

# The Wesleyan.

S. F. HUESTIS, Publisher.  
T. WATSON SMITH, Editor.

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## THE "WESLEYAN."

OFFICE:—141 GRANVILLE STREET.

All letters on business connected with the paper and all moneys remitted should be addressed to S. F. HUESTIS.

All articles to be inserted in the paper and any books to be reviewed should be addressed to T. WATSON SMITH.

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### FROM THE PAPERS.

The New York Tribune says the demand for teaching morals and manners in the public schools is now heard from one end of the country to the other.

It would be a good thing for some Churches if they would discharge the committee on grumbling.—Morning Star.

Peter's preaching at Pentecost converted thousands: who knows but that simple instrumentality that brought John Bunyan to Christ accomplished as much in the long run.—Morning Star.

"I have been" writes the Bishop of Victoria, at Hong Kong, "again and again stopped while preaching, with the questions, 'are you an Englishman? Is not that the country that opium comes from? Go back and stop it, and then we will talk about Christianity.'"

Happer's Weekly, commenting on the ignorant and wasteful alm-giving of the people of the city of New York, makes bold to say, "A great proportion of the grog-shops in the city are maintained by the money given in alms upon the street."

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Spurgeon's published sermons now number considerably over 1,600, he says that hitherto he has "only coasted around the marvellous subjects which fill the Scriptures, and that now he is at the beginning of his Divine theme."

The London Presbytery has passed an "overture" to the next Synod, drawing attention to abuses in connection with bazaars, and urging upon Church members greater and more systematic liberality, so as to remove the excuse for those methods of raising funds.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian, in the West, says: "Things do get mixed a little occasionally 'out West.' A Presbyterian church was recently organized in the first story of a school-house in Salem, Dakota, while a Romish mass was going on in the second story."

Professor Frost, of Oberlin, in making an urgent plea for the teaching of patriotism in the public schools, says that the history of our own country is so essential, so necessary, so indispensable that every urchin who will ever cast a vote ought to be caught and taught perforce.—Am. Paper.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, has been giving some good ideas about needed reforms in funeral arrangements. Among other things he says; "I think the exhibition of the worn and pallid features of the dead to the gaze of a curious and unsympathizing crowd is another custom that is decidedly out of place."

And a Christian denomination is negligent in its duty, is false to itself, is doomed to feebleness and decay, if it neglects to provide for the education of its children. As surely as it fails in this matter, they will surely grow up stunted, deficient, powerless, or they will seek for education elsewhere, with the chance of becoming permanently alienated.—National Baptist.

In the vigorous fight now going on, East and West, against intemperance, gambling and licentiousness, it becomes clearer, day by day, that in nearly every city, the police and the professional politicians are the fast friends of the criminal classes, and partake of the profits arising from these disreputable vocations. There can be no reform in these directions until we have a general reform in politics.—Central Advocate.

Orestes A. Brownson used to say, in view of the letting of stores under churches for secular purposes, that "Protestantism could not serve the Lord without mounting the devil's back;" but he might say this without irony now if living, of the proposition to devote the tax on whiskey to the establishment and support of public schools. It certainly would be placing this institution on Satan's saddle.—Zion's Herald.

The object of the bill of which Mr. Henry Richard, M. P., has given notice in the English Parliament, is to extend the Burial Act of 1880, by abolishing the present legal effects of consecration in cemeteries, so that henceforth it shall not be necessary to divide cemeteries into consecrated and unconsecrated por-

tions, or to have several chapels where, as the mover contends, one would sufficiently serve the purpose.

A man should use his seat in Church very much as a chair in his own house; that is courteously toward guests who may come to receive the hospitality of the household. If he cannot provide him another he should surrender his own; doing it gladly also as a part of that Christian politeness that should be seen in every place, but most of all in the house of worship.—United Presbyterian.

The only hope for Romanism on this Continent is in preserving, until she is in the ascendency, her present comparatively mild aspect. She does well not to rattle the bones of the saints in American ears, not to reveal her intolerant spirit, and not to uncover her temporal plans. Any attempt on the part of Protestant writers to remove the mask and show the horrid, historic features of Romanism is certain to be violently resisted.—Western Ad.

A New York correspondent of the Hartford Courant says that the chief of the gem department of one of our largest New York jewelry houses told him that never has there been such a profuse outlay for Christmas presents among the wealthy as during the past year. Every day for a fortnight there were not less than a score of purchasers who spent 5,000 or more apiece, and many more whose outlay over-ran \$2,500. This was merely in the gem department.

John Newton preached in an English village. Such was the indifference that only a handful came to hear him. But among that little number was Scott, the commentator. The sermon turned his thoughts towards the truth, and all the Christian influence of Scott's Bible may be traced to that sermon. That restricted service which seemed almost like wasting time, may have done more for the world than any other service in Newton's life. The world is listening yet to that sermon.

A remarkable Wesleyan layman died recently at Doncaster, (Eng.) and was followed to the grave by thousands. At an early age he read with avidity the writings of Paine, Voltaire, and Mirabeau, and was almost turned by them. He was arrested by a power above himself, and as he stood hesitating on the frontiers of Christianity he said, "It will be a bad day for the devil when Isaac Marsden is converted." He was converted, and his subsequent life verified his own prediction.—Christian Union.

The unfortunate young man, Buchanan, who was killed at Hampton on Friday, was another victim of the rum trade. A fellow named Scribner, who was a witness at the inquest, swore that he sold him liquor about an hour before the fatal occurrence. The miserable wretch! What are the authorities of Hampton about that they do not prosecute him for violation of the law? As to his part in the death of Buchanan, he will have to answer for that at the bar of God. No manslayer will escape then.—Rel. Intelligencer.

Defaulters and criminals of every class diffuse misery all around them. A gentleman writing to this office on business says: "The last year has been a sad one to me in many ways, but nothing has made me so sad as the manner in which Palmer, my old playmate and friend and the husband of one of the most estimable young ladies, has turned out." So it is. "O Charlie!" said a mother, as she fell fainting and weeping against the bars of the prison in this city when she saw her boy of eighteen locked up for theft last week.—N. Y. Ad.

The Religious Telescope mildly puts it in this fashion: "It would perhaps be uncharitable to say that some people who find it very difficult to get up early enough to go to a 9 o'clock Sunday-school on the Lord's-Day, find it not only easy but delightful to rise early when there is going to be a show in town;" and then maliciously adds, "And people, too, who would grow very impatient if the minister should chance to be five minutes late, will sit on boxes or stand on the streets for two long hours, and patiently wait for the coming of the grand procession."

"No man or woman," says The Wilmington News, "can attend to the mental wants of sixty growing persons, leaving out all mention of the thousand and one little attentions which a teacher ought to give to the conduct, manners and dispositions of the pupils. It would be a safe rule to construct our Primary school-houses so as to admit but thirty pupils in each room. In no circumstances should more than forty children be imposed on one teacher in the lower grades. The present condition of things is an outrage on the teachers and a crime against the children."

A somewhat singular service was held recently in the parish church of Marston, Lincolnshire, England. In consequence of a suicide having been committed in

the church a strong feeling existed among the inhabitants that the building ought to be reconsecrated. The Vicar, the Rev. H. B. Thorold, having consulted the Bishop of Lincoln, his lordship suggested that an appropriate penitential service would be sufficient. The parishioners were invited to attend and filled the church to overflowing. The occasion was felt to be one of great solemnity, and produced a deep impression upon the assembled congregation.

The success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey abroad is marked. The London Outlook ascribes it to the fact that they are not afraid to depart from the common conventional order and style of religious service, that they are deeply in earnest, and that they give the meeting itself an active interest and share in the work. Mr. Moody always limiting himself to thirty minutes, and holding all others to five minutes. Dr. Cairns, in the same journal, gives an account of the meetings held in Edinburgh, which continued for more than eight weeks. Immense meetings, numbering four or five thousand, were held night after night in the Corn Exchange and the Grass-market. Mr. Sankey's singing and Mr. Moody's earnest words there reached thousands who never before attended evangelistic meetings in Edinburgh.

### SPANISH INTOLERANCE.

Few persons out of Spain know of the continual attacks and annoyances to which Spanish Protestants are exposed, especially in the more distant provinces and in the little villages. The power of the Catholics has increased within the last few years to such a degree that a greater measure of firmness and faithfulness to principles than have as yet been possessed by any minister of state would be necessary in order to put an end to the abuse of judicial power.

All the outbreaks of fanaticism were surpassed by what took place in the end of last year, in Unzué, a little village of Navarre near Tapalla, one of the principal seats of the Carlist War. Two years ago Cipriana and her husband, Andres, Christians, who live in Pamplona, went to visit her mother in Unzué, her former home. They distributed gospels and tracts and spoke to their neighbors of the love of Christ and of the free salvation through him. At night their house was attacked by a mob, with guns and stones, several shots being fired through the doors and windows.

Last October they again visited their village, and again at night the house was attacked. Two bullets which were fired through the window were flattened against the wall of their bed-room and fell beside their bed. In the house next to them lives Josefa, a poor widow, with her aged parents and her three young children. As the attack was going on, Josefa heard Andres and Cipriana praying for their enemies, that they might be forgiven and converted. This made a profound impression, and she said to herself: "This must be the true religion." She knows how to read and from that night has taken the Bible as her only guide. In the face of all the persecution, she began to confess Christ openly. The night of November 20th, the defenders of the faith began an attack upon her house, also, and every night for seven nights in succession the two houses were besieged with stones and guns. Two doors and five windows were demolished; bureaus, cup-boards, dishes, and inner partitions were broken to pieces: the roofs were in ruins. Perhaps some one asks: Where were the authorities all this time? "Sound asleep" of course. Between the priest, the alcalde [mayor], and the town council a supper had been given to the defenders of Mother Church, and six dollars offered them to drive Josefa out of town. The sixth day the alcalde received a message from the governor, in Pamplona, telling him he knew what was going on and that it must be stopped. It is known that the message was received and read on Saturday, but the following night the attack was more furious than ever. Josefa's aged father, while in bed, was hit by a heavy stone in the forehead, which cut an ugly gash and left him senseless. His wife and daughter dragged him into a corner, where he remained insensible for a quarter of an hour and nearly bled to death. The next morning Josefa escaped for her life to Pamplona, leaving her three fatherless children with their grandparents.

On the third night the judge himself was in the house, and just as he remarked "There is nothing wrong here," a bullet whizzed through the door and a stone thundered on the roof. This was annoying and rather awkward, so he rushed noisily out of the house, shouting: "What's all this about?" But he made no attempt to identify the guilty persons, who, of course, took themselves off as soon as they heard his well-known voice.

In order to secure protection for the persecuted families, the Rev. Thomas Gulick, of Zaragoza, and his Spanish evangelist, Don Eulogio Maté, visited Unzué, to examine the houses and report to the government. Their arrival produced a commotion in the village and men lay in wait to kill them, on their return to the railroad station; but they went by an unexpected route and were saved. But the villains, when they saw their plans frustrated, followed the missionaries to the station. Eulogio was already in the carriage and Mr. Gulick stood on the step, with his hand on the door, ready to mount, when he saw at a few paces distance the flash of two guns. The carriage window was smashed, but he himself was unharmed. When the carriage was examined, in Pamplona, more than thirty holes made by large and small bullets were discovered. The murderers made their escape at once, while neither the station-master or any one else moved a finger to try and secure them. Mr. Gulick went to Madrid and saw the minister of the interior about the matter. He was very civilly received and the promise was given that strict enquiry should be made and the guilty persons punished. Josefa returned at once to the village, under the protection of the police; but, since more than two months have passed since this outrage was committed, no punishment has been inflicted on those fanatics, in spite of all the promises of the government.

### THE CONDUCTOR'S LAMP.

"Did you ever notice how the conductor always holds his lamp to the ticket, and takes no pains whatever to inspect the passenger?" I asked of my next neighbor in the car. "No, not particularly," he replied. "What of it?" "Only that the railroad is supposed to be dealing with men, and not with a bit of colored paste-board called a ticket." He caught my meaning instantly; for this was a favorite saying of his: "I tell you, God deals with men, not with a little bit of theological scrip called faith; and when the Almighty admits one to heaven, he makes rigid inquiry about his character, and not about his faith." He had repeated this remark so often in our discussions on justification by faith, that it had become perfectly familiar to me, and I wished now to call it up for further consideration. Hence my question.

"But why should not the conductor look at the man, and let the light shine in his face, instead of giving so much attention to the ticket?" I said, pressing my point. "Because the ticket stands for the man," he replied, crustily. "Yes," I answered. "And faith stands for the man. The railroad carries only those who have paid their fare, and the ticket certifies to its payment, and shows that the holder is right with the company—that he has done the righteous thing of complying with the cash conditions on which the corporation acts." "That is true," said my friend. "Well," I continued, "God has made certain conditions of salvation, among which are holiness, righteousness and obedience. The first step toward heaven is obedience to God's commandments." "That is so!" he exclaimed with great emphasis, referring to my last remark, and added, "A man must obey God, and keep his commandments before he can ever start on the way of life."

"Well," I continued, "the Bible says, 'And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his son, Jesus Christ, and love one another.' Now when a person sincerely and with the heart believes on Jesus Christ, and confesses him to be the Son of God, has he not taken the first step in obedi-

ence, and is it not right for the Lord to accept this faith as a token of his sincerity, and to admit him into the company of those who are journeying heavenward?" "Provided he goes on in the right way," he replied, "doing right, and loving his neighbor." "Yes, so say I; faith without works is dead. We are justified by faith, and our faith is justified by our works. If we have a true faith, it will manifest itself in a growing and continuous exhibition of well-doing. But just as the ticket is the pledge of the passenger's compliance with the terms of the railroad corporation, faith is the token of a man's consent to God's conditions of salvation. It is the first exercise of obedience to be followed by the successive stages." "But is that all you imply by faith?" continued my friend. "Oh, no indeed. Faith is the acceptance of God's pledge and provision of eternal life. The ticket is not simply a pass; it is the seal of a covenant. So soon as the traveler has presented it and had it accepted, he has the pledge of the company for his life and protection. He has now entrusted himself to their keeping. So faith is an act of obedience to the gospel; but it is especially an act of committal and intrusting of our souls to the Lord our Saviour. The poorest beggar is as safe as the millionaire under the shelter of that little bit of paper called a ticket. The man that has professed his faith to Christ, great sinner or small, is equally safe."

Just then our station was called, and we hurried out with our valises, I meditating, as I passed on, of the aptness of things natural to illustrate things spiritual, and my friend saying, "Well, it may not be so unreasonable as I had thought—this doctrine of salvation by faith."—The Wesleyan.

### A HAPPY REVIEW.

At a recent memorial service, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Potts, that gentleman read from a manuscript in the handwriting of the late Dr. Ryerson the following, dated March 24th., 1878.

"I am this day seventy-five years of age, and this day fifty-three years, after resisting many solicitations to enter the ministry, and after long and painful struggles, I decided to devote my life and all to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

"The predominant feeling of my heart is that of gratitude and humiliation: gratitude for God's unbounded mercy, patience, and compassion, in the bestowment of almost uninterrupted health, and innumerable personal, domestic, and social blessings for more than fifty years of a public life of great labor and many dangers; and humiliation under a deep felt consciousness of personal unfaithfulness, of many defects, errors, and neglects in public duties. Many tell me that I have been useful to the Church and to the country; but my own consciousness tells me that I have learned little, experienced little, in comparison of what I might and ought to have known and done. By the grace of God I am spared; by his grace I am what I am; all my trust for salvation is in the efficacy of Jesus' atoning blood. 'I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' I have no melancholy feelings or fears. The joy of the Lord is my strength. I feel that I am now on the bright side of seventy-five. As the evening twilight of my earthly life advances, my spiritual sun shines with increased splendor. This has been my experience for the last year. With an increased sense of my own sinfulness, unworthiness and helplessness, I have an increased sense of the blessedness of pardon, the indwelling of the Comforter, and the communion of saints.

"Here, upon bended knee, I give myself and all I have and am afresh to him whom I have endeavored to serve, but very imperfectly, for more than three score years. All helpless myself, I most humbly and devoutly pray that Divine strength may be perfected in my weakness, and that my last days on earth be my best days—best days of implicit faith and unreserved consecration.

best days of simple scriptural ministrations and public usefulness, best days of change from glory to glory, and of becoming meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, until my Lord shall diamine me from the service of warfare and the weariness of toil, to the glories of victory and the repose of rest.

LET JESUS IN.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." A little boy, hearing his father read that passage aloud, rushed away from the window where he was playing, and looking with wondering and eager eyes into his parent's face, said eagerly, "But, father, did they let Him in?" "Friends, you have heard the knock of some powerful sermon, some faithful warning, or when your cheeks ran down with tears and your very heart strings were breaking as they lowered the little coffin with your dear babe into that cold grave. But did you let Him in? Perhaps you say, 'I fain would, but cannot.' A minister once knocked at the door of a poor, aged, and lone woman; but he received no answer. Loudly, and louder still, he knocked. At length, as he kept his ear close to the door, he heard a feeble voice, saying, 'What is there?' 'It is I, the minister,' was the reply. 'Ah, sir,' said the woman, 'I am lying very ill, and cannot rise to let you in; but if you would come in, just lift the latch and open the door for yourself.' The good man cheerfully complied, and went in to comfort the dying sufferer with the consolations of the gospel. Now, my hearers, you say you cannot open the door yourself. I well believe you. But there is a remedy for your helplessness; ask the Lord Jesus to open the door for himself and come in. And he will come in. He liveth thus! Some of you who once heard the knock of Christ, hear it not now. Well do I remember being startled and kept awake by the boom of the cannon when I went to the Ordnance. After a time, however, I grew accustomed to it, and could sleep amidst the roar of the artillery. So it is with many. Jesus knocks at your door in vain. His knocking does not trouble you now, as once it did. In vain he pleads with you, telling you that his locks are wet with the dew of night. He is out in the cold, dark, wet night; but you care not. He is threatening to depart and leave you to perish; but you are too drowsy to listen or to care. To-night, he may go away for ever. The last knock will be given. This may be the last one. What then? oh! what then?—Duncan Matheson.

### SANCTIFICATION.

"Suppose you stood with the 'great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people,' who 'give praise unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever,' you would not find one among them all that were entered into glory, who was not a witness of that great truth; 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord; not one of all that innumerable company who was not sanctified before he was glorified.

And could you take a view of all those upon earth who are now sanctified, you would not find one of these had been sanctified till after he was called. He was first called, not only by an outward call, by the word and messengers of God, but likewise with an inward call, by his Spirit applying His Word, enabling him to believe in the only begotten Son of God, and bearing testimony with His Spirit that He was a child of God. And it was by this very means they were all sanctified. It was by a sense of the love of God shed abroad in his heart, that every one of them was enabled to love God. Loving God, he loved his neighbor as himself, and had power to walk in all His commandments blameless. This is a rule which admits of no exception: God calls a sinner His own—that is, justifies him before he sanctifies.

Who are glorified? None but those who were first sanctified. Who are sanctified? None but those who were first justified."—Wesley.