

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT.

We have a Baptist in our church worth \$200,000, and he takes a Baptist paper, and says he is not able to take one.—*Rel. Herald.* What about Methodists!

"The danger of popular government," says *Harper's Weekly*, "is not the ignorance and recklessness of the criminal classes; it is the indifference of the intelligent classes."

Some one says: "The most efficient night policeman employed in great cities at the present day is the electric light, which stands at the street corner throughout the winter's night, silent, unbrided, and without the smell of whiskey about it."

Neither high nor low tariffs will bring solid prosperity to any people, a large proportion of whose grown men are idlers, and who worse than waste hundreds of millions of dollars yearly in whiskey-drinking. The political economist who does not see this is blind as a bat.—*Nashville Ad.*

Preaching on a recent Sunday Mr. Spurgeon remarked that the distinctions of the Athanasian Creed were doubtless absolutely necessary at the time it was written. He, however, liked the Creed of Thomas, "My Lord and my God," much better. It was short and pithy, and no man could call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

The practice of allowing your children, because they are not members of the Church, to do what your conscience will not allow you to do, is ruinous. They will have no confidence in your religion, and then no confidence in any religion. Children believe in a religion that makes you strong enough to do right even at their cost.—*Methodist Advance.*

A man may love his home and yet be a loyal citizen; and a Christian may love his Church, and yet be adorned with every Christian grace. A man who is ever pottering about other people's patches will seldom prosper for his own household; and professors who are so full of the union spirit that they are always visiting neighboring churches to the neglect of their own, will prove useless furniture in their own congregations.—*Texas Ad.*

Let science shine! "What sort of a religion," asks the *Central Presbyterian*, "would that be which should proclaim that it was afraid of investigation, and trembled before the light of the light? That is Romanism; it is not the free and bold spirit of Protestant inquiry. It is not the spirit of Luther. Had it been acquiesced in, we should never have had the Reformation. No, let the light come, and when it comes it will illuminate and vindicate every page of God's Word."

Do we want to continue the saloon? The only place in the world where young men are taught that there is not an honorable woman on earth is in the saloon; obscene stories are at a premium; a large percentage of the robberies are planned in the saloon; the vile schemes are there concocted with the drinks. No man of character ever thinks of stopping long in these dens of vice. Why continue them, is the question to be answered this fall at the ballot box.—*N. Y. News.*

Does not the blame for the widespread prevalence of divorce belong, to some extent, to those parents who encourage and sanction hasty and loveless marriages, to interested mothers, and to those young people who so thoughtlessly take upon themselves the solemn vows which ought to be binding for a life-time? And is not the very class of novels which we deprecate responsible for teaching their readers to regard the marriage tie as one that can be lightly broken?—*N. Y. Ad.*

Many persons join the minister and not the church. While their favorite pastor remains they are full of interest and zeal for the cause, but when he is removed their zeal suddenly abates, and they seem to care but little whether the church lives or dies. Such persons are not reliable, and any cause that has not true friends and more faithful and consistent supporters, is not likely to succeed. We cannot always have our preference. Others may have different tastes, and they have a right to be gratified as we have. Our devotion to the church should rise above all preferences for individuals, and if the pastor, in our estimation, lacks in any particular, we should be the more faithful, that the church may not suffer loss. We should prefer "Jerusalem above our chief joy."—*Methodist Record.*

## AFRICA WAITING.

At the recent annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in London, the Rev. Owen Watkins, now visiting England in behalf of Africa, gave an address which called forth repeated applause, and several large subscriptions. We give portions of his address:

God himself has been working in a marvellous and wonderful way, and thousands of natives have come down from the dim, mysterious interior to the English colonies of the Diamond Fields, seeking work in order that they may gain money. For you know the black man likes money nearly as much as a white man. They come to receive wages and to work, and then perhaps, after a few months, or it may be a year, they return to their distant homes, some of them, alas! carrying with them only the vices of the white man, but others thank God! coming in contact with the Methodist preachers of the Diamond Fields, like Father Calvert and others. Some of these men have gone back, walking six, seven, eight, and nine hundred miles on foot, and when they have gone back they have become unconscious missionaries. . . . Well, when these men came back, the people of their own families heard, the tidings spread, and the people of other families heard, and so the work went on. In Macapin's tribe seventy-five miles north of Pretoria, where I baptised 120 souls in one day, a man is labouring who became converted and took a school. He had no slate or copy-book, and as for pens, ink, and pencils, 'far be it from my servant.' He had never dreamed of such a thing. The only book he had was a Dutch Bible, and the language of the people was Sisuta. Before that man knew that he was separated to the work of a minister, he had a chapel built and a school established, and a living church walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. I did want to talk to you to-day about Samuel Matabathe—I do not know what you call him. I had been labouring some years in the darkness of the northern portion of the Transvaal, close by the Limpopo. I had never heard of the man. The tradition of Samuel had died out in the town where I spent four years of my life; but one day there came to me in Pretoria a little man with one eye, but an awfully sharp eye, that he could see as much with his one eye as men can see with two. He begged me to be kind enough to go and see him, and he told me that he, in a certain tribe, had built a church to hold five hundred people; that he belonged to me; and the little fellow with his one eye looked at me, and said, 'You know, sir, you are my father.' Now, seeing that he appeared to be bold enough to be my father, I thought that was rather strong. But he told me about the work of God there. I arranged that he should be visited, and that the work of the Lord in the tribe should be incorporated with the Methodist churches. When he had fulfilled his object, and gained my consent to let my colleague return at once to carry the glad tidings that the Methodists would take them under its wing, he said, 'About fifty miles from where I live there is a real Methodist.' 'Well,' said I, 'are you not a real Methodist?' 'I want to be,' he replied. 'I have often heard Methodist preachers, but there is a man named Samuel, who has been at work for years, and he is a downright Methodist—he won't be anything else.' 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'Samuel and I will be good friends'—that is the 'ism' for me. I believe in 'isms,' and I do not believe in men who have not got an 'ism.' I would as soon believe in a man who has not got a family. Depend upon it, when you meet any such individual he is not up to much when you have counted him up. By-and-by Samuel came down to see me; and I sent him a very nice letter; I told him all the sweet things I could talk about; and I had to stretch my faith's capacity

wider and wider still as I told what the Missionary Committee would do and say when they heard of Samuel Matabathe. However, Samuel did not know them as well as I did. He came down to see me one day, and I shall never forget it. A native never travels alone; if a man has a message from a chief there are always three or four who come down to hear that he delivered it straight; and when they go back they take care that he delivers correctly the message that he receives. So there were four men who came to me, and, naturally, as I am a little man, I looked for the biggest man of the company, thinking that he must certainly be the heroic man who had been holding the fort for nine years, unknown, unpaid, unrecognised, who had maintained the purity of his life and character, and had exercised Methodist discipline in the churches that God had raised up. I thought he must be a big man. So he is; but he has a little body with a big soul. He told me his story, all unconscious of his sublime heroism. He told me his tale as a little child would tell his mother or his father where it had been out to play. He did not know that he had done anything different from any other redeemed child of God, and his little frame, with his big heart inside it, quivered as he looked at me earnestly, and said, 'Oh, sir, I knew that my own missionaries would be sure to march into the interior some day, and then they would find me.' I went to see Samuel twelve months ago. He had been looking out for me for some days. They are very keen-eyed in that country, where the atmosphere is not troubled with fog, and they saw me, as the father saw the prodigal son, afar off. I expect I was about as long coming to them as the prodigal was in going home. When they saw me on the top of the hill where their village is, I saw the people in a great commotion; the men and women, the boys and girls, were running from hut to hut, from kraal to kraal, and they raised the cry, 'The missionary, our own missionary, is coming at last.' Then the guns fired a salute. Of course, I did not take it to myself—it was a salute for the committee in Bishopgate Street Within. Then the people came down the hillside, and then when the first party met me, being a discreet sort of man, and getting old, I stood still, and began shaking hands. But you know it is possible even to have too much of a good thing, and I had to shake hands with every man, woman, and every boy and girl, and with every baby that they had in the village; they were all brought to me till my arms ached again, and I thought I should like to have the President and ex-President to hold up my arms. Well, if God spares me I will go back again. Let me just say that beyond the Limpopo, the northern boundary of the Transvaal, there are four men, whose names I do not yet know, who have been labouring for years, who have never yet seen a Methodist minister, a minister of their Church, as they say. They have planted churches there in the wilderness, and they are begging that you will send your missionaries to them. Do you know that it is the region of which it is prophesied that 'The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts' to King Jesus? The men are labouring here to-day, and they are waiting for us. Then beyond the Zambezi there is a young man, a grandson of a great chief. He had been to Kimberley, where he was converted, and he has gone of carrying Bibles and Methodist books to the region beyond the Zambezi, and he will come back to the Transvaal next year to take me to Zambezi, if you will find the money. Now, do you mean to have a share in the work in Central Africa? Do you know, my dear friends, that we are the only great Missionary Society not found in the centre of Africa? Shall not this reproach be taken away from Methodism? The Baptist, the Lon-

don Society, the University Missions, the Church Missionary Society are all there; but our people, although millions are waiting for us, are not there. Men and women of Methodism I have come 8,000 miles to ask you, Shall not this reproach be taken away? Shall we not go up and possess the land in the name of the Lord Jesus?

## WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

The following is part of the report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church: Since the organization of the Society medical work has been found to be one of the most important agencies for reaching and helping heathen women, and through its influence a foothold is being gained both in India and China. Everywhere the physician is received kindly, and doors long barred against every other influence have yielded to this Christian agency. Women from city and village come to receive treatment at the hospitals, and in each case the patient is told of the Great Physician, and frequently after recovery these women have remained to be instructed more perfectly in the "true and living way." In Tientsin, China, the "Isabella Fisher Hospital" has been erected through the liberality of a friend in Baltimore, by the gift of \$5,000; and in this city, in a single year, as many as 10,000 patients have received treatment from our medical missionaries. Miss Howard's skill and popularity here have received another attestation from the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who made requisition for her services for his aged mother, and also in the gift of that heathen woman of one thousand dollars to carry on Miss Howard's medical work. Miss Akers, M. D., was sent out in 1882 to the assistance of Dr. Howard. The success of this branch of the work in the city of Foo Chow, under the superintendence of Drs. Trask and Sparr, has been remarkable. Miss Sparr has just returned, and Miss Corey, M. D., has gone to assist Miss Trask. Their judicious management has placed the work on a permanent basis. It grows steadily in interest and favor, as evidenced by the increased number of patients over other years, in greater faith manifested in foreign drugs, and confidence in foreign physicians. A second dispensary has been opened in this city, known as the East Street Dispensary, and over \$500 subscribed by Chinese gentlemen, for building a hospital for women and children. Here a Chinese girl conducts clinical lectures. During the past year over 3000 patients have been treated in the two hospitals of the city, and about 300 surgical operations performed. Four medical students have been added the past year, but the most remarkable event was the appeal made to the Society recently, asking that one of these students, the daughter of one of the native preachers, a young woman of rare ability, be brought to this country to remain and complete her medical education, that she may go back qualified to uplift the womanhood of China. This incident gives promise to the progress of Christianity in this old Empire. Medical work has also been commenced in Chukotka, China, by the appointment of Miss Hoag, M. D. In Bareilly, India, the medical work so long under the efficient management of Miss Swain, M. D., is now in power for 2000. She has been aided by a sister by native women, who have received their training in medical sciences under her supervision. The work in India has recently been reinforced by the arrival of Miss Hyde, M. D., and her appointment to Calcutta. In several of the large cities of India, symposia conducted by women, organized by Miss Swain and Dr. Humphrey; Dr. Deane also assists in preparing women for this work. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, intro-

duced woman's medical work into India and China, and now has the privilege also of introducing it into Japan, by the appointment of Miss Hamisfar, M. D., to Hakodati, who arrived there in December. Of the fifty missionaries in the field, eight are medical women, and it is estimated that through their ministrations annually between thirty and forty thousand heathen women have the Gospel of Christ presented to them.

## HELP HIM.

Mr. Spurgeon, in answer to a member of an almost deserted church, who writes inquiring how it may be filled again with worshippers, has given some excellent advice which may be useful to other people elsewhere. He says: "Quite enough for the pastor to fill the pulpit well, and that filling of the pews depended upon the zeal, the earnestness, and the diligence of those with whom he commenced his ministry; if they would support him by their earnest co-operation, the meeting-house would soon be full. I remember, when I first came to London, preaching to eighty or ninety in a large chapel, but my little congregation thought well of me, and induced others to come and fill the place. I always impute my early success to my warm-hearted people, for they were so earnest and enthusiastic in their loving appreciation of 'the young man from the country' that they were never tired of sounding his praises. If you, any of you, are mourning over empty pews in your place of worship, I would advise you to praise up your minister. 'Another one says: 'Do not be afraid of doing too much for him. If he has a conscientious appreciation of his duties, no man can carry about with him higher views of life or more pressing anxieties and responsibilities.' His labours for the race, especially his own flock, extend from the cradle to the grave. Help him."

## THE REASON.

Perhaps some reader of this paragraph may wonder why he or she makes no progress toward a better life. You often think about it, often make good resolutions, and perhaps some earnest prayers. Yet all the time you are holding fast to your sins, unwilling to cut loose from them. I have seen a steamer at the wharf start its engine, and while the propeller was churning the water at the stern, the vessel did not move. A stout hawser held it to the pier: as soon as the rope was "cast off" the steamer started. That vessel was not "well put" for its voyage until it was detached from the wharf, and could use its motive power unhindered. I do not care what be the sin that holds you back, so that it keeps your soul from a full, honest surrender to Jesus Christ. Cost what it may, make a clean breast of it in confession to God, and clean work of it in renouncing the sin. You cannot cling to your sins, and cling to your Saviour too. Up to this time you have failed, and you will continue to fail as long as you try to "serve two masters." At the very point where the Holy Spirit is pressing your soul up to a duty there you must yield. When Jesus pressed close on the young man with the demand to sell his estate and come and follow him, the young man drew back. "He would not cut loose from his possessions." That poor, rich youth was not "well put" for the noble career of discipleship which Jesus held out to him. Complete him with Matthew the publican, who sold up his toll-booth, and found discipleship his place of honorable retirement. In front of the New Testament.

Sometimes a single passage of God's Word comes as a heavenly message for the soul. Here is a text for you: "For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my feet upon a rock, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." As soon as you set your feet upon Christ you are an inverted cross, as long as you keep it in that position you are climbing heavenward. Let your hand be "well put" into his hand; let every outstep be "well put" in obedience to his commandments.—*T. L. Cuyler, in Expositor.*