

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

Mr. Garfield shows his good sense by attending his own church when in Washington, though it is an obscure one.

For the purpose of extending his new Girls' Orphanage buildings Mr. Spurgeon has received from an anonymous friend the gift of £1,000.

The English customs returns show a decrease of nearly \$50,000 in the amount of duty on wines, brandies, and bottled spirits in two years.

The Emperor of Brazil, in order to encourage the coming of Protestant Missionaries into his dominions, has offered, it is said, to pay the expenses of their transportation.

The Y. M. C. A. has arranged with some of the Chicago pastors for sermons especially addressed to medical students, of whom there are about a thousand in that city.

Thus far four presbyteries, those of Aberdeen, Ayr, Dunee and Chirnside, and Newso, have adopted overtures censuring the commission of the Scottish Free Church for its action in the case of Prof. Robertson Smith.

Some one said a good and true thing at a Boston ministers' meeting; to wit: That American theological students who go to Germany to study need to become de-Germanized afterward by study under quickening spiritual influences here before entering the ministry.

Having the Ecumenical Conference in mind the Richmond Advocate suggests that, "It is not prudent to carry all your eggs in one basket. Isn't it too risky to load three bishops, and twenty in the cabin, in the same ship across the great sea to London?"

The Baptists in Sweden, comprising 20,000, set an example worthy of imitation. In twenty-five years they have built 125 chapels costing \$600,000, besides each person paying one dollar a year for the support of the Lutheran Church for which they are taxed.

It is said that the sale of the penny Testament, the cheapest edition ever published, has already reached 400,000, and that the publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, confidently expects that a million copies will be disseminated in the course of twelve months.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, has contributed the sum of \$10,000 to the University of North Carolina—to be known as the "Deems Fund." The fund is to be loaned to needy students to enable them to obtain an education at the University.

The trustees of the Tabernacle in Brooklyn have increased Mr. Talmage's salary to \$12,000 a year, beginning with January. The congregation voted the increase two years ago, but the trustees failed to ratify the action, as the law requires, and he has since then been paid his former salary—\$7,000.

According to *The Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond, Va., there is not in that city a single woman who has read Kant or Schopenhauer, and very few that have read Sir William Hamilton. "We do not think," it says, "that our ladies read much of anything but fiction, with the exception of fashion-books."

The Prince of Wales, in attending the recent marriage of Mr. Leopold Rothschild, gave great satisfaction to the Jews, as affording an example in marked contrast to that of the Crown Prince of Germany. Since 1809, when three royal dukes were present at a synagogue service, no member of the royal family of England has witnessed one.

The young ladies of the Edwards' Church, Northampton, Mass. have formed a Bible Club, the object of which is to obtain a thorough and systematic knowledge of the Word, thus adding to the spiritual growth of the individual and the strength of the church. Also connected with this church is a Mission circle for the younger girls, which is doing a good work.

In Cincinnati it has been found necessary to suppress by a city ordinance the indecent and immoral plays which have long disgraced that city. The clergy of all denominations joined in the movement, and the result is due mainly to their efforts. It sounds strange to hear that they also pledge their support to the Mayor in enforcing the bye-law. One would suppose that the agencies under control of the Mayor and Council would suffice to enforce a measure of that kind.

The Brooklyn clergymen are considering the propriety of a revival movement, not so much, apparently, to bring in new members as to wake up the old ones. At their meeting Mr. Pentecost said invidiously, that "in the early days of the Church 3,000 converts were made by one sermon, and now it takes about 3,000 sermons to make one convert."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A well-known public man writes the editor of the *Western Advocate* thus in regard to the use of wines at the White House during the next four years: "I am satisfied there is danger of a return to old customs at the Executive mansion. We must prevent it if possible." In that case Gen. and Mrs. Garfield will miss a rare opportunity of doing good. When the arch-enemy, alcohol, has been driven from the central position of influence, it will be a sad blow to some millions of the American people to know that he has been permitted to return.

It would be difficult to devise any entertainment for children more thoroughly demoralizing and pernicious than the Children's Carnival, held in the Academy of Music (New York) last week for a benevolent purpose. No clarity is worth what is lost for the unconsciousness and naturalness of child life when it is turned into a show and exhibited at a late hour of the night to an audience of several thousand people for admiration and comment. This is altogether too expensive a way of raising money.—*Christian Union.*

It is worthy of notice that there are many sons of Wesley in ministers now on active service in Basutoland. Amongst others are Captain and Quarter-Master Hare (son of the late Rev. P. Hare), of the Cape Rifles; Captain Harley and Sergeant Harley (sons of the late Rev. S. Harley); and private Smith (son of Dr. Gervase Smith), of the D. E. O. V. R. Corps; and Captain Aylin (son of the late Rev. J. Aylin). The Rev. Henry Cotton (B.), who is the Wesleyan chaplain in Basutoland, is so popular that, his horse having been shot, his men subscribed to buy him another.

Marion Kalisch, a girl of seventeen, a resident of Hoboken, disappeared in New York four weeks ago and not a syllable has been heard of her since. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that she has disappeared of her own accord. The *N. Y. Times* says: "It is a harrowing thought to all parents that a girl like Marion Kalisch can disappear in New York as suddenly and inexplicably as if the earth had opened, swallowed her up, and closed over her forever. It is one of the shuddering mysteries—unhappily not rare—of a great and ill-governed city."

Remodeled regulations for the elementary schools in France have just been issued. They forbid corporal punishment, and provide that the wish of the father shall always be consulted as to participation in religious instruction; that children shall not be sent to church for catechism or service except out of class-hours; that the teacher shall not be bound to take them or watch over them there; that Sundays and Thursdays shall be holidays; and that punishments shall consist of bad marks, reprimand, partial privation of recreation, detention after school-hours, and temporary exclusion, not exceeding two days.

It was expected that the three-years rule, which has not hitherto been enforced in the South India Methodist Conference, would be carried out at the recent session by Bishop Merrill. "The first name on the list," says a correspondent, "was that of the venerable George Bowen. His work was among people speaking the Marhatta language and he was the only man in the Conference who knew that tongue. To remove him was to destroy his work. The result was inevitable: the rule must yield. The rule was made for the work, and not the work for the rule." The Bishop reappointed him, under the exception which provides for missionaries to neglected portions of our cities."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Writing to the *Times*, J. Carvell Williams says: After the passing of the University Tests Abolition Act a well-known member of the University of Oxford said to me, "The best thing you can do is to get Nonconformists to send up their most promising young men to the Universities;" and, if I may judge from the results, Nonconformists appear to have been of the same opinion. For this year, as last year, the senior wrangler at Cambridge is a Nonconformist. The second on the Mathematical Tripos list is also I am told of Nonconformist origin; and the third is the son of a Nonconformist minister. Another Nonconformist stands tenth on the list. This is the fourteenth time in twenty-one years that the senior wrangler has been a Nonconformist—a surprising fact, considering that a large majority of the undergraduates at Cambridge are members of the Church of England. It shows what Nonconformists lost by the ecclesiastical restrictions of past times, and, inferentially, what the nation lost also.

A BRIEF RUN WESTWARD.

To begin at the beginning, or a little before, I may say that the nearer I drew the proposed time for starting, the more difficult I found it to believe that I could get ready to start with an easy conscience. But at the last difficulties melted away, and things generally put themselves to rights in a most accommodating manner. It is often so. Much of our fretting and anxiety is never justified by events. Not to moralize further, on the appointed Saturday morning I glide out to the Intercolonial station, and as a few inches of light snow had fallen by night on the polished concrete, I had a chance to see at every cross street how hard it is to walk upright "in slippery places," especially when they are sloping.

After two months' steady work at the desk, even a winter day's ride in the cars is not an unpleasant change. As we move northward I notice that Nature wears an increasingly Arctic appearance. In due season the familiar drifts of Tantramar spread out before us in their billowy whiteness, while the still more familiar hill beyond recalls (among other things) the famous snow picture of Soratte.

From Sackville onward I had pleasant companionship. My esteemed friend, Dr. Stewart, for eight years an associate and helper in educational toil, is en route to some extra-mural "labor of love," and carries with us till long after the sun had set. At Dorchester, my classmate, Judge King, just through with the work of his first circuit, "takes the cars" for home. Other friends of other days come and go as the train rolls along.

"Nil contulerim jacendo scansamico." The Sunday's rest in St. John was grateful to both mind and body. In the morning at the Queen Square Church, I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent and inspiring discourse from Mr. Lodge, and in the evening in the noble Centenary vestry I thought your eloquent professor fairly outdid himself in descending on the grandeur and glory and grace of "His Name Wonderful."

I had but small chance of comparing the appearance of the re-built city with that presented at the time of my last visit, some two years ago, but as I stepped on board the ferry-boat the following morning, I recalled the fact that about 5 p.m. on the 20th of June, 1877, I crossed the harbor of St. John by the last boat which ran on that eventful and disastrous day; the last, for even before we were in Carleton the pier which we had left was in flames. There are times in life when the memory of real events seems like the confused residuum of a dream.

Between going and returning, I spent three days where I have never failed to find opportunity for profit and enjoyment—in the tri-montane capital of the old Bay State. One half day was spent with Dr. Seaver, the accomplished Superintendent of the Schools of Boston, and another with Mr. Dickenson, Horace Mann's successor as Secretary of the State Board of Education. No city on this Continent, nor any Continent, maintains for the children of her citizens such ample and splendid educational facilities as Boston. As Mr. Dickenson was kindly conducting me to the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, then in session, and where I had the pleasure of listening to an animated debate on an important question of legal reform, he said: "Our towns, as a rule, send their wisest and most upright men to the Legislature, and they watch over the school system of Massachusetts with a jealous eye."

I found another half day too short to notice and admire all the improvements and enlargements which had been effected at Harvard since my last visit there. A kind note from Chancellor Hill enabled me to inspect when at Cambridge the fine buildings and elegant appointments of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School.

One of the days spent in Boston on my homeward way was Sunday. In the morning I wended my way to Trinity Church, which a priori I should have called a mosque, or a synagogue, or

even a pagoda, rather than a Church. This unique Arabesque structure cost a million dollars, but Philips Brooks does not need a great church to make him a great preacher. A distinguished party from Washington, at the head of which was Secretary Sherman, sat in a pew just beneath the pulpit. For that very reason, perhaps, the sermon, while strikingly eloquent, was simple, direct and practical. The textual subject was the artless but unanswerable logic of the man born blind, and the theme, a true and inward religious experience, the only warrant of a Christian profession. His reference to what some consider the infallible "notes" of a Church I should judge decidedly heterodox. Nearly opposite Trinity stands "the New South," another costly pile, representing the wealth and liberality of orthodox Congregationalism. Interiorly, the New South surpasses even Trinity in richness of decoration. *Tempora mutantur*, indeed, since John Harvard and Increase Mather preached in stoveless barns to their shivering, but uncomplaining hearers. Having heard Dr. Manning nineteen years ago, I was anxious to hear him again. Then he was junior pastor of the Old South, in the very prime and power of manhood, one of the most eloquent lecturers and preachers of New England. At the close of the service the other day, I had to ask the deacon, who had kindly shown me a seat, if the gray-haired, obviously feeble old gentleman who had preached, was Dr. Manning. Receiving an affirmative reply, I mused on what a change in human appearance and strength nineteen years can produce. In the evening I was glad to be worshipping once more in old Bromfield Street. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Kendig, preached a powerful discourse, not so much replete with exegesis or philosophy as with hortatory vigor. The brief liturgical prelude did not seem exactly homelike, but "Arise, my soul, arise," sung to its most familiar tune, did.

At the Wesleyan Building on Monday morning, I met numerous friends, beside those who abide under the roof, and from whom, particularly Dr. Pierce and Mr. Magee, I received special courtesies which I desire gratefully to acknowledge. Dr. McKeown seemed in the best of spirits. Dr. Upham spoke most appreciatively of the pleasure received (I, of the pleasure given) at Montreal when a delegate to our General Conference. He enters on his labors at Drew Theological Seminary in September. To me the chief joy of the occasion was a hand-shake and a few words with my old President, Dr. Cummings, for whom as a gentleman and scholar, as an intellectual counsellor and moral exemplar, I, in common with every Middle-town graduate of his day, entertain sentiments far warmer than those of mere esteem.

I have written so much, and yet so little of what was in my mind when I took up my pen, that I forbear further infliction on your patience till next week. D. A.

Halifax, Feb. 21st, '81.

NATIVE TEACHERS IN INDIA.

The graduating exercises of the Bareilly Theological Seminary, in India, took place Dec. 13-17. The class numbers thirteen, and is the largest yet sent forth. The students have during their course been employed also in the practical work of evangelization. The *Lucknow Witness* says of the members of the class: "Four of the men were originally of low caste, but have applied themselves so diligently that one of them stands at the head of his class, and all four are among the best; their development has been a matter both of surprise and pleasure to their friends and teachers. Five were Sikhs from the Moradabad country. One of the leading men, Ishri Pershad, was formerly a *Bairagi guru* of the Budon District. He succeeded his father in the *guruship*, and had about 300 disciples, among whom he itinerated. He made journeys to Allahabad and elsewhere, seeking rest for his soul; poured pitcher after pitcher of water upon his head in the coldest weather, thinking

thus to get rid of sin; but all in vain. At last a copy of the *Dharm Tula* fell into his hands. This led him to the nearest missionary, the Rev. Mr. Haskins, through whose influence he was baptized, and after some instruction sent to the Theological school. He now goes back to labor among his old *Chelas*, with rest in his soul and the love of Christ in his heart. What a lesson of encouragement to the *melu* preachers, colporteurs, and other laborers! The seemingly sleepy, indifferent, half clothed *Bairagi*, sitting on a mat by the river's brink, may, by divine grace, be transformed into an earnest Christian worker, clothed and in his right mind."

THE MINISTRY FOR THE TIMES.

The idea that a minister is to be content to preach and pastorally visit the occupants of pews in his church, and wait for the rest of the community to come in, if it ever had a footing anywhere, may now be dislodged. Ministers have to be missionaries, if they are to keep their places as ministers. The population shifts. People do not get seats, or even present letters, "of course." They have in too many instances to be won, persuaded, instructed and influenced for their good. It is being made plain that vital religion is not a thing of which men feel the need as they do of trade and the means of living. The sense of want has to be created, or at least stimulated; and this ministers must do, if they are to make way. The very same aggressive methods employed by living and energetic missionaries in cities and in heathen lands must be employed in many a State, county, town and village over the land. And there is no real difficulty to true ministers in the effort. Indeed, looking at the number of members and hearers in many congregations—as reported in "minutes" and elsewhere—one wonders what many clergymen do to fill up their time. A church of fifty members might all be visited easily once a month, which is unnecessary. The spare time ought to go to the gathering in of those who "go nowhere."

The effect of a pastor being seen at this work is worth more than a sermon on his own people, who are often enough at "their ease." The moral influence of a man who might do what he is not attempting is steadily weakened over the people who observe him. They do not always know just what is wrong, but they feel the need of something more being done, and the feeling becomes articulate at length in the clamor for a new man. Self preservation; interest in the denomination which gives a minister his standing; regard in many instances to the aims and objects of the "Board" or any other body that helps in supporting; a wise regard to one's own moral, spiritual, and in some instances even bodily health; and above all, regard to men's souls and concern for the will of our Father in heaven—all these combine to urge ministers to an aggressive, honest, kindly, persistent home-missionary work, each in his own borders.—*Dr. John Hall.*

SANCTIFICATION—THE WESLEYAN VIEW.

Dr. Henry W. J. Thiersch, one of Germany's most devout and learned divines, has recently published a remarkable tract, under the title of "John Wesley," which might safely bear the imprint of any Methodist publishing house. The Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification is thus defined by Dr. Thiersch:—The "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" is a real holiness, not extraneous, not imputed. Through faith we are justified. Through faith we are also sanctified. In justification our sanctification is begun, but it is to expand as our faith expands. Sanctification is not a doctrine of human invention, but rests upon the divine command. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Perfect love casteth out fear. This is the goal for which we should strive. It is commonly supposed it cannot be reached before death. No, we should obtain it now. Now the love should be "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

None we should attain unto Christian perfection. This attainment may be made instantaneously, but it may also be made by degrees. The means of sanctification are prayer, searching the Scriptures, use of the sacrament and fasting. Good works can never be the procuring or meritorious cause of our salvation; but yet this is conditioned upon good works. The doctrine of holiness is not to be urged as an oppressive command, but as a welcome promise. Such a doctrine could, of course, not be endured by those who wish forever to remain in the attitude of sinners, and sit upon the seat of repentance. Yet this also, is the pure truth of the Bible. No doubt it must be carefully guarded against misapprehensions. Wesley did this by reminding men unceasingly that the perfection meant was not divine or absolute, but Christian perfection. Ignorance still cleaves to it. It does not exempt from temptation. It is no guarantee against backsliding or apostasy. This is the most important point of all: "You stand by faith alone. Be not proud, but fear." Thus did Wesley bear testimony against the pernicious doctrine of irresistible grace. The regenerate may also fall from grace and be lost.

Wesley's doctrine of the witness of the Holy Spirit is equally true. The Spirit of God bears witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. This Wesley preached. This he demanded, as a mark of conversion. When the Church was in a lukewarm condition such a divine revelation was supposed to be the privilege of the few. Wesley brought the glorious doctrine into light. The divine Witness is promised to all. You can have it. It is your fault alone if you remain without it. To Wesley this witness of the Spirit to his adoption was the light of his life, the spring of his joy and strength. God gives the believer this testimony, not that he may fold his hands in ease; no, he must still watch and pray. The first omission of known duty removes it from us. The slightest sin grieves the Holy Spirit and obscures his witness."

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD A FACT.

The existence of God is the grandest fact in the universe. So the conscience feels when sin's tyranny and infamy and trouble are ended, and the peace of God abides in the heart, sweetly giving new life and joy. So the heart feels when, beneath dark storm-clouds of trial, it has intensified in faith and prayer until deliverance has come, and the sunshine of prosperity has changed all the atmosphere and surroundings of life. So John Knox felt when faith and feeling and prayer had intensified into agony, and he cried, "Give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland before he died, because he felt the God of the Bible was a fact. Well might England's troubled queen say she feared the prayers of John Knox more than the armies of Europe. So Martin Luther felt when he determined he would go to Worms to defend the gospel before the Roman council that sat to judge him, though devils might obstruct his passage as thick as tiles upon the housetops. And he went to Worms, and won laurels for Christ. So an aged Christian felt, at whose bedside God privileged us to stand as life's sun was setting in the calm triumph and golden splendor of setting day. She shouted, and then repeated fainter and fainter—they were her last words—"GLORY, GLORY, glory, glory!" And a sweet, triumphant smile was upon her pale, cold features as they stiffened in death.

Man of the world, anxious, troubled, fearing, sometimes desponding, almost despairing, what you need to help you is to realize God is a fact. And you can. Not by sense, but by faith. You can not touch him with your fingers, but with your heart. Better than that, he waits and pleads to touch your heart. Let him! You need him more than money. You can make money but you can't make salvation. Like sunshine it comes freely if it comes at all. You can't make it shine; all you can do is to let it shine into your dark heart. Will you? Dear soul, take God as a fact, and settle down on the eternal Rock of Ages.