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THE "WESLEYAN."

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FROM THE PAPERS.

The Baptist priests in Japan have taken to the Bible in the course of their study, so that they can better oppose the missionaries.

The *New York Observer* says that two-thirds of the voting population of the city of New York are foreigners, and control every office in the city.

The minister of public instruction in France has ordered Herbert Spencer's work on "Education" to be printed and distributed gratuitously throughout the Republic.

The Viceroy Li-hung Chang, of Tientsin, China, within sixteen months has given the missionaries of the London Missionary Society \$5,000 for medical work.

An English correspondent states that there are twenty-three "Lives of John Wesley" published, in addition to an almost countless number of sketches in magazines, quarterlies, or other serial publications.

The pastors of the New York City Conference, at a recent meeting in Seventh Street Church, passed a resolution requesting the bishop, who is to preside at the coming session, not to transfer ministers into their body without removing an equal number of ministers of like grade to other Conferences.

From Edinburgh, Scotland, it is reported that the evangelistic work conducted by Major Whittle continues with unabated success. The number of converts increases daily. More than thirty ministers of the various evangelical denominations assist in the services, and superintend the workers in the inquiry-rooms.

The Chinese are said to believe that the reason why those who read the Bible become Christians is due to the stupefying power of the ink, which takes away the reason and leaves them ready to believe false doctrines. Warnings against the purchase of foreign books are frequent in consequence of this superstition.

The work of the Rev. W. F. Davis, of Massachusetts, among the lumbermen of northern Michigan, estimated as high as 40,000, has been very successful the past winter. Mr. Davis goes from camp to camp, singing and preaching, as opportunity offers, and distributing reading matter. An effort is soon to be made to put this work on a substantial basis.

At Manaroneck, N. J., Thomas L. Rushmore, superintendent of the Sunday school, has hit upon a valuable idea. He will, next Sunday, take a collection in the Sunday-school for the worn-out ministers. This looks like the road to success in a matter about which we have had too much reason to be ashamed as Methodists. Let the children take up the cause of the old itinerants.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

The Ecumenical Council, it is intended, shall be opened by a sermon by Bishop Simpson, to be followed by the administration of the Lord's Supper; and it is expected that in the evening of the same day, a conversation or some similar gathering will be held at the Mansion House, amid the genial hospitality of the Lord Mayor. This will provide a most agreeable opportunity for free intercourse.—*London Methodist.*

Mr. A. B. Stone has just purchased, for \$20,000, a beautiful site at Bath, L. I., called "Bath Park," for the Children's Aid Society. It contains 44 acres, with many trees, several nice pavilions, ninety bath-houses, and many conveniences for the future home, and has a frontage on the sea of some 450 feet. The bathing is peculiarly safe. The new "Summer Home" will be the resort of the poor children of the tenement houses during the hot weather. It is to be hoped, for many generations to come.

The Rev. George Hood illustrates the commercial value of missions by referring to the trade of the United States with the Micronesian and adjacent islands. It seems that the first missionaries went to these islands in 1852, and that in 1879 business was carried on which has yielded profit amounting to nearly \$70,000. The Board during that year appropriated for that mission \$16,705. Or in other words, missions paid out \$1, and commerce, in trade created by the missions, received back \$4,175. And this account most people know such a mission was in existence.

FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

A common error is that the Christian life is all in the beginning. I am sure that the general thought, while it is not too much concerned about the beginning of Christianity in the soul because it can not be too much concerned about it, is not anxious about its subsequent development. It would have been just as wise for the ancient racer, after he had gone through the training process, stripped himself for the contest, and entered the arena, and run on three steps, to have stopped there, and declared the race won, and himself entitled to the prize.

Why, the judge would answer, the race is but begun. Your preparation may have been assiduous and admirable, but it is the law of the arena that the entire course must be accomplished, and the prize adjudged as you shall have carried yourself around the whole circle.

The race itself is the only test of your preparation and beginning.

But somehow we have too generally come to think that if we can only get a man to acknowledge his sinfulness, and walk for a time in darkness, and then pass out into a better state of feeling, to break forth in joy and songfulness, to see new light in the sun, and fresh greenness in the grass, to profess trust in Jesus Christ, that then the whole race is run, the victor's crown is on the brow.

Now it may be true that a man passing through such an experience has become a Christian, and it may be he has not. You can not predicate Christianity altogether upon feeling. It is not all fervors and raptures and high excitements and effusions of sentiment. These may be the glorious door into the noble Christian life, and they may be the door into delusion. Christianity is a changed nature. To be a Christian is to be a new creation in Christ Jesus.

Christianity is the setting of the purposes toward God; it is resolute determination to arrange our action with, and not thwart, the will of God; it is living as ever in our great Taskmaster's eye. And so the only test to the truth of the beginning is the whole race succeeding. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Saviour. The genuineness of the new life is to be judged of what you do each day in your business—not so much by what you thought on some dim day years back. Christianity is more a life than a feeling. If the life bloom other than Christian, the strong presumption must be that the root out of which the life issues is other than Christian.

It is the Springtime, and I want flowers in my garden. I go to a seed-store, and ask for hyacinth bulbs. Unless my sense of smell be acute the man may sell me onions instead of hyacinth bulbs. They look very much alike. I take them home, and plant them, and water them. If instead of the perfumed flowers I get some weed or vegetable, then I am sure I have not planted hyacinths. So it is with Christianity. Unless the bloom be Christian, it is certain that the bulb is not. The only test of sainthood is endurance in sainthood. The beginning is not everything in Christianity.—*Dr. Wayland Hoyt.*

Cambridge University, England, by an immense majority of its senate—398 to 32—has opened its regular examinations to women students, granting them the same honors and degrees as to young men. The women can now have not simply the certificates of Girton College, but the coveted parchments of one of the venerable universities of England. It will awaken new enthusiasm and pride among the young men to preserve the college honours from being snatched from them by their alert, temperate and diligent sisters.

In a recent note on the extremely rapid death of two boys at York, Pa., after eating a wild root; reference was made, in passing, to the hemlock, with which Socrates was dispatched. It is remarkable, as it turns out, that this modern case of poisoning is by precisely the same plant as that used in the death of the great philosopher (*Conium maculatum*), as an examination of the stomachs of the unfortunate boys proved. It is, fortunately, not often that such positive proof of the deadly nature of this plant is furnished, and it should be made widely known.—*Independent.*

Chancellor Crosby lately gave this certificate of character to the native American as distinguished from the imported article. He said he had, in the past thirty years, investigated the cases of thousands of great-beggars, and had never yet found an American among them. All were immigrants. He once gave up an entire month to these inquiries, looked into hundreds of cases, and found in every one "a foreigner and a liar." The Chancellor also expressed some very strong opinions upon the indignity of being asked to swear to American birth by some foreign-born poll-taxers who are exercising all the privileges of citizenship without having been here long enough to give a legal notice that they intend to be naturalized.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY."

We were studying the epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter. When we read the last two verses: "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory, throughout all ages," this expression fell upon my soul like a revelation from God. He can do by his power, I said to myself, above all even that we can think—nay, exceeding abundantly above all! A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down, and, although I had never fully confided my inward struggle to my friends, the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose in that inn room at Kiel I felt as if my wings were renewed as the wings of eagles. From that time forward I comprehended that my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ is

able to do all by his power that worketh in us; and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to him, "Here I am, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy, who opposes me. Do all thyself. I know thou wilt do it. Thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all I ask." I was not disappointed; all my doubts were removed, my anguish quelled, and the Lord extended to me peace like a river. Then I could comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Then was I able to say, "Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—*D'Aubigne.*

SINGING THE GOSPEL.

The recent death of that singularly gifted and truly sainted woman, Miss Frances R. Havergal, brings to my recollection a very pleasant incident, published some years ago, relative to a service once rendered by her well-known hymn, beginning:

"I gave my life for thee," which it seems to me ought to go into her biography. The readers of the *Methodist* will be interested, I feel sure, in the remarkable bit of history to which reference has just been made.

At the earnest request of one of the most wealthy manufacturers of Philadelphia, on a certain Thursday evening in December, Philip Phillips visited the residence of the aged father of said manufacturer (himself one of the most prominent men of business and property in that city), the invitation saying: "Come and sing to him the gospel," for strange to say, although all the aged man's family had been Christians for years (belonging to the Society of Friends), and had been exercised in continual prayer on his account, yet he still remained, not only unconverted, but apparently utterly unconcerned.

All other instrumentalities having proved ineffectual for his hopeful awakening, it was now finally determined—very singularly for Quakers—to resort to the instrumentality of song.

On the evening in question all were present at the aged father's house. After some little time had been very pleasantly occupied socially, Mr. Phillips was invited to sing. Meantime, as this sweet gospel singer began to lift up the voice of praise, the family looked up in fervent silent prayer to God for his special blessing upon the dear old father, to the end that his heart might be touched, and that his soul might be truly and effectually awakened. Several hymns had been sung with no special or visible effect. At length this matchless hymn of Miss Havergal's was introduced:

"What I did for thee,
What hast thou done for me?"
And while the words of the latter—
"I spent long years for thee,
I bittern and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I see long years for thee, for thee,
But thou spentest one for me, for me?"
were being sweetly and sympathetically sung, the aged father began to wipe the tears from his eyes. The Spirit was evidently doing its office-work, and the old man was beginning to yield at last.

The lamented Alfred Cookman, who was also present, immediately proposed a season of prayer. All knelt down, the venerable father with the rest. The grace of the great Father was freely vouchsafed, and the penitent of over "threescore and ten" presently arose and expressed himself a "new creature;" and from thence, we are told, "went on his way rejoicing."

It would be interesting to know all about the subsequent history of this most notable eleventh-hour convert. Is he still living? It is highly probable he has long since entered into rest, joining the sainted Cookman in the songs of the sanctuary above.

It would also be interesting to know whether Miss H. was ever apprised of this marked trophy of her sanctified song. It would not be surprising if both the singer and her venerable convert across the seas had long ere this met to sing around the throne of a common

Saviour the still loftier song: "Not unto us, no, not unto us, but unto Him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, unto him be praise and dominion and glory, and power forever and forever."—*Rev. R. H. Howard in N. Y. Methodist.*

DR. JOHNSON.

Thomas Cooper gives these interesting reminiscences of the deceased minister. They appear in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for March.

"I was more than seven years his senior; but there was such readiness of apprehension, keenness of observation and discernment, and general ripeness of intelligence in him, combined with such frankness and heartiness, that my soul clave to him. Those who know how changeable my life has been will be sure that we did not always agree in sentiment and opinion; and that my friend did not fail to tell me when he believed I was wrong—grievously wrong. But he told me always in sorrow, never in anger.

Frederick Johnson was a born artist. His mind was full of pictures. He saw pictures, colour, form and beauty, wherever he went, under God's sky and on God's beautiful earth; and he talked pictures, with the most easy and happy command of familiar words; so that there is no wonder that he became an impressive and popular preacher so early.

There was a more commanding reason, however, than this for his great acceptance with the people; he was so thoroughly in earnest and felt so thoroughly the supreme importance of his work in the pulpit, that preaching for souls became a passion with him. We contrived to meet as often as possible; sharing each other's appointments; talking about sermons; and wrestling for holiness together and not seldom joining our efforts. Prayer-meetings for the salvation of sinners.

One occasion of our meeting is often spoken of in Lincolnshire, to the present time. In our mention of it, we always called it "the Horncastle glory." It had been a custom for some years (I believe it is still) to hold a Love-feast in the afternoon of New Year's Day. People were accustomed to come from distant villages, the chapel was usually crowded, and spiritual good was ever the result. On New Year's Day, 1833, my friend and myself were among the Local Preachers invited to attend the Love-feast, and three of us were requested to preach in succession, at night. I led the way with the grand text: "All things are possible to him that believeth." Johnson followed with the grandest of all texts: "God so loved the world, etc."

Goodricke, another Lincoln Local Preacher, (who died in the mission work), followed; but was short, for the excitement had reached spiritual white heat under Johnson's sermon. And now followed the Prayer-meeting. The Rev. David Cornforth, a hearty Cornishman, said: "The Lord is here! Lads, conduct the meeting your own way." So we conducted it in what we knew would have been John Smith's way; stepping from pew to pew, talking to sinners and getting them to seek for pardon; and singing a verse of praise when they had found it. Four and twenty times we had to sing such praise; for so many souls professed to find peace before two o'clock in the morning, when the meeting broke up. My beloved friend and I had often a like experience in those days, though on a smaller scale.

Frederick Johnson's prospects were bright for success as an artist, but he resolved to sacrifice them all for Christ. I must not enter on the causes of my leaving Methodism. It was an evil day for me. My dear friend came over to Lincoln and found me and my distressed wife in the midst of our trouble. His heart was rung with anguish, and he burst into an agony of tears. However, I could not be persuaded to go back, although I loved Methodism with an unspeakable love. I paid dearly for forsaking it, losing the best years of my life, partly in backsliding and partly in sceptical error. My friend protested

against my Chartism. When I fell into the errors of Strauss, and gave up belief in the Divinity, miracles and Resurrection of Christ, remaining simply a worshipper of His moral beauty, my friend had great sorrow of heart, and often solemnly charged me to consider the peril I was running, not only for myself, but in misteaching others, just he always believed I should get right.

At length came the blessed time of my restoration to Christian belief. It was God's work only. I had the help of my dear friend and of noble Charles Kingsley when the work had begun.

When, after the lapse of twenty-four years, I stood once more in a pulpit beside my friend, he spoke of it with tears of joy. During the twenty-two years which have followed, whenever we met, he and I and his pious wife were seldom many moments before we were in our knees, supplicating the Divine blessing, as in days of our early friendship.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

An educated ministry is the demand of the times. We have no heart to resist a claim so natural and so proper. We have no temptation to cater to any unreasonable prejudice, if such should exist, against education as a means of efficiency and useful influence in our pulpits or elsewhere. Far from it. On the contrary, let us educate to the full extent of our opportunity the young men entering upon the work of the ministry in the perilous and critical period which this particular crisis of our century marks. And let us who are already in the midst of our work recognize that the whole length of our lives is but the continuous opportunity of our never-ending education. Only let us put a value on education, either in ourselves or in others, that it will not bear. A ministry may be carefully, critically, technically correct, it may be intellectually strong, and yet in absence of spiritual power and fruit be a naked and miserable failure. A preacher may have immense thought-power and severe culture, and withal may preach the truths as it is in Jesus; and yet prove a pigmy, so far as the results of preaching go, beside some stalwart giant, who, with less intellect, and much less culture, has yet the authority of the Holy Ghost to speak what he knows, and speak it with power. The more the education, the better for us all, provided always that education is constituted the handmaid of religion. We can conceive of but no greater mistake than the Church's undervaluing education in her ministry, and one of these is in her overvaluing it. She does this to the extent that she encourages culture at the expense of spiritual power.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

FROM ABOARD.

The latest news from the Samoa Islands, in the Australasian group of the Pacific, announces the death of King Malietoa, the son of the famous chief who fifty years ago welcomed to those islands the messengers of the London Missionary Society. He was a man of good purposes, but no great mental ability, and consented to be overthrown largely by the foreign consuls in the islands. His nephew will be his successor, and it is understood, will walk in his footsteps. The influence of Christianity in this group of islands is seen in the very peculiar laws in these regions which forbid the sale of firearms and fire-water. Any sale of arms to the natives, unless by special consent of the government, is punished by a fine of \$500. It is a crime to import spirituous liquors into the islands, and any one who sells them is fined \$5, as well as any one who is caught in a state of intoxication. The foreign consuls and the native authorities have both learned that rum does not aid them to civilize the people, nor make it more easy to rule them. The foreign owners and employers in the cocoanut groves find that they get better work out of their *fazals* without liquor, and that the sum of human happiness is increased by keeping out of their reach powder and rum. But what a compliment is this to the morality and Christianity taught by the missionary messengers of God will to men!

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