

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Robert Collyer spoke of Peter Cooper as "a man who never owned a dollar he could not take up to the great white throne."

A lady upon whom a pastor called, spoke to him about "patronizing the Church." Some who are more skillful in the use of language do not so betray their feelings.

A few days ago a man in New York was fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. Almost simultaneously a tavern keeper in Chicago was fined \$5 for selling whisky to children.

Converted—what then? If a true conversion, service for Christ in his Church. Lose not a day in losing that conviction in the head and heart of every young convert.—*Nashville Adv.*

It is not reason enough for going to a dramatic festival that "everybody" is going. "Every body" is a most unreliable guide. But on the other hand exemplary Christians will not be there.—*Western Adv.*

The mark which the Chinese laundryman puts on the clothes of one of our New Mexico preachers reads, "The Christian's." Like their Lord his disciples cannot be "hid"—the Chinamen know them.—*Colorado Methodist.*

Praying for every-day things leads us to think of them as God's things, and this in itself is a divine education. "In all thy ways acknowledge him." This is exactly what we do. The indirect or "subjective" value of prayer is realized by dwelling on the objects prayed for, and in such cases there is always ground for expecting a positive answer from God.—*Richmond Adv.*

"Would prohibition do any good?" It would at least do this much: It would free a Christian State from the burning disgrace of licensing vice, and raising revenue by such dishonorable means. If men sell liquor to make drunkards, let it be in violation of law, and not under its authority. To sell liquor to a man to get drunk on ought to be a crime against the State.—*Methodist Advance.*

The newspapers are so filled with whisky and theatre advertisements and with accounts of court trials, accidents, murders, cruelties and sensations that it is some satisfaction to anticipate that in heaven there will be no newspapers. And if no newspapers, no editors; and if no editors, no subscribers and no readers. As everybody reads the newspapers who then shall be saved?—*Balt. Meth.*

A speaker at a recent public meeting in London, named Thomas Cook, who nursed the distinguished Rev. Thomas Binney in his last illness, stated that among Mr. B.'s last words in his final hours were these: "Sir, it is a grand thing to have been a Christian minister; but if I had my ministry again I would preach one thing more than ever I did, and that is righteousness of life."

Captain Pratt, of the training school for Indian youths at Carlisle, Penn., tells of an Indian lad, eighteen years of age, who appeared at the school a few weeks ago, having travelled across the continent, mostly on foot to reach the school. When he left home he had only \$2.75 in money. By selling his Indian ornaments he obtained \$2.25 more, with which, after innumerable privations, he reached the school, when he was taken in and cared for.

The Rev. J. S. Boucher, Principal of the Carnarvon Training College, and author of "The best means of Counteracting Dissent," has brought himself into a ridiculous predicament by refusing to admit a candidate because such a one was baptized by a Nonconformist. However, it is well that there is, as they say in North Wales, a "Master over Mister Martin." The Privy Council ordered the bishop to admit the candidate.—*Methodist.*

An old gentleman in Chicago has been playing a pleasant joke on the Presbyterian Home Mission Board of that city. Dressed in shabby attire, he dropped in one day last week and got up to the treasurer's desk and on it a sealed envelope. Before any one could speak to him he hurried out. The envelope was found to contain \$5,000 in United States bonds to be distributed to the needs of the mission. The name of the old gentleman cannot be ascertained.

The statistics from the Conference discover the fact that in Southern Methodism, the number of infant baptisms keeps up well with the baptisms

of adults. This indicates the love our Church has for this institution of our religion. We believe in infant salvation, and recognize baptism as the visible pledge that the promise is not only to us, "but to our children." It also involves the obligation resting on the parents to train their children for God. May family religion deepen in the Church.—*Texas Adv.*

"When the brethren of Durham," says the *Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald*, "were confessing their faults one to another and asking for prayer, the Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, the Edward Paxon of the Conference, arose, and with deep emotion said: 'Brethren, I wish you to pray for me. Often I sin in being too anxious and burdened as to what will become of my family when I die, as my salary forbids my making any provision for the future.' How many a pastor has a burden akin to that of Brother Gwaltney!"

In a test in Chicago, last week, a telephonic conversation was carried on successfully between this city and New York city, over the new postal telegraphic lines. The entire further problem now relates alone to delicacy of instruments. A talk with a man twenty miles away implies a thousand miles, as soon as instruments are perfected. No new invention is required, unless it be indeed to provide a new device which shall the better do that which present instruments already do, though imperfectly.—*N. W. Adv.*

Sir John Lubbock informs us, in an able statistical paper, that of the eighty-five millions of pounds—the annual expenditure of Britain—perhaps not more than the odd five millions adds to our real happiness and comfort; the rest is the penalty of errors and insurance against evil. The sum of twenty two millions goes to pay for the wars of the past, and twenty seven millions to prepare for the wars of the future. Protection from criminals at home and settlements of quarrels amongst ourselves, cost us some millions more.—*Ex.*

A well known clergyman, who preached in Massachusetts, found his hearers diminishing day by day, and consulted an old Scotch seafaring man, who could not boast of much religion, but who stuck by the ship, why the people would not come to his Church. "I cannot exactly tell, my son; ye preached on Spring and Autumn most beautiful discourses, and ye improved the great accident and loss of life on the Sound; ye might try them with something out of the Bible, and being fresh, may be it will hold them another Sunday or two."—*Exchange.*

The "Denominational Devil" is the sensational title given by the *New York Churchman* to the evil spirit it is ambitious to exorcise. But it must first make its own home clean. It does not perceive that its pretensions are unscriptural "churchmanship," as called, is the worst form of sectarianism; and that the unathletic exclusiveness of its idea of the Church has been the most prolific source of division and discord among Christians, and the greatest hindrance to the usefulness and prosperity of our own communion.—*Evangelical Churchman.*

You could not make an insolvent bankrupt by naming it the Wesleyan Savings bank. Nor could the party of John Fletcher, ever qualified him to run a watering place, even with the aid of a camp meeting. Sheep as figure head directors are often put in to make the lambs follow. We know of a case of a presidency of a large semi-religious, semi-speculative enterprise being offered to a minister, who said "that he had not time to attend to it, and did not care to put any money in it." "We do not care," was the answer; "you need not attend the meetings very often. It is your name we want." He replied in substance, "if it is so valuable as that, I must be careful how I use it."—*N. Y. Adv.*

Says the *New York Times*: "A law which provides that the sale of intoxicating drinks shall not be licensed in any place where there is within 100 feet of a school house, or a B. S. school, or a church, or a place of worship, but little trouble, when the demand for license becomes imperative, they seek the protection of the law, and the pupils in a school, or the scholars in a school-house, were suffering a few days ago for want of licenses, but the Aldermen, who are kindly disposed toward the liquor interest, had relieved the anxiety of the eight applicants by promptly ordering that the school house shall be sold. Another school-house was sold not long ago, apparently for similar reasons. If the number of saloons should rapidly increase, the favors of this accommodating Board of Aldermen may compel the residents of Boston to send their children to school-houses in the suburbs."

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Rev. W. H. Daniels, an American Methodist minister, recently in England, writes to the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* :—

Will the Salvation Army do for us? No. Why not? Because it has grown up in a class of society which happily is not to be found in any considerable numbers in this country. Few, if any, of our people are down to the level of that taste, and do not respond to those rude methods. America does not need them; her people have out-grown them; but there are children in Europe who are still charmed with them, albeit they are anywhere from ten to eighty years old. Besides imitations are apt to be failures. The Church of England has not succeeded, so far as I know, with its imitation, and certainly no church in this country is likely to succeed. Look at those fellows with their brass instruments on the platform at the Oxford circus, and those women with their tambourines, "timbrels" they are called in the Bible. How those chaps blow! How those girls make the parchment vibrate and the bells jingle, and how the music goes through you! But now suppose you go and hire some men to play on drums and trumpets and invite some women to beat tambourines, and get up a regular Salvation Army band, you will find that there is no spiritual power and possibly very little good music in it. What is the matter? I will tell you. That lad up there in the band at the Oxford circus "barracks" used to blow the cornet in her Majesty's service, till he sunk so low by his vices that her Majesty's army sloughed him off. Broken-hearted and ready to perish, he went down, down, till just on the point of throwing himself into the Thames, he saw a squad of the Salvation Army marching by. With the instinct of an old soldier he joined the ranks, and presently found himself at the Salvation Army's barracks. They did not attempt to slough him off, he was just the sort of a recruit for them; so they showed him the way to the "fountain," taught him the "knee drill," God's Spirit put salvation into him, and it was not long before he could join in the "hallelujah chorus," and sometimes he felt like relieving his overcharged soul by a "salvation breakdown." Then he began to look for work, and found it; then he began to look for usefulness, and found it in the cornet he used to play; and now he drives a van by day and blows that horn by night for the praise and glory of God his Saviour. See how his cheeks stick out! See how his eyes shine! The man is saved. He knows it, feels it, quivers all over with delight at the thought of it; and he blows on that brass horn accordingly. No hired musician ever played the cornet that way.

That clean, tidy girl used to be a drab, and to play the tambourine at the doors of ale-houses, singing meanwhile with a beery voice and a broken heart; but some of the "army" sisters picked her up; Christ, who is not so particular as some of his professed disciples, saved her, and now she sings with a new voice, and sounds the salvation timbrel, and joins in salvation dances, and thus praises the Lord with all her soul and body. This is the material of which the Salvation Army is largely recruited; these are the wasted and worse than wasted talents that are put to the Master's service. It is amazing what an amount and variety of ability, and even of genius, has thus been rescued and harnessed for the saving of lost men and women; but their music cannot be imitated by mere musicians, nor can the tactics of the "army" at large be put to proper use by common Christians. Out of the depths of sin have these souls cried unto God, and out of the depths of joy and gratitude they march and dance and sing and pray, bringing, as I verily believe, more people to a sound, biblical experience of saving grace than any other body of believers in England.

## SUCCESSFUL PRAYER.

The desire that simply flits across the soul as the shadow of the cloud glides over the summer grass, is no true prayer. It must take hold of the spirit, and gather into itself all the energy and earnestness of the applicant. The popular idea, indeed, is that prayer is a very simple matter; but, in reality, it is the highest exercise of the soul, and requires for its presentation the concentration of all powers. The English prelate was right when he said that "no man was likely to do much good in prayer who did not begin by looking upon it in the light of a work to be prepared for, and persevered in, with all the earnestness which we bring to bear upon subjects which are, in our opinion, at once most interesting and most necessary." So much as this must be evident from the phraseology of the Scriptures themselves. Observe the gradation in the terms, "asking," "seeking," "knocking." The "asking" is the lowest form of requesting; but the "seeking" implies the activity of one who puts himself to the labor of a search, and the "knocking" refers to the continued importunity that repeats its application, until it is satisfied that there is no one in, or until the door is actually opened. Here, too, come in those parables spoken by the Lord, to the end that men ought always to pray and not to faint. The true applicant is importunate. Like Jacob, he wrestles with the angel if need be, until the dawning of the day; or like the Syro-Phoenician woman, he renews his entreaties in the face of the seeming refusal; and from an apparent refusal, draws a plea which in the end prevails. No mere slogan is this, but a prayer that is but the husk of appearance. The true applicant will "continue constant in prayer," and, when he is over, the exhaustion of his spirit will convince him that he has been laboring indeed. "Believe me," said Coleridge to his nephew two years before his death, "to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing that pleaseth Him at last, this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth. Teach us to pray, Lord."—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

"DEATH, OR DEEP WATER." A vessel was once approaching Liverpool. Night was drawing near, the sky was cloudy, and there were tokens of a gathering storm. The captain did not seem to understand his business, and managed to get his vessel away down on the flats, where it was in imminent danger of being wrecked. A pilot started out to board the ship. He would have been glad to have avoided the job, but it was his turn and he must go where duty called. The pilot-boat came alongside, and the pilot jumped into the chains, sprang on deck, and said to the captain:

"What have you brought your ship down here for? Call all hands aft." They came, and he said, "Now, boys, it's death or deep water! Hoist the mainsail!" The men saw at once there was work to be done, and a pilot on board who knew his business. They sprang to their places with a will, and by putting forth their best exertions they saved the ship.

Are there not too many Christians who are out of the channel, and drifting on to the shoals of worldliness, and pride, and indifference, who need to hear the faithful pilot's voice, crying out, "Now boys, it is death or deep water?" A mere theoretical knowledge of divine things will never avail us when the night of wrath and the storms of judgment gather on the world. A dead faith will not save us from shipwreck. If we are to make the heavenly port we must find safer sailing than can be found among the shoals and quicksands of empty profes-

sion and religious formalism. Let us heed the Pilot's voice, and endeavor, by God's grace assisting us, to launch forth into deep water and make sure work, both for time and for eternity. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure."

## THE PASTOR'S SALARY.

The following paragraphs from *Scribner's Monthly* may be read with profit by many a Christian congregation:

"If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, he should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community works harder for what he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important.

"Of what proportionate use can any man be in the pulpit, whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and petty economies? Every month, or every quarter day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction.

"Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. He is the creature of a popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him, is no preacher at all. He votes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him. Good, many pastors do not want gifts; they want wages. They need them, and the people owe them; but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place their pastors in an awkward and false position.

## MR. MOODY ON MINISTERS.

At a farewell service in Dublin, Mr. Moody said: "I wish to address a few words to the young converts about the importance of their identifying themselves with God's people, and the quicker young converts here do that the better. I have heard some people say, 'Why can't we have meetings oftener like the meetings that have been held here of late—why don't we have such meetings in our churches, and we would always like to go to them?' Meetings of the class we have had here do a great deal of good, I have no doubt, but then it is not that sort of thing, good as it is, that we need so much as regular work; and if our meetings here would unsettle the people, or have the effect of keeping them from attending their houses of worship, rather than continue to take part in them, I would go back to Canada and settle down there at business of some kind or other. I have heard it said that ministers have an easy time of it and that while they preach only two sermons in the week, I am at the work continually. Well, I can say in answer to such statements, 'If I were settled at one period of week for two years in one place, and I were to preach who I were then preaching ten sermons in the week than I have been preaching in the time I have been preaching in this country. Clergymen have many things to do in addition to preaching. They have their people to look after, and they have the soul to visit. I would rather preach five sermons than go to the house of mourning. It takes more sympathy and strength from me than preaching. Then a minister has to make calls, receive visitors, and be social; and after all that he has to prepare his sermons.

But it has been said preparing two sermons is easy work. If you think so just try it, and see how you will get on. If you think your minister has an easy time of it, try his work, and see how long you will continue at it. Ministers are the only people, I might say, who don't get rest. I remember when, during a period of some five years, I tried often to get rest, and I never knew what it was. There were cases of sickness, there were funerals, and there was always something turning up to occupy the whole of my time. Ministers should have, like other men, one day of rest. Don't let young converts get it into their heads that the minister or pastor is not an important man. I consider that there is no man in the world more important than a good pastor, and if you have got one, thank God, and pray for him constantly that God may bless him. Let me urge young converts to join the minister in his work, and not to be unsettled as regards their duty. I believe the dearest thing to the heart of the Son of God on this earth is the Church, and we ought to pray earnestly for its welfare. We ought also to pray earnestly for the man of God who preaches, and do nothing that would cool or kill his influence or efforts. You talk about the success of our meetings here. What would they have been if your pastors had not been sowing the seed here for years? And when the seed is once sown, you may rest satisfied a reaping time is sure to come. I have visited towns where our meetings were not attended with as much success as I could have wished. Why? Because the ministers were not so much in sympathy with the work. If you have any regard for the truth that has been a blessing to you, stand right by the Church of God, and pray for those that are interested in its welfare."

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