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CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING.

Christ never asks of us such busy labor
As needs no time for resting at his feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He oftentimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention—
That he some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we can seek can find an entrance
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in
stillness
Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in their Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil
Clearing a path that every one may see!
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for busy ministry.

And yet he does not love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the source of duty,
Be sure to such he gives but little heed.

Then seek to please him, whatever he bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path he leads us,
If in it all we sought to do his will!

GOD'S FULL FORGIVENESS.

It were cruel to a debtor to read out
all the past accounts, and yet some of
you are so stinted in generosity that
before you can forgive one evil thing
you must bring to mind a whole host
of others. You have not mastered
that great grace, that a forgiven thing
should be a forgotten thing, as far as
may be—covered up from sight, blot-
ted out. In our forgivings how often
we forgive as a stingy man gives a feast
making much of it, thinking of the
value of the liquor, telling you of the
cost, that he may make you feel the
value of his bounty. But the large-
hearted—they give without counting
the cost. A cramped and stingy soul
will see to his balance, and his beggar-
ly accounts" of candle-ends and copper-
savings; but to a generous soul there
is no more need to keep account of its
shining, or to settle how much light and
warmth it shall pour forth on the earth.

You remember that tale, never too
often told, of that great, big-hearted,
earnest soul, Peter, the faithful fisher-
man, who went back to his nets; the
man who felt so sadly, who fell into
sinfulness; the man who wore a thorn
into his master's crown more sharp
than did the Roman soldier; who offered
a cup that was more bitter than the
gall; who used the lips that should
only have opened for benediction, to
curse withal. This was the man to be
forgiven. O scant the forgiveness man
would have doled out to this great
sinner erring soul! But the Lord
calls this blushing, sinful soul to him
three times. Thrice the question—
"Lovest thou me?" in order that thrice
the grand answer might come; thrice
the demand, not degrading, but tend-
ing to reconciliation. "Lovest thou
me?" says Christ, again and again;
and at last that great sorrowful man,
weary of being asked three times, puts
Christ at a disadvantage, overcomes
the Master, and casts himself upon
Christ's own knowledge. What could
Christ do? No more could be said;
no more could be done. And after
that, what comes? Not the kiss of re-
conciliation only, but the crook, the
staff, the spiritual scepter, the holy
trumpet, the eternal charge, "Feed my
lambs." Now this is but a brief story
of the divine love, set forth in the holy
book. God is good to man in letting
his sins wound him. God is good in
letting him cry passionately "Blot
them out." God is good in reconcil-
iation. God is good, full, abundant,
merciful. He will not suffer the peni-
tent to remain in the outer court; he
must be brought in. When the prodigal
comes home—for him the fatted
calf, the ring, the robe, the music, the
conspiring, the old place, the bed, the
board. This is the fullness of the for-
giveness of God.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST'S FOL- LOWERS.

It was remarked by Lord Bacon that
artisans carry about with them the im-
pressions of their calling. "Grinders
of cutlery die of consumption," repeats
Macaulay, "weavers are stunted in their
growth, and smiths become bear-eyed."
The lengthened list would doubtless
impress us with its truth.
But what is axiomatic in the material
world has its parallel in the spiritual.
The man who walks with Christ will be
possessed of the same spirit. The disci-
ple is a "living epistle," or, as another
has said, he is "the world's Bible."
Every day is a page, and at every even-
ing each blot or poor attempt at writ-
ing is visible. Our hope is as truly for
the life that now is as for the life which
is to come. We speak of the golden
harps and glittering crowns, and of the
robes of the redeemed, and by anticipa-
tion we say, "These are ours;" but the
hope which fills eternity with a glory as
of the noonday begins here, like the
sunrise.

The grace of God waits for no models
of physical or moral beauty before be-
ginning its work. Publicans, whose
gains were gotten by cheating, have
come up to the entrance of the narrow
way, and Christ has called them in—
but they cheat no more, Harlots lock-
ing up in their shame have heard the
voice, "sin no more!"—and they have
never sinned again. Thieves, whose
ribald lips have ceased their mockery
and scorn, have prayed, "Lord, remem-
ber me!"—and the sweet reply has been
given, "Thou shalt be with me in
paradise."

The religion of Christ assumes that
as thieves, covetous, whoremongers,
murderers, idolators, and the like, can
never cross the threshold of heaven, so
true is it that no child of grace can live
in sin. The true, hearty disciple will
exemplify in the most emphatic manner
his hope.

Religion is above all things sternly
practical. The loving disciple cannot
cheat in business, cannot bear false
witness, cannot injure his fellow-men. A
false weight is an abomination unto the
Lord; hence no Christian disciple will
give false weight. God abhors the
small ephah or measure, and no disciple
will give small measure. The divine
power which regenerates the heart and
changes the affections from the world
unto God must declare its presence in
the outward life. The pure in heart
cannot be impure in action. The meek
cannot appear proud. The really mer-
ciful cannot be cruel. Thus does every
attribute of the soul manifest itself in
the outward conduct. Christ is both
the author and the finisher of our faith.
Do not write the name of religion upon
the boxes and wrappers of your goods
—the quantity and quality will declare
the fact. Never change your tone while
speaking of your hope, but let religion
prevail all your words and thoughts.
"Christ is all in all;" hence the key-
note of the text, "Whatsoever ye do in
word or deed, do all in the name of the
Lord Jesus."

But not only is religion practical, it
is eminently positive in its nature. We
are not merely to put off anger, wrath,
malice, evil speaking, and the like (v. 8);
but we must put on their opposites—
mercy, kindness, meekness, love (v. 12-
14). Religion is not summed up in the
evil things we refrain from doing, but
in what we accomplish of positive good-
ness. Sinfulness is only the negative
side of a perfect character. The great
distinctive characteristic of Christ was
holiness; he was sinless because he was
holy, and not holy because he was sin-
less. Holiness means far more than
sinlessness.

It is not enough that we do nothing
wrong. This absence of wrong-doing
must be based upon the certainty of our
right. It is not enough to refrain from
anger, to speak no evil, to exercise no
malice; we must show mercy, kindness,
love, and their counterparts. It is not
enough that we defraud not, that we
envy not, that we kill not, or steal not;
it is not enough to "abhor that which
is evil," we must "cleave to that which

is good." There is a vast difference
between being goodish and good. The
young man of the gospel could truthfully
answer the Master by saying, "All
these have I kept from my youth up;"
but the instant Christ made known the
test of doing something positive, he
went away grieved. To become fault-
less in the sight of men is not neces-
sarily to become faithful in God's
sight.

CRAMMING.

We cannot but think that some of
the very brightest intellects are dwarfed
or blighted by the strains they fre-
quently have to endure. To crowd the
brain is as deadly folly as to stuff the
body, and as long as young women or
young men are permitted to get into
this habit of mental gluttony there is
something radically defective in our
systems of education. The school must
become the source of more complete
education before it will answer its
legitimate end.—Boston Post.

With regard to your preacher's
salary observe two things: First, "al-
low" him enough to support him de-
cently. Second, don't wait until the
year is half out before you pay him
anything. He has no money in bank,
and he and his family cannot live on
expectations. It takes cash to buy
victuals and clothes.—Nashville Adv.

The gambling mania pervades the
land. Gambling is carried on in all
its forms, from the gigantic lottery
swindle, sponsored by men who sell
historic renown for dollars, to the
raffle and grab-bag of the Church festi-
val. Let no Christian, in or out of
directly or indirectly, encourage this
fatal vice by risking the value of a pin
on any result to be determined by
chance.—Nashville Adv.

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

Methodism is an historical factor in
the religious life of England. It led
the crusade against irreligion and im-
morality in the last century, working
and fighting while those who were paid
to do the work were lazily asleep. In
this way, by the most legitimate methods
it won a large ecclesiastical dominion,
and I should like to see its conquests
preserved and extended. Above all, it
is an improving body, adapting itself
more and more to the temper and wants
of the age without any abatement of its
original zeal. In the foregoing re-
marks I have perhaps allowed myself
some liberties, but they are the liberties
of a friend who will only be too glad
if they help in brightening up some small
grace where so much is resplendent.—
Manchester Times.

We yield to none in loyalty to our
good Queen. We are also patriotic.
"British interests" lie near to our
hearts. We appreciate the valor of our
soldiers, but we are about tired of re-
ceptions given to generals, and of the
decoration of officers who have distin-
guished themselves in fighting Zulus
and Afghans. Honors and rewards
have been freely distributed of late.
We have no doubt that they are well
deserved. They gratify the men who
have received them, but we cannot
ignore the moral questions involved in
the wars which have been waged. It
may be true that a conflict with the
Zulus was sure to come, but one thing
is certain, that Sir Bartle Frere precipi-
tated the conflict. We have yet to be
convinced that it might not have been
avoided; and unless we did our best to
avoid it, we are guilty of an awful
crime. And as for our policy in
Afghanistan, it is a disgrace to a civil-
ized country. It will form one of the
darkest chapters of English states-
manship. On these grounds we regret
the disposition which is manifested to
glorify every man who has distinguished
himself in these unfortunate and wicked
campaigns. It is a manifestation of
the war spirit which we deplore.—
London Methodist.

The Times of Tuesday last contains
an interesting account of Pere Didon,
a Dominican monk, who during the
past few years has succeeded in Paris
to the popularity of Pere Hyacinthe.
He is a disciple of Lacordaire on the
one hand, and of Claude Bernard, the
physiologist, on the other. He is as

familiar with the works of Darwin and
Spencer as with those of Savonarola
and Bossuet. He has written and
preached on the relations between theo-
logy and science. For some time mis-
givings have been felt as to the soundness
of his opinions. He solicited an inter-
view with the Pope, who encouraged
him to continue his work. A few
Sundays ago he commenced a series of
sermons on Divorce in the church of
St. Philippe du Roule. His object was
to reach non-Catholics, many of whom
lean towards divorce. Instead of ap-
pealing to Roman dogmas, he argued
against it on the ground of public
morality and expediency. He dwelt on
the virtue of Protestant households, &c.
The consequence has been that the
Archbishop has forbidden him to con-
tinue the series of discourses. It is
stated that his views are too liberal and
secular. He intended to preach on
Christian marriage, the power of the
Church therein, and priestly celibacy.
Crowds of people are suffering great
disappointment. When he announced,
that the course of sermons was sus-
pended by the authority of his superiors
a voice exclaimed, "It is intolerance!"
It is also stated that many laymen and
priests have left their cards at the
monastery in token of sympathy.—
London Methodist.

Fire, which is a cunning element,
and often seeks its opportunities when
water-pipes are frozen fast, has just de-
prived England of an historic building—
the City Road Chapel. It was one
that no architectural enthusiast would
care to look at, for it was built by a man
by whom mere aesthetic adornment
was despised, and by a generation that
had none but the lowest principles of
art. Its design was wholly religious.
It has been called, not without truth,
the Cathedral of Methodism. It was
not the first Methodist Chapel—that
was built at Bristol in 1739. It was
not even the first Methodist Chapel in
London. When Wesley withdrew from
communion with the Moravians in Fet-
ter Lane, he removed to the Foundry, a
building in Moorfields, so called because
it had been used for casting cannon
during the Civil Wars and under the
Restoration. Only on the expiration of
the lease of the Foundry in 1778 were
the headquarters of Methodism trans-
ferred to the chapel in the City Road
which has just been burned down. In
the previous year, 1777, John Wesley
had laid its first stone, remarking of it
and its inscription, "Probably this will
be seen no more by any human eye, and
will remain till the earth and the works
thereof are burned up." Here John
and Charles Wesley constantly preached
for the remainder of their lives;
here was the Morning Chapel—now ut-
terly ruined—in which Wesley held the
five o'clock services that were so dear to
him; and here the great Father of
Methodism was buried. Perhaps the
Foundry might have been even holier
ground to Methodism had it been pre-
served to sacred uses. As it is, no other
spot is so full of tender and pious asso-
ciations to them as this. Its very home-
liness was not an inapt type of the home-
ly agencies of Methodism and the popu-
lar character of its work. A stately
building might have inaugurated a dif-
ferent religious history.

What Methodism will do with its ru-
ined sanctuary it is not for us to pre-
dict. Evidently no decision as to re-
building can be come to until the exact
condition of the remaining walls is as-
certained. We cannot help thinking
however, that any attempt to replace
the City Road Chapel by a more elabo-
rate structure in the taste, better or
worse, which the fashion of the day
prescribes would be a mistake. Metho-
dists, of course, like other religious peo-
ple, may build what kind of new
churches or chapels they please without
being open to more than general criti-
cism. They have their own preferences
to please, and may be supposed to know
their own architectural business best.
But it would be an error—almost a
crime—to disturb the associations of
the past. Rude as may be the building
which listened to the persuasive elo-
quence of Fletcher—the same asso-
ciations can cling to no other walls.
And it is certain that there was a
certain subtle correspondence between
the men and the buildings. Wesley
knew Oxford well, with all her domes
and spires; few men had seen so many
of our matchless English parish church-
es; but he made no attempt to repro-

duce their beauties in his meeting-
houses. Again we say, let modern
Methodists do as they like, and build
Gothic churches if they can. But let
the restored City Road Chapel repro-
duce as may be what Wesley left, and
testify to the utilitarian simplicity of
his taste as clearly as to the apostolic
fervor of his eloquence.

The Daily Telegraph referring to the
calamity, says:—Though the place had
little or nothing to recommend it struc-
turally the news of its partial ruin will
excite regret among Wesleyans all the
world over. As the day has gone by
when it was thought necessary to build
Dissenting places of worship on the
model of a barn, it is matter of consid-
eration whether John Wesley's old edifice
should not be replaced by one more
suggestive of what the denomination he
founded has become. Wesleyanism is
important enough to have a "cathed-
ral," which is so architecturally as well
as in regard of special reverence.

The Daily News says:—The City
Road Chapel, which was almost de-
stroyed by fire on Sunday morning, was
one of the historical buildings of modern
London. It belonged to the Wesleyan
Conference, and had been built by the
founder of Methodism himself. It was
regarded as a sort of Mother Church
by all the ecclesiastical bodies into
which original Wesleyanism has grown.
The original Wesleyan meeting-house
of London has long ceased to exist, but
its site was not far from that of the City
Road Chapel. John Wesley's religious
zeal led him at first to associate himself
with the Moravians, but he seceded
from them in 1740, and took an old
building in Moorfields, called the
Foundry. John Wesley's quoted in-
note to Southey's "Life of Wesley,"
describes it as "a ruinous place with an
old pantile covering, a few rough deal
boards put together to constitute tem-
porary pulpit, and several other decayed
timbers which composed the old
structure. It had been a foundry for
cannon during the civil wars and after
the Restoration, but Wesley got a lease
of it, and it sheltered him and his con-
gregation for some thirty-eight years.
When he was in London he preached
there at five in the morning and seven
in the evening for the convenience of
labouring people going to and from
their work. This is what Southey calls
the cradle of Methodism. Methodism
had long been out of its cradle when
the City Road Chapel was built. The
lease of the Foundry was about to ex-
pire, and a piece of vacant land was
leased from the Corporation for the
building of a new chapel. The founda-
tion-stone was laid by John Wesley
himself, and such was the public inter-
est shown in the work that he had much
difficulty in getting through the crowds
to perform the ceremony. An inscrip-
tion on the first stone records that it
was laid by John Wesley, April 1, 1779,
and Wesley seems to have anticipated
for the new building a long history.
"Probably," said he, "this will be seen
no more by human eye, but will remain
there till the earth and the works there-
of are burnt up." The building was
finished in about a year, and Wesley
and his congregation migrated to it
from the Foundry in the course of the
year 1778. A little less than thirteen
years later Wesley's body was carried to
the chapel, and lay there in a kind of
state, "dressed in his clerical habit,"
says Southey, "with gown, cassock and
band, the old clerical cap on his head, a
Bible in one hand and a white hand-
kerchief in the other." Such was the
crush to see him as he lay there with a
placid smile on the worn and venerable
face that for fear of accidents his fune-
ral was hastened, and took place between
five and six in the morning. Even
then many hundreds had assembled,
and when Mr. Richardson, who per-
formed the service, came to the part
where the minister speaks of the soul
of our dear brother here departed, his
voice faltered, he substituted the word
father, while all the people burst into
loud weeping. The first permanent
home of a movement which had so vast
an influence on the people of the English
race is therefore a place of much histo-
ric interest. It is fortunate that so
much of it has been preserved that its
restoration will be a work of no great
difficulty. We are not aware that the
building possesses any other value than
that which these associations with the
Founder of Methodism gave it. It is in
no sense a headquarters of Methodism.