

# The Wesleyan.

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## THE "WESLEYAN."

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### FROM THE PAPERS.

It is our opinion that ministers say far more than is necessary when any new school of skepticism arises.—*Watchman.*

When the Acts of the Apostates shall be written the name of the man who struck a secret blow at a brother who might get in his way—will be in the book.—*Nashville Adv.*

Bishop Whipple has announced his intention of licensing two women as lay readers in Glencoe, in the diocese of Minnesota, being unable to find a man who would take the place.

The *Christian Leader*, (Universalist), speaking of the Unitarians in the West, says: "They are a miscellaneous, free-speaking folk, interesting enough to listen to, but not people you would select for co-partners in any serious religious work."

Miss Helen Magill, Ph. D., who has spent the past four years in study at Cambridge, England, says that in the higher education of woman England leads the world; that a woman can do a higher grade work in England than in America.

On the day after election in a certain city a liquor dealer asked a provision merchant who had voted "no" to license, "Why did you vote against my business? Haven't I always paid for the meat I got?" "Yes," replied the merchant, "but some of the men who drink your rum haven't."

Christian parents who lead their children to the party, the ball-room, and the theatre, but never pray with them in secret, and seldom or never lead them to the prayer-meeting—and such we fear there are—what will they think of those children (and of themselves), if some day they should see them ailing in impenitency!—*The Watch Tower.*

A writer in the *London Morning Post* the other day reports the case of an incumbent who for months past has not been able to have fresh meat on his table more than once a week, whilst hundreds of curates are simply enduring silent poverty, with less than \$300 or \$400 a year, one reason why so few young men now prefer the Church as a means of subsistence.

The cost of the liquor traffic in the United States is equal to over thirteen Chicago fires in a year—over one Chicago fire in a month. The liquor traffic, therefore is a conflagration which every year burns up thirteen Chicagos, and from forty to fifty thousand lives, besides burning out the health and happiness of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children.

Men are driven almost frantic by the constant advance of breadstuffs and provisions and the prospects of short crops and famine prices! Will they stop their drinks and turn the fifty million bushels of grain now made into spirits into bread? That is the question. Or will they go on taxing themselves voluntarily a thousand millions annually for the benefit of the liquor traffic? Which!—*Saturday Avul.*

Lieutenant Schwatka, the recent arctic explorer, states that in his long and arduous sledge journey of over three thousand miles in the Arctic regions, with the thermometer sometimes sixty degrees below zero, not a single drop of spirituous liquor was drunk. Yet his journey, all in all, was the most cheerful, the happiest in its results, and the freest from sickness and death of any ever made in the frozen zone.

"There's too much horse-racing at your agricultural fairs," remarked Parson Jones to the secretary of the county society. "I should like to know, sir, what horse-racing has to do with agriculture." "Well, Parson," replied the secretary, with a pleasant smile, "nothing, perhaps; or, at least, no more than church lotteries have to do with the spreading of the Gospel." Parson Jones saw the point and changed the conversation immediately.

Dr. James A. Duncan, a few months before his death, told us that he was convinced that the two year limit in the pastorate was the best, and that if he was ever again in charge of a church he would not stay beyond that time. So far as we can gather the views of thinking people, the trend is either to a two-

year term or a return to the primitive rule of change by the Bishop without reference to the almanac.—*Richmond Adv.*

"Go ye out" if you would "compel them to come in." "Keepers at home" is very proper advice for the class addressed by the apostle; but "how can they hear without a preacher," and one who comes quite near where they live? Every one who can tell of Jesus and his love is "called of God" to proclaim the glad tidings, and in each of the hundred of neglected spots all over our State, some one ought to "hold forth the word of life." *Are you the one for that field near your village?—Progress.*

The Bishop of Winchester writing to the *Times* with respect to the religious census in the large English towns, observes that, with the strongest leaning to Anglican orthodoxy and great distrust of lawlessness and resistance to authority, he holds this to be a day which calls for the most liberal toleration of zeal for God, even if not wholly according to knowledge, while so many millions are lost to all thought of God and all care for anything but animal indulgence and material prosperity.

Lord Lonsdale, who has just did at the early age of twenty-six, had the patronage of as many as thirty-nine livings in his gift. Thirty-nine parishes dependent on the selection of their spiritual guides on the choice of a mere youth who had come into possession of the right in the same way as his mansions and parks, horses and cattle descended to him. Can anyone imagine the existence of such a state of things except in a Church established by law!—*The Liberator.*

There is no so greatly neglected class of people as the rich. We appoint missions to the poor, go through the streets and lanes of the city to find them, and use all available means to help and save them. There is hardly a house of the poor in any Christian community that has not had the gospel carried to its door. But nothing is done for the rich, the intelligent, the well-to-do. Minister, missionary, and evangelist, alike, goes past their doors as if it would be impolite to tell their duty, and offer to help them to a knowledge of the truth.—*United Presbyterian.*

A clergyman of the Church of England happened the other day to walk side by side with a Dissenting minister through a public street in one of our large towns. This attracted great attention, and a lad of fifteen summers, who had more fire than politeness, shouted at the top of his voice, "Mother, come to the door to see the parson and a Minister of the Gospel walking together. The reader may draw his own inference, but such is the view of Church and Dissent that is held by the enormous majority of the Welsh people.—*London Methodist.*

The [U. S.] Army bill, it is understood, will contain a clause declaring that after an officer in the Army becomes sixty-two years of age he shall receive only the pay of a retired officer, even if he remains in active service. This in most cases will bring about what the opponents having the matter in charge does not think it wise to insert in the measure—compulsory retirement at the age mentioned. The officer who stays in active service after his pay is cut down may be considered as more devoted to work than most men are, or more sensitive than wise on the subject of his age.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Mrs. Couture, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, sued Rev. John Foster, Rector of Coaticook, for having married her minor daughter without the bans being published. The action was dismissed by Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty, and the judgment was confirmed by the Court of Appeal. The Court held that the responsibility of the clergyman was fully covered by the marriage license, and also that the marriage had proved a most advantageous one. The plaintiff claimed alleged loss of service, but the Hon. Mr. Justice Ramsay, of Montreal, held that it was most absurd for a mother to claim any proprietary rights over a daughter 20 years of age unless she were domiciled with her mother.—*Church Guardian.*

Unobscured generosity, when worthily bestowed, is worthy of notice, providing you can catch the men in the act. On Jamestown District is a worthy and promising young preacher, who was sent to a hard circuit. He preached on Sunday and went out to chop wood during the week to raise funds to eke out a living; a layman saw the honest toiler, and quietly handed him \$100. This bought time to use in making sermons. A student who is paying his way through Alleghany College by preaching occasionally, visited an oil town, preached twice on Sunday, and on Monday morning when he was taking the train a layman handed him \$100 to help him in his struggle to secure an education. This bought time to use in preparing for the recitation room.—*Correspondent of N. Y. Adv.*

### THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

Last week a brief allusion was made to a noted English Wesleyan lately deceased—Isaac Marsden, of Doncaster. A correspondent of the *Watchman* gives some interesting "reminiscences" of this deceased worthy. We make extracts:

About twenty years ago I first met Mr. Marsden in a country circuit in one of the Midland Counties. During his brief visit to the town he conducted a children's service in the school-room that filled me with admiration and astonishment. With great simplicity and power he set before the children Jesus as their present Saviour. He spoke with such tenderness and pathos that many of them were melted to tears of penitence, and began to cry for mercy. He called on me to pray and then set me to work among the penitents. As he moved about the school-room he seemed to know the secret thoughts of every heart. Taking a boy about thirteen years of age by the hand he led him to the penitent form, saying as he went: "Lord, bless this fatherless lad! His father was a faithful servant of Thine, but thou hast taken him to heaven, and left this lad in charge of his widowed mother. He wants to follow his father's example and find his way to glory. Lord, save him! Save him now!" Putting his hand on a young girl's head, he said: "Lord, save this dear girl! She has a drunken father and a wretched home. Her mother has gone home to heaven long ago, and she is left to poverty and hardship. O, God, visit their home and save the drunken father and the poor child for Christ's sake, Amen." And so he went through the school describing the circumstances and surroundings of the children so accurately that they regarded him with almost superstitious awe and reverence. After the service we had a walk and a long conversation together. I questioned him very minutely and closely about his remarkable utterances at the children's service. I said, "How did you know that boy's father was dead? or that his mother was living? or that his father was a godly man? How did you know that girl had a drunken father? or a miserable home? or that she had no mother?" He smiled at my cross-examination, and hesitated to reply. But I was resolute and would have an answer. At first he put me off by asking if the statements he had made were true, and I assured him he had not made a single mistake, as I knew their family histories thoroughly. Then he told me the intuitive knowledge he had displayed was the same power that existed in the prophets of the old dispensation, but to a less degree. He assured me that he had made no private inquiries from any one about the children and all he had said had been from impressions made on his mind at the time by the Spirit of God. As I pressed him so closely with my questions, and he took a kindly interest in me as a young teacher, he took some pains to gratify my curiosity. We had a long and interesting chat on this subject, and whenever my questions became inconveniently close he shut me up by reminding me that "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

Some years afterwards I invited him to spend two or three weeks at my house, and engage in evangelistic work in our village. . . . On our way to the chapel on the Sunday morning, he suddenly turned down a narrow passage into a back yard and walked into a cottage. It proved to be a "hush shop," where ale was sold without a license and during the hours of Sunday closing. About a dozen men were seated round a long table smoking and drinking. He marched up boldly to the end of the table and with his heavy walking stick in his hand said in a commanding voice: "Come with me to the Wesleyan chapel, my Master has sent me to call you to his service. Then he paused and waited for a reply, but as no one spoke, down came his walking-stick upon the table and made the mugs and glasses dance again. "Down on your knees every one of you," said he. Still they moved not, so he began to pray after this fashion: "Lord, I have called them, but they will not obey. As they will not come

to Thee do Thou in mercy visit them." Then putting his stick on the man's shoulder nearest him, he said: "Lord save this poor drunkard. Some of these days he will fall under the horses' feet and be crushed to death under the cart wheels, and will find himself in hell. Nothing but thy great mercy can save him from a sudden death and a drunkard's grave. Lord, save him now!" Then he moved his stick to another man's shoulder, and said: "Great God, save this swearing man! He takes thy name in vain; he cannot talk without swearing; every other word is an oath; he is sinking down to hell as fast as time can carry him. Save him, Lord!" Then he moved his stick to another man and said, "Lord save this poor jail bird! He has been hunted like a partridge for his sins! He has been a poacher and a thief, but thou canst save him. Lord, seek him and save him now!" And so the stick went round the table, and each man's besetting sin was gibbeted, while the angry men were willing to wound, but afraid to strike. When he had finished this strange service he went to the chapel and found he had been keeping the congregation about ten minutes late. The drunken men imagined that I had told him their histories and peculiarities, and cursed and abused me accordingly. As a matter of fact I had never named them, and did not know of the existence of the "Hush shop." But I was amazed at the accuracy, power, and pathos of his prayers. If he had known them for ten years he could not have described them more accurately, and years afterwards, when he talked about that strange meeting, he smiled at my curiosity and said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

These drunkards, after several attempts to disturb him, which were foiled by the staggering truths he had to tell, engaged a reckless young fellow to do their work. "The ale was paid for and consumed by the company, and Tom followed us to chapel. He took a back seat under the gallery near to the door, intending to keep up a running fire of opposition as long as he prudently could, and then retreat. But Mr. Marsden spied him, and I fancy he recognised him as one of his friends from the "hush shop," for he soon brought him prominently before the congregation in his prayers. "O God, save that young man by the door," said he. "He is a gambler and spendthrift, and will soon drift away to a drunkard's hell if his hand does not save him to-night. He promised his sainted father he would meet him in glory; and he promised his pious mother that he would follow her to heaven. But he has forgotten his promises, and is, like the prodigal, far from home and peace." So the life and character of poor Tom were sketched in that prayer till the arrow of conviction was driven deep into his soul. He fairly roared for mercy, and two or three of his companions followed his example. They spoiled an admirable sermon that night, but they gave us an admirable prayer-meeting. The power came down with marvellous energy and scores were converted. I formed a class-meeting, and as long as I remained in the village "Tom" and several other notorious fellow-converts met in my class and took their fair share of Christian work."

### WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

The mightiest forces in the universe are silent forces. Who ever heard the budding of an oak? Who was ever deafened by the falling of the dew? Who was ever stunned by a solar eclipse? So it is with the august phenomenon of a change of heart? So far as we know, it is the most radical change the human spirit can experience. It is a revolutionary change. Disembodied by death, morally estimated, is not so profound. Still, a change of heart is not an unnatural change. It is not necessarily even destructive of self-possession. God employs in it an instrument exquisitely adjusted to the mind of man as an intelligent and free being. Truth may act in it as an equipoise of forces as tranquil as that of gravitation in the orbits of the stars.

No, it is not of necessity a tumultuous experience to which God calls us when he invites us to be saved. By what emblem have the Scriptures expressed the person of the Holy Ghost? Is it an eagle? "And John bear record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending like a dove." "Come," is the select language of inspiration; "come, and I will give you"—what? a shock, the rack, a swoon? No; I will give you—rest. "Come," and ye shall find—what? struggle, terror, torture? No; ye shall find—"peace." "Come ye,"—come who? "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."—*Dr. A. Phelps.*

### CHRIST'S ESTIMATE OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

There is nothing in respect to which we more egregiously deceive ourselves than in the standard which we apply to work done for Christ. We adopt the figures of the counting room; we bring in the rules of arithmetic; we count the men we have influenced; we measure the buildings we have erected. I once knew a man keep in a book the number of loaves of bread he had given away, and of the garments he had distributed to the poor. And now and then he used to get out the book and add up the sums total, and congratulate himself on the charities he had done. And men thought, as no doubt he thought himself, that he was a very liberal man. It is a grand mistake. That is the Jewish method of estimation, my friends, though we may not make the same deduction that he did. We say figures never lie. They do—in the estimate of heaven. What are two mites worth on earth? Just a farthing. What were the widow's two mites worth in heaven? More than all the shekels which the rich cast into the Lord's treasury. What is a cup of cold water worth? Not much here, but given to a disciple in the name of the Master, it has untold value there.

I would just like here to direct your attention for a moment to one of those delicate hints of Scripture, which the eye of man overlooks; which commentators never think of, but which are sometimes turned up almost casually, as the miller of California kicked up on the toe of his boot the golden grains which disclosed inestimable wealth. "Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha." Mark that. How was Bethany known on earth? How did men speak of it up and down Palestine? I know not. Perhaps as towns are known now. As a town famous for its wealth, for its intelligence and culture; its institutions of art and learning; its famous men; its schools and its learned rabbis; for the beauty of its scenery. But how was it known to Jesus and his disciples? How was it known in heaven? As the town of Mary and her sister Martha. And why? Not because of any great deeds which these women had done; not because they stood at the head of its public institutions; not because they were its wealthiest citizens and owned a castle upon its edge, but because of the simple fact that there Jesus found a welcome reception and a loving service. There is nothing much more discouraging than the views we sometimes get in looking back over the past years of our discipleship, and asking What have I done for the Master? How the bulk of all our doings shrinks and shrivels and vanishes to an insignificance, a nullity. But there is a glorious antidote, if we can only take it. Mean as all the service has been, computed by any earthly arithmetic, failed as we often have when judged by earthly methods of measurement, let us keep in mind the Saviour's method of testing his disciples' service. What has been the spirit and purpose of it? What has been the intention? That is the standard of heaven. And while we ought to plan to do great things for the Master, (nothing ought to seem too great or too arduous, or too costly,) remember this, that the simple desire and purpose to please and honor and serve him, will save your most ordinary work from being contemptible, and will give to your

greatest service a beauty and acceptableness which bulk and bigness can never give. "For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," etc.—*Dr. S. F. Herrick in Golden Rule.*

### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

The Rev. James Hughes, of Wakefield, sends us the following translation from *l'Evangéliste*. He thinks it may be the means of bringing some distressed soul out of "the snare of the fowler." "A man who believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin went to a pastor and had the following conversation with him: 'You believe that you have committed the unpardonable sin?' 'I am sure of it.' 'In what then does it consist?' 'I have opposed the work of God.' 'That is what Saul of Tarsus did.' 'I have denied Jesus Christ?' 'That is what Peter did.' 'I have doubted the power of Jesus Christ after having had the clearest proofs of it?' 'That is what Thomas did.' 'Will you then show me that notwithstanding these facts I am a Christian?' 'No, but I wish to show you that your case is not hopeless.' 'I tell you I have hated God in the face of his most manifest works.' 'All this is sad,' said the minister, 'but I do not see that the sins you have acknowledged constitute the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Let us see now. Do you not desire the forgiveness of your sins?' 'Assuredly, if it were possible.' 'Are you sorry for the conduct of which you have accused yourself?' 'Certainly!' 'Have you a sincere desire to repent?' 'I would give the whole world if that were possible, to be able to do so!' 'Ah, well then, I declare it to be impossible that you have committed the unpardonable sin. The feelings you have acknowledged to me show a state very far removed from a hopeless one. You are of those to whom the invitations of the gracious Gospel are addressed.' There was so much simplicity and force in these words of the pastor that the distressed man was led to the possession of faith, and lived and died a Christian.—*Methodist Recorder.*

### UNINTELLIGIBLE SERMONS.

When we see a closed chapel, like that at Chichester or Honiton or Deal, and hear that it once was well attended, our thoughts revert to the bygone minister under whom the change took place, and we wish that a court-martial could have been held upon him, in some cases he would no doubt obtain honorable acquittal, and show that collapse was due to an invincible ailment on the part of his hearers, or to a mutation in the population of the neighborhood. But in many cases we find that the minister would be expected to have been at fault. And in cases where he was, we fancy the verdict of the court would be, of unintelligible sermons." No moment we mean to countenance modern notions that the sermon is the chief duty of a minister's life, the function of the preacher more important than that of the church; the contrary, we hold firmly, is that a "house-god" makes a church-going people, and makes a church-going people misfortune is that the function of one of these functions is the mismanagement of the minister who devotes his time to composing extracts and discourses which are read over the heads of his hearers. A day, has no leisure for people's homes. In his hand, a minister's people's homes are ways of thinking. Unintelligible sermons drift into the ears of his hearers, carry him quit. It was said of a minister no longer in the land, famous for his courses than for his pastoral visits, might deem it for they always six days of the week, and will give to your

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