

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

Japanese authorities allow native but not foreign missionaries to preach in the prisons.

The saloon keepers of Chicago have taken to Bible study, and are publishing on thousands of slips of paper and cards the passages in which they think they find sanction for their business.

A great assembly of the Shinto priests is to be held in Japan, to discuss the "Jesus doctrine," and to decide how the tide of missionary success can be prevented.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate of Indiana which is designed to prevent the marriage of persons where either is an habitual drunkard or criminal, or is weak-minded, or has the taint of hereditary insanity.

M. Andreas Hofer, the grandson of the Tyrolean patriot shot by order of Napoleon I., has recently gone mad from an excessive use of tobacco. M. Hofer has been a member of the Austrian Parliament for several years.

Rev. H. Brown, editor of the *Christian Neighbor*, is a reasonable and moderate man. He says: "I will not say that the Neighbor ought to be in every Methodist family, but think every other family would do for the present, and these could lead it to others."

The *Richmond Advocate* is informed that a clergyman once "mentioned in connection with the hierarchy of his Church, has concluded to dispense with the gown and preach Jesus (like Paul, in plain clothes) among the Methodists in Virginia.

The Supreme Court of Maine recently decided that Church trustees in that State are not a corporation in law empowered to contract debts. This decision goes against a builder who had sued the trustees of a church for money due for erecting a Church building.

It is reported that a whole town in Italy—Bertolla, near Turin—has gone over to Protestantism from Catholicism. The archbishop closed the doors of the church against the "apostates," and about 2,000 of them went to Turin for Evangelical ministers to come and preach to them.

Indiana Asbury University (Methodist) is reported by the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* as well represented in the State Government of Indiana. Gov. Albert G. Porter, Hon. Thomas Hannah, Lieut. Governor and President of the Senate, and Hon. William Kidpath, Speaker of the House, are all alumni of Asbury.

The cause of temperance in the Army, as elsewhere, is advancing. A deputation from the National Temperance League had an interview last week with Lord Northbrook on the subject of spirit rations in the Navy, when the noble lord stated that the rum rations to lads up to the age of twenty were about to be stopped.—*Methodist Recorder*.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians, that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into a great sewer to improve its aroma."

Four years ago Rev. Emory Haynes left the New York East Conference, and became pastor of Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, by a vote of a majority. Now the old and wealthy members ask him to resign. He refuses, and there is trouble. The *Methodist* thinks this and all such cases a demonstration of the virtue and utility of the Methodist plan of yearly review and removal if necessary.

However surprised and discouraged, temporarily, Englishmen may have been by the foot of snow which recently blanketed the island, and however much fuss and flurry may have been caused thereby, the authorities did not consider it necessary to sit with their hands in their pockets and wait for the snow to melt or to scrape it into unsightly and disease-breeding mounds in the middle of the streets. The work of clearing it from the streets of Brighton was completed on February 1, having occupied 495 men twelve days in its removal, at a cost of about \$6,000, the quantity carted to the beach being 22,500 loads.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The *California Advocate* is seeking after a piece of information that a good many people elsewhere are interested in. It says: "Miss Mary Clemmer thinks that such remarkable geniuses as Henry Lewis and Marian Evans ought not to be required to keep the seventh commandment. A good many smaller geniuses think the same concerning themselves. Will Miss Mary please tell the world just how much genius it takes to make a clear case of exemption."

Oregon has hit upon a new expedient to keep her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is required to take out a license costing \$5 a year. Unless armed with this document, he cannot get his bitters at any hotel or saloon, for it is a penal offense for the proprietors of these establishments to sell to any person without a license. Every six months the names of the persons who take out these licenses are to be published in the local papers, so that the public may know who are and who are not authorized to drink.

A Western exchange says: "Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, recently secured a count of the attendance of thirty-nine churches in that city on two successive Sundays. The morning attendance in seven Presbyterian churches was a little more than one third the number of sittings, and a little more than half the membership; in seven Methodist churches one third of the sittings and about two thirds the membership; in the five Baptist and seven Episcopal about the same as in the Presbyterian; in the eight Congregational a little more than one fourth the sittings and three fourths of the membership."

A wealthy Nonconformist at West Hartlepool, Mr. William Gray, having ascertained that the efficiency of some of the Nonconformist Churches of that town was lessened by the burden of the debts on the chapels, has made a series of offers to the denominations to assist in the removal thereof. To the United Methodist Free Church, which has debts on its several chapels to the amount of £5,000, he has offered close upon £2,000; to the Wesleyan, Congregational, Baptist, and Presbyterian—he has made similar offers which are expected to result in the ultimate removal of the entire debts on the Nonconformist places of worship, amounting to about £12,000.

The Rev. Arthur P. Chaplin, a Wesleyan missionary in Natal, writing of an increase of eighty converts in the Natal district, says the encouraging result is largely due to the energy and zeal of the native preachers. "I never," he testifies, "saw the equal of a good Zulu Christian anywhere for zeal in seeking the salvation of his own brethren. It is a passion with him that puts many of us to shame. An old and infirm couple by their quiet and persevering labors induced fourteen women to abandon heathenism and become Christians. The wife was blind, and could not herself go out to visit her neighbors; but she sent her husband, telling him where to go and whom to address, and their mission was only known to themselves. Mr. Chaplin recalls many such cases."

I have found out a good method of dealing with grumblers who complain of Methodist institutions and the inefficiency of Methodist preachers. I ask them how the week evening prayer-meetings are attended, remarking that these are the thermometer of the Church. It is laughable to see how their heads generally fall, and they confess that they don't know, with an evident prick of conscience. Now, if they go to chapel only on Sundays, what do they more than others? Do not even the publicans know no more about the week evening prayer-meeting than the man in the moon, and when they are poking at others and get my question at them, conscience seems to say, "Physician, heal thyself." I recommend that this weapon be used a little here and there.—*London Methodist*.

I understand that we are beginning to secure consideration in the highest circles. The Duchess of Connaught has very graciously consented to open the bazaar to be held at Cannon Street Hotel, for the Soldiers' Home at Aldershot and Chatham, and the Commander-in-Chief, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, has consented to be one of its patrons. So do also Sir Daniel Lysons, the general in command at Aldershot, and Sir Evelyn Wood of South African distinction. Then, of course, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Treasurer of the Aldershot property, will accept a similar position. Altogether Methodism seems creeping into royal sunshine. I would not be a grumbler nor depreciate the kindness of any distinguished patron, but I have lived long enough to know that the best thing we can do is to patronize ourselves, and trust to our hard work and the distinguished and never-failing patronage given by the King of Kings to us who honour Him.—*Table Talk, London Methodist*.

A BRIEF RUN WESTWARD. (CONCLUDED.)

The Fall River route between Boston and New York is scarcely as attractive in January as in July. I, however, found the winter steamers of this line, while little inferior in point of elegance and comfort to their summer rivals, exceedingly well adapted for the work just then imposed on them by stern nature. For some thirty or forty miles from New York, Long Island Sound was covered with a thick, tough ice- crust, against the possibility of a wooden, side-wheel steamer forcing herself through which, I would have been inclined to raise a strong presumption in advance of seeing her do it. The smaller boats of the shorter lines followed us up and down, (or in and out) the Sound, glad to take the benefit of the strong engines and plated stems of the "Newport" and "Old Colony." One of them, less wise and more venturesome than the others, we passed, or were passing, helplessly hemmed in and loudly signalling for a friendly pull out of her embarrassment. The conjectures which we had been making all along as to the strength of the ice through which our boat had been for hours bravely and noisily crunching, were soon settled. The steamers were lying several rods apart, yet as if on the floor of a skating rink, a sailor skipped across the ice from boat to boat, to bring us the tow line by which help was to be afforded.

At New York both rivers were full of ice and it took much patience and skill, and about two hours, to accomplish the last twenty yards of the journey. All around the ferry boats were screaming in manifest and manifold perplexity. Puffing little tugs were dashing at him into the long reaches of smoother ice which under the keen frost seemed to form almost in a moment. The only clear water in view was the ocean track from the Battery. Even this was narrow, and the incoming human steamer which crossed our bow looked for all the world like an enlarged toy ship of the glass blower.

So long a screed about ice will surely justify a word on the kindred subject of snow. In Halifax snow has just two orthodox colors, white and black. In New York, with some slight indescribable variations, the standard hue is a dirty reddish brown. In the lower parts of the city it had been carried off, or had disappeared under the tremendous vehicular traffic; in the central parts it was piled up in huge unsightly mounds on the middle of the avenues and streets; up town, and especially in the Park, the sleighing was excellent, and through the kindness of a friend, Dr. J. T. Kennedy, brother of Rev. Principal Kennedy, of Sackville, I was enabled to enjoy it.

Not only did the Doctor place his elegant sleigh at my disposal, but in person he kindly accompanied me as "guide, philosopher and friend." Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, Grammercy Park, Madison Square,—what a grand succession and variety of brown stone mansions, marble palaces, synagogues, churches and cathedrals! It was something to see in what sort of homes live such men as Governor Tilden, Vice-President Arthur, Peter Cooper, Jay Gould, "Boss" Tweed, the Fields, the Astors, and the Vanderbilts. I saw the palace of the late A. T. Stewart, and my friend told me of the picture gallery, the statuary, the library, the mirrors, and the tapestries by which it is adorned. I saw also the little burying ground of old St. Mark's from which the millionaire's corpse was stolen, and I thought what true words are those of the preacher,—*Vanitas vanitatum*.

Most of the waking hours spent in New York were occupied with the special business which took me there. I found, however, time to visit a few points of interest, the famous Obelisk among others. The mighty month, with its hieroglyphic carvings, had clasped once more its ancient pedestal with its arms of bronze, and was looking down with silent wonder on the gay equipages of Central Park. The quarries of Syche, Heliopolis, Alexandria, New York—what further migrations are in store for thee, thou weird monument of the past!

There are just a few things which I wish to say regarding the work done in relation to the approaching Council, Congress, or Conference, of universal Methodism:

1. It largely consisted in considering and passing upon a digest of suggestions received from the European Committee. I need not in the present inchoate state of arrangements refer in detail to our proposed modifications. As to name, "what's in a name?"

Our English friends object to *Conference*, as trenching on the proprietary right of a body which they regard with an exceedingly profound ecclesiastical reverence. The Methodists of the United States object to *Congress* on precisely the same ground on which those of Great Britain would object to *Parliament*. With the Editor of the *Guardian*, I was quite prepared to swallow the original *Council*.

We worked on the suggested list of topics, a good deal, I think, in the spirit of the excellent editorial in last week's *Guardian*. In the form in which it was sent back, it is somewhat more comprehensive, catholic and non-denominational than in its original shape. The limitation of time for the principal essays to half an hour seems open to the criticism made upon it, but the scheme submitted to the American Committee contemplated but twenty minutes.

2. The credit of the independent work largely belongs to Dr. George. He had prepared, and the Committee with minor modifications, adopted an elaborate set of principles and rules for the practical management of the Council, Congress, or Conference. The Doctor had given the subject much study, and carefully considered the precedents of the Pan- Presbyterian gatherings.

The honored and beloved President of our General Conference was regretted by all its members, by none more than by myself. The mention of his name called forth loud expressions of affection and regard.

Our Committee, though not exactly *commended*, was somewhat *continental* in its character. Rev. Mr. Gardner, of Ingersoll, Ont., represented the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. Bishop Simpson of Philadelphia, General Fisk of New York, and Dr. George (who fills the pulpit recently occupied by the erratic Thomas) of Chicago, appeared for the great Northern Church. The minor Methodisms of the Central and Western States had delegates whose residences stretched from the Mississippi to Baltimore. The Southern Church "had good men and true" to represent her important interests, Bishop McTycire of Nashville, a stately gentleman of great practical wisdom, Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D., also of Nashville, a fine compound of English bluntness, Southern chivalry and true Methodist piety, and R. W. Jones, Esq., A. M., Professor of Chemistry in the State University at Oxford in Mississippi. Of the two latter, I saw much and from them I learned much, through the accident, or rather the good fortune, of a common domicile. The evening talks with these friends from "the Sunny South"—though the mercury had fallen lower at Nashville than at Halifax—I shall never forget. Dr. Summers is one of the best known names in Methodist literature. Professor Jones is a Virginian, a graduate of the University of that State at Charlottesville, a Confederate colonel, and a most accomplished gentleman and scholar. The points on which special light was shed, through their kindness, were the internal condition of the South during the war, the industrial condition and prospects of the South at the present time, the effect of the war on the work of their own Church, how that work has been affected by the setting off of its African membership as an independent Church, and particularly the present status of the colored race.

I intended to refer to a pleasant remembrance spent with Professor Jones at Columbia College, the Rev. Dr. Barnard, President of Columbia, having formerly been Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, Prof. Jones's College, but I cannot do so beyond this mere mention.

I was disappointed in not seeing Dr. Buckley, with whom I had a short college acquaintance, but his talented associate, Dr. DePuy, made the editorial sanctorum exceedingly agreeable, no matter how often you inflicted yourself upon him. D. A.

THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY.

Men do not apologise for truths that they are acting on every moment,—truths that they "feel in their bones." Give us positive Christianity, that never apologises for itself, builds no entrenchments, but ever moves forward upon the enemy's works. Coleridge wearied of hearing of the evidences of Christianity. The world has mostly got wearied of it. The great soldier does not conquer by proclamation but by battle. Positive Christianity proves herself to be of God here and now, not that she was of God eighteen centuries ago in Jerusalem. She points not to fossil, but to living history; not to historic, but to present miracles. Her main appeal is not to mouldy parchments, written over in dead languages with accounts of lepers once cleansed in Palestine, but she writes Christ's name on men's hearts in America to-day. Books of Christian evidence, which treat of historic miracles are good so far as they go, but they do not go to the heart of the matter. It is not what Christianity did do, but what it does do, that the world craves to know. Men's hearts are to be won, not so much by telling them what Christ was to his disciples in Palestine, as by showing them what he is to his disciples to-day. Christ saves, heals, purifies, inspires now. To-day he breaks the chains of fatal appetites and passions, lifts the beggar from a dunghill and sets him on a throne, makes man triumph over pain, poverty, disease and death. Christ wrought physical miracles, miracles upon the body simply to prepare the way for the grander miracles upon the soul. "Greater works than these shall ye do," He said to his disciples. And his disciples are doing those greater works to-day. They are saving souls by the million, lifting nations into the light of the Sun of Righteousness, purifying the atmosphere of continents, washing out the national and social corruptions of ages; and, as man's soul arises, his body rises also; disease flees before the health-giving light of the Gospel; literature, law, science, follow and sow perpetual harvests where the Gospel plough has broken up the soil.

And a present Christ brings present reward. It is not a future heaven in a far away cycle of a future life that is to fire the hearts of the battling hosts, in the warfare of to-day. The crown flashes now in the Christian soldier's eye. Is not the Great Captain just in advance? Yea, is not the battle-thrill itself reward? The Christian's joy is not the joy of anticipation; he fights as a warrior already crowned.—*Rev. F. H. Newhall, D.D.*

WISE COUNSEL.

When only two or three are present, is it worth while to have the meeting? This is a question which is often asked by the minister, or by his deacon, or by the two or three, and sometimes discouragement gets the better of faith, and the very ones who for their loyalty and effort ought to have been rewarded with sermon or address, or whatever the expected provision was to be, are sent empty away. We believe it is always best to hold the meeting that has been appointed, even if there is only an audience of one. Two incidents have lately come to our knowledge which we proceed to narrate in illustration of this thought.

Not many days since a missionary meeting was appointed for one of the wealthiest congregations of Boston's Back Bay. A foreign missionary was to be present and speak of his work. The evening came. Unfortunately it was the evening of a great and overpowering attraction elsewhere, and a congregation of only about twenty persons assembled. The pastor was more than disappointed, he was disgusted. The missionary, used as he was to impediments, would have preferred to proceed, but the pastor lost all heart. It was no

use, he said, in that great church, to hold a missionary meeting with only twenty persons, and no meeting was held. The twenty people who had come went away.

Now, among those twenty people, as we happen to know—we cannot believe that the minister in question knew it—were, first, a lady, the near relative of a very distinguished official who sustained very close and important relations to the foreign country represented by the missionary who was to have spoken, and who had come from a considerable distance in order to furnish herself with materials for exerting a quiet influence in behalf of the mission; second, the distinguished pastor of a neighboring church, whose congregation, a Sunday or two previous, had made an offering of between \$4,000 and \$5,000 for foreign missions, and who certainly was in a position to influence the giving of more; and thirdly, a wealthy and liberal Boston merchant, who out of his own pocket is now building a church in one of the suburbs of Boston, which is to cost probably not less than \$150,000. These were three of the twenty people who came to that missionary meeting, and for whom it was thought not worth while to hold it! Was it not an unfortunate mistake!

The late Bishop Randall was wiser and more fortunate on a somewhat similar occasion, which forms our second incident. He was announced to preach in an Eastern church in behalf of his missionary work in Colorado. The evening came and proved dreadfully stormy. Only six persons appeared. For a moment the good Bishop hesitated. Finally he concluded that it was his duty to carry out his appointment; the question of congregation was none of his business. Accordingly the service went on and he preached his sermon to the six people. In the collection which followed was an offering alone of \$200. This amazed him. The next day he received a note from a gentleman asking him to call at such an office. The Bishop responded, "I am the one," said the gentleman, who gave you the \$200 last night. But after getting home I did not feel quite satisfied with doing that. I propose to make the sum up to \$1,000; and here is my check for the balance."

What Bishop Randall felt at this we will not venture to say, but he never after had any doubts as to his duty in the face of a small congregation. And if this article should meet the eye of other clergymen who ever have similar doubts, we trust it may help to remove them. Among the two or three who gather together of a stormy evening may be the very one to whom God has appointed you a messenger.—*Christ's Union*.

SUNDAY REST.

Of course, I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week, and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore, it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labour on day in seven. That day is not lost while industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of a nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man, the maker of machines—the machine-maker with which all the contrivances of the West and Arkwrights are worthless repairing and winding up, so that returns to his labours on the Mill, with clearer intellect, and livelier spirit, and with renewed corporal vigor. *Lord Macaulay*.