

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

After he came back from his travels a good brother shortened his prayer at the weekly social meeting one-half. He had visited some live churches. Send off some more of them.—*Nashville Ad.*

As it requires no reformation to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as members are not expelled for immorality, it is not very strange that it should have numbers.—*Western Ad.*

How much have you paid for missions this year—how much will you pay? We know of men who are worth several thousand dollars who give only one dollar to missions. Brethren, pray for all such—they need much prayer.—*Raleigh Ad.*

"Six children joined, and when they responded to the questions, clearly and distinctly, the hearts of the older Christians were deeply moved." No wonder! The hearts of the angels thrill with joy, and their voices join in the song of triumph, when they look on such scenes.—*Texas Ad.*

Dr. B. W. Richardson, before the Social Science Congress, said: "I do not overestimate the fact when I say that if such a miracle could be performed in England as a general conversion to temperance the vitality of the nation would rise one-third in value." It is just as true with reference to this country.

The preacher who works only where there is good material and pleasant work, and the people who pay only when the preacher's manners are pleasant and his sermons entertaining, are off the same piece of cloth. Usually there would be a mutual, big disgust, if that preacher were sent to preach to that people.—*Holston Meth.*

It is a maxim of the Romish Church: "Where heretics are strong commend them to God, where they are weak to the executioner." The spirit and design of the system is always the same; but its policy and tactics are changed according to circumstances. Hence Romanism wears a somewhat different garb in this country from that assumed on the Continent.—*Methodist.*

"Eighty-one per cent of the police cases of Cincinnati, Ohio, have been traced to liquor-drinking as cause and occasion." A similar statement may be made respecting crime in all the leading cities and towns of the nation. In these few lines there is an unanswerable argument in favor of prohibition. A three hours' speech from the champion of the saloons in the Texas Senate cannot successfully meet the logic of this single fact.—*Texas Ad.*

An elegantly dressed young lady who landed on her return from Europe last week was analyzed in the New York Custom house, and found to be a base mixture, composed of one part girl to three parts lace, velvet, kid gloves, and other dutiable goods. Her trunks were similarly treated, and the whole value of the precipitation was \$5,000. Women are said to be more moral than men but then there are temptations and temptations.—*Ex.*

Horace Greely once said—and there is not a little truth in the remark—"The Methodist Church has grown to her present greatness by her singing." But it is to be feared little of that power exists at present. I, therefore, exhort my brethren to come back to the earnestness and spirituality of the olden time, and by making public worship attractive, solve the vexed problem of "how to reach the masses."—*Dr. Trafton, in Zion's Herald.*

Last Sunday and Monday were days set apart for universal prayer for Sunday-schools. From Europe, America, Asia, the Dark Continent, and the Isles of the Sea has gone up the polyglottal voice of earnest prayer to the Divine Father of our spirits and of all flesh. It is not only the steel rail and the telegraph wire that bring us close to each other. It is the presiding and prevailing Christ that makes us nearer akin.—*Southern Ad.*

The total annual German production of beer averages 2270 gallons for each man, woman and child. The English, last year, consumed 884 gallons per head of population, the Americans (United States) 400 gallons, the Russians but eighty gallons. The world's annual production of beer, including eighteen countries, is estimated to be 3,600,000,000 gallons in Europe, and 400,000,000 in the United States.—*Iowa Methodist.*

What the Irish people have spent in drink and lost through drinking during the past forty years, if now available, would abundantly suffice to buy all the land in Ireland, to replace all the houses in the country with very

necessary roads, railways, and tramways—in fact, to set Ireland well on her feet. Will my Irishmen begin to ask each other, "When shall we be wise?"

The Bishop of British Guiana, having suggested that the sugar planters should contribute a shilling for every bushhead of sugar, for Church purposes, a correspondent of the *Bemara Daily Chronicle* has calculated that each bushhead of sugar raised in the island already pays 2s. 8d. in the form of a State subsidy, for the services of the Church of England clergy; though they are in a decided minority of the ministers in British Guiana. And he asks, "Is it just that a minority Church in a non-Christian community should be subsidised by the State?"—*The Liberator.*

The small and select company of ruffians who wish to see Ireland by blowing up everything and everybody English, have been thrown into the wildest commotion by the five-column letter which James McDermott has made public. They are thirsting for McDermott's gore. Now, if the English Government would send McDermott on a search for the open Polar Sea, and the whole dynamite troop would start in prompt pursuit, both England and America would be content to go without news of either expedition for the next century or two.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Nevertheless, the report of the religious condition of the Universities is cheering. There is at the present time a rising tide of religious zeal amongst the undergraduates. They are doing temperance work. They have started a Social Purity Organization, and in various ways they are trying to do good. 500 of them attended the meetings of Moody and Sankey, and crowds went to hear Canon Liddon last Ash Wednesday. Several Nonconformist undergraduates are in the habit of preaching. It is evident that Nonconformity is beginning to influence the Universities, especially in regard to Christian work.—*Methodist.*

Black and Garfield both belonged to the Christian (Campbellite) Church. Black was immersed by Alexander Campbell. This Church teaches baptismal regeneration and immersion—that the sinner is regenerated whilst in the act of being immersed. A comforting doctrine, if true. But the thief went to Paradise without baptism, and Peter says Cornelius had the outward sign or water baptism. How is that? Simon had been baptized, but Peter said he had not been regenerated. How is that?—*Wilmington Star.*

At the Conference of the North of England Temperance League, it was stated that the leading insurance offices offered inducements to teetotallers to join them by taking them at 20 per cent. less than other persons. In London the Hyde Park Co-operative Cab Company employ only Good Templars as drivers. The company has been in existence a year, and has paid a dividend of 12 per cent. Lord Bective had turned all the wine out of his house, and the Duchess of Sutherland is drawing aristocratic people into the temperance work.

At a temperance meeting in St. Petersburg, Mr. Sydney Buxton appears to have stated that the average age of Englishmen has lately increased by as much as two years. This increase he attributed to the spread of temperance principles, though he added that the progress of medical science might have contributed something. The next generation, he thought, would probably witness a still greater improvement. Mr. Buxton evidently does not agree with the biblical science which makes longevity conditional on honouring one's parents. If we want to live long, he contends, the best thing we must do is not to follow the example of our progenitors.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

It is stated that in twenty-two years Massachusetts has tried 170 persons for murder in the first degree, and hung only 16 of them. In Connecticut, during a period of thirty years, 97 persons were tried for murder in the first degree, and only 13 were convicted, and 7 hanged. In this city, from 1873 to 1877, there were 185 homicides, and four hangings. It is no wonder that a murderer once said, "Hanging is played out." In a few cases the wrong men are put on trial cases "worked up" by detectives. But there is a dreadful laxity in the pursuit and prosecution of criminals by those who are appointed and salaried to execute the criminal laws. Boneless administration is the trouble all the way up from the police who wink at illegal ramshouses to the attorneys of the States. We want some reforms in the handling of criminals.—*N. Y. Ad.*

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.

The Rev. Dr. Butler recently delivered an address before the Methodist Conference in Dublin which has been published in pamphlet form. *The Irish Christian Advocate* says: "There are but few nations whose history could not furnish a terrible indictment against Rome; but the charges laid at its door by Mexico are drawn up with facts taken from contemporary history, showing conclusively that Romanism is the same to-day when she has the power as when in years gone by she martyred the saints at Smithfield, in London. If we would look into the heart and soul of Rome we must go to those places and times, at and in which she has ever held supreme sway. In England the Romanist builds the charitable institution and the sombre-looking convent in Ireland, he founds the secret society, but in Mexico, where disguise was no longer necessary, he set up the Romish Inquisition!"

The following is a quotation from the pamphlet:

"In Puebla he (Dr. Butler) visited a friendly German Jew and asked him whether he had any property he could sell, likely to be suitable for the carrying on of Methodist Missions. The Jew thought for a moment, and said he had not; but as Dr. Butler was leaving him he called after him and said he had a building on hand—the building of the Inquisition which, when the Church property was secularized, he had purchased from the Government, and which he would be glad to turn over an honest penny upon if he could. That was strange—the Romish Inquisition offered for sale to a Methodist minister by a German Jew! He bought the building. He would not utter the startling thing he was about to say if he had not seen them with his own eyes, and had with him the evidence which the truthful sun writes to prove his words. The Inquisition was built of walls seven feet thick—not because that part of the country was subject to earthquakes, but because they wanted cells to lie within those walls. They were afraid to use the fire in veritable Auto-Cafes, as their predecessors had done in Smithfield and elsewhere. It was too close to the United States in these days for such hellish executions. They found it safer and quieter, and more convenient to build in the wall cells four feet square and six high. They could leave the door open until the cell was wanted, then when the Bible reader, or the lover of civil and religious liberty, was secretly arrested and brought here before Inquisitors and he refused, even under torture, to recant, he was manacled by both ankles and wrists, and was taken—not like men prepared for the grave, but in their daily clothing as they stood, and placed in one of these cells, and the door was built up before the poor victim's face, a coat of plaster and white wash made all uniform, and they thought they had concealed their crime to the end of time!!! When, after the revolution, that Inquisition came, like the old Bastille, under the vengeance of the populace, they broke open those little cells, where they found skeletons and bodies, the latter so recently immured that some could be stood up and photographed. He had some of the photographs in his hand, and they could see them at the close of the service. He looked around the building and fixed upon the Examination Chapel, where Rome had examined these victims, as a suitable place to hold their services. Then he went up there and stood upon the dais, and realized where he was, with that line of dreadful cells under him, and with the place before him where so many when they would not give up the Bible had been carried away to a living death."

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.—*Springton.*

A PIECE OF HISTORY.

That dear Baptist brother, whose history is given in the *Independent* of Sept. 27th, was a special friend of mine. We studied in the same Pædobaptist college and seminary. We were not classmates, and, indeed, had no personal acquaintance till we left the seminary. Our attachment commenced in a western town, where we were both preaching, he to the Baptist church and I to the Congregational. We exchanged pulpits. We worked together in the same revival meetings. In spirit and doctrine, with the exception of baptism and communion, we were one. I was never invited to commune with his church, and he never dared commune with mine. He was present at one of our communion seasons, and at the close of the sermon led in prayer, and most earnestly besought the Lord to meet with us and bless us at his table; and he undertook to explain to the Lord the apparent inconsistency of asking his blessing upon a religious rite in which he could not conscientiously participate. The explanation may have been satisfactory to the Lord, but it did not seem lucid to me, and I was impressed that it was embarrassing to him. Why should he fear to join in a feast of love, where he believed Jesus would preside? But he was good; and I loved all him the better for his fervent prayer, even at the expense of consistency.

From this point our paths lay asunder for several years. But when we met our souls soon melted together as never before. My church occupied the upper story of the same building as the lower story of which he was conducting an academy. As there was no Baptist church in that town he continued his connection with the church where he last labored, but worshipped mainly with our church, and was a valued help in the common work. For many weeks we labored as one in a precious revival, and a large number of his pupils were converted. He sat with me in the pulpit when they united with the church. With tears of joy and gratitude he addressed them, and with melting heart commended them to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. At the table of the Lord he was not a partaker, but was a deeply interested spectator.

On Monday evening, as was our custom, we took a long walk and talk together. He said he longed to unite with those dear pupils in commemorating the death of the blessed Saviour, but he could not conscientiously do it. He believed baptism should precede communion, and they had not been baptized as he understood it.

"But," I asked, "have they not been baptized as they understood it?"

"Yes," said he. "Undoubtedly they have."

"Were they not under obligation to follow their own convictions, as much as you to follow yours?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Have they not then obeyed God in the matter of baptism the same as you have?"

"They have undoubtedly intended to do their whole duty. They are perfectly honest, and God accepts them, I have no doubt."

"Was it your duty to rebuke them, by refusing to commune with them?"

There was silence for fifteen minutes.

"Then said he: 'I cannot answer now, I must take time to think.'"

The day before the next communion he said to his pupils: "I asked God to be with you and bless you at the last communion, and I believe he did. I feel that he will be with you to-morrow, and I cannot rebuke you by refusing to go to the Lord's table with you."

In a few months, though still adhering to immersion, he joined the Pædobaptist Church.

In future years he often expressed astonishment that he ever should have thought it necessary to exclude from

the Church and from communion those whom he acknowledged as Christians in every other possible way; in other words, that he should have treated as heathen and publicans, by excommunication, those whom he believed to be accepted of God and faithful workers in his vineyard.—*Prof. Fairchild, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESUS ON TRIAL.

It was an autumnal evening; the quarterly love-feast had called together a large audience. After the usual expressions of Christian fellowship and the singing of the familiar hymn, "I've reached the land of corn and wine," an opportunity was given for religious testimony. Immediately there arose an experienced Christian, who spoke in substance as follows: "Jesus is on trial to-day. His person and work are being questioned, and that, too, in high places. Many are doubting that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin; others, over-awed by the pretensions of sceptical minds, are gradually forsaking the old landmarks; while a vast number of professing Christians are living as though there was nothing more in religion than a mere outward name. But I wish to be a firm witness to-night at that bar of public criticism, where my Saviour is summoned for ignominious and unjust trial. I wish to avow my allegiance to him; to declare before all that he is a faithful Redeemer, and that he is able to save unto the uttermost. How many there are who meet disappointment, sickness, and death without the conscious rest of soul that Christ has promised to give unto all those who truly come to him!"

These were thrilling words. Such testimony—indicating clearness of judgment, depth of conviction, and consistency of life—is the one way by which our Lord can be rescued from the armed foes of earth. As he stands—arraigned before the profane tribunal of the wicked—one definite, decided recital of what he has accomplished in the believing soul will usually put his enemies to flight. If this does not, what can? Will cold Church conventionalities? Will flaming, rhetorical speech? Will acute human scholarship? Will confirmatory evidence brought forward by mere science? No; never, never! Experience, made known in the presence of Christ's enemies, narrated under those circumstances which are favorable to serious contemplation, wrought in the soul by the indwelling Holy Spirit—this is the Church's weapon, both for defensive and aggressive warfare, which will always prove "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

O, while our blessed Lord is on trial shall we shrink back, or sit in dumb silence in the presence of his adversaries, as though the charges against him were already established? Never let us thus participate in his continued crucifixion; never let us forget that if we are not "for him" we are "against him."—*N. Y. Ad.*

A CONTRAST.

In contrasting the liberality which permitted Charles Darwin to be laid beside Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey, with the "liberality" of Freethinkers, Dr. Deems writes in the *Richmond Advocate*:

In the city of Philadelphia there is a college amply built and endowed by a man who is claimed by the "Freethinkers." The founder, Stephen Girard, provided in his will for the perpetuation of the endowment on the express terms that no clergyman of any denomination, Catholic or Protestant, should be admitted to the grounds or permitted to enter the College. The President of that College, William H. Allen, Ph. D. died. He was a man of extraordinary culture as well as of remarkable ability. He was a Christian scientist, and had been honored by the highest recognition American citizens can be-

to the presidency of the American Bible Society. As a scientific man, he would have honored membership in any philosophical or scientific association. He was one of the Vice Presidents of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

Upon assuming the presidency of Girard College he felt himself shut in from intercourse with his Christian brethren who were ecclesiastics. When he was Professor of Natural Science in one of our colleges, he had a pupil whom he impressed powerfully, and by the fascination of his methods of teaching drew the youth to scientific pursuits which he never since wholly abandoned. By an accident in the laboratory, which Professor Allen always charged to himself, although the pupil never did, the young man was so seriously injured that at one time his life was despaired of. But he recovered, and afterward became professor in a university. Between the two men there grew a more strong friendship. The younger professor became a clergyman, and on a visit to Philadelphia, called to see President Allen at Girard College. He was refused admittance. When Dr. Allen learned who was in the porter's lodge, he rushed to meet his former pupil, his face all aglow with excitement, and exclaimed:

"Does it not seem a shame that I live in a house which you cannot enter?"

If this young man had been a liar a thief, an adulterer, or a murderer, he might have had free access; but he was a clergyman.

The President of Girard College, if taken suddenly so ill within the precincts that he could not have been removed, might have lingered there and died without being able to look into the face of his father, his brother, or his son, if those gentlemen had been living and had been in orders in a Christian Church. He could neither have received nor given parting benedictions. He would have been cut off from intercourse with his spiritual adviser. As it was, the remains of this great man had to be carried out of the College to receive the decencies of a Christian funeral at the hands of the ministers of the religion he professed.

And this is the "liberality" of the Freethinkers!

An ungodly lawyer, who went out shooting ducks, asked an old colored man, who had referred to his conflicts and tribulations: "How is it that you Christian people have so much trouble with the devil, when I, a sinner, have no such conflicts?" Sambo replied: "Well, boss, don't you know how you ran after the crippled duck, and did not bother the dead one, 'cause the dead duck was a sure thing. So it is with the devil; he knows you are a dead duck, and he gives his attention to the crippled ones, like me and all others that are trying to fly from him."—*Religious Herald.*

The secret of Mr. Wm. E. Dodge's power lay in the first hour of every morning. That hour he gave to God with his Bible and on his knees, and if he came down among business men with his face shining with cheerfulness and loving kindness, it was because he had been up in the mount of communion with his Master.—*Cuyler.*

A paralyzing paragraph in the *Christian Liqueur* drinker is this sentence from one of the sermons of Queen Victoria's late chaplain, the celebrated Dr. Thomas Guthrie: "Whisky is the devil's way to man and man's way to the devil."

The best things are nearest; light in your eyes, lowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

stow upon a layman in being elected