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a
child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain
—to-morrow "the land is taking its rest after
the soil."

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadows
and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects
—to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is
hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish
and surrounding, attracts the passer by—to-
morrow a heap of ruin marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon the thousand
hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away. But
let Christ dwell within us, and though we
may pass away like the faded leaf and the
sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of
life."

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

SANDERSON AND LITTLE ALICE.

FROM ASHWORTH'S STRANGE TALES.

King Street, or Packer Meadow, is considered by the inhabitants of Rochdale as anything but a respectable section of the town. One or two of the residents in the lower part are in moderate circumstances, but at the upper end the houses are of the most wretched description. Sanderson, the subject of this narrative, occupied one of the better houses, and my acquaintance with him began through the howling of his dog—a red, bushy-tailed animal, as like a fox, that he had got that marauder's name.

In one part of the street a poor man lay dying. I was called in to read and pray with him, and had sat by his bed some time, when Fox came underneath the window, and set up a most dismal howl. Jane Moorehouse, a relative of the dying man, sprang up from her seat, exclaiming,—"It is all over with Richard. Fox is shouting, and when that dog shouts, death is sure to follow; it never misses when he howls in the night."

"Does the dog belong to some one in the neighborhood?" I asked.
"Yes," was her answer, "it belongs to Sanderson, a man that neither believes in heaven or hell, God or devil; and never is any person about to die in the street but Fox howls, as the sure sign of death. He howled when Moss and Sampson died, and hastened their end; if he howled under my window I should expect to die in twelve hours. O, how I tremble!" On leaving the sick man's chamber, and reaching the street, Fox was walking quickly up and down, still making his really fearful noise; but a touch from my walking-stick sent him speedily home.

It is no easy matter to divest ourselves of the superstitious, tormenting traditions imbibed in early years. The howling of dogs is considered a prelude of death by thousands. We know that dogs howl at the sound of music, or when the moon is rising on a clear, calm night,— "baying the moon," as Shakespeare calls it. On hot, sultry nights they often howl to each other; and that some dogs can scent decaying animal matter at a great distance, and, smelling it, will give a howl indicating the discovery, is well known. Many contend that this is the true philosophy of their shouting when near the houses of the dying. But this does not apply in all cases, and, perhaps, in none; it cannot apply to the healthy, though Mr. Moorehouse believed it did, and it is a pity that the sick should be frightened by any such foolish superstition. The shooting of cinders from the fire forestelling a coffin,—bad luck from light-haired persons "taking in" the new year,—the crackling of fur-

niture and the howling of dogs indicating death, belong to a day when Sunday-schools were unknown, when books were few, and witches and fortune-tellers plentiful.

The old lady's description of Sanderson's creed, or, rather no creed, I found to be correct. His hatred to "parsons" (as he called ministers) was intense; the sight of one of them operated upon him like the sight of water to a mad dog, and made him howl almost as loud as his own old Fox. Sanderson was a machine card-maker by trade. He had several acquaintances of his own way of thinking, and on Sundays they were often found together, rambling through the fields, or reading their favorite books and newspapers, and hardening each other in their gloomy principles. He was about thirty-five years of age, when his neighbours began to talk of his altered looks; his stout form was giving way, severe coughing set in, and he was in the opinion of many, a marked man. In misty or cold weather he kept his room, and ultimately became unable to walk up and down the stairs. An old shoemaker, named Philip Powles, a Primitive Methodist, became much concerned about the spiritual state of his dying infidel neighbour; he, however, durst not go to see him himself, but earnestly entreated Mr. Britton, a zealous Primitive Methodist minister, to undertake the hazardous task.

Mr. Britton went to see Sanderson, at the request of the anxious shoemaker. On entering the house he informed Mrs. Sanderson of his wish to see her husband, adding, that he was informed he was an infidel, but he had come to talk with him about his soul, for he was sure he had one.

"I am very sorry you have called on such an errand, for I am sure my husband will not see you, and it would very much vex and disturb him if he knew you were in the house. I am pained that it is so," observed Mrs. Sanderson. "I am come purposely to disturb him; for he had better be disturbed here than damned hereafter. If God, in His mercy, does not disturb him, he will be lost for ever! Just go up stairs, if you please, and ask if I may see him."

Poor woman! she knew not what to do. She was afraid to offend her husband or the minister; but Mr. Britton persisted, and at last she went up stairs, and began quietly to arrange the various little things about the room, fearing to tell her real errand; but Sanderson had heard a strange voice in the house, and inquired who was below.

"A gentleman of the name of Britton, whom Philip Powles requested to call and see you; I think he is the minister of Philip's church."

"Tell him that I shall not see him, and when I need him or any other person, I will let him know." He spoke these words so sharply that Mrs. Sanderson quickly left the room, and closed the door after her.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Mr. B.
"That he will not see you or any other minister," was her reply.

"I have a good mind to kneel down at the bottom of the stairs and pray so loud that he will hear. The Lord have mercy upon him before it be too late!"

Mr. Britton's colleague, hearing of the matter, charged him with being "soft," and determined to go himself and see the infidel, whatever consequences might follow.

Sanderson had strictly ordered his wife not to allow parson, or professor of religion, by any means to enter the room. She knew his temper, and when the second Primitive minister came, she told him of her peremptory orders.

"Well, but I have come to see him, and I intend to see him," was the answer; "and if you dare not ask permission, I will go up at once, and take all consequences."

Fortunately, her husband heard all the conversation, and called from the top of the stairs, that "if any person dared to enter his room, he would smash his brains out with the poker."

I give his own words, that the reader may better understand the morose, untamed character of the man. He also ordered his wife to fetch a policeman to turn him out immediately. This caused our good Primitive brother to beat a retreat, and rather altered his opinion of Mr. Britton's "softness."

Now Sanderson was one of those characters, whom circumstance would most readily overcome. He was an intelligent reader of one class of books, and always ready for an argument; he was extreme in politics, entertaining republican notions; his collection of books was numerous for a man in his position; his knowledge of history was extensive, and he always maintained that all civil evils sprang from either kingcraft or priestcraft. Cobden's "Legacy to Parson," and "Paine's two penny worth of Common Sense," were his text books. All these names I learned respecting Sanderson, and the question was,—How shall this man be brought to see his deplorable condition?

When the deer-stalker ascends the wild mountains with the object of shooting the timid roe, he finds the greatest caution necessary to accomplish his purposes. The red Indian, hunting the prairie buffalo, will lean on his gun, immovable as the stump of the tree, to allay all suspicion on the part of his intended victim. May there not also be benevolent stratagem? And is not this the only possible plan in some cases.

A child was made the means of opening the way which the two Primitive Methodists could not force. She was one of our Baillie-street scholars, a nice reader for her age, and could repeat a few hymns with good effect.

The old shoemaker came to my house, and, with much feeling, desired me to try and see Sanderson. He told me how he had treated the ministers, but earnestly besought that I would make an effort. After reflecting for a day or two on the best plan to adopt, I fixed on the

Sunday-school child to open the way. The little girl often went to see Sanderson, and I learned that he was very fond of her. I promised the child a present if she would learn well a short hymn, and afterwards go up to Mr. Sanderson's room and say to him. She attended well to the directions I gave her, and about three in the afternoon went up to the sick infidel's room.

"Well, Alice, you are come to see your sick friend," observed Sanderson.

"Yes, I have learned a new piece, and am come to say it to you. Will you let me?" Sanderson was quietly rocking himself in his arm-chair, with his feet on a small footstool, and his back towards the window. He took the child's book, saying,— "Now, then, be very careful and say it well; mind you do not miss one word."

Alice stood before him, folded her hands, and in a full, clear voice, began:—

"When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who died on earth to sin!
Such peace on piety attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin."

"See smiling patience smooths his brow,
See the kind angels waiting now
To wait his soul on high;
While, eager for the blessed shade,
He joins with them to praise the God
That taught him how to die."

"The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display;
For He who bids the comets burn,
And makes the night descend, can turn
His darkness into day."

"No sorrows drown his lifted eyes,
No horror wreaths his struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast,
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours sweetest comforts from above,
Then takes his soul to rest."

When the child had finished the hymn, Sanderson handed her back the book, and quietly said,— "That will do, you may go down and take fox with you; I want to have no company for the present."

I sought an early interview with the child. On asking what Sanderson said, her artless answer was,— "He put the book on his face, and I think he cried."

The following day, while the sick man was pacing his room, he found a tract on one of the chairs: he took it up, read a few lines, sat it down, and read it all. He knew a great part of it to be true; with most of the circumstances narrated he was acquainted. Some events connected with the death of a man in the same street were such, that it had been thought advisable to publish them. Sanderson knew the man, had heard much about him, and was anxious to know more. He called his wife upstairs, and asked her how the tract had got into his room. She answered that Mr. Ashworth had been given them out amongst the neighbours, that she had read it, and thought it would interest him.

"Did John Ashworth request you to place the tract in my room?" he asked.

"He did; he often asks about you, and says he should like to come and talk politics with you."

On taking up my hat to leave, on the sixth evening, he was walking to and fro. He, as usual, put out his hand to bid me good night, but the grasp was firmer and much longer than before. He looked me full in the face, and said, with a trembling voice,— "Mr. Ashworth, how is it that you never speak to me about my soul?"

"Why, Sanderson, have you got a soul?" I said.

"He let go my hand, and began again to pace the room. I still stood with my hat in my hand, but under the most intense excitement. Now, I thought, the next words he speaks will reveal the inward workings of his mind. With his finger he pointed to the chair from which I had just risen, evidently wishing me to be re-seated. I obeyed in silence. Still walking about the room, he took out his handkerchief, and putting it to his face, he groaned out at last with a choking voice,—

"O, Mr. Ashworth! Mr. Ashworth! I am a miserable man. That child's hymn, and 'Poor Joseph,' have crushed me to the dust! I have held out as long as I can; whatever must I do?"

O, what joy sprang up from my soul in an instant! "Whatever must I do?" from the broken-hearted infidel, was music to me; yet, I could not speak a word for several minutes. We wept together. At length I said,— "Thank God, Sanderson, that question has not come too late! there is an answer, and there is but one. O, my dear friend, if scepticism, if infidelity could make a man happy, I should have been happy at one period of my life; but it never did; it never can. It is a gloomy, blighting, blasting, withering curse, and makes its dupe a miserable living hell, and sinks him lower than the brute. The magnificent heavens, the earth bespangled with ten thousand dints of beauty, and the deep solemn ocean, speak with a voice that would almost impress the solid rock. The very dust under the infidel's feet mocks his credulity: every atom has its purpose. The wonderful harmony and adaptation of the physical universe strikes the observer with awe. God's material world displays His physical government. God's revealed Word unfolds His moral government; and there we find that reconciliation, union, and communion with God are absolutely necessary to secure the happiness of man. Man forsaking God lost peace; man must return to God or remain miserable. Our redemption through Christ opens the way, and this is the answer to your question,— 'Believe

on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

While I was speaking, the poor broken-hearted penitent covered his face with his hands; the tears dropped through his fingers, and, with the greatest earnestness, he requested me to pray with him.

There are periods when the most eloquent language is a very feeble representative of the soul's workings; emotions too deep for words choke the utterance. Such was the moment when Sanderson and I knelt down to pray. But if prayer be the soul's sincere desire, we prayed; if it be the simplest form of speech, we prayed;—prayed for the stricken, sorrowing, agonizing, groaning sinner, pleading the invitations and promises, pleading the shed blood of a crucified Saviour as sufficient to save a million worlds. The arrow of conviction was deep in the penitent's soul, but his new-born faith was yet too feeble to reach the only hand that could extract it.

For several days Sanderson remained under the lashings of a terrified, guilty conscience, still wrestling for pardon and peace. But the moment of deliverance came. Sanderson was on his knees; the earnest cry,— "O God, for Christ's sake, blot out mine iniquities, and save my poor, guilty soul," burst from a heart of anguish. Those words were the sublime strain that reached the Majesty on High; the swift-winged, messenger of reconciliation, with the still small voice, whispered,— "Thy sins, which are many are all forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Sanderson rose from his knees a new man; he was now unspeakably happy. Heaven had supplied hell; his enraptured soul burst forth in praises and thanksgiving. The change made a noise in the neighbourhood; his old acquaintances reported that he was wrong in his head; and, if they were right, he was wrong, for now they were wide as the poles asunder. He sent an apology to the two ministers he had insulted, shook hands with old Philip the shoemaker, and for several months tried to undo injury he had done, by speaking to old and young of the power of saving grace. Reading the Bible was his delight, and many passages in the New Testament he committed to memory. He was now a happy man.

Sanderson's change of heart had such an influence on his health, that great hopes were entertained he would entirely recover. He often expressed his conviction that "if anything could give a sick man a chance of being restored to health, peace with God through Jesus Christ would; for a happy soul would do much towards strengthening a sickly body." His recovered strength enabled him to attend the house of God, and no man in Rochdale more enjoyed the means of grace. The songs and prayers of the sanctuary, and the glad tidings of salvation through a preached gospel, filled his soul with deep emotion. He sought the company of religious men, and spent many pleasant hours with the old Christian shoemaker. The Bible was his constant companion, and he committed to memory the hymn he first heard repeated by little Alice. He often wished he had had the pleasures and labours of a godly life. All fear of death was gone, and he felt a desire to live chiefly that he might do some good in the cause of God and the Church.

But it was otherwise determined; for, being caught in a heavy shower of rain, he took a severe cold, and soon became unable to leave his bed.

I was much with him during his last sickness. Early one fine Sabbath morning, just before leaving the town to fulfil my engagements at Littleborough, I called to make what I believed would be a farewell visit. He was raised high in bed, with several pillows behind to support his now sinking frame. He smiled feebly, reached out his thin clammy hand, and, in a whisper, quoted three lines from the child's piece,—

"See smiling patience smooths my brow,
See the kind angels waiting now,
To wait his soul on high."

and then asked if I was going to preach somewhere.

"Yes," I answered, "morning and afternoon at Littleborough."

"Will you let me find you a text, and if you do not preach from it to day, preach from it as soon as you can?"

Hear, ye ministers of the cross, what sort of texts dying men wish us to preach from:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

This was dying Sanderson's choice, and he specially wished me not to leave out the last words, "Of whom I am chief."

In a few hours, the soul of this chief of sinners, saved by grace, took its flight across the border land, to join a Magdelene and a Saul of Tarsus in singing the praises of redeeming love.

HONEST.

In the good olden days, which our fathers tell us were so much better than these, two unlettered Christian men met to settle accounts, and Mr. Smith found himself owing Mr. Jones fifty-seven dollars and some odd cents.

"No matter about the money, brother, no matter at all," said Jones; "I only wanted to see how we stood, and you can pay me just when you've a mind to."

"Well, I hav't the money by me," said Smith, "but I'll tell you what, I'll give you my note, and that will fix it all straight and sure."

"I wint a mite afraid to trust you without a note," quoth Jones; "but if you feel any easier to give me one, why you can, I suppose."

So, after whetting up a pen-knife, and converting a goose quill into a pen; after pouring a few drops of vinegar into the dried-up ink-stand; after much rummaging for the disused "letter-paper," and after studious consultation of an old arithmetic, as to the proper form of a note, the important paper was at last duly executed, and Jones having deliberately looked over his friend's writing, and dried it before the open fire, handed the note back to the singer, saying,—"Now, brother, you keep the note, so far to see how much you've got to pay."

"Well," said Smith, "I guess I will, for I am the master hand to forget, 'specially if there are odd dollars and cents."

So Smith kept his own note, and when he was ready to pay it, took it to Jones and handed it over with the money, saying,

"And now, brother, you keep the note so as for to show you've got your pay."

Although we may not believe with Pope, that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," we would not resist the conviction, that these were noble men, or fail to honor such nobility whenever or wherever found.

VENTILATION.

We call attention to a subject of the first importance in the moral improvement of all our people. When the body, the lungs and the blood are deprived of the requisite quantum of oxygen it is about as hard to enlighten a human being, as when he starves with hunger or perishes with cold. Clear, light, pure air, and pure water in the Bible, represent God, and in nature are used by him, as the food of our life and the force by which we are developed.

The Rev. T. D. Talmage, says: "We want air in our Sunday-school rooms, not such as comes down from heaven's bright blue, or sweeping over the wide sea, or sweet fields, wafting to us the aroma of whole acres of red clover-top. Do not repeat the 'murder of the innocents.' Again, flee dirt as you would pestilence. Let the floor be spotless. Dirt is infidel and blasphemous. Broom and mop have a religious mission. Let the walls be illuminated with maps and pictures and texts of Scripture. Bring flowers and crown the desks, and hang them in wreaths all over the walls. There is no scroffle in heliotrope or branch of pine. Make it the brightest room on earth if you would entice the children in and profit them."

ARE YOU HAPPY?

A correspondent of the *British Workman*, says:—"Rothschild who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question: 'Are you happy?' 'Happy!' he answered, 'when just as you are going to dinner, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'if you don't lend me five hundred pounds, I will blow your brains out. Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow? No, indeed, I am not happy.'"

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't buy off death." And so it was plain to see he was not happy.

But I want once to see a poor, lame and aged woman who lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting, for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her the same question: "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon."

"But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, "Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full."

RAPIDITY OF SENSATION.

If a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to 'draw the finger away.' The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nervous fluid travels; and other observers, among whom Schelske deserves mention, have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of the many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of 971 feet in a second. Now, electricity travels a speed exceeding 1,200,000,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth in its orbit round the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle 130; a locomotive, 95; and a race horse 80. We thus perceive that the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact which, among many others, deserves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, has recently been making some interesting experiments in