

The Wesleyan.

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LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

Do you remember dear the morn—
How fast the years have flown—
When, down the path by the rustling corn,
You first called me your own?

We gathered wild flowers growing there,
Daisies and clover-bloom;
And in my curls of dark brown hair
One sweet wild rose found room.

We've come, since then, so long a way,
We know it will soon be night;
And we dimly see, through shadows gray,
Our other home in sight.

The feet that bounded in life's spring,
Have taken a soberer tread;
While the rose now blooming, blooms to
cling
On a daughter's sunnier head.

Life's tree has been so rich with fruit,
Its vine so bright with flowers,
That when grief came we but waited, mute,
For the dawn of happier hours.

For the best of life is theirs who take
Love's vow, to go side by side
All the toiling way, for love's sweet sake,
Till the shadowy eventide,

And the tender clasp of dimpled hands,
And the hushing baby-tone!
Ah! who but a mother understands
The life, almost her own!

And e'en though you remember well
The grave on the green-hill side,
You know not how dark a shadow fell
When our first born baby died.

But there must be a night as well as a day,
And shadows as well as sun;
If you keep beside me all the way,
I'll give thanks till life is done.

And when I sleep my long last sleep,
Lay a wild rose on my breast,
And say, "She loved me;" and while you
weep,
Forget and forgive all the rest.
—Christian at Work.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CLASS-MEETING.

The efficacy of a good experience-meeting is proverbial. How often do we hear such expressions as this: "I went to class downcast and oppressed. I heard while there words which revived me, and I came away rejoicing." Why is there such efficacy in these meetings? There are doubtless many reasons. One, I think, is, they consist of a number of scriptural sermons. The most careless readers of the Acts of the Apostles have not failed to observe that in this history of the earliest Christian preaching, the sermons are chiefly a brief, pointed, unctuous, recitation of personal experience. Read the sermons of St. Paul. Is not the calling out of the lay ministry, whose successes make so large a characteristic of this age, a Providential rebuke to the spirit, extensively prevalent, which substituted for a simple presentation of the gospel an ostentatious making of orations? But to the point before us. Brief narration of experience, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, was apostolical preaching, and this is what constitutes the class-meeting. The gospel unexperienced charms an angel. What wonder that, coming in glowing words from hearts on fire with the felt love of God, it is powerful. Also it comes in kaleidoscopic form, as wrought variously out in the experiences of the many who talk. Brother, sister, if you would be a better man, go to the class-meeting.

FIRST BELIEVE.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the propitiation for thy sins. Let this good foundation first be laid, and then thou shalt do all things well.

Neither say in thy heart, "I cannot be accepted yet, because I am not good enough." Who is good enough, who ever was—to merit acceptance at God's hands? Was ever any child of Adam good enough for this?—or will any be, till the consummation of all things? And as for thee, thou art not good at all—there dwelleth in thee no good thing; and thou never wilt be till thou believest Jesus. Rather thou wilt find thyself worse and worse.

But is there any need of being worse in order to be accepted? Art thou not bad enough already? Indeed thou art, and that God knoweth, and thou thyself canst not deny it. Then delay not. All things are now ready. "Arise and wash away thy sins." The fountain is open; now is the time to wash thee

white in the blood of the Lamb. Now he shall "purge" thee as "with hyssop," and thou shalt "be clean;" he shall "wash" thee, and thou shalt "be whiter than snow."

Do not say, "But I am not contrite enough; I am not sensible enough of my sins." I know it. I would to God thou wert more sensible of them, more contrite, a thousand fold, than thou art. But do not stay for this. It may be God will make thee so, not before thou believest, but by believing. It may be thou wilt not weep much till thou lovest much because thou hast had much forgiven. In the meantime look unto Jesus—behold how he loveth thee. What could he have done more for thee which he hath not done?

"O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?"

Look steadily upon him till he looks on thee, and breaks thy hard heart; then shall thy "head" be "waters," and thine "eyes fountains of tears."

Nor yet do thou say, "I must do something more before I come to Christ." How long wilt thou forget that whatsoever thou doest, or whatsoever thou hast, before thy sins are forgiven thee, it avails nothing with God toward the procuring of thy forgiveness; yea that it must all be cast behind thy back, trampled under foot, made no account of, or thou wilt never find favor in God's sight; because until then thou canst not ask it as a mere sinner, guilty, lost, undone, having nothing to plead, nothing to offer to God, "who loved thee, and gave himself for thee!"

Whoever thou art, O man, who hast the sentence of death in thyself, who feelest thyself a condemned sinner, and hast the sentence of death in thyself who feelest thyself a condemned sinner, and hast the wrath of God abiding on thee, unto thee saith the Lord, not, "Do this, perfectly obey all my commands, and live;"—but, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." "The word of faith is nigh unto thee;" now at this instant, in the present moment, and in the present state, sinner, as thou art, just as thou art, believe the Gospel, and "I will be merciful unto thy unrighteousness, and thy iniquities will I remember no more."
—John Wesley.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

Bishop Haven died in his mother's house, in the very scenes of childhood, in Malden, Mass., Saturday, Jan. 3rd., at 6 o'clock, p. m. It is not too little a thing to awaken our gratitude that this itinerant, after a life of world-wide travelling, after the conflicts of a stormy life, was permitted to return to the home of his childhood, and to the house of his aged mother, and there holding the hands of his mother and of his children, to pass down to the limit of mortal companionship. The proud and sorrowing mother, with streaming eyes, said to Bishop Harris, "I am afraid I shall lose my boy." It is difficult to tell exactly what overcame him, on account of the number of diseases that were besieging his constitution. There has been a deep sorrowful current in his blood, which caused the death of his sisters. The African fever contracted during his official visit to Liberia in 1877, has been burning in his veins ever since his return. These evils were reinforced during the last few months with cancer of the bone, which made its appearance on the right thigh. He has also had to contend against dropsy, which greatly hindered his breathing; and against Bright's disease—and against a serious heart disease—*fatty degeneration of the heart*. Either of these maladies would have terminated his life in the near future. All combined, and inflamed by typhoid fever, made the work of dissolution certain and speedy.

A friend writes us that the Bishop, resting in the arms of Dr. Mallalieu, said, "I'm borne up; I am floating; I am surrounded with angels!"

Mr. Magee writes us the particulars of that chamber of conflict:

MALDEN, JAN. 4, 1880.

Rev. Dr. Fowler.—Dear Brother: Our dearly beloved Bishop Haven passed away Saturday at 6 p. m. He has been sick almost six weeks, and so severely that it has not been deemed proper to allow friends to see him. Saturday morning

it became evident to all that he was nearing the end. His physician so told him. He said, "When that agony was upon me at the beginning of this illness I feared that it was the grip of death," and then he announced a desire to see as many of his friends as possible. Quite a large number called during the day, and to each he had something pleasant to say, and messages to absent ones. From the first of his illness his mind has been perfectly clear, and was never more so than the last day. To one who asked whether he found Christ precious in this hour, he replied, "Yes; He whom I have preached and served so long will not desert me now. He is a whole Christ, a full Saviour. Glory to God for such a salvation!" To another he said, "Good night; when we meet again it will be good morning."

The whole day was filled with "Glory! glory! glory!" An hour before he died he fell asleep, and at the close he awoke, opened his eyes, and looking up said, "There is no river here; it is all beautiful," and thus he passed away.

He was born in Malden, Mass., Sept. 9, 1821, and grew up in the nervous, restless atmosphere of Boston. He was converted while attending Wilbraham Academy in 1839. He is a trophy of the wisdom of our fathers in creating schools that should be nurseries of sound doctrine and deep personal experience. These Church seminaries and academies have furnished a great army of ministers for the defense of the faith. Children grown in environments favorable to Methodism, where our Church, and doctrines, and usages, and terminology, and experiences are defended and revered, are quite certain to be true to the faith and useful in the Church.

He was a strong advocate of prohibitory temperance laws. On all the great reform movements he fought on the picket line; but in Church polity and doctrine he was a Methodist of the good old style. He never apologized for being a Methodist. He put on his spurs and rode rough-shod over the conceited, skeptical, culture-spoiled autocrats of Boston. They soon became aware of his existence. This knowledge ripened into hate, then into fear, then into respect, then into admiration. He pushed a supernatural religion that was an offense to the rationalism of Boston. He vowed faith in a literal fire in hell, preferring in an unknown field the word of Jesus to the sentiment of Parker. This jarred on the delicate sensibilities of Boston sinners who had secured no insurance against those fires. He preached a gospel that can save sinners, and a Methodism that has saved ten times more souls than any other ism in the world for the same period of its existence.

Of course, he was hated and slandered and abused, but these only encouraged him in his convictions. "Cursed are ye when all men speak well of you," was not written of Gilbert Haven. Indeed, it is never written of any good man in this crooked world. When we see a man stoned and clubbed on all sides, and see him steadily going on in his work, we may know that the adversary has some reason for wanting that man put out of the way.

In 1872 Gilbert Haven was elevated to the Episcopacy, and selected Atlanta as his residence, and the South as his special field of labor. He knew he had only one thing to do, and that was, push the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South.

It is hard to analyze Bishop Haven's character. He combined so many divergent and often apparently contradictory traits. He seemed the most extravagant radical that one could ever fear to meet. Single sentences may be selected out of his writings that are of the most amazing character. Yet he was a cautious and conservative man in action and under responsibility. He was brave and generous. He treated his enemies in the most magnanimous manner. He was genial, yet dignified. He had the gentility that never patronizes nor seems to stoop to its surroundings, but acts from genuine oneness of feeling. His dignity was not that dignity of carriage which familiarity overcomes. We never long respected mere coposity or staidness, or assumed reserve. All these makeshifts for true dignity of character which consists in a regality of soul, lose their value whenever they are thrown into the crucible of intimate contact. He was, indeed, a grand soul sent into the world on a grand mission. Wise in counsel, he was full of plans for the promotion of the work of the Church. In the counsels of his colleagues his voice was often heard and always heeded.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stands a lone rock against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen sometimes struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. So, to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat as he sought the harbour, had struck against the "Lonely Rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart that while she lived no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock." If a light shining through the window would guide them safely into the harbour. And so, after watching by the body of her father according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept during the day; but when night fell she arose and lighted a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from the sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed early and slept.

As many hanks as she spun before for daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, old age, she has thus turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that nothorn harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by the light of this candle, and how many meals she won for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view, and they were safe; there was one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget, for the time, the patient watcher within.

MR. DELANE AND THE LONDON "TIMES."

Those who recall Mr. Delane, the ex editor of the London "Times" who recently died, remember a solid, active Englishman, who was in this country more than twenty years ago, and who studied very carefully American business methods and life. For thirty-six years he was editor-in-chief of the London "Times" and it was during his editorship that the paper rose to its greatest power. His influence upon public affairs, however, was exercised in a very different way from that of the more famous American editors. With the latter it was their personality which prevailed, but Mr. Delane's editorship of the London "Times" was absolutely impersonal. During the editorial careers of Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond and Mr. Brant, and in the days when the "Herald" was founded, of Mr. Bennett, it was their individual opinion and weight, not that of the "Tribune" or the "Times," or the "Post," which was important. Twenty-three and twenty-four years ago it was a constant source of trouble to Mr. Greeley that he was the "Tribune" because he thought

that the value of the property would depend too much upon the life of one man.

This difference between the press of England and the United States still continues, although in a more modified form. The opinions of certain great papers are still regarded as the individual opinion of known editors. But Mr. Delane, who, in the English sense, was the greatest editor of his time, seldom wrote an article. His personal views were never known nor quoted. If a journal had referred to Mr. Delane instead of the "Times," it would have been not only a gross impertinence, but the allusion would have been unmeaning to the mass of readers, who knew the "Times" as they knew their Catechism, but to whom Mr. Delane was totally unknown. He maintained intimate but independent relations with public men, he watched the movements of public opinion with great skill, and he selected his writers with singular sagacity. The "Times," therefore, every morning was the average mind of England thinking aloud upon current topics. The paper did not lead opinion, it expressed it, and its success lay in the accuracy with which the editor apprehended this opinion.

Every night for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Delane went to the office and revised the whole issue of the next day. It had, therefore, the impress of one mind, and the unity and consistency which can spring alone from individual supervision and responsibility. It is a sound saying of "newspaper men" that a paper can not be edited in the business office. No man is fit for the editorial chair who can not be absolutely trusted, and when mutual confidence goes, the editor should retire. This was the case with Mr. Delane. When the prosperity of the "Times" somewhat declined, he withdrew upon a pension. The "Times" will never recover its great supremacy—a supremacy only possible in a highly centralized country. But with the prime of its power the name of Mr. Delane will be always associated.

A NOBLE DEED.

In a dreadfully cold winter, many years ago, an army was flying from Moscow, a city in Russia. With this army there was a German prince and some German soldiers. One by one the marching soldiers fell down by the way and perished of cold and hunger. At length, at the end of one day, when only a mere handful of them were alive, the prince and a few common soldiers, and these were all nearly spent, they came up to the remains of a hotel once built to shelter cattle, now ruined by storms, which had blown it all to pieces. But in the wild, snow-covered waste they did not despise it; even a prince was glad of a little shelter from the sleet and wind of the coming night which this tumble-down shed could afford. And there, hungry, cold, and weary, he and his men lay down to sleep. The men were rough, stern-looking fellows, yet the sight of one so delicately brought up, used to comforts which they had never known, spent heart and body, come to such want, glad to sleep in such a wretched place touched them. The sight of him asleep, no bed, no covering, probably sleeping his last sleep, was more than they could stand. They took their own cloaks off, and laid them all on him gently, one by one, lest they should awake him. He would be warm with these, perhaps he would live with these. Then they threw themselves down to sleep.

The night passed. The prince awoke. "Where am I?" was his first thought. "Am I at home, in bed? I am so warm!" and he turned over and raised himself up to look about. He was not at home. All around was snow, and all was silent save the wind, which whistled through the planks of the broken shed. Where were his men? He stood up and looked, when, lo! there they lay, huddled together to keep warm, not yet awake. He spoke, but they answered not. He advanced to touch them—they were dead! Without their cloaks, too! Where were their cloaks? Another glance towards where he had lain and all was plain. The prince burst into tears. His men were dead to save him alive. Now, was not the deed, these rough soldiers did, a noble deed? Their hearts were gracious hearts; they graciously took upon themselves the death another should have died.—*Sunday Magazine.*

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