

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The condition of eloquence," says the Rev. Austin Putnam, in the *Tablet*, "is not much knowledge, but a mind on fire with one great theme."

The timid, diffident young preacher will need your hearty welcome, and assurance of your sympathies, prayers and support. Give it to him in the name of the Lord.—*Southern Adv.*

That preacher who is making no special effort to circulate the literature of the Church is failing of duty at a vital point, and should make haste to correct the error.—*Central Meth.*

Dr. McArthur, of New York, takes his vacation this year in supplying his own pulpit. A good many ministers in the Maritime Provinces have made this a rule of their lives.—*Chris. Visitor.*

It is a prime absurdity of our time to see girls who are to inherit wealth, and any one of whom may be called by the emergencies of life to take charge of property, yet as ignorant of investments as a Hindoo damsel.—*New Haven News.*

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman wants time to come when a clergyman will be able to go from one church to another without being suspected of having changed his faith. "Some Clergymen can do that now," says a New York paper, significantly.

A correspondent writes to an infidel contemporary to say: "There are some infidels in my neighborhood who are starving for mind food." Our unbelieving friend may console himself with the thought that this condition is chronic with infidels in all neighborhoods.—*Catholic Examiner.*

The Chicago *Express* says: "No man, no woman lives or has ever lived, who can ever begin to guess his or her own untired capacity. It is as immeasurable as the universe. Trust it as you trust God, and launch yourself unflinchingly upon its vast possibilities."

Christian farmer, you know what it means to "work a field on shares." Remember "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Also remember that probably there will be a shortage in the pasturage if somebody does not pay a little extra.—*Western Adv.*

Divine grace gives us many things but many others we must get by means that are different. A good digestion and comfortable nervous condition comes by diet and exercise rather than faith with those left untried. When one is made "a new creature" he is not necessarily cured of the headache.—*United Pres.*

There is nothing which provokes us more than to hear somebody affirm that the brute creation are possessed of reason rather than blind instinct. Why, the idea is absurd! Whoever heard, for instance, of a brute that would drink whiskey in preference to water, or talk from morning to night of baseball.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Hindu Patriot states that the king of Cambodia has sent to the Buddhist Pali College, in Colombo, Ceylon, a number of gifts, the most important of which is a brush made of his Majesty's own hair to be used in sweeping the room in which the image of Buddha is kept. The island of Ceylon, anciently called Taprobane, became as is well known a seat of Buddhism 300 years, B. C.

It is noticed that since the old man has become deaf and dim sighted, his strong, rugged face wears a serene, gentler look. Deafened and darkened to external sounds, he hears more distinctly the voice of God speaking to the inner ear, and sees more clearly the things that are discerned by faith. And this is the blessed compensation of a Christian old age.—*Nashville Adv.*

This is the report made by a pastor of the membership of his church: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer-meetings; they don't attend Sabbath-school; they don't add to the life of the church; they are passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on our books as they are honorary members."—*Epist. Weekly.*

Retiring and succeeding Sheriffs of London and Middlesex have both "denominational" relations. Mr. Sheriff Clarence Smith, a Wesleyan Methodist, appointed the Rev. Dr. Meritt, a Methodist minister, as his chaplain; Mr. George Faudel Phillips, an Episcopalian, as his chaplain; and Mr. H. Hayden, curate of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, a clergyman of the Church of England.

## MEXICO.

Mrs. Emily Pierce, writing some time ago from Zacatecas, Mexico, to the *Advance*, brings into the light a brave work done there. She says:

When the history of Protestantism in Mexico is unfolded, the name of Dr. G. M. Prevost will be found as its founder and father. Coming from Philadelphia with Taylor's army, in the olden days, this young surgeon saw, with prophetic eye, Mexico's golden harvest, the broad field in which the laborers were indeed few. He settled in Zacatecas, married the Governor's daughter; and Protestant and American as he was, boldly avowed his intention of spending his life and energy there. The Church frowned him down, and the bishop ordered that no priest should solemnize the marriage. This feat roused the mettle of the Mexican Governor, and with his wife and daughter he journeyed to Texas, where under the protection of the American flag he gave his child into the keeping of American hands. It is needless to say that the young wife lingered but a short time longer within the Romish fold, and soon became the ardent helper of her husband in the Protestant work he began. He was the pioneer that gave impetus to the upbuilding of Cos, the only Protestant town in Mexico. A physician of eminence, he won from his strongest enemies and most bitter opponents recognition and patronage. Whenever a critical moment comes the strongest Catholic cares more for his body than his soul and sends for Dr. Prevost. Plot after plot has been arranged for his assassination, each marked by failure. Only a few months ago forty men lay in wait to despatch him on his way to a lonely hacienda, to which he pays a weekly visit. One of the conspirators betrayed the plan, and he remained at home. A little more than a year ago arrangements were completed to murder himself and family and mob the church. This plan found birth within the brain of the bishop, who furnished \$8,000 of Church money to carry it out. Owing to the intoxicated condition of one of the conspirators the plot exploded prematurely, the government interfered, arrested seventy of the rioters, and sent out a proclamation stating that if violent hands were laid upon our brave doctor that same hour the bishop should be shot upon the public Plaza. During all these years he has fearlessly gone about wherever duty called, ministering to his fellowmen.

The Protestant church at Zacatecas has 709 members upon its roll. The mission district has 2,310 names enrolled. The work was begun in 1873, but abandoned on account of revolution. As late as 1875 the church was destroyed by Catholics—furniture, organ, everything was burned, except the missionary, who barely escaped with his life. The Sunday following all the congregation gathered, each one with chair in hand, although the revolution was at its height and the town without a government. The native converts are frequently assassinated, yet during disaster and danger they turn out in increased force.

In the late past the dangers have been imminent. Less than one year ago the pastor preached with a stack of loaded carbines in the pulpit and a brace of pistols beside the Bible. Less than eighteen months ago five enormous cans of dynamite were discovered under the church, sufficient in quantity to have destroyed everything within three blocks. So great was the zeal of the enemy that had their plan succeeded the Palace of Justice, the Mint, and a good share of their own numbers would have gone up in the same revolutionary explosion. The day of a new revolution here is not far off, and when it comes many of our brave Protestant friends will pay the penalty of their faith by a sacrifice of their lives, as brave as those of the early martyrs.

## BEING MADE A BISHOP.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Evening Post* has been interviewing Bishop Walden, one of the recently elected Bishops of the M. E. Church, who narrowly escaped election in 1880. This is part of his reply to the question, "How does it feel to be elected Bishop?" "How did I feel? Well, for the last six days before the balloting I had a very restless feeling. I don't know any other word that tells it so well. It was a restless feeling, and while the balloting was going on I had the same feeling. I can not say that I was indifferent. I was far from indifferent. I fully recognized the importance of the change which was imminent in my work for the rest of my life. I had the deepest interest in the results of the ballot, as it might affect, not only my family and myself, but also the Church and its world-wide interests. How did I feel? Well, I'll tell you. Most people who don't know me very well think that mine is not an emotional nature; yet in fact the first time my brethren elected me to the General Conference, twenty years ago, my eyes filled with tears, which I was too shy to let any one see. It has been so every time since; and even last Fall, when they once more elected me at the head of the delegation, I was just a boy enough to give way, and my eyes again swam in tears. It was so also at Philadelphia when I was elected. I could not help it, but, so far as I could, I suppressed all signs of emotion, as I always instinctively do.

"Isn't it a relief, after sixteen years' service directing the work of the Book Concern, and carrying its heavy responsibilities, to throw them off and take up a new work, where there are a dozen of you to bear the burden?"

"Not so much as you would think. In the first place, the management of the Book Concern had been reduced to such a system that the work of supervision had grown much lighter. By the funding of the debt and the sale of real estate, the hard, critical spots in the history of the Concern had been safely passed, and I looked to a pleasant task, had I been returned. And, in the second place, I am already beginning to feel the burden of my episcopal work. I have the oversight of six conferences, the two Alabamas, the two Georgias, the West Virginia, and the Kentucky. In these conferences, covering four States, there are delicate and ever-varying questions of adjustment of men to work, and both to ever-changing environments that already are laying their care and burden on me."

"How did Mrs. Walden receive the news?"

"You'll have to ask her. I suppose her first thought was, poor woman, 'Good-bye, home!' For the sixteen years I have been in the Book Concern, I have lived in one or another rented house. I did not care to invest what little I could save from my salary in a home. I did not want my brethren in the itinerant work to feel that I counted myself out of the itinerant ranks and settle down. But a year or more ago I had a chance to buy a comfortable home in Covington on such terms that I felt that I ought to purchase it. We were just getting nicely settled down in a home of our own, and now that is all past. We expect to move to our Southern residence next Fall. But, look here, this is not to be printed, you understand. I have been talking to you freely for the sake of old times, and not as a newspaper man."

"You may trust me, Bishop," I replied, "I'll not print any thing you will not be willing I should." And in compliance with that promise, I have not given the entire conversation.

"The Sunday school is for spiritual culture. If a teacher has no spiritual culture himself, what business has he in a Sunday school as a teacher?"—*David Lath.*

## EVANGELICALISM IN ENGLAND.

In a letter to the *United Christian Advocate*, Dr. Abel Stevens makes reference to the death of Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Ripon. Bickersteth was of a distinguished family—a somewhat important consideration with Englishmen; he was, moreover, a man of excellent pulpit talent, and of admirable personal character; but a parently, the most interesting fact, to these journalists, was his representative position in the Evangelical party. His death is considered another and an irreparable misfortune to that "decaying" party. "The peculiar form of religious faith which Dr. Bickersteth represented is," says the *London Spectator*, "fast dying out in the Church of England, and not only in the Church of England, but amongst educated men all the world over; it is dying as fast among orthodox Nonconformists as it is in the Church of England," etc. The *Spectator* is not, nominally, a religious organ, but it is one of the best religiously inclined of the London literary weeklies. It asserts that the same dejection of Evangelicalism marks "the Presbyterian Church of Scotland." Its verdict is entirely too sweeping. All old religious bodies, in England, do, undoubtedly, show the modifying influence of "modern thought," and of the spirit of theological innovation, which characterizes our times; but, while Evangelicalism declines in the Anglican Establishment, it unquestionably holds its own in the great Wesleyan body—the most powerful of the Dissenting communions, and in the Dissenting sects generally, and is strenuously active and expansive in the popular religious movements of the country, such as the Moody and Sankey operations, the labors of the Plymouth Brethren, and the marvellous though eccentric achievements of the Salvation Army. It may be sorely doubted whether "Evangelical" sentiments were ever more prevalent, or Evangelical labors ever more strenuous, throughout the United Kingdom than they are at this moment. While this may be true, the old Evangelical party in the Anglican Church, does, nevertheless, decline. This fact is generally acknowledged.

## A THOUGHT ON PRAYER.

I remember many years ago one Sunday afternoon, far from here, I sat in an upper room by the side of a coffin in which lay the body of a dear child—no matter whose child. A small boy came to me with a deep feeling, and showing how far some times children penetrate into the deep mysteries of life and spiritual things, said to me: "Uncle, I want to ask you something." I said: "Well," said he, "Does God always give us what we ask him for?" And I hardly knew what to answer, and I said: "Why do you ask?" Said he, "Because I asked him to spare my dear little cousin and he didn't do it, and I do not know what to think about it." The child touched bottom. We have all had the same difficulty. I said to him, "Suppose that your father should send you off to boarding-school, and should say to you, as he bade you good-bye, 'Now, if you want anything, just ask me for it and I will send it to you.' You do not suppose that he meant to say that he would send you anything that would not be best for you? Now, God says, 'Ask, and it shall be given you'; but he does not say that he will give us any thing that is not best for us." And I said, "Does that help you any?" And he said, "I think I see." Now that is just as far as I have ever been able to go, "I think I see."

But do you not see, dear friends, that right here is the very privilege of praying to God? Why, if God should give us everything we ask him for, the very best and wisest of us would almost be afraid to pray. How many times good people have prayed for

certain things and they did not get them. Many years afterwards they saw that it would have been a thousand pities if God had given them what they asked for. When we shall climb the shining steeps of heaven and from the light of the eternal world look back on this enigma of human life, we shall have nothing for which to praise God more than for not having given us everything for which we ask him here on earth. He knows how to give. He sees what is best. So what first may seem one of the greatest discouragements, may be a blessing in disguise.—*Dr. J. A. Broadus.*

## UNCONSCIOUS BACKSLIDING.

It is generally admitted that great temptations are not the most dangerous to the followers of Jesus. Very few people are in danger of openly denying their Lord, or of committing flagrant acts of sin. We are in far more danger of yielding, all unconsciously, here and there a little. A Christian does not become a Sabbath breaker or profane because any one temptation is too strong for him. This result is reached by a more gradual process.

We do not become cold in our service by any sudden chill or failing of the spiritual life, but by neglecting one and then another duty. The disciples slept through Christ's agony before they forsook Him and fled. Peter is first found following "afar off" before he is ready to deny his Lord.

Those who would follow closely and serve faithfully must avoid the beginnings of coldness and evil. This is why Christian life is like to a warfare, and on this account we are enjoined to pray without ceasing, to watch with prayer.

If you will keep the gate of the citadel the enemy cannot storm your defences. If you will avoid the fate of Demas, the first backslider mentioned in the Bible, shun the half unconscious beginning of evil. Keep out the foxes and the vines will bear much fruit.

## AN ANSWER.

Dr. J. P. Newman, in a recent sermon, said: "In New Orleans I was smitten with yellow fever. I buried the first victim, and from July to September I tended the sick. I buried that noble young lawyer, Vice-President Hamlin's son. At last my turn came, and I was stricken down. During my sickness I was attended at night by a negro nurse sent to me by General Sheridan, and in the daytime by a devoted lady who was a member of one of the churches in the city. When I recovered I gave wages whose wages were due. Then I went afterwards to Washington as chaplain of the United States Senate. One day, as I was in my study, the thought came suddenly to me to reward that lady. The answer was 'You did.' 'True, but not enough,' I said to myself, and I wrote a cheque and sent it at once. At that moment the lady was kneeling by the body of her dead sister, praying that God would send her a friend. She had been reduced to poverty, and what I sent her came in time to defray the funeral expenses. You may relate such a thing to the law of coincidences, but we are praying every day that God will administer just such a law of coincidence as this."

We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; but the words, "God is love," ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things. *Mrs. Mulick.*

Don't be a cynical and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Don't use the negative propositions. Proceed with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor fight against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.—*Emerson.*