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Poetry.

A Country Over the Sea.

From a far country over the sea, A little child is calling to me— A little child with shining hair, And a little child with a flower's sweet breath.

Selections.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal. Asbury in Dover, Delaware.

Mr. Editor: I am pleased in prospect of having a department for Methodist history in your excellent journal. Without disparaging any other section of the paper, I feel confident that reminiscences of our Church would find many regular and deeply interested readers, and that you may not be without the material for a commencement, I will furnish an incident in connection with the introduction of Bishop Asbury into the town of Dover, Delaware.

Right. Mr. B cast about in his mind how he should entertain his rather unwelcome guest, his plan was decided upon; invitations were sent to the most distinguished gentlemen in the neighborhood; the lawyers, doctors, and clergymen were all called in; Mr. B. thought to overlook the poor Methodist bishop with an array of intellect; but Mr. Asbury seemed perfectly composed and at his own quietude.

Advice to a Young Lawyer.

The following letter was addressed by the late Judge Gaston, of N. C., to his friend and relative John L. T. Sneed, now Attorney General of Tennessee, when he was about to commence his legal career.

With great esteem and affection, Truly yours, WILL. GASTON. To J. L. T. SNEED, Esq.

The President's Last Sabbath in Washington

President Pierce has, during his term of office, been a regular attendant at the Four-and-a-half Street Presbyterian church. Last Sabbath was a remarkably fine day. The crowd in the city attended church with our citizens. The Four-and-a-half Street church was very much crowded; all the pews in the house were filled at an early hour, except the one occupied by the President.

Scotch Peculiarities.

The December number of Frazier's Magazine contains an article on 'Scotch Peculiarities,' in which is the following simple and pathetic passage: The Scotch are not a demonstrative race. I do not believe among our laboring class here in the country, there is any want of real heart and feeling.

A New Anecdote of Wesley.

Mr. Editor: The following anecdote of the venerable father of Methodism might perhaps be interesting to your readers. It is related in the simple manner of the Cornishman, who forms a part of the story: I remember Mr. Wesley well. I first heard him preach in Helstone, near the market place, seventy-four years ago.

Quankey Chapel.

A correspondent of the Petersburg Express gives the following account of an old chapel in Halifax county, N. C. It will repay perusal: Nine miles from the town of Halifax, on the 'middle road' leading towards Warrenton, stands an ancient, uncouth looking frame building known as 'Quankey Chapel.'

The World Owes me a Living.

No such thing Mr. Fold-up-your hands, the world owes you not a single sou! You have done nothing these twenty years but consume the products earned by the sweat of other men's brows.

Within the recollection of the writer, the old panned part, the pulpit and the sound-board surmounted by a crown, remained as in the days of its primeval grandeur. The pews have been displaced by a set of very uncomfortable, plain plank benches without backs to them; the old pulpit is there still, but the sound-board was taken down several years ago and carried to Warrenton by Rev. C. F. McKee, merely as a curious relic of the past; where it is now I am unable to say.

A STORY.

I was in the medical staff of the army during the Revolutionary war. I was rather young to be there. My constitution was one of the best. Had it been otherwise, I should, no doubt, have fallen a victim to the habits which I contracted in early life. My tendencies were convivial; temptations to intemperate drinking and gambling were always present, and important; we were a clique by ourselves, with no one to molest or make afraid; and no one thought himself degraded by being drunk.

Clergymen and Lecturers.

A correspondent of the Congregationalist thus writes on the subject of public lectures by clergymen: "Among the institutions of our age and part of the world, a leading place is occupied by popular lectures. The winter does not come more certainly, to pour out its frigid treasures on the earth, than it does, to wake up the whole tribe of lecturers, and scatter them broadcast over the land.

Washington Idolized.

Washington Idolized.—Did you know that Washington had been placed in the calendar of saints? There is a church at Itawa, on the principal portal of which is a very well executed bust of the American revolution, and on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "good Saint George Washington." I confess that as I passed this church I felt like taking off my hat, and did it—not because of custom, but because I couldn't help it.—Letter from Nicaragua.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE CLERGY

THE DANGER OF THE CHURCH. Such is the title of a sermon intended for Scotland; but the following passage, taken from it, deserves to be read, studied, and inwardly digested by the churches in America. The sermon says: When you ask the clergyman to walk first of your guests, as in virtue of his function, the premier untitled gentleman of the company, beware lest the usage which marks the respect of Christian society for religion itself in the person of its ministers, become the means of dragging into painful conspicuity threadbare habiliments or leaky shoes.

The Heart.

The heart that's once been rendered cold, By slight, or scorn, or jeer, Can never feel love's warmth again, So thankful or sincere; For, as the newly builded rose Doth feel the wintry blast, So doth the heart, grown weak and sad, When light is over it cast.

Mary's Wish.

Last winter among the juvenile speakers at an anniversary of the Trinity-station Sabbath School, on Staten Island, there was a very interesting girl, named Mary. She spoke the following simple verses, written by the pastor, with deep feeling and most marked propriety: I wish I was in heaven, With Christ at God's right hand, Where angels do their singing— A holy, glorious band: And where my friends are found, Who struggled hard while here, But who at last are freed, From sin, and care, and fear.

Far the Children.

But shall I merely wish? Shall not my work and will, While here on earth, be done? Yes, Lord I will be thine, And trust thy promise given For aid to will and deed: 'Till I have gazed my heaven.

A QUESTION.

A QUESTION.—A minister journeying in our city, in a conversation on duelling, was made aware for the first time that surgeons, in their professional capacity, always accompanied the parties to the field. He asked (and the question has an appearance of reason, too) why ministers did not attend in their professional capacity, as it was likely of those who went on the field with serious intentions, one would probably need the consultations of religion? The suggestion is an original one, we believe, and we commend it to those who take part in establishing the usages of honor.

Savannah Republican.

Would not a sexton, undertaker and gravedigger make valuable and exhilarating additions to such a party?