

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If your name is on the Church-register, and your heart in the world, make a change. Be quick about it.—*Nashville Adv.*

Many prayers get no answer just because there was no praise in them. How can one hope in God who has no gratitude to him?—*Advance.*

The Pittsburgh *Banner* says that thirty two per cent. of the murders and crimes of violence in Germany are committed on Sunday.

The brother of the Church who but-thonholes the Presiding Elder to tell him that his brethren desire a change of preachers, generally winds up with the declaration, "He suits me very well."—*Haldon Methodist.*

A writer in the *Guardian* on agricultural prospects states that owing to the depreciation in landed property, certain English Canonries valued at £800 a year have been reduced to £200.

Canon Farrar declares that the secret of the success of the Salvation Army, so far as there has been any reality in its success, is not hard to find. "It lies," he says, "in a less conventional standard and a more thorough self-denial."

According to the *London Journal of Mental Science*, people who take small overdoses of alcohol daily, insufficient to produce intoxication, are more liable to serious diseased conditions than those who from time to time indulge in great excesses.

The *Indian Mirror* observes that the custom of widow marriage among the Hindoos is fast taking root in many parts of India, where but a few years ago the idea of such remarriages was repugnant and considered tantamount to apostasy from the ancestral religion.

The *Christian Index*, of Atlanta, Ga., intimates that a Methodist can scarcely become a good Baptist by immersion. He must exchange Arminianism for Calvinism. This we suppose represents the state of opinion in the South; but the Baptists of the North have moved away from that position.—*Independent.*

A sensation monger sends off a telegram that Rev. J. D. Shaw, of Waco, Texas, "preaches heresy." And the Philistine papers crowd over it. It was a lie. The contradiction of the slander will never appear in one out of ten of the journals that gave wings to the lie.—*Richmond Advocate.*

It is good for every one to have an intelligent attachment to his Church. Few persons more quickly cease to attend any church than they do to whom all churches are alike. The reasons may be open to question, but let all our fellow-citizens have an attachment for which they can give reasons to a particular Church, and we shall have less Sabbath desecration and crime.—*Dr. John Hall.*

The *Presbyterian Banner* asks too many questions. For instance, it says: "We notice public receptions in various places of pastors who have been in the mountains, at Saratoga, at the seaside, or in Europe for two or three months. But how about pastors—and they are the great majority—who have remained at home serving their people the entire summer?"

A local preacher named Langhorn, of Eastoft, near Gooite, has been turned out of the Primitive Methodist Connexion under singular circumstances. Langhorn was desirous of becoming a hangman, and communicated with the Government. He was requested and consented to go to Ireland to execute the convict Hynes, but reaching Cork Marwood arrived there unexpectedly and carried out the extreme sentence. For consenting to hang a fellow creature Langhorn has been struck off the plan, and his name expunged out of the members' roll-book and the Sunday-school teachers' register.—*Daily Chronicle.*

The *London Spectator* makes a point which has been made before, but not in a journal so friendly to the Anglican communion: "The Church Congress exhibited on the last day but one of its meetings, a very curious and suggestive contrast. From ten o'clock till one the members discussed the possibility and advantages of union between the Church of England and other Churches. From half-past two till five they gave evidence of the amount and kind of union which exists in the Church of England herself. The speakers then went on to say that the Anglicans between the Evangelists and the Ritualists are greater than those which separate the Ritualists from the Roman Catholics, on the one hand, and the Evangelists from the other."—*N. Y. Times.*

The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler says in the *Evangelist*: "If kind entreaties will not move a delinquent Church member, then administer righteous rebuke. No matter if it irritates. My experience has been that irritation is often a means of grace. The man gets mad at his minister, and ends by getting mad at himself. If he has the grace of God in his heart he cools down and amends; if he has no grace at all then he has no place in a Church. But fidelity on the part of God's minister is the first step commonly toward bringing back to fidelity a delinquent Church member."

The Ladies' Missionary Committee is vigorously canvassing the principal towns of England for the purpose of securing aid for the more effectual promotion of female education among heathen nations and tribes. It is especially true in Eastern countries that the ordinary missionary work trains boys and informs men, and then leaves them without the prospect of wives like-minded and fitted for the altered circumstances. The latter work women only can do. Hence the formation of the Ladies' Committee.—*London Watchman.*

The *Churchman* deprecates the want of "Religious Readiness" among Christians, and ascribes many failures of the Church to a lack of this spirit. It describes the present condition by saying: "Out of, say, a thousand men, all whom admit that a certain thing ought to be done, there may not be a dozen ready to do it. Through selfishness, or indolence, or timidity, the great multitude hang back, having a little band of resolute, and enthusiastic and ready soldiers to carry on the work. Perhaps after considerable effort, some of the armed leaders may be coaxed or frightened into active helping."

The *Daily News* correspondent at Cairo says: "The senior chaplain of the Scotch Church protested against the parade of the troops at the ceremony in connection with the Prophet's Carpet in a brief memorial, to which the senior Anglican chaplain and his Roman Catholic brother affixed their names. The protest was sent to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who acknowledges their reverences' zeal for the 'spiritual welfare' of her Majesty's forces, but 'reserves to himself the right' of arranging such worldly matters as regimental musters in the manner which appears to him best."

"Catholics" writes in the *Church Guardian* in reference to the recent Church Conference in St. John, N.B.: "The presence of a large number of the clergy would make a higher type of service possible, and why should the persons all wear the depressing black stole? If the color of the season be not followed, surely it would be better to either use a white one or wear none at all. The good Bishop set a good example by wearing a handsome white stole over his rochet. He also wore a handsome white pectoral cross. Surely, if we wish to improve our services, details should not be neglected at these times when the clergy meet in a body."

There is a desperation about the Irishmen who are trying to find out what was done with the Skirmishing Fund that is ominous. They have the air of solemnly preparing for a funeral—and not their own either. The oftener they meet the less they discover. Yesterday for a moment they thought they had traced \$14 more of the \$93,000. This amount, added to the \$75 traced three weeks ago, made in all \$89 discovered. The Permanent Committee of Inquiry felt encouraged; but a little further examination showed that instead of learning where this \$14 had gone they had lost all track of it and \$117 more on which they had their eye. They adjourned in deep gloom. It will be well for the trustees of the Skirmishing Fund to avoid the inquirers during this week.—*N. Y. Trib.*

A Christian woman of Maine recently died. At a period some years prior to her death she had been in the habit of selling milk from their own cow which the family did not require. She deposited the amount from year to year in the savings bank, and requested on dying that it might be devoted to foreign missions. When the great tide of giving rolled over the late meeting at Portland, this widow's mite was handed in with others. It amounted to \$300. Secretary Alden related the incident, while the Women's Board meeting had left him an audience composed almost exclusively of men. He said: "It is always so. Whatever is done for missions, or wherever it is done, the spirit of some woman is the life of it. It is the other 'milk money'."—*Chr. Union.*

THE CORONATION OF THE YEAR.

A SERMONETTE.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—*Psalm 65. 11.*

We are called to-day by authority, and I trust not less by a sense of the fitness of things, to unite in an act of National thanksgiving for an abundant harvest and for all the blessings of a bountiful Providence. A grateful country is assembled in worship to celebrate the coronation of a year of goodness. We bring the Year into the presence of a banqueting nation as the Persian monarch desired to bring the beautiful Vashti into the presence of his guests, with the crown royal upon her head, to show the people and the princes her beauty, for she was fair to look on. A kind Providence has again filled our barns with plenty and made our presses run down with new wine. Indeed, He has crowned the year with his goodness, weaving for its fair brow a chaplet of golden grain: and we would intertwine the flowers of our grateful offerings.

I am deeply impressed with the goodness of God. I hold in my hand my account with God with whom I have been dealing during another year. He has just sent it in to me, and I have been looking over its items, column by column, including board and lodgings. Here is an item for bread—He has fed me; for raiment—He has clothed me; for rent—He has sheltered me; for insurance—He has preserved me; for grace—He has saved me. What am I to do with it? I cannot pay such a bill as this. My I languish in a debtor's prison, doomed to hear forever, mingling with the rattle of my chain: "Pay me what thou owest!" Nay, nay; look here: what do I read here, written right across my account? SETTLED, NOV. 9TH, 1882. Yes, gratitude has discharged the debt. Our indebtedness is paid in the sterling currency of a grateful mind.

"A grateful mind By owing owes not; but still pays at once Indebted and discharged."

O, the goodness of God! Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Human guilt crowned a dying Saviour with thorns: divine mercy crowns my life with a diadem of gold.

The principal occasion of this National Thanksgiving is a bountiful harvest. The harvest just gathered is, I understand, at least an average one. In this respect our young and fair Dominion is equally honoured with Europe, where quite an average crop has rewarded the toil of the husbandman.

Now, to attach too much importance to Agriculture is scarcely possible; for agriculture, especially in a young country like ours, where minerals and manufactures occupy a secondary place, is the corner-stone of national prosperity. Whatever undeveloped resources may yet be available, at present, our wealth as a Dominion lies in our broad acres. The man that spreads our table is the man that turns the sod. The man that really rules among us, if he only knew it, has his horny hand upon the plow handle, and his industrious feet in the furrow. Canada's aristocracy (if such a curiosity can be found at all on this free, democratic soil) are the lords of the broad acre and the denizens of the rural homestead.

It will now appear how much our country is indebted for a bountiful harvest. Failure in the field would mean famine in the family; it would mean stagnation in trade and commerce; it would mean paralysis in Christian enterprises. But having the "staff of life," we can drive the wolf from the door; we can stir the fire through a long, cold winter; and we can touch into animation, as with a wand, the Christian and philanthropic agencies that are the pride and glory of our land.

These older provinces, in common with other lands, are pouring their population into the far West; and already our forests primeval are falling in homage before the woodman's axe; and our rolling prairies are beginning to smile a welcome to the settler. The founding of the city of Wascana, the new capital of the North West, marks a new era in our national life. As Milton once said of England, so it may be said of England's fairest and most loyal colony: "A noble and puissant nation is rousing herself from a long sleep, and shaking her invincible locks."

And yet with all our rich territorial inheritance, and our fond hope of winning at no distant day, a foremost place among Christian nations, we rejoice on this thanksgiving occasion, in our British connection. It is a happy coincidence that this 9th of November is the anniversary of the birth-day of England's future king—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Mingling with our grateful acknowledgments to God is a pious prayer for England's Queen. Long may she reign over a happy, united and prosperous Empire! We send our sincere congratulations to-day, to the motherland, upon the recent brilliant victories of her arms. Embazoned on her proud escutcheon will henceforth forever shine in a triple splendour the names: ALEXANDRIA, KASSASSIN, TEL-EL-KEBIR. But, with the return of happier times, we are now waiting for "those victories of peace that are no less renowned than war." We are listening in our own land to the hum of thriving industries; we are watching, in the suppression of social evils, and in the growth of national virtue, "the promise and potency" of a golden age; and in the TE DEUM of national thanksgiving that swells to-day from a myriad hearts, we catch the distant strains of celestial symphonies. D.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN PARIS.

The Rev. Matthew Lelièvre, who has returned to Paris, refers in the *Evangelist* to the sweet singing and homely preaching of Messrs. Sankey and Moody, whose respective methods, like Spurgeon's sermons, never fail nor ever tire. The last week's meetings were in English, and yet were more numerously attended day by day to the end. The afternoon services were, it seems, more particularly addressed to Christians, and put in the form of Bible studies, while those of the evening were designed for the unconverted. These were held in the Oratoire, where Theodore Monod was Moody's interpreter. "It was not without hesitation, that our brother consented to try a mode of action new to him, but the success was so great that he determined to continue." With respect to Sankey's singing, it not merely draws listeners, but tends to evangelize them. "He has a magnificent voice, which even to a Parisian public somewhat cloyed, is very agreeable to hear; but what is still more striking than its beauty is the intensity of Christian feeling to which it gives expression. Many of his solos moved us more than the choicest addresses of his friend. We see now that such singing may be a powerful instrument of evangelisation. Let us add that he was assisted by a choir of ladies, both when he sang alone and when he led the assembly." It may suffice to give the substance of M. Lelièvre's description of Moody's addresses: "Those who expect to hear a preacher eloquent in the usual sense of the word will be deceived. The voice is rather dull, the accent strongly American, the style familiar and occasionally incorrect, the action without boldness; the man himself bearing in his whole person the seal mark of his common origin. He carries nothing to rhetoric, and never aims at effect. Simplicity is the essential character of his speech. He talks to be understood, and not to be admired. He does not baroque promiscuous crowds, he

never finches from the proper word, however trivial, or from a homely comparison, however displaced to delicate ears. Logicians will discern that his argument is not always conclusive; but his imaginative and vibrant words will have meanwhile carried persuasion to simple and honest hearts. Moody's discourses are inexhaustible repertoires of narrative and anecdote. No man understands like him the power of facts to touch and to convince. And with what life and transport does he relate them!" These visitors were expected to re-visit our shores on Tuesday, the 24th instant, beginning at Bristol, and passing in succession to the University towns, Torquay, Exeter, Southampton, Portsmouth, Brighton, Dublin, Birmingham, Belfast, Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, whence they expect to sail for New York in the middle of April, 1883.—*Methodist Recorder.*

THOMAS GUARD.

A correspondent of the *Western Christian Advocate* writes of Thomas Guard, the late pastor of the Methodist Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore:

The sermon which I heard was on the translation of Enoch. It was just after the death of his wife, and the preacher was evidently inspired by that sad event. The description of the prophet's ascending on the wreathing cloud of incense from the midst of the holy convocation, was the most gorgeous and thrilling piece of word painting that I ever heard. The great audience saw the prophet mount in the air, placing his feet in the chariot, rising higher and higher, passing the eternal gates, entering into his glory, becoming throned, and then the angel of ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of angels as they saw the magnificent results of the mediatorial scheme. If ever seraphic hands ran down the chords of heaven's golden harps again and again with reiterated sweeps of praise, if ever heaven's palms of victory waved triumphantly in the air, if ever bright smiles lit up the cherub's cheeks, it was when the angels gazed on the embodied Enoch. I recall this one out of several beautiful similes: "At death the soul of the believer flits from the body as melody from the string."

Never again do I expect to hear from mortal lips such a magnificent masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. As I remember it now, after five years, the sentences shine like jewels; then they sparkled like stars! I was accompanied by an accomplished professional man, himself a master of words, but who unfortunately was not a believer in divine revelation. I watched the effect of the preacher's argument and appeals upon the mind of my friend. When the sacred preacher pictured the terrified assembly, calling out to the ascending prophet, "My father, my father," and no response was heard but the echo of his warning from the reverberating hills, "Behold, he cometh with ten thousand of his saints," I saw the tears begin to flow, and, like one of old, he trembled as the dread scene of the last judgment passed before his troubled vision. And when the entrance of Enoch into heaven was assured, the pent-up feelings of the backslider gave vent in a joyful burst of exultant emotion, "He is in! Thank God, he is saved!"

CASTE IN INDIA.

Among the many evidences of the weakening of caste in India is to be found the recent action of Santals in one of the districts north of Calcutta. The Scottish Free Church Mission in the districts of Serampore and Kurchatta has brought about, in the last three years, a number of conversions among the Santals. The latter tried very hard to keep themselves free from contamination and caused it to be known that whoever ate with Christians or attended their schools would be treated as outcasts. In the village of Santibad the relatives of one of the first converts, Kauthu, were outcasts because they had eaten with him and had to pay a sum of money to the Santals of the district in order to be reinstated. In course of time, however, many became guilty of the crime of eating with Christians, and Kauthu, knowing that this was an open secret, proposed to make an effort to abolish the distinction set up. A punishment, or council, was accordingly held at the call of the head man of the district, the missionary being present to urge that there would be no harm in eating Christian food, which was cooked the same as heathen food. It was agreed, with but little discussion, that this should not be counted as a sin against caste. The money which had been paid by Kauthu's relatives was returned to them. The missionaries are jubilant, the children of the kingdom then

THE ABIDING VISION.

The true Israel of God shall not always see through a glass darkly. The glimpses of the heavenly glory which we catch here below, are indeed refreshing and precious to the soul; but they are transient and evanescent. God reveals himself as he did to Moses in *peering up*. We see him for a moment and he is gone. But the true Israel of God shall not always see through a glass darkly. They will see him as he is. In what sense? And why will the children of the kingdom then

shine forth! What will be the blissful state of those who shall be admitted into the paradise of God, when they shall each of them appear in a splendor not like that which invested Moses at Mount Sinai but rather like that which enrobed him as a garment of light at Mount Tabor? How different from our present state! Now we see but vaguely and know but in part! There we shall see face to face and know as we are known; for no cloud will intercept the enraptured vision. Was Moses made honorable in the sight of the assembled tribes by converse with Jehovah at Sinai? What then, will be their glory who shall enjoy a communion with him as uninterrupted as the flowings of his love, as endless as the days of eternity! Behold and wonder! behold and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God! Then shall the ransomed shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father, a blessed spectacle to each other and to all the kindreds of heaven. It will be the eternal day of Christ's and his saints' transfiguration, when they shall say with a rapture which Peter could not feel, even on the holy mount, "Master, it is good for us to be here."—*Bush.*

NEVER DESPAIR.

A minister was sick and absent. A strolling evangelist came along, held meetings, and enrolled two hundred converts. No care was taken; they rose, and were told to press forward, and the doxology was sung over them. While they all meant well there was scarcely a genuine convert among them. The pastor returned and found the mass of "hay, wood and stubble" built on his foundation. In agony of soul he prayed for Divine direction and help. In his thoughts a new idea was struck out; it was this: If these persons were earnest enough to take one step, they were not far from the kingdom of God; they are better materials than the utterly dead. I will do what I can to save them. He taught them one by one and in classes. All but five or six became thorough Christians, and after the lapse of some years are the bone and sinew of the Church. But this kind of work needs wisdom and toil. The greatest caution is needed in receiving; but nine-tenths of the probationers that are lost, are lost through neglect of those who received them, or of those who come after them. One of the most sagacious men said, "I have discerned in my long and varied experience two well-defined classes in the ministry—those whose ambition it is to save as many as possible of their predecessor's converts, and those who let them scatter and disparage the results of a previous work to prepare for a great apparent increase or a high estimate of the work in their time."

Among the many evidences of the weakening of caste in India is to be found the recent action of Santals in one of the districts north of Calcutta. The Scottish Free Church Mission in the districts of Serampore and Kurchatta has brought about, in the last three years, a number of conversions among the Santals. The latter tried very hard to keep themselves free from contamination and caused it to be known that whoever ate with Christians or attended their schools would be treated as outcasts. In the village of Santibad the relatives of one of the first converts, Kauthu, were outcasts because they had eaten with him and had to pay a sum of money to the Santals of the district in order to be reinstated. In course of time, however, many became guilty of the crime of eating with Christians, and Kauthu, knowing that this was an open secret, proposed to make an effort to abolish the distinction set up. A punishment, or council, was accordingly held at the call of the head man of the district, the missionary being present to urge that there would be no harm in eating Christian food, which was cooked the same as heathen food. It was agreed, with but little discussion, that this should not be counted as a sin against caste. The money which had been paid by Kauthu's relatives was returned to them. The missionaries are jubilant, the children of the kingdom then

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