

The Wesleyan.

73

Longworth I Esq

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1881.

No 10

"WESLEYAN."

125 GRANVILLE STREET.

For business connected with the paper, apply to the printer, or to the publisher, at the above named Office.

Advertisements may be made to any Minister, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland and New Foundland Con-

FROM THE PAPERS.

A college, New York, is going to be worth of new build-

ing that the Rev. F. W. Mac-

to be the next Fernelly lectur-

subject being "Dogma."

Compendium of Christian Theo-

logy by the Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D.,

is placed upon the Course of

for candidates for the ministry in

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "The

ance movement has crystallized

hard, solid fact. It is no longer

showers nor sudden floods, but it

like the glacier moves—right on

most imperceptibly, but over all be-

lie a recent funeral service in the

churchyard of Garston, near

pool, (Eng) the Rev. E. Ashton

Wesleyan minister, not only

led at the grave, but also took

the service inside the church

the State of Arkansas, that was,

has legislative decree ceased to be,

become the State of Arkansas that

the final gives place to a final ac-

legislature, while about it, might as

have adopted the phonetic system

and let the it alone.

The Church of England Temperance

at Oxford now includes a consid-

erable number of members in every

part of the university. The same society

during the year, enrolled 117 mem-

bers in its total abstinence section at

London-Trent, one of the strongholds

British brewers.

Baptists frequently baptize indoors

like Paul did the jailer, friend

and jailer, unlike your city churches,

but set up a baptistry in his house

and employed a fire engine

to draw it for an expected immersion.

—*London Advocate.*

All the heroes of Methodism are

heralded in the newspapers. The

name on pocket-card is not mentioned in

the general's dispatch, but if he had

not been mentioned there would have been

no victory. But the Captain of our

division will reward every man accord-

ing to his work after the final review.

—*London Advocate.*

The *Churchman* says: "The sad thing

about George Eliot is that, while she

had humanity with a deep and catholic

sympathy, she had no practical remedy for

the ills, and that her gospel, on the

whole, is less one of hope than desir-

ing. She had turned away, theoretic-

ally at least, from the Christian faith,

and finding no substitute for it, the

future was one of mist and uncertainty."

King Humbert, of Italy, recently visit-

ed the Roman University unannounced,

and going to the class-room of Political

economy, and bidding the professor

continue his lecture, seated himself on a

bench and remained to the end. Then

he went to another room and listened to

lecture on Comparative Philology. As

he left there was an enthusiastic shout

for the King from both students and

professors.

The Lord Mayor lately presented to

the House of Commons a petition from

upwards of 10,000 members of French

and Swiss Protestant Churches, who ask-

ed the House to intervene in order to

secure a merciful settlement of the sad

misunderstandings which have led to war

in Basle-land. The *Daily News* under-

stands that this petition has been re-

turned to the Lord Mayor on the ground

that the rules of the House prohibit the

reception of petitions from foreigners.

At the November elections, Mr.

Eckley B. Cox was chosen a State

senator in Pennsylvania. When the

legislature met in January, he found that

he could not take the oath that he had

not unlawfully used money. He had

not used money corruptly, but he had

spent money in ways not authorized by

law. He conscientiously declined to

take the oath. Last week a new elec-

tion was held, and the fellow citizens of

Mr. Cox re-elected him by a large ma-

jority; he spending no money at all.

He was laughed at in January for hav-

ing a "priggish conscience," now it is

possible that some of the laughers may

see that a real conscience is not a bar to

public service. "He laughs best who

laughs last."—*N. Y. Methodist.*

"The census clinches more firmly than ever one of the strongest arguments against the system of polygamy, the argument from the fact of numerical equality of the sexes. It has been asserted with a great deal of assurance by persons who seldom consult records, that there are more women than men in the human family. For the United States the showing is: Males, 25,520,582; females 24,632,284."—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

A Methodist preacher recently assured his Cleveland associates at a minister's meeting, that "a Roman Catholic bishop of New-York, in conversation with a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, both connected with churches which give countenance to dancing, made the startling statement that the work of the confessional revealed the fact that nineteen out of every twenty women who fall into the net, can trace the beginning of their sad state to the modern dance."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The local courts in this city have recently been doing a useful and much-needed work in the trial and conviction of several persons for violating the anti-lottery laws of this state. We hope they will not forget to extend their labors to those newspapers that violate these laws by the publication of lottery advertisements, and to those churches that introduce lotteries into their fairs. Let the laws be impartially administered against all classes of offenders.—*N. Y. Independent.*

It is noted by the *Washington National Republican* that "Fernando Wood was a member of the Congress which appropriated \$30,000 in aid of Professor Morse's experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Mr. Wood voted for the appropriation, and was, in consequence, defeated in his next race for Congress, his constituents having no confidence in the judgment of a Representative who was willing to give his countenance to such a visionary scheme as communicating human intelligence over wires hung on poles.

The following experience of a successful writer, a lady, is told in *The Boston Courier*: "I wrote two stories," and sent one to *Harper's* and one to *Old and New*; and alas! they both came back. So I just changed them about and sent them off again, the one that went to *Harper's* before now going to *Old and New*, and vice versa. "This time they were both accepted, and what is more, Mr. Fletcher Harper wrote me that the one they published indicated that I had it in my power to become the best writer of short stories in the country!"

There is a genuine temperance revival all over the West. In Indiana the liquor dealers are frightened and the temperance advocates determined. The bill before the legislature requires the applicant to get to his application the signatures of the majority of the legal voters in his town or ward, the signers' names to be published and he to prove the signatures genuine. He must pay \$250 annually and give a bond of \$3,000 to cover damages. Selling without a license is punished by fine and imprisonment.

Rev. Mr. Brady, in the *Northeastern Christian Advocate*, in alluding to liquor-selling, says:—"Temperance men are fast coming to the conclusion that penalties must be alike equal to those of robbery or murder. Why not? Why should the liquor seller be allowed to get off with a light fine, when the man who steals a horse must go to the penitentiary? If men persist in dealing out that which kills, let them suffer the same as for murder or theft. Public sentiment needs to be educated up to this point, and we rejoice to see it fast coming up to it."

The San Francisco *Bulletin* of February 22nd says:—"If one takes a ride into the country now on horseback, the larks will go before him in the morning, alighting on the fences and giving snatches of rollicking song. The young dandelions are out rich in golden hue; and are now about as large as 800 pieces and worth a great deal more if taken internally. Hyacinths are just coming into bloom. Among the water courses the willow, alder and soft maple are shaking out their tassels, and the saucy blackbird is swaying from the cat-tails and reeds of the marshes."

I have heard of cases, certainly true, says Justin McCarthy, in the *March National Review*, "in which a tenant's putting a few flowers in his window—a rare adornment among the Irish peasant class—has brought the agent round to tell him that, as he could afford to grow ornamental flowers, he can afford to pay his landlord a higher rent. I have heard of a case in which the fact that a man's daughter went to chapel on the Sunday with a string of glass beads—value perhaps a few cents—round her neck, brought him a visit from the agent and assurance that as his daughter could put on ornaments, he could well afford to pay more rent to his landlord."

GODS WAY OF TRAINING.

Notwithstanding all that to us seems like failure, the belief in this purpose of God to train for Himself all who will, if we can but apprehend it, a thought full of strength and comfort. It is not only the highest hope, but the only real hope for humanity that exists. It embraces everything that is good in the culture theory, and how much more! If culture were what culturists announce it to be, the one hope for men, what a every moiety of the race are they to whom it is open? A few prepared for it in youth, with health, leisure, some resources have access to it. But what of all the others, even if the brightest dreams of educationists and advanced politicians were to be fulfilled? The hope that is in Christianity, far short as the accomplishment has hitherto fallen of the ideal, is still in its very nature a hope for all, and it does actually reach multitudes whom culture must leave out. How many are the occurrences of life which culture can make nothing of, which it must abandon in despair? There are a thousand circumstances, I might say the larger portion of the stuff of life is made of, out of which culture can make nothing. What has it to say to "poverty, destitution, and oppression, to pain and suffering, diseases long and violent, all that is frightful and revolting"? What word can it speak to the heart-weary and desponding, those for whom life has been a failure, who have no hope here? But it is just where mere culture is powerless that the faith that One higher than ourselves is training us, comes in most consolingly. Those untoward things, of which human effort can make nothing—failure, disappointment, sickness—have often even been felt by sufferers to be parts of the discipline by which he was training them for Himself. And this faith has a way a time had power to lighten, sometimes it has even eradicated, things which else would have been unsupportable. To adapt the words of Wordsworth to a purpose not alien to their own, in faith a power abides which can feed

"A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incense-breath of mortal life,
From error, disappointment, nay from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting just a while,
From palpable oppressions of despair."

It is a "many-chambered" school, that in which God trains. None are excluded from it, all are welcome. It has room for all our gifts, all circumstances, all conditions. It makes allowance for defects and shortcomings which are ruin in this world. Trained in this school many have reached a high place, who have had no "tincture of letters." Most of us must have known some, especially in the humbler places of society, of the greatest poets and philosophers, yet who without help from these, had been led, by some secret way, up to the serene, most beautiful heights of character. It is indeed a many-chambered school. These were led through some of its chambers to their end, we are being led through others. To those who, like ourselves, have large opportunities of culture placed within their reach, these are the instruments of the divine discipline. It is part of that discipline to put large opportunities in men's hands, and to leave it to themselves whether they will use or neglect them. There shall be no coercion to make us turn them to account. Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a while, then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back, once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We cannot say how much we may be losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learned one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be the better prepared for others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.

This view of our life as a process of education, which God seeks to carry on in each man, is not, it may be granted, the view of God and of his dealings with us which suggests itself when men first begin to think seriously. Neither is it one which it is easy to hold steadily amid all the distractions of time, or to defend against all objections that may

be urged from the anomalies that surround us. But I think it is one which will more commend itself as people advance. It will approve itself as setting forth an end which seems altogether worthy of Him who made us.—*Principal J. C. Shairp, on Culture and Religion.*

CARLYLE.

It is not the time now to analyze the causes of the eclipse which gradually shaded this mighty orb. The dark spot was on the disk of his life at the University of Edinburgh, and it grew when he entered on his theological studies. Abandoning all idea of the ministry because of the "forever-proxysms of doubt," he turned to teaching and thence to literature, in which he made an illustrious name. The old Covenanter of Scotland, whose blood was in his veins, and whose faith started in life with him, had a strange turn in the career of his manhood, and, as men reason, took a final departure. Yet what shall we say to many of his words? "These are some of them: 'In the silent night-watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for light, for deliverance from death and the grave.' One day he had been walking with Emerson in the country, and he said: 'Christ died on the cross; that built the church in the valleys yonder, that brought you and me to the moor; all things hang together.' These words have the sound of human heart in them, and we listen to their cadence with an interest too tender to be without some hope. Perhaps, the old Covenanter did not altogether escape from him; and if, as we certainly know, the stern grandeur of simple and incorruptible tastes, of high integrity, of adamantine resistance to all fashions and follies of his day, and of heroic devotion to what he thought truth and righteousness, held the immovable seat of power and authority in his soul, we must find trust, amid the sorrow of our gloom, that the aged man laid his sinking head on the pillow of his childhood's faith, and found peace at a repose."—*Wesleyan Advocate.*

MISSIONS IN INDIA.

A member of the Society of Friends, sent by the authorities of that Society to India with a view to ascertain the nature and extent of missionary work carried on in that empire, furnished as some valuable information respecting Wesleyan Methodist missions in the Mysore. We only give extracts, taken from the *Watchman*:

The Rev. J. A. Vane, most kindly met us at the station, and brought us to the Mission-house (at Bangalore) to lodge. He has charge of the Wesleyan High-school here, with 407 boys under his care. The Rev. H. Gilford, who is staying with him this week, has also a large High School in connection with the Wesleyans at Mysore, with some 300 pupils. Their annual committee for the Mysore District is just now in session here, affording us the opportunity of seeing most of their men, some fifteen in number. The extent and thoroughness of the Wesleyan work in Mysore grows upon me the more I understand of it. The London Missionary Society first came to Bangalore, but this Mysore District is probably better worked by the Wesleyans than by anybody else, and forms a very appropriate specimen of their method. Canarese is the language of the people at large, both here and at Mysore and Seringapatam. The Rev. H. Haigh has been itinerating diligently during the last year in the north-west of the province. He takes with him a catechist, colporteur, and servant. His bullock long is a unique contrivance, with a peculiar expanding cover, that enables him to use it almost as a tent. He lives, sleeps, eats and drinks, and travels in his longa. He says the village churches are showing signs of evident vitality. At the town of Shimoga the congregation trebled their contributions towards the support of their native pastor last year. The senior Wesleyan missionary in Bangalore is the Rev. J. Hudson. I felt attracted to him as soon as I saw him. He is a wise, thoughtful,

loving man. They inform me that their native members contributed at the rate of 15 rupees each last year on their entire membership in the Mysore District. There are 2,000 children in the Wesleyan day schools in Bangalore, and 5,000 in the whole province.

At 8 a. m. on Sunday morning we proceeded to the Canarese Wesleyan service at their chapel in the Pettah. At eleven o'clock we attended the Tamil service in the Cantonment. An English service is held in the large Wesleyan Chapel at the same hour, which is attended by many of the military. There are 115 men in the barracks who are declared members. The preacher at the Tamil service was the Rev. D. Manuel, a name I suppose he adopted at his baptism. He is a very dark man, with bushy, jet black hair, and a fine countenance. The Wesleyan Tamil orphan children were present. They have two orphanages in Bangalore and another large one in the country district. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Manuel gave the people an account of the Christian work going on in the country town where he lives. There were a number of fine, independent-looking men present, who receive no support from the mission, but help to support it. The men and women, as is usual in these Eastern congregations, sit separately in distinct parts of the chapel. As I left the chapel I could not but praise the Lord for his work among the Tamils. In the afternoon I visited Mrs. Hudson's Wesleyan orphanage for Canarese girls. She has eighty-two under her care. Dear Mr. Hudson took us round. The children sang the native lyric, "The call to repentance," and the beautiful hymn in Canarese, "The e were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." One wee black orphan girl was squatting by herself on the floor too young to sing, and I thought that Jehovah must rejoice that such a little one should find so snug a shelter. Wesley Samuel, a Wesleyan native pastor, preached at the chapel of the London Missionary Society this afternoon. There was not a European present except our two selves. Mr. Samuel took for his text "What I thank ye of Christ." His sermon and his prayer were so though he had caught the spirit of it that inspired the early Methodists in our own country, and I could not help thinking how John Wesley would rejoice to look down and see the flame blazing brightly out among these swartly sons of the tropics. I believe a great harvest of souls awaits the thorough and methodical work of various kinds carried on here by the Wesleyan missions.

THE ONE PATTERN.

Some one says: "What a glorious fact it is that there is one life that can be held up before the eyes of humanity as a pattern! There were lips that never spoke unkindness, that never uttered an untruth; there were eyes that never looked aught but love and purity and bliss; there were arms that never closed against wretchedness or penitence; these were bosom that never throbbled with sin, nor ever was excited by an unbecoming impulse; there was a man free from all undue selfishness and whose life was spent in going about doing good. There was One who loved all mankind, and loved them more than himself, and gave himself to die that they might live; there was one that went into the gates of death, that the gates might never hold us in; there was one who lay in the grave to take its damp, its coldness, and its horror, and taught humanity how it might ascend above the grave; there was one who, though he walked on earth, had his conversation in heaven, and took away the curtain that hid immortality from view, and presented us the Father God in all his love. Such a one is the standard held up in the Church of Christ; it is a Church that rallies around Jesus; and it is because he is attractive and lovely and glorious that they are coming from the ends of the earth to see the salvation of God.

Wonderful! that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

The English Evangelists have put forth their memorial for greater latitude and tolerance in ritual, in the shape of an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by Bishop Perry, now Canon of Llandaff; Bishop Ryan, of St. Peter's, Bourne-mouth; and the Deans of Exeter, Carlisle, Ripon, Chester, Gloucester, Peterborough, and Canterbury, besides a good many other minor dignitaries. They protest against any relaxation of Ritualism. They are "firmly convinced that neither in public prayer, nor in the administration of the Sacraments, ought there to be granted any toleration of the use of vestments and symbols avowedly reintroduced as expponents of doctrines which we believe to be un-Scriptural, and which have been declared to be not in accordance with the plain intention of the Articles and the Formularies of the Church of England." The *Spectator* remarks that the weakness of the memorial is this: they do not face the fact that if they are to have their way, a large succession of clergymen and laity is inevitable, and that these are not days in which the Establishment can well sustain such a shock, without consequences of the most serious kind. The Dean of Chichester has drawn up, in anticipation of the approaching meeting of Convocation, a long letter to the Primate of England on the memorial of the five Deans praying for tolerance in matters of ritual. Dean Burgon protests against "the proposal that the chief pastors should tacitly sanction, and as it were, connive at practices which in their charges and monitions to their clergy they have already repeatedly condemned; and which, in the opinion of the vast majority of competent judges, either betoken disloyalty to the Articles and Formularies of the Church of England, or else are the veriest trifling." The Dean avows that the reason why he regards the demands of the Ritualists with utter disfavor is because he finds it impossible to divest himself of the conviction that what the leaders of the party really aim at is the introduction into the Church of England of something undistinguishable from the Roman Mass.

PRECIOUSNESS OF TRUST.

When the apostle said, "I put away childish things," one Holy Spirit did not include simple, child-like faith in our heavenly Father's care as one of the things to be put away. The Lord is not acknowledged in all the ways of his people, and therefore they remain in sad uncertainty whether he does direct their paths. From a lack of the witness of the Spirit, they lose the blessed companionship of a friend who sticketh closer than a brother, one in whose wisdom and faithfulness and power they may alone continually and safely confide. The natural heart would have secrets of its own; it would fain, if it could, keep out of its counsels the Lord who searcheth it, and hide its ways from him. Fear and shame and unbelief clothe the God, whose name is love, with the attributes of vengeance to the sinner. The soul rejoicing in salvation rests, even in tribulation, on the faithful love of him whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers. Have you been tried by oppression and misconception, where you thought you had the best right to look for kindness and sympathy? Acknowledge him in it and he will show you that the hearts of men can be turned by his almighty power, or used as the means to hedge up your way. Christ's love changes not; it is a blessed reality. Barter not his precious smile, his sweet companionship, for any earthly possession. Child of God, communion with the Father and the Son is your birthright. There is no uncertainty as to what path the Lord has undertaken to direct, for he has written—"all thy paths." Not only in the dark way, when we are perplexed; not only when the heart is in heaviness through manifold temptations, but also when we tarry in the pleasant shade of Elihu's palm-trees, as well as by Marah's bitter waters; yea, all our ways he will direct and guide as every day's need requires.—*Anna Shipton.*