

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Since the English Universities have been open to Nonconformists, two-thirds of the honours have been carried off by the Dissenters.

We hear it said on good authority, although the statement seems almost incredible, that the expenses of the Archbishop of Canterbury, incident to his promotion to the Primacy, amounted to nearly £30,000.—*John Bull*.

In New York City there is one church to every 2,466 men, and one grog shop to every 100 men. Liquor pays the city in the way of licenses \$500,000; and costs in the way of police, courts, public and private charities, directly or indirectly chargeable to the traffic, \$9,000,000.

In Wespahalia, Germany, a list of the notorious drunkards is published by the police, and the dealers are forbidden to sell them liquor. It seems a little hard on the saloon-keepers to deprive them of a customer just as soon as he is educated up to a profitable business.—*Walla Walla Watchman*.

The flow of obituaries is greater than ever. All of them seem to commemorate people who have lived and labored nobly and died triumphantly. But the Church is wide and a large number pass weekly through its gates to the celestial city. We have only space for brief mention, not enough for life histories.—*Western Ad.*

One of the first things a preacher should learn is when to stop. The beginning may be easy, but with many the stopping is hard. The good effect produced by the presentation of a subject is often marred, or ruined entirely, by a tedious repetition of words after the truths have been sufficiently brought out.—*Method. Recorder*.

We remember hearing the Duke of Wellington speaking in the House of Lords in his latter years of the necessity of revealed religion as an element essential to all true education, when, turning to Lord Rodney, whose sympathy he was certain, he exclaimed with emphatic earnestness, "and what, my lords, after all, is there of real education without the Gospel?"—*Record*.

The City of Buffalo has been using the same text-books in its schools for the past twenty years; but now there is a movement on foot to make an entire change. It would seem to be high time. To teach geography, for instance, out of books published twenty years ago, is a little worse than not to teach it at all. To change text-books too often is a serious evil, but not to change them at all is intellectual death.

There are dainty men in the Church, as there are dainty men in the world, who must have very choice work if they work at all—work that can be done without injury to kid gloves or stain to shirt bosoms. They are gentlemen whose aesthetic tastes and puerile sense of the higher offices in the Church. The Church can afford to drop all such exquisites from her records, and the sooner done the better.—*Arkansas Methodist*.

There is one way, and but one, to keep young people in a Church that is fit for young people to be in, and that is to get them converted. People who love Christ do not wear of the Church. Converted people will stay in the Church, and unconverted people ought to stay out of it. Don't trouble yourself about the Church. Give all diligence to lead the young directly to Christ and he will lead them into the Church.—*Southern Advocate*.

An Episcopal Divinity School in Colorado is spoken of, the purpose of which is to prepare preachers who will likely have to rough it out West. Complaint is made that the ministers of the theological seminaries to that part of the country are too much of the "tenderfoot" order, and can never stand the hardships of a new country, nor make much impression on the people they have to meet there.—*Southern Ad.*

The *Union Signal*, of Chicago, thus sharply contrasts the old commandment with that which usually obtains under a license of the liquor-traffic: "The old commandment, Thou shalt not kill! The new commandment, Thou shalt not kill, unless thou takest out a license, and givest a bond that thou wilt not kill after twelve o'clock at night, and that thou wilt not kill any one under twenty-one years of age."

A New York lady, when going to a meeting, at which Dr. John Hall was to be the principal speaker, was asked why she went to hear her own minister, as she had an opportunity of hearing him every Sabbath. Her reply was, "Dr. Hall is a great big sunbeam."

I hear him as often as I can. It does me good." Dr. Hall is a great big sunbeam, and there is little doubt that his "sunbeam" qualities have had a great deal to do with his success as a minister of the gospel.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

It is a question of more than passing inquiry as to what is to become of the mass of our young men about the cities. Those especially who have means, and are not compelled to work for their daily bread. It is enough to appal any one who has love for this class to know the habits and associations of many of them. Their feet are taking hold on death. Death social, temporal, eternal. Is the Church doing what it can to save them? Are not parents asleep as to where the boy is, and what he is doing?—*Ex.*

With a wonderful amount of unanimity and enthusiasm, at the congress in Philadelphia, the Irish chose as a permanent president of the new league a Mr. Sullivan of Chicago, who made himself notorious a few years since by the most frightful and cold-blooded murder of a teacher of that city by the name of Hanford, in the presence of his family, and with his own wife by his side aiding him. Poor material this out of which to make the leader of a great patriotic movement! Ireland suffers as much from her professed friends as from her political foes.—*Zion's Herald*.

A lady lawyer in Milwaukee, Miss Kane, while making a plea before Judge Mallory became incensed at the judge's ruling and threw a glass of water in his face. This was so bad a contempt of court that the judge sentenced her to pay \$50 or go to prison three months. She chose the latter alternative and is now in jail. She says she has been repeatedly insulted by Judge Mallory, and thinks there has been a persistent attempt on his part and that of "a few guttersnipes hovering on the outskirts of the legal profession," to drive her from the bar.

By a law which has just come into operation in Italy, the sale of patent medicines throughout the kingdom is prohibited unless the precise composition of the medicine is stated. The promulgation of this important decree has been made by the Minister of the Interior, the Customs, and the sanitary authorities. One well-known chemist in Rome has at the present moment nearly \$500 worth of patent medicines lying at the Dogana, and likely to have to remain there or be sent back to England undelivered. For the future, travellers will have to smuggle their favorite drugs into Italy.

The *Independent* of April 19th tells a suggestive story from the lips of Rev. Dr. Gould of Worcester. A certain Rev. Samuel Smith had been preaching learnedly and loftily, and walking home with his ministerial brother, he eagerly waited for a word of commendation. As none came, he dropped a slender hook and line to draw out what seemed so perversely withheld. He was, however, startled enough by what he caught. His friend burst forth: "I tell you, Sam, what it is. Instead of preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified, you seem to have been preaching Samuel Smith and him dignified."

The faculty of Griswold (Episcopal), have joined the anti-tobacco crusade, and at a recent meeting unanimously voted to make the use of the "weed" in any form within the college buildings or enclosure an offence to be punished, if persisted in, by expulsion from the institution. It is a gratifying fact to add that the Theological students in Lee Hall had voluntarily abandoned the use of tobacco before this action was taken. The Bishop has announced his purpose not to recommend candidates for charitable aid who are addicted to this habit. Certainly a young man receiving assistance in the prosecution of his studies has no right to indulge in so indefensible a habit.—*Evangelical Churchman*.

The *Christian Intelligencer* tells this story to show that there is such a thing as too much zeal. A young man entered a stage in New York, who was full of Christian zeal. An elderly gentleman sat reading a Bible. "This is a chance to scatter seed," thought young Timothy. The old gentleman alighted; so did he. Starting down street he overtook him, and with undisturbed solicitude he asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He understood it all, and looking down upon his questioner with a fatherly smile he answered, as he patted him on the shoulder, "Young man I have been preaching this Gospel I have been preaching this Gospel over thirty years; but you meant well, my friend, you meant well." The young man lost no time in turning the first corner, and realizing that he needed a little more "serpent" to keep his "dove" company.

SUMMER CLIMATE OF THE BIBLE.

S. B. D.
Deuteronomy 30: 15.

One has not to travel very far over the broad continent of Holy Scripture to find that the climate is not the same all through—the moral temperature varies with the latitude. There is a summer climate and there is a winter climate. Hang the thermometer in one place: say in Isaiah 55, and the mercury rises up among the nineties; hang it in another place, and instantly the mercury falls to the forties below zero. Traverse some parts of this broad continent of the Bible and it feels like summer: the sky is clear; balmy zephyrs fan the brow; the water of life dances in silvery cascades at our feet, and the soul is completely ravished with scenes of beauty and sounds of music. It is summer, and you are roaming in the sun-lit, fruit laden tropics of Divine love. Everywhere promises, like fruit, ripen on every side; and the smile of God's face is reflected in the glints of the landscape. Suddenly all is changed: the sky is overcast; deep shadows, like raven-wings, darken everything; the air is electric with storm; God frowns; and all is desert and marred rock and there creeps over the soul a frost that chills the blood. Lo! it is winter!

Now how are we to account for this variation of climate? In a word, why is not the Bible all benediction? Because all men are not alike. The Bible is summer to the saint, but it is winter to the wicked. "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him. . . . Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him." Believe me, God has nothing but summer for his children. Thunder storms of trouble may burst upon them occasionally, but the lightning cannot strike to hurt, for the cross of Christ stands a lightning conductor to protect them.

Let me enumerate a few things that go to constitute the summer climate of the Bible.

1. The love of God has a good deal to do with it.

There is enough warm sunshine in the nature of God to make summer anywhere. Is not this the secret of perennial verdure in yonder Eden? Where God is how can it be anything else but summer? And what would this Bible be were all mention of the love of God omitted? What a dark "dark continent" indeed! A chaos! A sea of glaciers! A perpetual winter! But no, God speaks and chaos spreads his sable plumes and is gone. Love breathes, and balmy zephyrs blow softly like a wind from the south. Goodness walks in this garden, as of old He walked in Eden, and in His footsteps spring flowers. The current of Infinite love courses the broad expanse of the Word carrying summer in its tide. Who then can refuse to be a child of the sunshine? A bat of night reveling in darkness! no, but a happy mote dancing in sunbeams. Winter's snowy wind-sheet has far less attraction for me than summer's many-spangled robe—nature's coat of many colors woven of God as a mark of his peculiar regard. What we want is more sunshine—more summer. There are shadows enough, biting winds enough, nipping frosts enough. More sunshine in the heart, in the home, in the Church, in the world.

2. The invitations of the gospel also, go to constitute Bible summer. "Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." Has not this gracious invitation the sound of summer about it? One can almost hear the bubbling of the fountain and the glad murmur of the rippling brook. It makes one thirsty to listen to it, and the sound of it well-nigh slakes the thirst. "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." "A great rock in a weary land" calls to the sweltering toiler, whose only crown jewels are sweat drops, "Come to me and

rest, and I will spread over you the shelter of my shadow." It is a mystery to me how men resist all this tender sun, and why it is that the tropical sun of Divine love does not melt them to contrition. A parable: the battle of the ice-berg and the sunbeam: away glides the giant from his glacier home, plunging for a bath into cold, polar seas, and then with swaggering gait floats on toward warmer waters and a sunnier clime, when at length the proud giant encounters the stripping David of a sunbeam who slings forth his silvery pebbles. "I'll melt you," says the sunbeam; and the big giant weeps and is subdued. Would that the sunbeams of Bible summer, as they are orb'd in the invitations of the gospel, could only melt every iceberg of impenitence.

3. To the same effect are the precious promises of the Word. "That field of promise how it flings abroad its colors o'er the Christian's thirsty road." There is something peculiarly charming about fresh blossoms that have the dew of morning upon them, and in unopened buds just ready to burst into full-blown flowers. A fully opened flower—well you know exactly what it is; but a bud—there is folded up in it a maiden loveliness, a beauty that is yet to come. So it is with the promises of the Bible; they are so many buds and blossoms that are only waiting to open out and burst forth into actual blessings. And these promises are never so sweet and fresh as when they are gathered with one's own hand. But these flowers could never grow in the landscape of Scripture were it not that Divine sunshine quickened them into bloom, nor would it be summer without them.

Now these are the constituent elements that go to make up the Bible summer: the love of God; the invitations of the gospel, and the promises of the Word. And I believe one mission of Bible summer is to make a perennial summer in this wintry world. And it is doing it. Two thousand years of gospel sunshine have wrought wonders already. The moral temperature is improving—the thermometer is rising. "Coal," says Emerson "is a portable climate, it carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the Polar circle." That is just what the gospel is; it is a portable climate, it carries to the wintry regions of human hearts and to the Polar circles of humanity the temperature of redeeming love. Would that it were summer with us! It has been winter all too long. O for the twitter of the swallow—that harbinger of returning spring. We shall have no water till there is a thaw. The water pipes are frozen—the main connecting us with God has been permitted to freeze, for the want of keeping the taps and hydrants open and the engine of prayer constantly at work. But God's summer can thaw it out, and enjoying this sunshine "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

RITUALISM.

Our own recollections of Dr. Pusey as he was during the years of our residence in Oxford, enable us to testify to the felicitous accuracy of Dr. Rigg's description of him. He had the look of a man who could either burn or be burnt for the sake of the doctrines to the advocacy of which his wonderful energies were devoted. We think it a matter of historical justice, as illustrating the natural and normal, as well as the traditional effects of Dr. Pusey's tenets, even on truly good and benevolent men, that the fact should not be suppressed of his having proved himself capable of heartless social, more correctly speaking, domestic persecution. We allude to a deliberate act of his which came very painfully under our own pastoral cognizance as Superintendent of the Oxford circuit. A member of our own flock, a remarkably

rest, and I will spread over you the shelter of my shadow." It is a mystery to me how men resist all this tender sun, and why it is that the tropical sun of Divine love does not melt them to contrition. A parable: the battle of the ice-berg and the sunbeam: away glides the giant from his glacier home, plunging for a bath into cold, polar seas, and then with swaggering gait floats on toward warmer waters and a sunnier clime, when at length the proud giant encounters the stripping David of a sunbeam who slings forth his silvery pebbles. "I'll melt you," says the sunbeam; and the big giant weeps and is subdued. Would that the sunbeams of Bible summer, as they are orb'd in the invitations of the gospel, could only melt every iceberg of impenitence.

BENGALI VILLAGES.

Monday morning found us with a full day's journey in prospect. After a two hours' drive we arrived safely at our Gouripur Mission-house, and, continuing our journey with Mr. Macdonald, we passed through the town of Baraset, the head of a sub-division, with a population of 10,000. The Baptists have a mission there, but our stay was too brief to allow of a visit to the catechist in charge. We jogged along in a rickety gharry, in an easterly direction, singing Bengali hymns and turning our chariot into a prayer room, that we might have entrance among the people. Darkness had set in before we arrived at the village of Bannapore, where we wished to visit the house of a young man we had recently baptized. His father, though at first very much enraged, had been greatly subdued, and gave us a welcome in his way. On the following afternoon we commenced preaching to eager crowds, for the recent baptism had caused quite a stir in the neighbourhood. They grew intensely interested at our magic lantern service in the evening, when about 700 persons heard the old story over again. The news of the lantern spread through the neighborhood like wildfire, and next morning we had several requests that their wives and daughters might come to the lantern service that they would be properly escorted by the patriarchs. We need scarcely say that we welcomed the suggestion, and arranged for our service accordingly. On Thursday morning we struck our tent and sent it on to Khasepur, where another mela was to be held. With pleasant memories of our visit to Bannapore, we set out on foot, and on our way passed through the village of Sarson, where we saw the Kazi Ahammed, who very kindly entertained us, and promised to come on to our tent the following day. Having sown the good seed at Sarson we were again on our way. On our arrival at Khasepur the people had already commenced to assemble. There we had a glorious day. In the afternoon we opened the tent on both sides, and for about three hours preached to a most orderly crowd. Old friends from our Neelgunge and Mooragatcha stations were there, and after dusk, at a fine lantern service, our entire force was called in to full exercise. The congregation reminded us of some of our large chapels at home. Our native brethren distributed themselves among the crowd, so that the Gospel was preach-

ed to all. Our friend Kazi was there listening with rapt attention. He stayed with us all night and joined us in family worship. Since returning home we received a Bengali letter from him. It is headed, not with the name of a Hindu deity, as their custom is, but with the ever-blessed name—the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour!—*J. W., in Bengal Methodist*.

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

Right at this point is the place of danger, because of the extreme liability of taking theory for knowledge. Men study the "evidences of Christianity," see the strong points, become full of the argument, take great delight in marking the bulwarks, and telling the towers of strength by which the citadel is defended. They go even farther than this, and themselves originate strong and conclusive reasons, and write them for the public eye. Yet, ever and anon, deep down in their souls there will come the questions: Is this the truth? Do these reasonings embrace all the facts? Is Jesus of Nazareth really the eternal Son of God? Is he really the Saviour of men? Doubts will arise in the still hours of self-inspection. Fears will awake and forebode a coming doom of woe, and the soul in its profoundest depths will feel the uneasiness of a great disturbance, and remorse, like an angry serpent, will fasten its fangs in the spirit, and send the poison of death to all its joys.

It is to be feared—the signs of the times clearly show—that in the Church there are hundreds who are in this outer-court of the temple, who have never beheld the King in his beauty, whose religion is but an opinion, and not an assured knowledge of the truth. They are full of doubts—sometimes think they are true Christians, and at other times think they are not. They belong to the Church, they love it, they work for it. But they have only an opinion and a hope, and many fears. They sometimes sigh for peace, long for relief that their arguments have failed to bring. Alas! they may sigh and wish till the day of death, and sigh and wish in vain, unless they make a practical verification of the truth by throwing their whole hearts upon the atonement of Jesus, and seek and obtain by faith and prayer the grace of pardon and regeneration.—*Alabama Ad.*

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Dean Stanley, in his sermon on Lord Palmerston's death, observes that his late lordship once said to a friend, "I do not understand what is meant by the anxiety of responsibility. I take every pains to do what is best, and having done that, I am perfectly at ease, and leave the consequences altogether alone." Dean Stanley justly esteems these words as the strain of a high mood of mind, of "the inspired wisdom of ancient days." It is indeed the strain of that strong, calm faith required by the Master when He forbids taking care about the events of to-morrow, and which is expressed, in military terms, by heroic Paul in these noble words: "Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand." This is the ideal of Christian courage amid the trials and adversities of life. Its possessor exerts his full power as a man, puts on God's armor, stands unflinchingly on the foremost line of duty, and calmly waits the result in unshrinking confidence that God will give him victory. It is of such grand souls the Revelator asked, when he saw them, after the conflict, walking in white: "Who are these?" And the voice replied: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Be brave, therefore, O troubled heart, and thy victory is sure!—*Zion's Herald*.