

THE WESLEYAN.

Vol. III.—No. 4.]

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, GENERAL AND DOMESTIC NEWS, ETC.

[Whole No. 108

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

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1851.

Single Copies.
Three Pence.

Poetry.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requirth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night:—

Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
When'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him!

CHRISTIANS BY THE RIVER OF DEATH.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

There came a little child, with sunny hair,
All fearless to the brink of death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the joy and giver,—
And as upon the waves she left our sight
We heard her say, "My Saviour makes them bright."

Next came a youth, with bearing most serene,
Nor turned a single backward look of sadness;
But as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smilingly declared, "My soul is filled with gladness;
What earth deems bright, forever I resign,
Joyful but this to know, that Christ is mine!"

An aged mourner, trembling, tottered by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river,
Then glided on, beneath the shadowy sky,
Singing, "Christ Jesus is my strength forever.
Upon his arm my feeble soul I lean,
My glance needs his without a cloud between."

And I scarce her last triumph note had died,
Ere hastened on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside,
These only words unto his friends returning:
"Christ for my wisdom thankfully I own,
And as a little child I seek his throne."

Then saw I this—that whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius, won salvation,
Each, self-renouncing came; on each God smiled—
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends, earth's pleasures, and renown,
Each entered heaven, and "by His side sat down."

Christian Miscellany.

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

The Want of the Age.

Not a little is heard, now-a-days, about
"the wants of the age!"—Good men and
bad, wise men and unwise, real and false
philanthropists, the pulpit and the press, all
have much to say as to the demands of the
age, and the best way of supplying them.

The Fourierite tells us we must herd hu-
man beings, as we do cattle; the Agrarian,
that we must divide up property and land;
the Agitator, that we must fall in with his
favourite scheme of excitement; the Sweden-
borgian, that we must have faith in his
dreams; and the Mormon, that we must bow
down and worship in his temple. Every one

cries out, that the age must adopt *his* views,
or it is *undone*! One tells us the demand
of the age is for universal education; ano-
ther, that it requires liberty of speech, per-
son, and conscience; and still another, that
it must and will have an upheaving of the
social state, and perfect uniformity of social
privilege and enjoyment!

But as opposed to *some*, and far above and
beyond *all* these things, there is a want, and
it is *the* want of the age. Do you ask what
it is? *It is the gospel!* This is what the
age wants—pre-eminently and supremely
wants—and must have for its improvement
and salvation:

The Bible is the book of the age—of this,
as of every age!—It is not antiquated, old-
fashioned, out of date!—It needs no remo-
delling for the nineteenth century, and he is
but a madman or a fool who pretends it!
The idle, who would be amused; the vision-
ary, who prefers dreaming to reality; the
vicious, who would wallow in indulgence,
may turn away from it to novelties, excite-
ment, or the wild schemes of scepticism, delu-
sion, selfishness, and lust. But if souls
are to be renewed, communities benefited,
the age regenerated, our country and the
world redeemed, it must be *by the Bible*—
by Christianity!

The *lawless* spirits of the age must yield
themselves to the law of God; the *free*
spirits of the age submit themselves to the
righteousness which is by faith; the *proud*
spirits of the age be humbled to acknowledge
their dependence on the cross; the *depraved*
spirits of the age, be renewed by the gospel
of Christ as applied by the Holy Spirit. The
great *doctrines* of the Bible must be made
known, and the great *duties* of the Bible
pressed home on every conscience, and
heart and life, in all their power, and by all
the sanctions of eternity!

The want of the age is the gospel; the
plain, unadulterated and unmodified gospel
—the gospel preached from the pulpit, taught
in the family and Sabbath school, sent forth
in the Bible, and tract, and printed volume,
borne by the press, the missionary, the col-
porteur, the private Christian to the city and
wilderness.—*N. E. Purton.*

I have nothing to give!

So said a member of the Church, to
one of the appointed collectors for Foreign
Missions. And yet he professed to be a dis-
ciple of Jesus Christ—to be governed by
the self-denying principles of his gospel.

Nothing to give! And yet he talked of
the preciousness of the gospel to his own
soul—the hopes he entertained of salva-
tion through its blood-purchased provisions;
but he has nothing to give to extend those
hopes and joys to those whom he professes
to love as himself.

Nothing to give! And he sometimes at-
tends the missionary prayer meetings, and
prays that God will send the gospel to the
ends of the earth. He has said many times
during the year, "Thy kingdom come,"
and pretended that it was prayer. If dollars
were as cheap as words, the treasury of be-
nevolence would be full. If Christians were
as liberal with their purses as they are with
their prayers, there would be no lack of
means for sustaining the missionaries of the
cross in every land.

Nothing to give! That means, the Mis-
sionaries may starve, and the heathen go to
hell, before I part with any of my money for
their relief.

Nothing to give! And he wears decent
apparel, lives in a comfortable house, sits at
a plentiful table, and seems to want for
nothing necessary to the comfort of his fam-
ily.

Nothing to give! And yet he indulges
freely in little luxuries, steps into a con-
fectionary occasionally, gathers his friends
sometimes around a well-stored board, in
convivial enjoyment, and can well afford the
expense.

Nothing to give! And the heathen are
stretching out their hands in imploring peti-
tions for the bread of life, and warm-hearted
Christian ministers, and even Christian
women, are standing on the shores of our
own land and looking across into the dark-
ness, and weeping for the means to carry
them there, that they may minister to the
spiritual necessities of these perishing
millions.

Nothing to give! Yet God, in his provid-
ence, is constant and munificent in his be-
nefactions. Every day his treasury is open-
ed, and fresh blessings are freely dispensed.
God never answers to the claims of his peo-
ple upon his daily benevolence "I have noth-
ing to give." What we have to bestow
comes all from Him; and no conceivable
reason can be imagined why we should cease
or hesitate to give, while he furnishes the
means.

Nothing to give! Then you ought special-
ly to labour that you may earn something to
give away. Oh! is this not asking too
much? What! work on purpose to devote
the wages to benevolence? Engage in hard
manual labour for the very purpose of de-
voting the proceeds to charity? Does not
that savour a little of fanaticism? Precise-
ly the fanaticism of St. Paul—"Let him
labour, working with his own hands the
thing that is good, that he may have to give
to him who needeth."

That man may last—but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can love—whom none can thank—
Creation's blot—creation's blank.

Sowing and Reaping.

"Sow away, brother; sow away, sister,"
said Mr. William Dawson, in a sermon to
the young; "harvest is coming nearer every
day. *Be not weary in well doing, for in due
season ye shall reap if ye faint not.* If you
were going past a person who was sowing in
a field very pleasantly and very plentifully
some sort of grain, and you were to say to
him "Good morning," "Good morning."—"You
seem to be sowing; what is the reason you
are sowing so pleasantly and so
plentifully?" "Why," says he, "I will tell
you the secret, I know that for every grain
of corn I sow, I shall reap a guinea for it!"
"Oh, then it is so, is it?" you would say; "I
don't wonder at your sowing pleasantly, I
don't wonder at your sowing plentifully,
when for every grain you sow, you will reap
a guinea. But, glory be to God, sowing to the
Spirit is better than sowing grains of
corn, and reaping millions of gold. *He that
soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap
life everlasting.*"

How much I ought to keep?

In conversing with a friend to the foreign
missions a few days ago, he said, "I have
often asked myself what I ought to give to
the mission cause. I have recently been
thinking and asking myself, WHAT OUGHT
I TO KEEP?"

This is a question every Christian ought
to ask himself. We may keep so much of
God's property, which he has put into our
hands, as is needed for sustaining life; we
may keep some of the comforts of life, but are
not at liberty to indulge in luxuries, and
give little or nothing for spreading the gos-
pel. For the use we make of money,
"every one of us must give an account of
himself to God." Let every one ask,
"How much ought I to keep?"

A singular Man.

The writer once knew a man who was
accustomed to express his cordial thanks to
every benevolent agent who called upon him
and received his contributions to the Lord's
treasury. I fear there are not many such
men in the Church. I fear there are many
who are pleased, if not thankful, when they
are not called upon to give to a benevolent
object. I fear there are many who give
from a sense of propriety, rather than from a

sense of duty. I fear there are many who
give from a sense of duty rather than from
the sweetly constraining influence of the love
of Christ. I fear there are few who fully
obey the injunction to give as the Lord has
prospered them.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. He
has made a blessed attainment who gives
promptly and joyfully, according to his abili-
ty, to the cause of God. He who has made
this attainment, will oftener ask the question,
*Can I not give more? than Am I under an
obligation to give so much?*

The Choice.

A Quaker residing in Paris was waited
on by four workmen, in order to make their
compliments, and ask for their usual New
Year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the Quaker,
"here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs,
or the Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first,
"so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read!" said the second, "but I
have pressing wants." He took the fifteen
francs. The third also made the same
choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad
about fourteen. The Quaker looked at him
with an air of goodness.

"Will you, too, take these three pieces,
which you may attain at any time by your
labour of industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take
it and read it to my mother," replied the
boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and
found between the leaves a gold piece of
forty francs. The others hung down their
heads, and the Quaker told them he was
sorry they had not made a better choice.—
Literary American.

Common Unreasonableness.

Some Christians occasionally speak as if
their pastor should know, by intuition,
every current event in their history.
Hence, should they themselves, or any mem-
ber of their family, be unexpectedly laid
under God's afflicting hand, or summoned
suddenly to pass through some peculiarly
painful ordeal, wonder is expressed, and cer-
tain feelings, half choked by emotion, are
vented, because the minister "has not once
called," when in fact he was totally ignorant
of the painful dispensation, and knew not
but that the family were as happy and as
well as when he last saw them at his pas-
toral rounds. Some individuals forget the
way in which the New Testament churches
acted on similar occasions. They overlook
the injunction of heaven in the case, "Is
any among you sick? let him call for the
elders of the church." Where this command
is neglected, instead of wondering at the non-
appearance of the pastor, the parties' own
want of consideration ought to be the sub-
ject of the deepest amazement.—*A. M.
Stalker.*

The Minister hiring his Neighbour.

An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of
a neighbour who followed his calling on the
Lord's day, went and asked him why he
broke the Sabbath. The man replied that
he was driven to it, by finding it hard work
to maintain his family. "Will you attend
public worship," said Mr. P., "if I pay you
a week day's wages?" "Yes, most gladly,"
said the poor man. He attended constantly
and received his pay. After some time Mr.
P., forgot to send the money; and recollect-
ing it, called upon the man and said, "I am
in your debt." "No, sir," he replied, "you
are not." "How so," said Mr. P., "I have
not paid you of late." "True," answered
the man, "but I can now trust God; for I
have found that he can bless the work of
six days for the support of my family, just
the same as seven." Ever after that, he
strictly kept the Sabbath, and found that in
keeping God's commands there is not only
no loss, but great reward.