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TEMPERANCE.

MR. GARRETT'S SPEECH.

(Continued from Sixth page.)

not, why half a loaf is better than no bread. This a fact—I ask you, Christian men—that intemperance is a great and terrible evil? (Loud responses of "Yes.") I don't want you just to admit this. It is easy to admit; it is sometimes more difficult to feel convinced and to show that you are convinced. Admission is often the idle man's refuge. I want faith. Is it so? (Yes). If it be so immense and terrible an evil, what becomes of the sneers with which we are sometimes greeted? There is a kind of good-tempered chaff which we have occasionally to encounter. There is nothing unkind meant. I have not a word to say about unkindness—I, who meet with an abundance of kindness every hand, would not say one word to convey even the idea of unkindness—for I should be a base ingrate if I did. But they say to me, "This Teetotalism of yours is a bit of a hobby, isn't it? Well, it pleases you and does not hurt us. If you can do a bit of good, God bless you; you're a decent sort of a chap; it's all quite right;" and so on (laughter). Now I want you to see further into this question than that—I want you to see that this evil affects the well-being of England—that it is sapping the strength of the nation, and that, if it be not checked, it will eat out the national vigor. Look for an instant at the nature of this evil. I think some of our friends do not understand it. It is easy to say "drunkenness;" but who can fathom the word? There are some words the meaning of which no dictionary can convey; and no words can, I am very sure, convey the full meaning and import of that word. There are some things which you and I can only understand by being brought face to face with them; and this is one of them. Do you see what I mean? Take the word "tooth-ache" (laughter). You may read the most learned treatise on the teeth, written by the most talented and experienced dentist, and, when you have done, you will not have half as clear a notion of the matter as if you had a genuine attack of that "hell of all disorders" (laughter). Some things you cannot learn from books; experience will be the best teacher. And so we hear people talking glibly about drunkenness, until their own son has fallen, or their daughter's fair fame is tarnished, and then they bow their heads in sorrow, and curse the drink and all that belongs thereto. Some of us Teetotalers are accused of saying strong things; but the iron has entered into our souls—our tears have fallen like rain, our hearts are well-nigh broken. I heard the other day a young man say strong things; and he felt that he was doing it, and said so; but, said he, "I have a right to do it, for it killed my father." When you hear a man or a woman speaking strongly, ask whether the iron has not entered deeply into their souls. But if you have been in the school of experience, you will soon know that there are ills arising from the vice of drunkenness which no words can describe. To my ministerial friends, then, I say in all candour, that I wish them to understand that we don't profess to be better than them; we only profess to know and see more than they do on one particular point. There are men among my ministerial brethren whose souls are not earnestly seeking for God. But, I earnestly ask, is there any other evil equal to this? Let us look at a few—take falsehood, take blasphemy, take dishonesty. Now, my brethren, as intelligent men, I will make a jury of you. Are these evils to be put by the side of drunkenness? Dishonesty only touches one part of the man's nature, and does not necessarily affect the others. The thief may preserve a well balanced mind and good physical constitution. Dishonesty does not touch the body, and it rather tends to clear the mind. Then, again, does dishonesty necessarily send a curse on all around? A man may be a thief, and his children be better for it in a worldly sense—they are clothed, perhaps educated, and the wife is not heart-broken. A dishonest man may be a good father, and his children have a good education—perhaps better than some honest men's. But what part of a man does drunkenness leave alone? It touches every part of his nature. The Liverpool stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Aspinall, says, "We shall never do anything as we ought for putting down drunkenness until we teach everybody that it is a sin and a crime." You must not cover it up with smooth words, such as "three sheets in the wind," "a drop too much,"

"a little overtaken" (laughter). Don't you see that all these are so many self-delusions? God does not talk about it that way. He says, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven." There, at any rate, drunkenness and dishonesty stand together. Look at the poor wretches—tottering along, trembling, paralysed—their reason dethroned, their consciences scared, until the man becomes lower than the beasts, and allows his children to perish, or imbrues his hands with the life-blood of her whom he has sworn to protect and cherish! It is only seen in all its heinousness and magnitude by the eye of the Omniscient One (hear). It touches all interests. I scarcely know which to dwell on first. Take commerce and see how drunkenness affects that. 150 millions of our money are turned into this channel—say one half of it spent in drunkenness, and the other half in moderation. You have 75 millions spent in drunkenness. Is not that a calamity? Are we not all interested in it? Can we spend our money in two things? The boy who buys a top for a penny cannot spend his penny in marbles; the man who buys a hat for 15s. cannot buy a 15s. pair of shoes with the same money. But do the men who buy hats and shoes stand on equal ground with those who buy alcoholic drink? Not a bit of it (applause). He who spends 15s. in drink wants more, and yet "more." Is that so with other articles? Does a man buy a pair of boots and get into a state of unreasonable and incessant unrest until he obtains another pair? (hear). Does any wife go to her neighbor with a careworn, anxious, tearful face, and say, "Oh, my poor husband is on the spree—buying boots and shoes?" Does the other woman say, "Just like my man—off all the week buying bonnets and caps for the children; oh, what shall I do?" To be sure not; the money spent in these articles does not create an appetite until everything else is forgotten as does this one of drink. You will find—I have already intimated—all the legitimate trades are a kind of holy brotherhood; the success of one is the success of the others; the trade in drink is a kind of Ishmael; its hand is against every man, and every man's hand ought to be against it. Brethren, do you believe this? I want you to see it. You go and buy a hat, and you'll soon find that there is something else wanted. The coat that was old, but looked as if it would last a little longer, seems rather white about the seams; you try not to perceive it; you say to yourself that you don't want another coat just yet; but still the hat says, as plainly and continuously as a new hat can say anything, "Go to the tailor!" It is so persistent that at last you exclaim, "I really do think that I want a new Sunday coat," and you buy it. Then the trousers are out of harmony. So the hat led to the coat and trousers. Is not that a right way to show how all trades are linked together? So tea is joined to sugar and milk. All are linked in a holy brotherhood. A man had a sofa presented to him, that he might rest a little when his day's work was done. It was new and handsome. His wife after admiring the lovely sofa, thought that the carpet looked wondrously shabby. Husband said the carpet was all right; it did very well before. Wife—one of the gentle sort, who knew the power of snowflakes falling one by one—said nothing more for a bit, but soon returned to the charge. "The carpet is very much worn and such an old-fashioned pattern; the sofa would look ever so much better with a new carpet." Nobody could deny that, and thus the carpet was had. But then the wall-paper was altogether out of harmony, monstrously so; and this reflected on the taste of both parties. Neither wished to be suspected of bad taste, and so the paper was ordered. The result of the sofa was new furniture for the whole room. Thus all legitimate trades are linked together and are friends, and not enemies. A man going into the grocer's shop is not a bad customer for other trades, but a man going into the drink shop is a bad customer to everybody. So here is commerce injured; and I want to see this drink done away with because it is your enemy as well as mine. Let us see how this affects society itself. It turns citizens into criminals; the tax-payer into the tax-receiver. It is said that a drunkard is nobody's enemy but his own. Yes he is. He is the people's enemy. He ought to be one of the pillars to bear the burden, but he is, unnecessarily, a weight to crush down the edifice. I was at the Liverpool police court very recently, on a Monday, and saw that excellent and Christian magistrate, Mr. Aspinall, adjudicate on 140 cases of drunkenness. The offenders were from 91 years of age to 13. There was a little boy whose head just came above the dock, and whose father, a respectable man, was weeping like a child. There was a wife decently clad, whose husband was fined 5s. and costs, and then looked round the Court for her with glaring eyes and said "Where's my missus?" "Ah," said Mr. Aspinall, "that is the way; you spend your wife's money week after week, the money which should be hers to keep the house open and the children fed, get drunk, and then look out for your ill-used missus. If you had not been good wifes I don't know what would become of many of you." A woman, 40 years of age, placed in the dock. "How many times?" "Sixty-six, sir." Then there is a young girl of 16. "Oh, Agnes, you here again—

you who should be the joy of some home, again in this plight?" Agnes bent her face in her hands. "How many times?" "Thirteen, sir." "Oh, Agnes, what can I do to reclaim you? Character gone, home lost, I can do no better for you than to send you to goal for three months." At, in lead, what can we do? Here they come, one after another, a sad procession of Saturday and Sunday inebriates. Have I not proved to you that this drinking system is one of the most terrible curses that afflict humanity. I must point for a moment or two at the influence which it exercises upon the family. The family is the type of Heaven; let drunkenness come in and it becomes the type of hell. What does it do? Go and ask the father whose heavy head it has brought down in sorrow to the grave? Go and ask the mother as she weeps over the coffin of one who was to have been her earthly solace and stay. Ask the husband whose life's hopes are blasted. Ask the wife whose all is lying in the dust. Ask the desolate and outcast little children there. "I hate the drink," said a young man recently; "I hate and curse it every day." "Why?" "I'll tell you why. When I was a little boy my father took my jacket off my back and my shoes off my feet; he left me without a particle of clothing and went and pawned the things and spent the money. I had no education. I soon had no home. I was flung out into the world. And I hate the drink from my very heart!" So do I. Don't you? (yes, yes). Yes, a thousand times, yes. Christian brethren, if we could gather on some vast plain the myriads who have been cursed by drink, not the victims only but the sufferers, what should we behold? The brightest jewels of our churches and our families, the teachers and taught of our Sunday-schools, the manliness of our men the tenderness of our women, husband and wife, brother and sister, parents and children—ten thousand sufferers by strong drink! If I could I would make the Christian Church walk in procession right through the serrated ranks, that their hearts might be wrung by the tears and cries of anguish. The Church is too often bereaved by strong drink. God's heritage, redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, is diminished. Think of the awful fact that 20,000 people are lost to the Christian Church every year through drink! Think of it! Twenty thousand people. What does that number mean? More than all the Methodists of Cornwall. Oh! think if some fell disease should attack our members and lay low every Methodist in Cornwall. Would not Conference take the alarm? Would they not hasten to stand between the living and the dead, that the plague might be stayed? Priest and prophet have erred through strong drink. If we had a love-feast (but it would be a sorrow-feast) and my brethren would stand up and tell all they know about drink, the Lamentations of Jeremiah should be almost a joyous song by the side of the agony described by the utterances of these masses. Think of those who have fallen. I dare not speak, but name after name recurs at once to the memory—de- out and honored ministers, men of profound learning, popular lecturers, young men full of hope and of promise, who have fallen, fallen! One of the good things for which I bless my sainted mother was her teaching me to pray for the ministers in our circuit every morning and night. I always did it. As a child I had my favorite ministers and, when the new ones came, some of those who left were omitted. There were others, however, whom I never forgot. There was one whose name I cannot mention, but he will be ever linked with my earliest memories. His farewell sermon! I shall never forget it. I can see him now, bidding farewell to those to whom he ministered so faithfully—his last affectionate adieus are in my ears! I never omitted to pray for him. But I lived to mourn the day when his name was omitted from our Minutes through strong drink. Who is safe—where is the man who dares stand up and say he is absolutely secure. Is your body stronger than theirs? Is your brain stronger than theirs? Is your piety deeper than theirs? Alas, no! Let him therefore, that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. My second fact is that Total Abstinence is the only complete remedy for this evil. I rejoice to know that there have been men saved from this vice by other means. But the only complete remedy for intemperance is Total Abstinence. Do you believe it? (Yes, yes). In the name of my Master I put it to you—Have you any other remedy? If you have bring it out and let us look at it. If you can show me a more effectual remedy, I'll fling mine to the winds and adopt yours to-night. All I want is a sober world by legitimate means. But I am not going to get out of my string one, when the storm is abroad and the rocks are near. I must be sure before I leave this good old craft that I can gain a better and a safer one by the change. I went down to see your beautiful "Richard Lewis" the lifeboat at Penzance, and read the record of the crews she had saved—bless her and all her life-saving crew! Do you bring out your remedial "Richard Lewis" to-night and show your rescued crews. (Applause). We bring out our lifeboat; we are not ashamed of her; we have the names of the crews she has saved—oh! for an angel's tongue, she would sink

I give them; those names are everywhere—wherever the Temperance lifeboat is launched there are rescued men and women. Do you ask where they are to be found? I answer in the building societies, at the polling-booths, in class-meetings, at quarterly meetings, on your local preacher's plans, and passing through the gates into the city a cloud of witnesses they stand—our lifeboat has saved them, and they are eternally rejoicing with their Saviour. (Loud applause.) One stormy night last winter there was a ring at my door. Presently the servant came. A gentleman wanted to see me. He was one of the finest men I ever looked on; he was over six feet high, his hair white as snow. He said, "Do you remember me?" After a moment's thought, I said, "Yes; I saw you when I preached at such a chapel." He said, "Yes; and as you shook me by the hand you said, 'I hope we shall meet in heaven.'" I am come said he, "to tell you we never shall! I have been a member of a Christian church for many years, and teacher of the select class in Sunday-school, but drink has mastered me; I am filling all around me with shame and sorrow, and I have resolved this night to end it; but, somehow, I felt I could not go till I had seen you. I at once proceeded to reason with him. We bent our knees in prayer: Divine help was given; and strong in God's strength he signed the pledge; and soon afterwards I saw him bowing at the sacramental table, and as we parted he said, "Thank God; you have saved a soul from death." (Loud applause.) Did not that give me greater joy than wine can give? (Yes.) You young men who knelt before us to day as you dedicated soul and body to the work of the church, what say you to that? (Hear.) Oh! to save a soul from death is a joy infinitely superior to the pleasure of a glass of wine. (Applause.) Young brothers, do you think that as long as you live anybody will thank God that you take strong drink? Never. (Applause.) Will anybody ever thank God that you take a glass of wine now and then? Never. (Applause.) Come into our Temperance lifeboat. Join us at once and for ever. There is a great work yet to be done. If you achieve gallant service, unending and rich beyond compare will be your recompense. Let us reach the wreck and take the endangered ones off, and the blessing of Heaven and earth shall be our reward. (Long continued applause.)

AN OLD MAGAZINE.

(BY M. S. N.)

As we were musing the other day upon a fact noted by the writer of "Table Talk" in the London *Methodist*, that the *Methodist Magazine* only wanted two years of being a century old, a friend placed in our hands a copy of the "Arminian Magazine" for the year 1796, which, faded and weather beaten, and with its old style letter-press, had considerable attraction for us. It spoke of the past, a past full of loving wonder to the "people called Methodists;" showing the marvellous vitality and power of growth with which God has endowed this branch of His militant Church. Old names, once sainted and now glorified names—appear on its pages, and we sit at the feet of these old worthies, and listen to them speaking of the power of God's grace, and expressing their ardent desires for afulness of the power of the Holy Spirit's power. Here is a letter from Fletcher Madeley to Chas. Wesley, bearing date of one hundred years ago:—

Madley, Sept. 15, 1776.

My very dear Bro.—I lately consulted a pious gentleman near Lichfield, famous for his skill in disorders of the breast. He assured me I am in no immediate danger of a consumption of lungs; and that my disorder is upon the nerves in consequence of too much close thinking. He permitted me, to write and preach in moderation, and gave me medicines, which I think, are of service in taking off my feverish heats. My spitting of blood is stopped, and I may yet be spared to travel with you as an invalid.

If God adds one inch to my space, I see my calling. I desire to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified, revealed in the Spirit. I long to feel the utmost power of the Spirit's dispensation; and I will endeavor to bear my testimony to the glory of that dispensation, both with my pen and with my tongue. Some of our injudicious or inattentive friends, will probably charge me with *solecism* for it; but be that as it will, let us meekly stand for the truth as it is in Jesus, and trust the Lord for everything. I thank God I feel so dead to popular applause, that I trust, I should not be afraid to maintain a truth against all the world; and yet I dread to dissent from any child of God, and feel ready to condescend to every one. Oh what depths of humble love, what heights of Gospel truth do I sometimes see! I would sink

into the former and rise into the latter. Help me by your example, letters, and prayers, and let us after our abode in the wilderness with Moses and John, break forth after our Joshua into the Canaan of pure love. I am, &c.

J. F.

As we turn over the pages we notice the prominence given there to the doctrine of sanctification, which is urged and pleaded for, in what is known as the old Methodist style. It is a question whether we are acting wisely in giving this doctrine the quiet go-by, as we are too much in the habit of doing now-a-days. If the doctrine be really true, then the blessing is of such value, that it might well call forth the most impassioned utterances in its advocacy; nor should this advocacy be entered upon on rare occasions only, but as the crown jewel of the Christian's hope, it should constantly be set forth for his faith's acceptance.

A somewhat curious case of conversion is given under the handwriting of the President of Conference for that year—Rev. Thomas Taylor. The incident had happened some years previously, during a remarkable revival which had taken place on the Birstal Circuit. The writer states, that in the work of awakening sinners the "Lord did not confine himself to preaching alone; He let us see that he could carry on his work without us; prayer meetings were singularly useful, for in them many of these sinners were convinced and converted. But in short, dreams, visions, thunder and lightning; yes, the chirping of a bird, was made successful to the awakening of sinners, and the carrying on of the work of our glorious Emanuel." This last case was that of a young man whose mind became alarmed by hearing, as he thought, a bird call him by name three times, his alarm increasing till he sought and found mercy. The incident may appear singular, but the writer vouches, from personal knowledge, for its truthfulness.

The volume contains an "Extract of the Minutes of Conference, held in London, July 25th, 1796." The extract is brief, containing only the names of the preachers admitted into full connection; those who had died during the year; the stations of preachers; brief rules drawn up by Mr. Bradburn for his personal conduct during his attendance at Conference; and a few directions for preachers attending Conference. The extract only occupies ten pages, and is signed by Thos. Taylor, President; and Samuel Bradburn, Secretary. The total number of ministers, engaged in the work in Great Britain and Ireland, Africa, the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, and the West Indies did not amount to 400, so that the growth during these years in the matter of ministerial labor, has not been by any means meagre. The stations in these Provinces were:—William Black, General Assistant; Halifax, James Mann; Liverpool, Isaac Ludsford; Shelburne, Daniel Fidler; Newport, John Mann; Horton, Theodore Harding; Annapolis, James Boyd; St. John, William Jessop; Fredericton, Wm. Grandine; St. Stephens, Duncan McColl; Cumberland, Benjamin Wilson; Newfoundland, William Thoresby, George Smith.

Among the list of English Ministers there are names which stir our breasts with honest pride, for their owners earned for themselves a reputation and renown of which any Church might be proud. Adam Clarke, Richard Reece, John Pawsen, Samuel Bradburn, Joseph Benson, Francis West, Dr. Coke, and others whose names were told us in our younger days, all perfumed with remembrances of blessings which they had in God's hands been the means of imparting to their hearers, are here enrolled. But we may not linger. God raise up for his church to-day and in the future, leaders whose memories will be as unsullied as these, and the record of whose life work will be even grander and better.