

The Wesleyan,

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Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXVIII

HALIFAX, N.S., JANUARY 15, 1876.

NO. 3

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"Unless Moody and Sankey come to our
help, we shall soon be on our beam ends."

DEAR SIR,—Your editorial reference to the above was well-timed. "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts." "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollus, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man." "I have planted, Apollus watered, but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." Moody may preach and Sankey may sing, but the Holy Spirit converteth the heart. It is true these men are very successful in leading sinners to Christ, but only because they are giants in faith and prayer. The warrant of their success is found in the Master's declaration, "Them that honor me, I will honor." God's own word, quoted as such, and quoted with full faith in its truth and power, is their chief instrument of labor, and they find it "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Moody is successful, but he has no monopoly of salvation. There is no patent-right to the God-appointed means for bringing sinners to the cross. All the machinery of salvation and the means of converting power are at the command of all. The same "prayer hearing and prayer answering God" is accessible to all. "Your heavenly Father will give his Spirit to them who ask Him" is not a restricted promise. Moody may claim it, but so may all. The throne of grace is a common inheritance. Moody uses it very much, but there is room for you and me. The praying heart need not want a praying place. From the remotest corner of the earth it may ascend, and swifter than an angel's wing, it will enter heaven and find its way to the heart of Jesus. An open Bible, not of any private interpretation, is spread before us all. Moody is on his knees before it, but there is room for us beside him. There we may learn the secret of his success. There we may learn the military tactics which are leading Moody to victory. The battle-field is charted. The weak point of the enemy's works are marked. The route to victory is drawn plainly in deep red lines with the Saviour's blood. Have we learnt the lesson? Then let us to Ephesians, and getting the key of the armour, let us enter, and buckling on the armour, go forth to glorious war.

"Soldiers of Christ arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror."

In our day too much prominence is given to the servant. The creature is exalted at the expense of the Creator. Because the instrument is worked by an unseen hand it is honored rather than the artist. Too many are crying, send for Moody! Rather, brethren, as some one has lately written, "Send for the Holy Spirit. Date and subscribe to the message, with tears, in your closet, and be sure that the message is endorsed by the name of Jesus Christ, and that the plea is made in his name. We are too prone to run hither and thither for help, and fall back on an arm of flesh. Preaching is impotent till the Holy Spirit makes it potent. Our most fervent appeals are utterly powerless until the Holy Spirit uses them. Then, let us seek the baptism of the Spirit, and, going forth, Pentecostal showers of blessing will attend our preaching. As a church we need to go to our knees. There has been too much-murmuring lately and too little faith. If the time spent in writing caustic criticisms, bilious murmurings, and unbrotherly, uncharitable, and unchristian letters to the

WESLEYAN, was spent in sending up supplications to the God of grace, the cry of "Send for Moody!" would give place to the more blessed one—God is with us, let our hearts rejoice!

JUVENIS.

There is a lunatic in the States who deserves to be presented with a handsome testimonial by a grateful and admiring public, for he has discovered a new way for his fellow-madman to indulge their mania without wanting to slaughter anybody. Hitherto it has been the fashion for the insane to kill some unoffending individual, and the crime could not be punished, for no jury would ever believe that a man who killed another in cold blood was possessed of his right mind. This present lunatic, however whose name, unfortunately is not known to fame, has more peaceful instincts, and revolts at the idea of murder, preferring another mode of enjoyment. He lives "out West," and recently addressed a complaint to Post-Master General Jewell, stating that he had sent out a large number of important letters, not one of which had reached its destination, and of course he wanted the matter investigated. To facilitate inquiry he inclosed a list of two hundred names purporting to be those of persons he had written to. This looked serious, and a thorough search was instituted; the Dead Letter Office was ransacked, but not a single letter, bearing any of the addresses given was found. An official intimation of this painful fact was sent to the complainant, who replied by informing the department that the irregularities were much greater than supposed, and in proof of this he enclosed a further list of four hundred names. General dismay in the Post-Office and renewed search, again resulting as before, in a blank. Again word to this effect was sent to the irate complainant, and evoked a terrible answer accompanied by a list of eight hundred letters which had been posted but never delivered. The case began to look bad for the Department, and orders were given to have the search continued more vigorously than before. At the same time the local postmaster was communicated with and asked for information concerning this mass of strayed correspondence, when it was ascertained that the complainant was as mad as a batter and enjoying a practical joke at the expense of the authorities. Hard, of course, on them, but still it was better the lunatic should relieve his mind in this way than by taking the life of a fellow-creature.—*Chronicle.*

A PLEASANT MEMENTO.—A Bombay journal states: "The English papers chronicled how the Princess of Wales accompanied her husband to France, but with all their vigilance they did not hear about a certain small box being placed on board the *Serapis*. Well, there was such a box, and all that Sir Bartle Frere, in whose charge it was placed, knew about it was that he was to take particular care of it, and not to let the Prince know anything of its existence. When the *Serapis* arrived the box was sent to Parell, and on the next morning, the Prince's birthday, and his first morning on Indian soil, his eye rested upon a large portrait, beautifully adorned with Indian flowers. The portrait was that of the Princess. It had been secretly placed in the Prince's bedroom in order to surprise him, and it is unnecessary to say that this was the contents of the mysterious box which had been so jealously watched by Sir Bartle Frere, and about which Miss Frere was the only possessor of the secret. We may all be sure that the Prince was touched with the Princess's thoughtfulness. In a strange land, amid surroundings of which he had never before seen the like, the portrait must have suggested very powerfully to his Royal Highness the tender anxiety with which the Royal Family, as well as the British nation, regard his tour in India.

FATHER BOEHM.

Last week we announced the "greatly improved health" of that remarkable centenarian, Rev. Henry Boehm. Before our paper reached its readers, however, Father Boehm was again suddenly stricken down, and as we now write (Monday) a messenger brings us word that "he is dying." We shall doubtless, therefore, in our next record his decease—the first death of a centenarian in the history of our ministry. His life has been as remarkable for its goodness as for its length, and he passes peacefully and hopefully from his friends on earth to his friends in "the excellent glory."—*N. Y. Advocate.*

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The venerable Dr. Brooks, of Fredricton has been ill recently. His congregation give this expression in the *Fredricton Reporter* of last week:—

The whole congregation of St. Paul's Church of this city cannot refrain from expressing publicly their deep sense of gratitude to their Methodist friends, and specially to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who, notwithstanding previous arrangements, so readily consented to supply, last Sunday, the pulpit of the venerable Dr. Brooks, who is just recovering from a severe attack of illness.

The members of that Church do not only feel obliged to Mr. Wilson for his readiness in consenting to preach to them, but also for the very acceptable and effective discourses he delivered on that occasion. If we were not afraid to do him an injustice, we would attempt to give a sketch of each of them, but doing so would be to deprive them of some of their most pleasing features.

It is a real treat to listen to Mr. Wilson, whose fluency of language, clearness of utterance, beauty of illustration, and just appreciation of the text he expounds, render him one of the best of preachers.

Two or three items of interest to many of our readers appear in the Table Talk of the *London Methodist*. That on Mr. Scott's Mission will be specially welcome to them:—

English Methodists who are interested in the oft-told tale of the Rev. George Scott's mission in Sweden will be glad to know that the American Methodists have been so successful in Sweden that there are now over 100 Methodist preachers and 5,000 communicants there, and these are petitioning to have a separate Conference. The preachers who went to Sweden have done well and will do well. Power to them! They have not proclaimed the Gospel in the style of a decayed gentleman who once turned out to sell matches, and cried rather feebly, "Matches! matches!" and then *aside*, "Oh, I hope nobody will hear me!"

A letter appeared this week in a Tory daily paper, from a clergyman advocating a Reform in the Burial-Law, and the admission of Nonconformist ministers to the parish graveyards to conduct the funeral service. He gave several good reasons for his wish—reasons in which we could heartily join. He also expressed a wish for the change because he himself wanted relief, inasmuch as he did not like to be required to read the service over "dogs."

Every one who knew him will be very grieved to hear of the sudden death of the Rev. William Bunting, of Haslingden. He was seized with apoplexy on his way to the railway station, when he was going to one of his appointments; he was carried home, never spoke again, and died on the following morning. Mr. Bunting was not so widely known as he deserved to be. Shy, distrustful of himself, he shunned the crowd; but he was a man of rare abilities. Some of his poems were printed for private circulation when he was a student at Didsbury, and others have now been allowed to see the light, but he was very unwilling to let his name appear with them. The Church can ill afford to spare such men from her ranks.

Rev. Theophilus L. Williams writes from Hardwick, New Brunswick, to the *Methodist Recorder*, London:—

DEAR SIR.—A few remarks from one to whom Mr. G. Sims refers in his letter recently published in your valuable columns, may make a stronger impression upon any young man who entertains the idea of offering himself for the work than anything that could be said by older brethren, and may also relieve the minds of anxious friends. After a stormy, but on the whole a pleasant voyage of fourteen days, we landed safely at Halifax, where we met with a kind reception from the Rev. A. W. Nicolson and Mr. Starr, the latter of whom takes as lively an interest in young men on their arrival, as does Mr. Joseph Lawrence when he sends them out. We left Halifax for our respective circuits the next day. The Rev. W. J. Kirby for Canterbury; the Rev. W. W. Wass for Florenceville; and the Rev. J. Goldsmith for Prince Edward Island. On arriving at Chatham, Miramichi, which is the nearest circuit town, I was joined by the Rev. R. Crisp, who accompanied me to my future sphere of labor. It comprises four settlements, about ten miles distant from each other. Since then I have conducted service at each settlement several times, and have been well received and treated with the utmost kindness, especially so at the farthest settlement, within ten miles of which only one service had been held in the previous twelve months. Any young man whose heart is in the work, and who feels himself called on to preach the Gospel need fear nothing if, after he has provided himself with books, clothing, &c., he has £20 in his pocket—that is, £10 to pay his passage out, and the remainder to defray incidental expenses previous to the receipt of his salary (board, lodging, &c., being always provided). The climate is far preferable to England. The atmosphere is clear and bracing, and the winter, though long and cold, is both pleasant and healthy.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moon-rise.
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of suns that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk returning,
I hear the echoes of departed feet;—
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet.

Must the old joys be evermore withheld—
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet, from out Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer,
Stifle my love, or give me back the past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer
Than all thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven
knoweth
The human soul in all its best and strife;
Out of his throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness,
Old loves, old sunny scenes will he restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine heart no more.

Serve him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—*Sarah Dowdney in Sunday Magazine*

A REMARKABLE CLASS-MEETING INCIDENT.

We find in the *Pacific Christian Advocate* an interesting account of a remarkable incident which transpired at the "Friday-night class" in the Taylor-street Methodist Episcopal Church, Portland, Oregon. Among those present were two converted gamblers and ex-saloon-keepers, who gave in a clear and unmistakable statement of their intention henceforth to serve the only living and true God. One of the men presented the leader of the class with a well-worn dice-box and the dice, stating that for thirty years he had owned that box, and had become so expert in the use of it that he could actually bet a game in which loaded dice should be used while he would use honest dice. A visible impression was made as he handed over this implement of his calling for so many years, stating that he had never failed when he needed money, but now he had found a better way, and proposed to place himself in the hands of the Lord in the future.

Opposite these two (one of whom has been serving the Lord for about three months) sat two Christian ladies, who, in the days of crusade, had prayed in the saloons of these same men, that "God, in his own way, but in some way," would bless these men, and lead them to see the error of their way. Unexpectedly to them they were brought face to face with these men, who have acknowledged that they have never gotten clear of the voices of the crusaders, or of their prayers and songs. It was a precious meeting; the faith of all was increased, and the belief was strengthened that God is working mightily in the hearts of sinners in Portland.

HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

Many young people are impatient of the hard work to be done as clerks, or in subordinate positions, and are eager to make fortunes without the long and painful toil which is essential to success. They may learn something from the experience of Vice-President Wilson. He says of himself:

I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling and toiling men. I was born here in your country of Stratford. I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for

bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years' of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep which brought me eighty-four dollars.

Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil! I never spent the amount of one dollar of money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil.

I remember that in October, 1838, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mill-seeking employment. If anybody had offered me nine dollars a month I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket and tried to get work, without success, and returned home footsore and weary, but not discouraged.

I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—aye of all countries.

The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after at night, and I received the magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks to-night.

A death from tight-lacing at seventy-seven is hardly likely to point the accustomed moral with the usual force. It reminds us of the old story of the two successive witnesses in an Assize case, one of whom illustrated the virtue of never having been intoxicated, and the other the wholesome effects of having always gone to bed drunk. Tight-lacing is very bad, for some constitutions at any rate, when we find an old lady dying within three years of four-score, the discovery being made only after her death that all her vital organs have been terribly cramped by the tight-lacing of her youth. The lady of whom this is reported expired fully dressed for church, in consequence of the breaking of an aneurism, and it is, perhaps, a feasible surgical suggestion that by accident to form into which the interior of her body was compressed may have protected the aneurism, and so lengthened her life rather than shorten it. Still, there are things which are self-evidently bad, and the account given of this poor old lady's internal condition suggested that if her constitution had not been exceptionally excellent, she could not have reached even a moderate old age. The lower ribs were tightly jammed together, the sides nearly touching each other. The liver, intestines, stomach, and other organs were all jumbled up together, and were remarkable for their smallness. Other parts of the interior organism were drawn up in a frightful manner. On the whole, ladies who read this sad account of the effects of tight-lacing on a tall and once beautiful woman will probably not be much encouraged by the longevity to which special circumstances allowed her to attain.

We have heard Camp-meeting John Allen rise at the commencement of religious services in the groves and repeat with great effect a whole Psalm or a chapter from the New Testament. We do not know as we were ever more affected by the Scripture lesson in a public service, than by such an earnest and loving outpouring of Holy Writ, verbally imprinted in early life upon the memory of this excellent minister. Sometimes it becomes a matter of wonderful convenience to have whole chapters of the Bible thus written upon the heart. We note in an exchange an amusing illustration of its advantage, in the instance of an old friend to many of our readers—Rev. John D. Knox, of Topeka, Kansas. Making a visit the other day upon the family of the editor of the "Lawrence Tribune," the latter is reminded of this curious occurrence: "Some years ago this good clergyman held a prayer-meeting in our house, and accidentally Mrs. Spear handed him the *Life of Napoleon* for the Bible, and he held it in his hands, repeated a chapter of Scripture from memory, and the mistake was only discovered after he had left, and *Napoleon* was found on the table where he left it after prayers. We took good care not to make such a mistake on this last call." Who of our readers could have passed so happily through such a test of Scripture memory as that?—*Don's Herald.*