

The Wesleyan.

Longworth I Esq

A. F. HUESTIS, Publisher.
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Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL XXXIII.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1881.

No 1

THE "WESLEYAN."

OFFICE:—125 GRANVILLE STREET.

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Subscriptions may be paid to any Minister of the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland Conferences. For advertising rates see last page.

FROM THE PAPERS.

The Brazilian Senate has honored itself and done a good act in passing a law rendering Protestants eligible to seats in the Chambers.

A woman in Lancaster, Penn., has not lived in vain. She has had nine sons, every one of whom has entered the ministry.

Commissioner Roun, of the Internal Revenue, reports that in one week recently five United States officers were killed or wounded in the South by distillers.

Catholic Sabbath schools have somewhat more miscellaneous libraries than Protestant schools. The *Catholic Herald* says that, "as a rule, you will find Bulwer, Scott, and Dickens, perhaps Thackeray and George Elliot" fully represented in them.

The grounds of the late Mark Firth's palatial residence at Oakbrook have in them six trees planted by members of the royal family of England, two each by the Prince and Princess of Wales, two by Prince Leopold, and one by the Crown Prince of Sweden.

A clergyman stated the other day that at the last three weddings he had attended in Cincinnati wine was used, and that in each case somebody became disorderly. In one case the bride became so boisterous that her friends had to take her in hand.

"The preacher who has to serve a work in the itinerancy where our Church-paper is not read, and never has been read, has to contend with disadvantages that no amount of zeal, efficiency, personal influence, or any thing else, can overcome."—*G. W. H., in Wesleyan Advocate.*

A Worcester correspondent relates an anecdote of the late Father Taylor, of Boston, who not liking a certain Mayor's administration, prayed with his usual directness: "O Lord, give us a better city government. Yes, Lord, give us a considerably better one."

We know—for *The Herald and Presbyterian* tells us—just why the Cumberland Presbyterians cannot be received into the Presbyterian Alliance. It is because they hold to election because of good works, while the orthodox doctrine is election unto good works. This is very important.—*Independent.*

The first Baptist Church of Providence recently broke away from Christmas precedents. Instead of having a festival for the Sunday School children, the officers collected the money for the entertainment, as usual, then apportioned it among the classes, and each class carried a supply of Christmas stores to some suffering family.

Our new Methodist Lord Mayor of London, at the banquet given on Nov. 9, passed what is known as the loving cup to those on either side, without once tasting of the wine himself. This is not going quite so far as the example of Mrs. President Hayes at the White House, but it is a step in that direction.—*Cor of N. Y. Advocate.*

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin took place on the 30th ult, at his Church of the Divine Paternity, New York. Many prominent clergymen and laymen, representing different shades of religious thought, were present. Addresses were made by Robert Collyer, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Thomas Armitage. The remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery for burial.

The assistant masters at Eton College are about to appear before the public in a new character—that of co-operative washermen and bakers. They have, in short, established a company, with a capital of £5,000, for the purpose of carrying on a laundry, bakers', millers', and confectioner's business. The subscribers are all assistant masters at Eton, and four of them are to be directors of the company.

A place of worship was wanted in a populous neighbourhood, called Porth. A well known circuit steward in the South Wales District accompanied his minister to this new place, and as no other suitable room or site could be had, bought a whole block of houses in order to get a piece of land attached to the property for a new chapel site, and paid for them forthwith. This bold step in itself has introduced Methodism to this neighbourhood as "Christianity in earnest," and the people are prepared already to hear what we have to say.—*Methodist.*

Mr. Moody's seminary at Northfield seems to be prospering. The Indian girls mingle freely with their white sisters, there being little social difference. Without an exception they enjoy their Northern home, and do not wish to return to the Territory. They will ultimately go back as teachers of their nation. There are three tribes represented—the Creek, Cherokee, and Choctaw. Fourteen is the whole number.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "If the French want to dig the Panama Canal, let them dig it. We have no more title to the territory around Panama than the French have." The talk about the Monroe Doctrine in respect to the digging of this canal is simply getting up a silly scare over nothing. We hope that the canal will be dug, and this country would profit by it more than any other nation on the earth.

The *Christian Advocate* thinks that the reason for the decline of some important churches is that the official members are without genuine sympathy with the majority of the congregation. People begin to feel that they are ignored; then that they are not desired; then they go elsewhere or remain at home. A little thoughtfulness and brotherly kindness on the part of the men and women of position and leadership would prevent this.

The following advertisement in the *London Times* seems to show the destination of wedding presents: "Lady wishes to sell rich fur trimmings in sable tails, sable, skunk, &c., elegant sealskin paletot, diamond earrings, rings, bracelets, &c.; and exquisitely fitted travelling dressing bag, two fine fur carriage rugs, some lovely electro-plated entree dishes, tea tray, fish and dessert knives and forks, and numerous other wedding presents. Only private ladies need write; no dealers, Apply, &c."

The proposed visit of Moody and Sankey to New Orleans will be postponed for some time on account of the immense quantity of work which they are doing in San Francisco, and which is yet to be done in that city. As they propose to visit England during the coming spring and summer, if they should be detained much longer in California the trip to New Orleans must be postponed indefinitely. In any event their stay will not be long. From New Orleans they will go to New-York and take steamer for England.

We deeply regret the death of the Rev. Myron W. Pinkerton, the leader of the projected mission into Umzila's Kingdom, in Interior Africa. He perished of the African fever, while delayed at the coast. He was an experienced missionary among the Zulus. He was one of those men, not of great natural ability, in whose case now and then the mighty internal force of a great object bursts out beyond what might seem the limitations of their nature and makes them equal to geniuses and heroes.—*Independent.*

At a place called Dinas (Wales) about two years ago, a colliery accident occurred, when some of the men were entombed in the debris, so that their bodies could not be recovered at the time. The other day, one of the bodies was discovered and buried with due respect by the widow of the departed, who by the way, was not a widow any longer; and hence it came to pass that the second husband was present with his wife, at the funeral of the poor woman's first husband, although she had been a widow for about a year-and-a-half.—*Methodist.*

Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, has been one of the busiest members of the British Government during the last eight months. He has four reforms now in progress—the penny saving stamp, the small parcels of consols, the sixpenny telegram, and the parcels post. The measure for bringing about cheap telegraphy will be ready to lay before Parliament at its meeting. Before the end of the coming session, it is probable that the arrangement for a uniform parcels post will be ready for Parliamentary approval. But these great reforms, do not cover the whole of Mr. Fawcett's programme. Some of the department changes which he has made will have no small effect in producing economy and enforcing expedition.

On Friday evening, Dec. 3, the Rev. Charles Garrett, (Wesleyan) invited three hundred of the Liverpool police to tea. A suitable room was kindly lent by the Incumbent of St. Columba's Church. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. Garrett, and the meeting addressed by the Rev. R. H. Lundie, M. A., of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. W. F. Stubbs, M. A., Church of England, the Rev. F. Hughes, Wesleyan, and several officers of the police force. A blessed work of grace has been going on amongst the men, nearly three hundred of them having joined a Bible and Prayer Union. Some of the incidents given by the men were of the most interesting character, showing how wonderfully God has blessed earnest efforts to do good.—*Methodist.*

MISSIONARY PERILS.

The Rev. W. S. Davis, Wesleyan missionary at Shawbury, the mission among the Pondo-mise Kafirs writes:

"Matters have become so critical at Shawbury that I have had to leave the station. Several English traders in the country had taken refuge in the place, for whose blood the Pondo-mise were clamouring, although the chief had given promise to them of protection if they came to the mission station. Then I felt I could not fully trust the station people. We had reason to fear that many of them sympathized with the revolt against the Government, others were openly avowing this, and a few only could be trusted to stand by me. I had also a warning from the Pondo chief, who is friendly to the English, that it was not safe to remain. The headman on the station (who has proved my best friend) also told me he thought the situation very grave and dangerous. There were on the station, besides the mission family, and the Misses Barnley and Mason, the teachers in the seminary; five men and three women who were Europeans, and a number of children. Having so many lives dependent on my movements, I determined to leave Shawbury and seek safety at the Buntingville Mission Station, which is in the territory of the friendly Pondo chief, who, as stated above, warned me of my danger. I accordingly left on the 3rd of November, and, after a journey of thirty-five miles in a waggon, arrived safely at Buntingville Mission Station. We had to flee in haste, and thus leave behind us all our personal property and that belonging to the mission. There was a stock of provisions in connection with the seminary worth £150, and furniture of the value of £60. All the mission furniture also had to be abandoned, and my own personal loss in my library and other effects has been large. My grief is great. I have spent many years, and labours abundant, in preaching to them the Word of Life, and teaching their children in our schools, and in every way serving them; and now they have risen up against me and the Gospel of Christ."

The following is an extract from the letter of the Rev. P. Hargreaves, of Clarkebury: "We have had a terrible time since I last wrote you. Dalasile, the chief, sent to say I must remove, as he wished to destroy the buildings on the station to prevent their falling into the hands of the English as military posts. I pleaded with him against this, but on the 2nd inst., the enemy gathered in force to attack, and I had to leave with the mission family and Mr. and Mrs. Crawshaw, who have charge of the Training Institution for Native Youths; but, from some cause still unexplained, no attack was made. On the next day they took up a threatening position on the hills around. As I saw I must act promptly in obtaining, if possible, some help to prevent the station being looted and burnt, I rode through the night to the nearest English magistracy, and Capt Blyth sent 150 Fingoe militia and 25 European volunteers. These with our people formed a defence for the station, and, as many loyal natives have rallied round the militia and volunteers, we have been un molested since. On Sunday, the 7th inst., the enemy came again, apparently to attack us, but the chief, Dalasile, who had before ordered me to leave that he might destroy the buildings, now ordered them to leave. He said, 'The missionary has brought me up; he is my father, and has no blame in the present troubles.' The enemy then departed again, and we have not since been troubled; and many who are loyal to the government have joined us. There is a large trading establishment close to the station, and this has been our trouble, as the property there is great, valued at £7000. This is a great temptation to the natives, as they know that if the station were destroyed they would get this booty. One morning 400 armed men came and surrounded the shop, and some of the English on the station thought it would be safer to let them take the property, as they would probably then depart; but I went alone to them and spoke calmly to them, and succeeded in getting them to depart. The trader is indebted to the missionary

for the saving of his property. The country is in an awful state; disaffection and rebellion everywhere. Even when the people are quiet there is a kind of pleasure in the difficulties which have overtaken the Government, even on the part of those who were previously our friends among the natives. It is satisfactory to be able to say that on this station I know not one who has taken an active part against the Government; but the faith of men is shaken. This so-called "vigorous policy" has brought matters into a sad state.

IS THERE ANY "HIGHER LIFE."

No, if by "Higher Life" you mean some new phase of life "higher" than that of Christ and his apostles. Yes, if you refer to the decent, respectable, quiet religion of the day. The Higher Life is not a modern invention of some hot headed fanatic. What we want is the good old style which began with the ministry of Jesus. This kind—may God help us!—we intend to advocate.

On the Grand Prairie in Central Illinois, we have watched at night the headlight of the on-coming train more than twenty miles away. For hundreds of miles the country is one dead level. If you should tell a child born on this great prairie about the snowy peaks of California he would think you were dreaming. He has no appreciation of what he has never experienced. The loftiest hills he ever saw were those plowed up by the oxen in his father's corn-field. The idea of mountains thousands of feet high to him is simply absurd.

So, to a large extent, the Church of Christ is content to live upon a plain no higher than the Illinois prairies. Like the farmer's boy, they know nothing and care nothing about the highlands. Let those who doubt this read the history of the Church in the first century. A little band of fishermen and mechanics, their Leader, as the world thought, dead, carried his faith in a few years to the utmost bounds of civilization. Heathen Rome was captured for Christ, and became the centre of Christendom. By and by came a great falling away; then the blackness of the dark ages. But night was not to last forever; the morning dawned of the great Reformation. God raised up men of apostolic zeal and fervor, and the Church was to a great extent reformed from its errors. But the reformation touched more the head than the heart; men were left orthodox and lifeless. The whole Church of to-day is not as strong as a few Galilean fishermen. There is not one man in a hundred who in his lifetime saves the soul of his brother.

What is wanted is a second Reformation. What is wanted is a Higher Life.

WELL-USED WEALTH.

"At Marlin the train was boarded by a prominent citizen. Being an enthusiastic Methodist and preacher-friend, he wanted to say good-by and 'God bless you' to the ministers on their way from the Waco Conference. As he dropped from the train after it was under good headway, a young preacher sitting beside this reporter said: 'I owe every thing I am to that man! He found me down here in the brush on a cow-pony, and said to me: "I want to educate you. Pick your school or college, go ahead and draw on me for whatever you need." I accepted, went to school, and drew on him for two years. He paid the drafts in gold. I went to school five years—managing to pay the other three myself. But it was he who put the ambition to be something into my head and heart. May God Almighty bless him,' concluded the young preacher. If his benefactor could have heard it, he would certainly have concluded that the quality of benevolence is not strained, blessing, as it does, him that bestows, and him that receives."—*Correspondent of Texas Advocate.*

"Old Methodism," says the *Advocate*, "cared nothing for precedents. It was bent on success. It hated ruts. It was flexible. It delivered the water of life from hose, not from iron pipe. It worked with ball and socket joints. It found out what each man was 'good for,' and then kept him at that."

REV. S. COLEY.

The preacher concluded by reading an interesting sketch of the deceased written by his son, the Rev. S. Birt Coley, which stated that at the age of fourteen he was well acquainted with the works of Wesley, Fletcher, Richard Watson and some of the Puritans. When little more than fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver; about the same time he began to be an active worker in Christ's vineyard, and was accustomed to assist in open-air services. When he was about sixteen he began to preach. He was in the habit of telling the story about one of the earliest occasions of his preaching. He felt very anxious that a youth who had been to the same school should be led to the Saviour, and he prayed very earnestly for him every day for a fortnight. The youth came to one of the services—perhaps out of curiosity to hear how his school-fellow would preach—and at the prayer-meeting afterwards came forward to the communion-rail as a penitent, became converted, and afterwards entered the ministry. In October, 1841, Mr. Coley for the first time heard his cousin, Thomas Collins, preach. The text was Jeremiah xiii. 27, "Wilt thou not be made clean? When shall it once be?" In his life of Collins, Mr. Coley told them how the preacher again and again pressed the question, "When shall it once be?" and he was soon enabled to answer; it was not a flash of enthusiasm, but the work of the Holy Ghost. At the next lovefeast at Belmont-road Chapel he arose and said: "I feel the love of Jesus Christ the Son of God cleanse me from all sin," and he lay down. Many eyes were turned to him, and "Bless the lad" was the prayer that fell from many lips. In 1844, when nineteen years of age, he became a candidate for the ministry, and was accepted at the Conference. His master required £50 to cancel his indenture; Mr. Coley made it a subject of prayer, and before long a benevolent but eccentric gentleman brought the money to his mother; the difficulty was removed, and he was released.—*Recorder.*

CARE OF THE NEWLY SAVED.

It was the remark of a lady who felt what she said that before she became a professor of religion she had many friends who manifested an interest in her welfare, but that so soon as she connected herself with the Church, their good offices were discontinued. She was told of her danger and duty, and followed by all kinds of benevolent counsel. She was also made the subject of special prayer. It was a real disappointment to her in after days that she had no one to care for her soul. In the Church, devoted to its duties and a Christian walk, she was troubled by her inexperience, and perplexed by constant difficulties that rose in her way. But no one came to her relief. She was more alone than she had ever been in her life. The social sympathy of which she had heard, seemed to be utterly wanting, and without communion, except in a way that was official and formal, she found the first cross she was called to bear to be one of spiritual solitude in the midst of her former friends.

Her experience was more common perhaps than we think. There is a zeal on the part of many Christians in behalf of those who are unconverted or out of the Church that is earnest and hearty, but which ceases when once the point has been gained of a profession of religion. It forgets the subsequent nurture which is just as much needed as the early care. Its aim is to get those to whom it is directed to declare themselves Christians, and when that is done, it feels its work is ended. It is the spirit of one who will seek to get the homeless and outcast into the house, under the shelter of its roof and protected by its inclosure, without thinking of the food and training and companionship, wanting which it must be a prison instead of a place of joy and rest.

It would be too much to say that it is after the profession is made that the chief care is needed. To save a soul from death is the first, as it is the greatest work of all. But closely following

it, and nearly related to it, indeed a part of itself, is the duty of properly assisting those who have committed themselves to the Lord. They need sympathy, warning, exhortation, encouragement, restraint—the care of children who are but starting on their way; and he is a right servant of the Master who properly fosters their faith and warns into expanding growth the germs of grace implanted in the soul.

Many a youthful Christian leads a life of loneliness and bitterness because of this want of sympathy. Many another one, whether feeling the loneliness or not, is yet alone, and failing of needed encouragement passes a starveling life, knowing nothing of the holy joy that comes with a deep experience of the gospel; while others still, unhelped and unrestrained, fall into sin, which brings on them the censure of a Church that neglected its own duty to them.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE SAILOR'S CARD.

A little more than six years ago a friend, who is deeply interested in work for Christ among our sailors, told me that, at the close of a prayer meeting of which he had been the leader, a young seaman, who had only a few nights before been converted, came up to him, and laying a blank card before him, requested him to write a few words upon it, because as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can." "What must I write?" said my friend. "Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus—do you!'" After he had written them my friend said, "Now you must tell me what you are going to do with the card." He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once, I will begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now as soon as I go on board I shall walk straight to my bunk, and nail up this card upon it that every one may know that I am a Christian and may give up all hope of making me either ashamed or afraid of adhering to the Lord."

The young sailor was right. A bold front is often more than half the battle, and many a general has saved himself from being attacked by making what is called "a show of force." So let it be with you in the carrying out of your religious convictions. Meet your assailants, not with retaliation, but with calm fortitude. Give them to understand you have weighed the matter thoroughly, and that as you are responsible for your own soul you mean to do what you believe to be right, no matter what they may say or do. Tell those of your household that you are determined to be as good a son and brother as ever, nay rather better than before; but that in this infinitely momentous concern you know no father but God, and no brother but Jesus Christ. Say to your fellow-workmen that you intend to be as faithful in your employment, and as ready to oblige them as ever, but that you cannot sin against God to show your good-will to them.

Do this with the calm earnestness of one who has looked into eternity; do it with the holy boldness of one who hears his Saviour's saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Do it with the self-sacrifice of one who has gazed on the cross of Christ until the love of the Lord has constrained him, whatever it may cost, to live to him. Do it thus, and your adversaries will cease to torment you. Nay, haply some even of them may be won by your honest courage to put themselves by your side. When the vessel is pursued by some suspicious craft the captain runs up to the mast-head the flag of our nation, and the would-be assailant steers away in another direction, for he knows whose fires upon the ship outrages the patriotism of the people, and provokes their power. So when men turn on you, hoist your flag, and see in that at once the symbol of your decision, and the pledge of your protection; for while you are beneath that flag he who attacks you touches the apple of the Saviour's eye.—*William M. Taylor, D.D.*