

The Wesleyan.

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

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL XXXIV.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1882.

No. 43

FROM THE PAPERS.

The member of the Church who cannot find time to read a weekly religious paper will be hard up for time to say his prayers.—*Holston Methodist*.

The Nashville *Advocate* sees the truth clearly. It says: "Prohibition will not come by the help of the professed politicians. It will ride over them to its destined triumph."

"The sound of a Christian bell," it is remarked in the *Missionary Herald*, "seems to be peculiarly offensive to a Moslem. But those bells are yet to ring all over Turkey."

Dr. Wilbur Fisk, when he was offered a liberal salary and a pastorate in another denomination, replied: "That would build Wilbur Fisk, but it would not build up Methodism. There is a demand for this kind of men to-day."—*Canada Adc.*

The *Christian Index* says most truthfully: "There is a church in Georgia called 'Sisters' Church.' Many other churches might take the same, if the name of churches were decided by what is best in them and keeps them alive."

According to statistics which have been published in a German Evangelical journal, it is shown that, between 1826 and 1880, of the mixed marriages hardly more than a quarter of the children were baptized into the Evangelical Churches.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says in *Sword and Trowel*: "Guessing at the dates of prophecy and making poor verses are two of those unprofitable devices which we rank with getting blood out of gateposts and extracting sugar from bitter aloes."

The *Christian Intelligencer* says, "We begin to think that some of the most dangerous reading is to be found in the daily newspapers. Nothing worse, or more depraving, than some portions of our leading and influential journals can possibly be set before the eyes of boys and girls."

The outgoing Governor of Georgia is a Methodist, and the incoming one is a Presbyterian, while her surviving United States Senator is a Baptist. It is no disadvantage to a public man in that progressive commonwealth to believe in God and to have a place in his Church.—*Nashville Adc.*

The *Christian at Work* proposes that the anniversary of the day when Columbus discovered America, should be our perpetual National Thanksgiving Day. It is suggested in opposition that it sometimes comes on Sunday. Well, Sunday is as good a day as any other on which to thank the Lord, and this ought to be the first purpose of such a day.

The German Catholics of Milwaukee, and the Central Society now in session there, have resolved in the most solemn fashion that while they must have beer, they will not send their children to the degrading public schools. They have further recommended their brethren everywhere to introduce "boycotting" into politics in defense of their so-called rights.

The undertakers of New York have long added to the terrors of death by surrounding it with an expense which makes it ruinous for most people to die; but the undertaker who withheld a burial permit and refused to go on with an interment last week, because a poor family were unable to pay him the last instalment of his bill in advance has gone beyond the limits even of his craft.—*Christian Union*.

The New York *Baptist Weekly* has the following:—The Church Congress will meet at Derby this year and the Mayor, who is a Wesleyan, is chairman of the reception Committee. Churchmen are glad to get hold of high civic officials belonging to other denominations for such services. They make themselves doubly agreeable in order to attract them if possible to their church. Now and then they succeed.

In the pleasure-train which about the middle of September was thrown off the rails in Alsace, with fatal results to more than four score souls, there were two dozen young men of the Christian Union of Colmar, returning from Fribourg to Brisgau, where they were to be present at a great fraternal Conference. They were all together in the same carriage, singing hymns, during a heavy storm, at the time of the disaster. Their carriage was upset with the rest, but, according to an account in the *Evangelical*, they were all saved. Even the man who was killed in it was either killed or wounded.

"We are all anxious to see church extension progressing, but it is equally important to preserve existing organizations from dying out. One prolific cause of vacancy is the facility with which our ministers leave their flocks for better positions. This leaves the forsaken churches desolate for months or years. We have in many of the Presbyteries a sort of itinerancy established which furnishes a little relief."—*Central Presbyterian*.

As to "differences" in doctrine there exists nothing worthy of the name among Methodists, whether belonging to the same or to different denominations. All the divisions in Methodism have been about questions of Church government—quite a secondary matter. It is the glory of Methodism that its teaching is the same all the world over. For internal controversies and "Schools of Theology" one must look to some other church—say the Episcopal.—*Irish Evangelist*.

Addressing a meeting of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, at Manchester, Lord Derby remarked on the difficulty of deciding what to do with convicts when released from gaol. Working men felt an honorable reluctance to associate with them, and so it was not easy even for those who had a trade to find work. Occasionally, however, the Aid Society got over the difficulty by sending discharged prisoners to a newer country, where the demand for labour was greater than the supply.

The poet Whittier urges upon the directors of the Philadelphia project for celebrating the bicentenary of the landing of William Penn the improbability of a military display as one of the features of the affair. He writes "altogether" the feelings of the Quakers, but feels that "something is due to the truth of history and to that holy experiment of Christian statesmanship" which resulted in the founding of the colony of Pennsylvania.—*Cent. Adc.*

A Methodist minister who happened to be in London a few weeks ago worshipped on the Sunday at one of the old City churches in the neighborhood of the Bank of England. The congregation when he entered numbered two, a woman and a child; afterwards it grew to eleven. The clergyman, an aged curate, preached an excellent sermon. He closed his book and talked from the fulness of his heart; and it was refreshing to witness in these days that he took off his surplice and preached in the old fashioned gown and bands.—*London Methodist*.

No boy of ten considers himself a man unless he has a cigarette in his mouth. To all such we commend careful reflection on a fact that came to light in a police court in this city last week. An Italian girl was arrested collecting cigar stumps, of which she had about a thousand in a basket; she explained that she started every morning about four o'clock and spent the day in this delightful occupation, and that she disposed of her collection to persons who transformed the burnt-out stumps into brand-new cigarettes.—*Christian Union*.

The Richmond *Advocate* believes in the Gospel method of giving: laying by in store on the first day of the week as God has prospered, and then giving as the claims of benevolence demand. It says: "Business like, was it not? This taking of time by the forelock, the only certain way to catch him? Economic, was it not? Each week taxed for what it had been and no week to be saddled with the responsibilities of any other week. Easy, too, very easy; no hard straining because the duty had been put off. The credit system was not thought of; it was a cash transaction; God was to be settled with once a week."

The *Churchman* refers in this way to the proposal of the Free Thinkers' Convention to establish a University: "There is no danger that the plan will ever succeed. Nothing that stands upon mere negation has any real strength. Men are willing to make sacrifices for what they believe, but it is against nature to bleed for what they do not believe. Besides, what plan would defeat the very object which the Free Thinkers have in view, which a true 'free-thinker' must be unfettered by the opinions of others, and, therefore, education is especially to be avoided."

"What's the matter?" asked a D. D., whose Church had just served him with a notice to quit. He replied, "I was a widower, you know, and I married, you know. Well, I could not marry any you know, and I just married the one that suited me, you know, but that did not suit some other, and hence it is this." The situation was decidedly unpleasant. Even the D. D. did not see it. This is more applicable to married pastors than

to itinerant ones. If these collide with the harmonies of the situation, after the example of Benedict, this itinerant law comes in and relieves them from the consequences, and they go on their married way rejoicing.

MODESTY AND MERIT.

Rev. Daniel Wise, in the *Southwestern*, recalls a characteristic passage in the life of Bishop Roberts, which he gives as an illustration of the disposition to accord honor to official rather than personal merit:

The history of Methodism records the name of no man who was more indifferent to the attentions paid to a church officer than was the great and good Bishop Roberts. He preferred to conceal rather than to publish his official standing. A pleasing illustration of this was given when he stopped one evening at a neatly kept tavern for entertainment. As he said nothing about his profession, the landlord, not knowing he was entertaining a church dignitary, said to him after supper:

"I and my wife are going out to a meeting this evening. If you wish to retire before we come back, you will find your bed in the next room."

"What kind of a meeting is it?" asked the unknown bishop?

"We Methodists call it a class-meeting," replied the landlord.

"If it would be no intrusion I would like to go with you," rejoined the bishop.

"No intrusion at all. We admit serious persons to our meetings a few times."

No doubt the good bishop smiled at this reply, as he walked quietly to the class-room with the landlord and his wife. On entering the room, with characteristic modesty he took a seat in its obscurest corner. The class-leader, who was unfit for the office he filled, after speaking to all the others, said somewhat discourteously to the bishop:

"Well, stranger, have you a desire to serve the Lord and go to heaven?"

"I have such a desire."

"How long have you had this desire?"

"A great many years."

"Well, do you think, old gentleman, you know anything about religion?"

To this blunt inquiry the bishop modestly replied that he did, and that he had a good hope of salvation through faith in Christ. Then this uncouth leader exhorted him, the meeting closed, and the bishop returned to the tavern.

Shortly after reaching home, the tavern keeper, with hesitation and doubt as to the character of his guest, said:

"Old gentleman, you seem to know something of religion. We usually have family prayers. Perhaps you will read and pray with us."

"I have no objection if you wish it," replied the bishop.

Bishop Roberts was always mighty in prayer. On this occasion his wondrous power astonished the landlord. He had never heard such fervent pleadings with God, and was fairly entranced. After rising from his knees he gazed for some moments at the bishop in silent amazement. At length he said to him:

"Old gentleman, if it would be of no offence to you, I would like to know your name."

"No offence at all. My name is Roberts."

"Any relation to Robert R. Roberts, one of our bishops?"

"I am Robert R. Roberts."

Thus only on being questioned did the good bishop make known his official position. The landlord was too happy to sleep much that night. The thought that he had a bishop under his roof kept him awake. The next day he published the fact far and near, and persuaded the bishop to remain two days in the place and preach to the people who gladly came together to hear him.

A LADY ON TEMPERANCE.

Mrs. Ormiston, wife of Col. Ormiston, who has resided twenty-five years in India, recently gave an address on temperance work in the Indian Army in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Montreal. She said: "Col. Ormiston had been in the political service, and had been stationed in the Punjab. Her sons had gone through three campaigns on water, and came home to her strong and well. Her daughters were married in the army, therefore she loved it and labored for it. She had mothers' meetings, and fathers' meetings, and had done hospital work, and always found the men very willing to hear, and there were many hopeful conversions, but drink sadly interfered with her work and caused her many disappointments; some ran well for a time, and then the drink came and spoiled all. She had always been very moderate in her use of wine, and thought that she had the liberty to do so, but she saw that the drink spoiled all her work, and she was brought to see that she must give up her wine, and if it was a cross take it up and follow the Master. In one regiment there was a band of Christian officers who kept up meetings for the men, and the color-sergeant of the regiment was their right hand man, a splendid fellow, always ready for any Christian work and a true Christian trusted and loved by his officers. His wife having fallen sick he was left behind when the regiment was moved, and she visited him and found him studying Spurgeon's Commentary on the Psalms, but his breath smelt of drink. He said he was a Christian and said he was using his Christian, liberty, and God's grace was sufficient for him and would keep him, but she was, therefore, not surprised when she heard a few years after that this same man had fallen through drink. It was a sad blow to the cause of Christ in the regiment, and the officer who told her said it would be a long time before the scar would be healed. A number of years after she met this sergeant in England sent home invalided, and he said to her he had come to die. He had repented of his sin and had been restored, but his power for good had gone. He died soon after. She believed he was a Christian, but was saved as by fire. That man's fall had been an awful warning to her to have nothing to do with the thing that had brought so much disgrace on Christ's work. How could she plead with the men and go home and drink wine. Lady Hope had long labored with a Bible-class and saw no fruit, and she asked them to state frankly what kept them from Christ, and one and another said it was drink. She saw that she must put it away for Christ's sake. She had a dear friend engaged in Christian work in the East-end of London, the son of a brewer. Drink was a great hindrance to his work. His father was the owner of a large number of public houses, and the more drink sold the more money came to him. His income from the brewery was £14,000 a year, and he was the heir. He felt he must give up his Christian work or the brewery. He gave up the brewery and the £14,000 a year, and has erected a hall in the East-end and is actively engaged in Gospel Temperance work, and has been the means of the conversion of many drunkards." Mrs. Ormiston drew a graphic picture of the triumphant death of a Christian soldier and the sad end of a drinking one, the one all joy and triumph, and the other filled with fear and dismay.—*Evangelical Churchman*.

THE GLORY OF THE BIBLE.

You have often admired the line of shimmering light which shines on the ruffled waters when the moon is in the heavens. Look in any one direction, and the waters are dark and troubled. Look toward the orb of night, and you see the glory all the way, right from your feet to the heaven above. Another standing beside you, looking at another angle, will see another line of light and glory; and another, in another place, will see another, and so on endlessly. The moon is really shining over all the water, but each one sees only a portion of its radiance, and that portion only by looking in one direction. So it is in the Bible. The glory is shining all over it. You may see nothing of heaven in it so long as you will not look in the right direction. But look at the point of sight. Look to Jesus and you will see the glory of the Bible. You cannot see it all. Another will see something else that you do not. And another, standing at another point, will see something that you and he have missed. But every one who looks earnestly in the right direction will see something—a path of light and glory leading from his own feet across the troubled waters of this life up to the heaven above.—*Manro Gibson*.

bishops, was preaching an effective sermon from the stand on the theme of repentance. In the course of his remarks he said that when, at the camp-meeting, he had made up his mind to give his heart and life to the Saviour, he drew from his pocket a slip of paper, and on it he wrote as follows: "Dear father, I have decided to become a Christian." This he signed, and forwarded to his father at some distant point where he then was. "Often before his death," said he, "did my father speak of the great joy which that slip of paper gave him; and only a little while previous to his departure from earth I saw in his wallet that same slip, which, for some years, he had carried about his person." Truly, the pious parent can desire nothing for his children so much as this, and the thought of the joy it will give him may well be an inducement to the child to make the great decision that he, too, will become a Christian.—*Zion's Herald*.

METHODIST LITERATURE.

How is it that the old-time Wesleyan was more steadfast in his creed? He could give a reason for his faith. He was well versed in the tenets of Methodism. The church was hemmed in by enemies. The preacher was not satisfied with the name of a convert; that convert must be equipped with such knowledge of doctrine as would fit him for defence or attack. When the sermon was done the huge saddle bags were opened, and our books offered to the people. The power of the press supplemented the voice of the pulpit. In the homes of old Methodists can be seen the well-worn volumes from the Book Concern of New York. Each copy had been brought by the circuit-rider many a mile. There was emphasis and urgency by the wise leaders in the circulation of our literature. The unread Methodist is as helpless in the hands of his proselyting neighbors as a "muley" or among Texas cattle with horns two feet long. Our machinery is weak at this point. The old bookselling presiding elders—Skidmore, with his big box under his gig—are of the past. Marvin, the last of book-selling bishops, is dead, and left no successor. So severe is the scrutiny at Conference about "bringing up the collections" (the preacher's "mark" depends on it) that it is rare to see a man of our recent camp-meetings, or young man, the son of one of our deceased

ment or history. If our presiding officers would put a few searching questions as to whether a single Methodist tract or book or additional church paper has gone into congregations during the year there would be discovered a neglected "wash-out" under our system.

The costly flashy subscription-book finds purchasers. Two Baptist colporteurs in one county are scattering their sectarian publications. The *Police Gazette* is reported by a presiding elder as getting abroad in the interior. A preacher in the Murfreesboro' district has seen Ingersoll's pamphlets in Christian homes. How many Methodist volumes have been sent out in our Conference! Local politicians are busy getting up clubs for their partisan sheets. What are class-leaders, stewards, Methodist men and women doing to secure a Methodist journal in every Methodist home?

Money is ready to send free a campaign paper to a neighbour to inflame him with prejudice and debauch him with vile abuse of good citizens; but, alas! where are the "workers" for Jesus and His cause? Who are busy circulating the leaves for the healing of the nations? How pitiful to hear a Methodist talking glibly about platitudes, records, and candidates, but dumb and ignorant of the glorious achievements of Methodism, of camp-meetings, revivals, and the good news from the fields of conquest at home and abroad!

To sum up; The prime duty now is to conserve, to instruct, to fix the views of our people. We must use our press. It is a home missionary, a colporteur; it is the ally of the pulpit, the assistant steward; it is the champion of our church, the propagandist of our doctrines; it is a silent preacher, a voiceless messenger for good.

Brethren, lay and clerical, let not this potential agency be unused. Wise and alert men of the world know its value. "A Methodist paper in every Methodist home." The converts are coming in by hundreds. Start them off well, and with their church paper. Let the pulpit ask if the children at home have our literature. Give the little ones a chance to learn our doctrines.

Our barns are filled with plenty. Shall we stint the souls of our families when God has prospered us!—*Richmond Advocate*.

SUICIDES.

Suicides are becoming startlingly frequent in Chicago, and perhaps this city is not exceptional, for it is a great metropolis with something less than six hundred thousand inhabitants; but if not, this crime is growing in frequency, and philosophers are striving to find its cause. Suicide is essentially pagan. When Christianity was introduced into the world, suicide existed only among pagan nations. In a century covering the reign of Henry IV. of France, there were only thirty suicides, and during the awful persecution of the French Huguenots after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, not a suicide occurred in the Protestant ranks. At the present time the highest rate of suicide is in Switzerland, the home of John Calvin, and next to it stand the Lutheran countries of Denmark and Saxony. In these countries Christianity has very largely ceased to be a vital faith. Formality, rationalism and agnosticism have come in, and with the decay of faith, the old pagan crimes. Suicides may be placed in two classes—the insane, and cowards who have no faith in anything. A man in his right mind, who has any faith at all in a Creator and a system of morality and of rewards and punishments, hesitates to end his life by a "bare asking," or by any other method of self-destruction, believing it is "better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."—*N. W. Adc.*

A PARENTS' JOY.

Next to the joy felt among the angels in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, is perhaps that which thrills the heart of a Christian parent when one of his children turns from sin and begins a pious life. An affecting instance of this was revealed at one of our recent camp-meetings. A young man, the son of one of our deceased