

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

If walking in the way of duty requires you to walk alone for a season, keep on; the angels of God will meet you.—*Nashville Adv.*

A writer in *Notes and Queries* says, "We shall keep Easter this year on the anniversary of the day on which the Resurrection actually occurred."

After all, in the eye of God, it is likely that the difference between us and those whom we call "vile" is less than we think. We must learn to say, "We sinners," not "You sinners."—*National Baptist.*

The *Richmond Christian Advocate*, in reporting the session of one of the Conferences, says: "Two or three preachers had become alkali-twisted and raved about. They were brushed out of the way."

In Edinburgh, the most beautiful city of Great Britain, noted for education and refinement, a new and elegant hand-barrow has just been introduced for the convenience of policemen in carrying drunkards to the police stations.

No little comment is excited in both the religious and secular press, by a statement of President Eliot, of Harvard University, that out of seven hundred and forty-one families represented by his under-graduates, two hundred and eleven, or about two-sevenths, are in the habit of family prayers.

The *Literary Churchman* says that the retirement of Dr. Bromby, the Bishop of Tasmania, brings the number of retired colonial bishops residing in this country up to twenty-three, and if the resignation of seas proceed in the ratio which has recently obtained the ex-colonians will soon equal in number the diocesan prelates in England and Wales.

Dr. Blackie, of Boston, in a "History of Presbyterianism in New England," describes the Union out of which the United Presbyterian Church has sprung thus: "After long overtures between these Churches—Associate and Associate Reformed—the one of which sang David's Psalms, and the other sang David's Psalms, a union was consummated on May 26, 1858."

At a Conference of Unitarian Churches held lately in Massachusetts, the question discussed was, "How can our Churches best work for Christ?" We do not know how it was answered, but it was a good question to discuss, and we send it down as one which might be well called up in all Christian Conferences and Church prayer-meetings.—*Presbyterian.*

Two brethren who differed in their definition of holiness spoke in the class-meeting. Both had substantially the same blessed experience, and they clasped hands in fraternal union. They adjourned debate at the foot of the cross and the melody of the new song filled their believing souls. A debate would have suited Satan better.—*Nashville Adv.*

Dr. Moss in the *Baptist Review*, finely says: "Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in the tunnel of St. Gothard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of nature and students of Christianity will yet join hands in the unity of reason and faith, in the heart of their deepest mysteries."

The *Christian Intelligencer* says: "When it was suggested by a missionary Bishop to a metropolitan rector in New York to ask the attendance of business men at a week-day missionary meeting, he said: 'Get a man to come up from Wall street in the daytime to attend a missionary meeting? It is as much as I can do to get a man to come uptown in the daytime to attend his wife's funeral!'"

At the late Wilmington Conference, held in Middleton, Del., Bishop Hurst enjoyed the unique privilege of stationing the venerable pastor who first spoke to him in reference to the salvation of his soul, the minister that received him on probation, and the one that gave him the first license to preach. The Bishop alluded to these interesting incidents in a very affecting manner in his address to the Conference.—*Zion's Herald.*

Great excitement, according to the *Lancet*, exists in London among beer drinkers (which include the majority of the people) over the discovery—the result of twenty-four analyses—that salting beer is becoming a common practice of the trade. The object of the salting is to increase thirst, so that the drinker of the first glass will be sure to want more. This is a direct attempt to promote drunkenness; the Dutch brezel does the same and fresh "free lunches" are not known. But why should not the rum or beer seller salt his beer? Could he be in the business if he were not ready to do anything to make men drink!—*Christian Advocate.*

The little heed which the criminal classes give to the punishments inflicted by law and intended in great measure as a warning to them is shown by an incident which occurred yesterday in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Benedict sentenced to the State Prison, for counterfeiting, a man, who, seventeen years ago, when very young, was arraigned before him on a similar charge, but was acquitted, while his father and others were convicted.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There can be little doubt that conformity to the world is one of the most dangerous tendencies of the times. As Church people increase in wealth, there is a growing tendency to relax the old standards, and to approach nearer to the frivolities and amusements that prevail among those who "mind earthly things." No thoughtful observer can look around without seeing within the Church signs of drifting with the current, which may justly awaken apprehension for the future.—*Christian Guardian.*

Another lady, Mme. Perree, has been admitted to practice as a doctor by the Medical Faculty of Paris after a successful examination. She is married, and is the mother of a family; and was, it is stated, led to the study of medicine by the fact that she was herself successfully treated by an American lady doctor during a severe illness. Mme. Perree is stated to be the second French lady who has sustained a doctoral thesis before the Medical Faculty.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

At a late meeting of the Board of Education of Minneapolis, Minn., Inspector Oppenheim made a report on the free-text book system, in which he heartily indorsed it, citing New York, Newark and Philadelphia as favorable examples of the working of the system. In New York the annual cost per pupil for free-texts books is \$1.07; in Philadelphia eighty-five cents, and in Newark sixty-two cents. He believes that the introduction of the system in Minneapolis and St. Paul would mark a step forward in education.

The *Observer* understands that the attention of the British Government has been privately called to a growing evil which threatens further to complicate matters in Ireland. A movement is on foot among the laborers, who, perceiving the advantages secured by farmers as a consequence of the agitation, are forming organizations with a view of forcibly bringing their grievances before the public. This is a matter which, we understand, causes great anxiety to those intimately acquainted with Ireland.

A very pleasant incident occurred recently in Houston, Texas. The Rev. G. H. Werlein, a graduate of Drew Theological Seminary, having preached a very striking sermon on the Jews, in Shearn M. E. Church-South, (of which he is pastor), the rabbi of the temple Beth Israel invited him to repeat it as a lecture in the synagogue of Houston. The audience was mostly Jewish, and the lecture gave them great satisfaction. The incident is worth a good deal as a new sign of fraternity, and is equally creditable to the Jews of Houston and Mr. Werlein.—*N. Y. Methodist.*

One of our Southern brethren, laboring among the Indians of the Western Frontier, writes to the *Advocate of Missions*: "I slept on the prairie last night. The wolves came and howled all around me. I had my pony tied to the horn of my saddle; he pulled it from under my head, but was so badly frightened that he would not move a yard from me, but often put his nose down on my face to wake me every time I fell asleep. I got so cold that I had to pull up grass to make me a bed. It was a lonely time—the more so, that I had seen no house all day."

Miss Greenwood, a representative of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, spoke recently to a large audience in Brooklyn. In the course of her address she stated that Dr. Day, of the Washington Home, Boston, had told her that he had under his care 7,000 inebriates, and he had observed that three-fourths of those were professional men, and, therefore, it was not true that drunkards were largely confined to the uneducated classes. She closed by giving a number of illustrations of the disastrous moral influence of moderate drinkers.

The *Guardian*, speaking of evening communion, says that the practice was introduced by Methodism, and that this is not a recommendation. What has Methodism done that can ever be recommended by High Churchmen? Remarks like that which I have quoted from *The Guardian* are their own condemnation. It is time for men of reading and culture to try to get on without continually depreciating a religious movement which in a hundred and forty years has attracted a larger number of adherents than any other Protestant Church in Christendom. Is there either impotence or meaning in the time at which the Supper was instituted!—*Methodist.*

GETHSEMANE.

As we entered this sacred enclosure a hushed silence seemed to come over our company. We felt that we were treading upon holy ground. Here was the garden, with its eight venerable olive trees, which will remain, says Stanley, "as long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the face of the earth. Their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in and about Jerusalem. Here, if anywhere, there are 'tongues in the trees'; and their utterance is one of mingled joy and sorrow."

If we were not on the very spot, we were within easy sound of that voice which once broke the stillness of the night with, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." In such a place, how can one have other than the most profound emotions? We were in fullest sympathy with Dr. Phelps, who visited this sacred spot. "We sat down," he says, "affected with powerful and tender associations, our tearful interest all the while profoundly increasing as I read aloud, one after another, the several accounts in the Gospels of our dear Saviour's agony here and concluded by reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Our tears flowed most freely. So overpowering were my emotions that I could hardly read audibly. I never had such a near view of Jesus before—of His majestic holiness and divine glory; of His infinite pity, tenderness and love; of the unspeakable intensity of His sufferings and sorrows; of the importance and greatness of His atoning work; of the terrible guiltiness and ill desert of sin in the sight of God, of my own unutterable unworthiness and sinfulness, and the sweet, glorious preciousness of Jesus as a Saviour. I never before felt such a personal nearness to Him, or had such a vivid sense of His enduring all that unspeakable agony for me."

The enclosure is decorated with stiff and unseemly flower beds, bordered by rows of lavender. There are no less than fourteen places marked for prayer within the enclosure. The precise spot is pointed out where Judas met the Saviour with, "Hail, Master!" and kissed Him, etc. But we turned away from all this superstition, thinking only of Him whose soul in this place was once "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," that we might be saved. Here an angel appeared to strengthen Him, while all His disciples forsook Him and fled.

We were allowed to pluck a few flowers from the garden, and take a twig from one of the old olive trees. And we left the place, feeling that around this spot clusters more of interest to man than around any other spot on earth. It has always seemed to us that the chief agony of Jesus was endured here and not on the cross. Here He suffered, there He died. Here was what He did for our ransom, there was what man did to show his deep depravity. The blood of the garden was as efficacious as the blood of the cross,—one was the result of soul agony, the other of man's damning hate of God.

As we passed out of this enclosure, we could almost hear the echoes of that voice in agony exclaiming, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done."—*W. L. Donald in Advocate of Bible Holiness.*

THE CROSS.

How must the cross have seemed to the disciples of Jesus who hovered about the outskirts of the crowd, or cowered, broken hearted, in lonely chambers in the city? O what a dire disappointment it was to their hearts! O what a tight puzzle it was to their brains! O what a sore trial it was to their faith! Was not this the Prophet of God? Had he not made displays of power that were credentials of his Divine mission? And would God send out so spotless a man to die ignominiously?

For we must strive to recollect what the cross was. We have wrought it in gold and wreathed it with flowers, and worn it as an ornament, and placed it at the head of all human symbolisms, until we have transfigured it. It had none of these associations originally. It was the meanest of all the engines of torture. The guillotine has something respectable in it, as it was for the decapitation of princes as well as robbers. The gallows is not so mean as the cross; for when there was slavery among us, and a master and his slave were convicted of a capital crime, they perished on the same scaffold. But the cross was reserved for the lowest and vilest malefactors. It added deepest ignominy to death. Tacitus called crucifixion the torture of slaves.

Now, when they saw their Master hanging there, it was indescribably puzzling as well as painful. He had been so good, so sweet, so pure, so what all men's ideal of the perfect man has ever been! He had shown such power, stilling the winds, multiplying bread, opening deaf ears and blind eyes, cleansing lepers and raising the dead, doing all these things that they had been taught to believe belonged only unto God to do. How could he let himself be crucified? How could the great eternal God allow this model of goodness and beauty to be crushed out of the world? The cross gave them a disappointment sadder than ever had fallen on men before, sadder than any since. It was the bitterest blighting of hopes recorded in the history of humanity.

But Jesus—how did it all seem to him? He knew what was in Pilate's mind, and what in the minds of the Chief priests and Jewish rabble, and the Roman centurion and the brutal soldiery, and his fainting mother, and his disheartened, disappointed friends. He knew that they felt that they were parting from him forever. He heard the gibes and jeers of the mocking crowd, the roar of the unfeeling mob, the cries and groans of the blessed Virgin, and the frightful noise wherewith the earthquake burst open the tombs and ripped the Temple's veil from top to bottom. He saw the darkness coming on Temple, and Tower, and Calvary, and on his own soul, like the shadow of hell. But through it all he beheld a vision of glory. But above it all he heard a shout of triumph! And he died satisfied.—*Dr. C. T. Deems.*

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

As it needs but a fresh breeze from the east to sweep the mountains clear of the clouds over our heads, and to restore to us, after a rainy season, the azure sky and the life-giving rays of the sun; so does it need but the manifestation in our troubled consciousness of Jesus ris-

en, and of our justification accomplished in him, to scatter the thick clouds which had interposed themselves between our hearts and God, and which were darkening our lives. It opens the way for the face of a Father, just and holy, but at the same time reconciled and full of compassion, to shine upon us, and this divine look is the beaming of the sun, which makes every faculty to blossom and bud in the world within us. By means of it we become united with the celestial life of the risen Saviour.

A man who did not start from the ground of gospel faith, but who approaches it by degrees, under the influence of a moral logic more powerful than that of Aristotle—Professor Keim, has made use of this expression: "It is upon an empty tomb that the Christian Church is founded." Yes, a tomb emptied not only of the dead body which had been laid in it, but also of the curse upon which had descended at the same time into it; emptied of the power of death itself, which triumphed by means of this curse, and of the divine right of the law which proclaimed it. "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." Emptied of that which constitutes our death, this tomb is in exchange filled with that which constitutes our life,—filled with the invisible presence of Jesus risen; filled with the glory of the Father which broke forth in this sanctuary, into which no eye of man pierced, and where, in a conflict, of which God alone knows the mysteries, death was swallowed up of victory. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Let us often visit this spot; it is not necessary for this end to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem; the entrance into the holy sepulchre opens in the depths of the heart of each one of us. Let us descend into it, to find there the pledges of our adoption, the skirts of the letter of acknowledgment of debt, which bore witness against us, and which the hand of our Heavenly Creditor has torn up; the fragments of the sceptre of Death, which the lot of our deliverer has broken to pieces; and lastly, the helmet of hope, which his hand has deposited there, in order that each believer may go thither to put it on his head. Ah! what good such a visit does to the overwhelmed soul! She returns out of it as John came out of the sepulchre after seeing in it the linen clothes wrapped together, and the napkin folded and laid by in a place by itself. "He saw and believed," he tells us himself; summoning up in these two words the deepest experience of his life. Let us believe in the testimony of those who saw, in that which authenticates itself to our hearts, as holy, and therefore true, and then we too shall see; we shall behold even here on earth, the glory of God.—*Prof. Godet's Lectures.*

IS THIS NOTHING?

Too often we become impatient for speedy and tangible results, forgetting the length of time that was required for the establishment of Christianity in heathen countries in the early ages of the Church. Let us take a passing glance at India, where, according to the opinions of some, the results of the missionary enterprise have been comparatively slender. The *Indian Watchman*, published on the spot, recently contained some interesting articles of

comparison and contrast. Seventy years ago, says this journal, the fires of Suttee were publicly blazing in the presidency towns of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, and all over India, fires of Suttee upon which the screaming and struggling widow was bound to and burned to ashes with the dead body of her husband. Seventy years ago infants were publicly thrown into the Ganges, as a sacrifice to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago, young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were slain in Hindu temples before the hideous idol of the Goddess Kali, or hacked to pieces as the Merika, that their quivering flesh might be given to propitiate the god of the soil. Seventy years ago the cars of Juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims beneath their ponderous wheels. Seventy years ago lepers were buried alive, devotees publicly starved themselves to death, children brought their dying parents to the banks of the Ganges and hastened their death by filling their mouths with sand and water of the so-called sacred river. Seventy years ago the swinging festival attracted thousands to see the poor writhing wretches with iron hooks thrust through the muscles of their backs, swinging in mid-air in honor of their gods. The scenes such as these which disgraced India seventy years ago, we may now look for in vain. Seventy years ago there was not a single female school in the whole of India, and there was not a single book store out of Calcutta. Seventy years ago the native Christians could have been counted by tens, and the missionaries themselves, few in number, were liable to be turned out of the country at any moment as dangerous characters; but, behold the contrast between seventy and years ago and to-day. The Bible has been translated into sixteen or seventeen different languages. Millions of tracts and religious books are now in circulation in the vernacular dialects of the people. Mission schools, in which the Scriptures are read and explained, are scattered up and down throughout the country in various directions, and in many places the Zenanas, so long closed against Christianity, are now being thrown open to lady missionaries. The old schools of Hindoo philosophy are fast losing their influence on the people. Caste prejudices are disappearing before the schools in which Christian instruction is imparted. The native Christians now number over 400,000 won from the ranks of heathendom, and the work in all its departments is making steady progress. Let those, one and all, who bear the name of Christ, buckle on their armor aright, and "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty," with their sympathy, prayers and money.—*Central Advocate.*

If prayer-meetings are to be interesting and profitable, they must not be dragged out. Long prayers, long exhortations, and long meter hymns sung slowly as possible, are enough to kill any meeting. The songs should be directly to the point and sung in a lively manner, not prolonging the notes, and then hanging on to them as if loth to let go; the prayers should be directed to God, and not to the ears of the people; and the exhortations or experiences given in a brief manner. Such manner of worship would increase the interest of the prayer meetings in many of our churches.—*Methodist Recorder.*

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