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SUBSCRIPTIONS may be made to any Minister of the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland Conferences.

FROM THE PAPERS.

The Christian World calls the "fancy" method of raising money for benevolent objects, "charity in masquerade."

The trustees of Andover Theological Seminary have employed Dr. Sargent, instructor at the Harvard Gymnasium, to make a physical examination of every student and to lay down a course of appropriate exercises.

Dr. Talmage, Sabbath before last, announced that his church within the last thirteen months had received an addition of one thousand and thirty-six persons to its membership. The whole membership now numbers more than twenty-five hundred, making it in the element of numbers the banner white church of the United States.—*N. Y. Independent.*

An intoxicated person going home at night had to cross a railroad. Next morning he was found on the track killed by being run over by the cars. The Illinois Supreme Court decides that the intoxication was the proximate cause of death, and under the Civil Damage Act the seller of the liquor which intoxicated him, and the owner of the premises where it was sold, were liable to his widow for injury to her means of support.

A writer, describing one of the recent religious festivals or fairs in India, says: "One thing alone I missed of the attractions of an English fair—there was not one grog-shop, not one tent licensed to sell spirits, wholesale or retail. Strange to say, too, over the whole line of road, two miles, amid many thousands of revelers, we did not see one person the worse for liquor." In this, at least, the heathen set an example to Christian England and America.

The editor of the Paris North Texas, says, very frankly: "We are not a church member. We are a rough, wicked man, and have drunk whiskey, periodically, all our life, until the last year, when recognizing the duties of a father, remembering that we are responsible for our example, we quit the accursed practice, and we are in for the war against the traffic—not those who sell and drink it."

The bicyclists of the United States wear knickerbockers and longstockings. A Yankee visitor in Fredericton, observing two gentlemen passing up street, asked, "are they bicyclists?" Imagine his astonishment when told they were bishops of the Church of England, or rather a bishop and a bishop-to-be. The stranger was led into the absurd mistake by the peculiar nether garments of the ecclesiastical dignitaries.—*Religious Intelligence.*

In a letter from Ireland to the Western Advocate Bishop Peck notices the fact that the tomb of Richard Boardman, the first Wesleyan missionary to America, is in the English Cathedral at Cork. He died in Cork, and was the guest of an Episcopalian friend, who buried him honorably among the great Episcopalian of his times. His grave is covered by a marble slab some two feet above the ground. The inscription is readable, but nearly effaced by the hand of time.

A Chicago firm is sending out circulars offering to furnish sermons "printed on fine, clear, white paper, with bold face type," etc., to ministers and students who will send their address. The firm sends a specimen sermon and proposes to furnish "others to order from a list of 400 discourses on different subjects, at the low price of 30 cents each. The sermons are warranted to be non-denominational and to be so sent that two ministers in the same section will not have the same sermons."

Although the Bishop of Albany was very confident as to his own Apostolic succession, it is reported that the Rev. Father McDevitt, in a sermon preached the same day, flatly refused to recognize that Bishop's orders, or his ability to help to make another Bishop. The Catholic clergyman is understood to have said that the Metropolitan was all right, ecclesiastically, or at least very near it, but that he could not say the same for the American Bishop. We would be pleased to hear more fully from Mr. McDevitt on these deep points. There is a mistake somewhere.—*St. John, Tel.*

One London bookseller, occupying a good stand, is said to have sold 15,000 copies of the Revised New Testament in a few days.

"No opium smoker is admitted to Church membership by any Christian mission working in China." The estimated deaths from the use of opium in China are 160,000 annually! It is high time that Christian England put herself right in regard to the traffic.

An able article by an educated Hindu, not a Christian, advocating the English Bible in the Government-schools, has attracted general attention. It is found that the learned Hindus do not object to the Bible. So another door is opened.

"End of the Church Season," is the startling heading which the New York Telegram gave recently to an editorial on the summer closing of the churches. There is pith, point and satire in it. The satire ought not to be lost upon the Christian public.—*New York Trib.*

Father Curci's last book has had the good fortune to be put on the *Index Expurgatorius*. This is the best possible advertisement that any literary work can have. The list includes a large number of the masterpieces of modern literature, and no literary man could wish to be in better society than that in which he is placed when this absurd decree goes forth against him.—*Christian Union.*

Archdeacon Denison is still alive, and as long as the veteran and distinguished clergyman remains in the flesh the world will know it. He has always belonged to the church militant, and if permitted will introduce some of the martial strains into the music and melody of the church triumphant. He has just introduced publicly in some very severe strictures on the revised version of the Bible. He says it is neither well conceived nor well executed.

The London City Mission employs 449 missionaries. At its recent annual meeting it was said that "a portion of London is as irreligious as any of the tribes to be found in the remotest and most uncivilized quarters of the globe. It appears from some of the police reports that in London alone there are no less than 30,000 regular thieves, 150,000 habitual gin-drinkers, and 150,000 persons living in systematic debauchery and vice."

The Rowland Hill Memorial Fund Committee recently had an interview with Dean Stanley in regard to the remission of the fee of £250 asked for the erection of the bust in Westminster Abbey. The Dean explained that the payment, which had been fixed a long time ago, was devoted to the repair of the fabric of the Abbey, and, indeed, when he desired to erect a bust to his old friend, John Keble, he paid the money out of his own pocket.

They are very careless, easy souls who, behind a foreign name, find a forger in Guitouau. The man is as much a product of our institutions as any other vagabond American politician. He was born and educated on our prairies. He lived in that mephitic air where our primaries and caucuses are begotten. Unbalanced but not insane, he had even a religious education, of a kind scarcely to be had except in this country. We have some bitter medicine to take; let us stop pretending that it is imported and put to our lips by pure accident.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

In the South Australian Register of the 25th inst. there appears an excellent article on emigration. It is said by the writer that 227,542 persons emigrated from Great Britain in 1880. From England 111,845; from Scotland 22,056; and from Ireland 93,641. Over 180,000 of these went to the United States and only 18,274 to Australia. This is much to be regretted. Something should be done to secure the settlement of our own British emigrants in Australia and New Zealand. Indeed, the more promptly this can be done the better will it be for the commerce and security of England herself. A strong Anglo-Saxon nation in the Southern hemisphere may yet be needed to help the mother country to hold her own in the East.—*Letter in Watchman.*

A few months ago a fire broke out in the Japanese prison at Otsee, where 160 prisoners, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and, to a man, remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. Why was that? Mr. Nessima, the educated Japanese preacher and teacher, gave some copies of the Gospel to the keeper, and he, not caring for them, gave them to a scholar convicted of manslaughter. He believed the record God had given of his Son, and taught the rest; and by his personal influence and their own Christian principle they were restrained! The Word and Spirit of God are as efficacious within prison walls as of old they were when the Acts of the Apostles were being woven into history.—*Chris. Union.*

"I," "MY," "ME."

During the first visit of Henry Morehouse to America he was the guest of a cultivated and wealthy gentleman, who was greatly blessed by the simple testimony it was his privilege to hear. This gentleman had a daughter just advancing into womanhood, and looking forward with bright anticipation to a gay and worldly life. One day she entered the library, and found the evangelist poring over his Bible. Begging pardon for the intrusion, she was about to retire, when he looked up and said in his quiet and tender way, "Are you saved?" She could only reply, "No, Mr. Morehouse, I am not." Then came another question, "Would you like to be saved?" She thought for a moment of all that is meant by salvation, and of all that is meant by the lack of salvation, and she frankly answered, "Yes, I wish I were a sincere Christian."

Then came the third question, asked very solemnly and earnestly, "Would you like to be saved as well?" Under this searching thrust she dropped, and she began to look into her heart. On the one hand lay path, her brilliant prospects, her father's wealth and position in society, made the world peculiarly attractive; and on the other hand stood the Lord Jesus Christ, who must then and there be received or rejected. No wonder the struggle in her breast was severe, but as the realities of eternity swept before her vision she raised her eyes, and calmly, resolutely said:—"Yes, I want to be saved now." The supreme moment in her history was reached, and the evangelist was led by the Holy Spirit to guide her wisely.

He sat down to kneel beside him in the sofa and to read aloud Isa. liii. This she did in tones that had become tremulous with sob. "Read it again," said Henry; "and wherever you find 'we,' 'our,' 'us,' put in 'I,' 'my' and 'me.'" Read it as if you were pouring out your own heart before God. The weeping girl again read, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were my face from him; he was despised and I esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows; yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, afflicted." Here she broke down completely as the thought of her personal relations to the Lord Jesus in his sufferings for the first time flashed like lightning into her mind.

But, wiping away her blinding tears, she read on: "He was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed. I, like sheep, have gone astray; I have turned to my own way; and the Lord hath laid on him all my iniquities." She was silent for a moment; and then exclaimed with deep emotion, "Oh, Mr. Morehouse, is this true?" "Dear child," he answered, "does not God say it?" Again she was silent for a time, but at length looking up, no longer through the tears of bitter grief, but in joy, and adoring gratitude, and inexpressible love, she spoke of salvation as hers through Christ's death.

She arose from her knees with the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, guarding her heart and mind, and pledged to keep her until presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. Many years have passed since that eventful day, and she is now a happy wife and mother, living not for the world, which she once thought so beautiful, but for Christ, whom she has found in daily and intimate fellowship to be infinitely more beautiful and satisfying. Her conversion was instantaneous, and the assurance of her acceptance in the Beloved was strong and unwavering from the first; but this has not led to a life of self-indulgence and presumption, for the cry of her heart has ever been, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. vi. 14.)

It is this immediate, direct, personal appropriation of the gospel message,

which awakened sinners need. It is not enough for them to know that Christ died for men in general, but to believe in the heart that he died for themselves in particular. They must see him by faith hanging upon the cross for their sins, taking their place under the curse of God's broken law, making atonement with his precious blood for their souls, before they can enter into the gladness of knowing that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1.) There are many who believe that the Bible is true, that they are sinners; and that Christ is the only Saviour, and yet fail to receive any comfort from their faith, because they do not put in 'I,' 'my' and 'me' while reading the sacred Scriptures.—*The Truth.*

THE TARARUA DISASTER.

At a memorial service, in connection with the death of the New Zealand representatives to the Wesleyan Conference, in the Tararua disaster, conducted at the Archway-street Wesleyan church, North Adelaide, by the Rev. S. Knight, the preacher said: We were promised no warning of the approach of death. God promised us no such warning. In the case of the Rev. Mr. Waterhouse there seemed to have been something like a warning. He had a dream in which he saw himself and his son in the position in which they subsequently were. Mr. Waterhouse was a great believer in those dreams, but believing as he did he did not avoid his duty; and when summoned by his sick son to New Zealand he sought permission to leave his circuit, and in the face of his dream he went and discharged his duty. In that great day of fatherhood he died in his post like a man, like a hero. In some of the cases there was no warning but there was foreboding. The Rev. Mr. Morley, that brother of great promise in New Zealand, would have gone on board the *Tararua* but for his wife, who prevailed on him not to go. The Rev. Mr. Leonard had telegraphed for his passage to Melbourne, and it was taken. Then at the last moment his friends wanted to make his way clear for a visit to England for twelve months. He was appointed a delegate to the Congress, and took his passage to San Francisco. He therefore forfeited his passage by the *Tararua*, and escaped. Another brother was really elected a member of the Conference, but he declined to sail, and he was saved from an awful death. He had been told on the best authority that the very day, and perhaps at the very hour their brethren died, a young person in a dying state suddenly exclaimed to her mother, "Mother! Yonder is Mr. Waterhouse. He is standing on the shore. He is beckoning to me," and her spirit joined those of the others in the very utterance of those words. What could lead that young person to think of Mr. Waterhouse of all men in the world? He did not know, nor did he know why we should not in shipping off this mortal coil, in the act of dropping the shroud and emerging into the spiritual life, have what was called the second sight—a larger vision. The case he had just related was a fact, however they might account for it. Mr. Armitage was a young minister, but a middle-aged man. He entered their ministry in 1874, a married man, after several attempts, and had a persistent conviction that that was his work. For six years he worked for Christ in New Zealand with growing favor and power. He left behind him eight children. Mr. Connal, a widowed man, had long been a representative in Christchurch, New Zealand. He left no wife or children. He was left alone, but had joined them all above. Mr. Mitchell was a widower and had two children grown up. He, too, was one of the pillars of the church.

CHURCH FLOATERS.

There is a large class of persons that drift about hither and thither without any Church-mooring. They are such persons as move away to new homes and take no church-certificates with them; or if they take their church-letters with them, they never hand them to the pastors. The result of this neglect is most always damaging to the spiritual interests of the parties. Many under this freeing process fall entirely away, and become confirmed backsliders. Others live at a poor, dying rate, and cease to be useful as Christians. It is no wonder that such persons go into a rapid decline of piety. For if you pluck up a tree, and carry it about from place to place for years, and never plant it where it can find food and be rooted in vitalizing contact with nourishing elements, it necessarily droops, withers and dies. Christian life, to flourish, to put forth beauty and be fruitful, must be rooted in the cultivated vineyard of church-membership. Hence the Discipline makes it the duty of the pastors "to furnish every one removing from his charge with a certificate," and the bearer of such certificate should remember that a certificate "shall not be valid after twelve months—unless the holder show good cause why it was not sooner presented."—*Raleigh Adv.*

MEXICO.

A missionary of the M. E. Church writes to the *N. Y. Advocate*: "The Church at home has just heard of the cruel murder of one of our native preachers in Apizaco, and of the bitter persecution of our missionaries in Queretaro; and the readers of the *Advocate* will not be surprised to hear of the following mysterious disappearance of one of our workers. About four months ago I visited a place called Tenango, and held service with a half a dozen persons, among whom was a very earnest young man who had just come to the light, and who urged us to open a place of worship in his village. This man was employed to watch a railroad crossing at some distance from the village, and according to all testimony he performed his duties faithfully and well. He was known to be a Protestant, and he told me that he had to be very careful not to excite the fanatical people against him. He had a Bible, which a friend had loaned to him,

TRIVIAL RUBBISH.

A correspondent of the *Episcopal Reviewer* writes: "Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, maintains his truly evangelical and catholic character. Speaking the other day at the Church Aid Pastoral Society, he said: 'When I had

the honor to be nominated Bishop of Liverpool, I was favored with a twenty minutes private interview with Lord Beaconsfield. I have never forgotten the words he spoke to me on that occasion. He spoke wisely and kindly, and gave me advice, which I have endeavored to follow. He said, 'When you go down to Liverpool you will find more than one school of opinion. Of course you have your own opinions, but do not forget this—in a long life, and great political experience, I have found it exceedingly important all my life through to cultivate habits of conciliation and courtesy to everybody. I have never forgotten that. If we do disagree with a man, I think it is a great point to disagree with him kindly, courteously and pleasantly. I have endeavored to act upon that principle since I came to Liverpool, and I do thank God for the way in which I have been received by the clergy and laity of Liverpool. I am not ashamed to be returning thanks publicly for the way in which they have treated me. There is much to cast us down and discourage us in the times in which we live. Wretched and miserable work it was that when infidelity and Romanism were coming in on us like a flood, men should be squabbling, wrangling and jangling about such miserable things as chasubles, vestments, incense, lights on the table, and all that kind of trivial rubbish that was dividing the Church at the present time: It makes one remember what Macaulay said when he came back from India, when he found the people there bowing down to idols made with their own hands. He said the contrast to come back and find people squabbling and wrangling about the petty trifles of worship was the most astonishing thing possible.'"

This little incident will give an idea of what our followers are exposed to in Mexico. My own work in Miraflores is prosperous, but persecution still continues in Ayapago, and this event has filled our hearts with sadness."

BISHOP BOWMAN.

Bishop Bowman during his recent visit to this city related the following anecdote to a knot of preachers at the Book Room:

The Rev. John Miller, now deceased, was my first presiding elder, and was one of the Northumberland District, now in the Central Pennsylvania Conference, then in the East Baltimore Conference was meeting in Baltimore. On the last day of the session, and only a few hours before adjournment, I met Brother Miller just about here on the sidewalk. He said to me, 'Tommy, I am sorry I have to lose you out of my district.' 'Why must I leave it?' inquired the young itinerant. 'Because there is no place for you in the district,' was the reply. 'If it is lawful for you to tell, where am I going?' 'To Hareford circuit, with Robert Emory.'

Bishop Bowman declares that at this announcement he sprang about two feet in the air, exclaiming at his happy prospects, 'That is capital, since I must leave your district.' Brother Miller then observed, 'I can't find any one for Beaver Meadow Mission.' 'You can't!' asked young Bowman, in surprise; 'I thought preachers had to go where they were sent; I'll go there.' 'Will you?' said the elder. 'Yes, and there the matter ended for the moment. A few hours later the appointments were read. Hareford circuit was announced with Robert Emory and a colleague, not Thomas Bowman. When Northumberland District was reached, at the very end came 'Beaver Meadow Mission, Thomas Bowman.' The Bishop states that the affair appeared to him so ludicrous that he immediately burst into a laugh, while the preachers around, seeing the manner in which he received the appointment, extended him their congratulations. Brother Miller afterward said to him, 'I am sorry, Tommy, but we could not get any other man for that point.' 'I am not,' said the young preacher. He went, found twenty-eight appointments to look after, preached every night and often during the day, and at the close of the year returned Beaver Meadow Circuit, no longer a Mission. 'The recollections of that year,' added the Bishop, 'are among the pleasantest of my life.'

A HARD CASE.

The position of a Protestant in the French army appears to be a difficult one. An English paper says: "A curious incident took place at Leon in connection with the attendance of troops on the Fete-Dieu procession. On a detachment of the 45th Foot being ordered out for escort duty, a corporal named Tagnet, a Protestant, and very strict in his observances, objected to the directions given on the score of his religion. His protest was, however, overruled, and he subsequently took part in the procession. Nevertheless, when in the cathedral the priest was about to pronounce the first benediction, Tagnet refused to kneel, saying, 'I am a Protestant, and my religion forbids me to kneel here.' The captain was appealed to, and as the conscientious corporal still refused to obey orders, he was punished with four days imprisonment."

and which he kept hid away in a small box, as he dared not show it. I promised him one for himself, and he rejoiced at the thought of owning a Bible of his own. I was then about to go home after my family, and we determined that after I came back we would, by God's help, open services in Tenango. I have just learned from his friends that the people rose against him, and that he and his wife disappeared one night, and no one knows what their fate may have been. Some say they are in prison, and others that they were carried away by a band of armed men. We do not know, and there is no way of finding out what has happened to them. What may be the outcome of this strange affair we cannot tell.