

# The Wesleyan.

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## THE "WESLEYAN."

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### FROM THE PAPERS.

There are 585 Chinese children in the San Francisco public schools.

Let us keep constantly in mind that there is some portion of Christian work for which every disciple of our Lord is specially fitted.—*Western Advocate.*

The Government has given notice of disestablishment and disestablishment to the English Church authorities in Ceylon. Five years of grace are to be allowed.

It is said again that Herbert Spencer is about to visit America. This man is the child of Methodist parents, and his unbelief is not of the vulgar and insulting kind applauded by the people that pay a dollar a piece to listen an hour to blasphemy.—*Nashville Adv.*

Queen Victoria's message of sympathy to Minister Lowell is the fourth of its kind that she has sent. Her reign, beginning in 1837, bridges the death of three American Presidents who have died in office, and the fourth who has come near death.

The London Times speaks of the grotesque proposal to remove the bones of William Penn to America as little better than mockery. It says: "The thing is happily impossible, as the trustees of the burial place are not certain of the exact spot where the remains are interred."

Lord Houghton recently paid a pleasing little compliment to Mr. Gladstone. The premier, fatigued with his onerous duties, exclaimed, somewhat petulantly: "I am leading a dog's life." "Yes," replied Lord Houghton. "The life of a St. Bernard, which is spent in saving the lives of others."

The English Presbyterian Foreign Mission Committee have adopted a new plan for new missionaries in China. They send them to Professor Legge, at Oxford, to study Chinese, and are convinced that three months spent at Oxford would equal a whole year's study passed in an unhealthy region like China.

The Bishop of Connecticut has just made the astounding statement that in that State there have been six thousand six hundred and ninety divorces in fifteen years, or six thousand more than had been granted in one hundred years. There must be something radically wrong, or this state of things could not exist.

Bishop Bedell says, referring to episcopacy, "The fact that the presiding bishop of our church is only the 190th in direct line from the Apostle John is easily proved by satisfactory testimony." On the contrary, we do not think it can be proved with the greatest difficulty. At least, it never has been.—*Chris. Union.*

Colonel Ingersoll's last proposition is "to turn the churches into schools, the cathedrals into universities, the preachers into teachers, this world into heaven, and let the next world take care of itself." There is more good in this proposition than any that ever came from the Colonel! He has been trying all the time to make this world a hell.

An effort is being made in Boston to raise a fund of \$75,000 for the printing of books for the blind. A gentleman of Charlestown has given a thousand dollars towards it, and about one-third of the sum desired has been secured. No object could appeal more strongly to every sympathetic heart. To fill up this fund is one way of giving eyes to the blind.—*Christian Union.*

"The *Western Recorder* has met a man recently 'who is a curiosity in his way.' The man declares that when he was converted he took his Bible, and prayerfully studied to know his duty, and, after a careful study of God's word, he decided that sprinkling is baptism." *Biblical Recorder.* There are millions of such curiosities. "So shall he sprinkle many nations."—*Richmond Advocate.*

The late Dean Stanley had much experience as a journalist. With Matthew Arnold and Fitzjames Stephen he was for several years one of the leader writers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His biography was hard to decipher. It is said that only two persons, ex-Governor of Rhode and the Rev. G. E. Ellis, were able to read a letter which the Dean wrote to a Boston friend after his visit to the United States.

Dr. Dexter, of the *Congregationalist*, writing from Rome, says that the avenues of "New" Rome are as fine as those of Paris, and indicate rapid progress in the city; but that the most cheering sight is the handsome shops on the Corso, in the window of which are displayed Bibles in various languages, speaking to the passer-by in a voice not heard for centuries before in the ancient city.

The late Baron Hatherly in his youth refused to accept a portion of a large estate gained by his father through litigation, on the ground that the acquisition savored too much of gambling. In the same serious spirit Lord Hatherly carefully abstained from going to the theatre, although he was passionately fond of music, recognized at once any air from Rossini, and as a young man went constantly to the opera to hear Malibran.

One of the remarkable educational advantages of the German Universities is noted by a Berlin correspondent when he says: "A law student of the University of Bonn has just been killed in a duel, and another student is in the hospital hopelessly wounded. A student in Berlin a few days ago had his nose slashed entirely off in an unarmored contest with sabres. Scarcely a week passes but we hear of some brutality of ten ending in death."

A good work is being done in British Guiana. "The Hindoo Coolies of their own accord held a public meeting to discuss the question as to which was the true religion. With but one dissenting voice the assembly voted to accept of the Christian religion. They then sent for a teacher, and one was given. The Coolies say they will build a church and support it themselves. There is also a similar movement among the 20,000 Hindoos in Trinidad."

No subject is taught in the French schools which is not absolutely necessary for all citizens, and all the subjects which are to be studied by a boy at school are given to him in his first year thence. There are only six: Reading, writing, arithmetic, French grammar, French history and general geography. The difference between the first and the third year is simply between an elementary and a complete way of treating the same subject.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The *Hartford Courant* says of the Chinese students in the United States that when they have entered a school or college, or taken up a study, they have forthwith proceeded to step to the head of the school and to master the whole of the study. It has been amazing to see how in a strange country, speaking a foreign and peculiarly difficult language, they have managed in so many ways on so many occasions to beat their American boy associates.

The Ladies of Court Street Free Baptist Society in Auburn have inaugurated a church dress reform. A number of them have formed an association, the members of which pledge themselves to wear calico dresses at church. Rows of handsome ladies, charmingly furrowed with 6-cent print, were in the pews on Sunday, and received unstinted compliments upon their appearance from the masculine side of the congregation.—*Leicester (Maine) Jour.*

The *New York Tribune* is privately informed that the most recent reports from the Moravian Mission stations on the west coast of Greenland, dated at the end of March of the present year, show that the winter of 1880-81 was exceptionally mild. Summer weather prevailed in January and February, the whole country was free of snow, the Eskimaux were able to fish along the coast and gather berries on the shore, and goats pastured in the open air. The winter season did not begin until March.

One of the main witnesses against John D. Lee and the Mormon miscreants who were responsible for the Mountain Meadow massacre has perished mysteriously. The body of Bishop Philip Klingensmith has been found in a prospect hole, apparently with marks of violence. It is a startling sequel to one of the foulest chapters of Mormon history. What makes the fate of the witness terribly significant is his own prediction: "The church will kill me sooner or later."

Rev. Dr. J. M. Reid, the Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church, in a letter from Rome says: "Romanism has no hold on the public heart of Italy. Her priests are despised and often hated and her altars are very largely forsaken. This makes our own work more difficult, for more or less of this priestly discredit attaches to all ministers, and every call for money for their support is regarded with suspicion. Our ministers all through Italy I found, therefore, seeking the greatest possible remove from ministerial dress and manners. Dr. Vernon wore the only white cravat and black suit among them, though sometimes I kept him company in these."

### DEATH OF A VETERAN.

At the funeral of the Rev. Charles Tucker, a widely-known supernumerary minister of Bristol, Rev. George Bowden delivered an address from which we make extracts:

His was a beautiful old age. He ever lived in the consciousness of the sprinkled blood and the sealing of the "Holy Spirit of promise." Every page of Scripture seemed to smile on him with its doctrines and promises. His past—a blessed past—of home affection and of successful Christian work; the future—he always seemed to have a blessed future before him—smiled upon him, too. The aged loved him with a tender love. Those in middle life, amidst its hurry and toil, loitered in his way that they might catch his smile and greeting; and the little children, upon whose free life he never was a restraint, looked at him and lingered about him as though they felt there was a blessing in his touch. But while I speak of his quietness and gentleness of spirit he was no weak man. On all matters of right and truth he was firm as a rock. (Pointing to the coffin)—There is an old "man-of-war." It is true I have only known it as a "Bethel ship," quietly anchored in the harbor rather than breasting the storm, echoing the praises of God rather than the roar of the cannon; he was an old war-ship. There lies a true veteran. My brethren, we shall most of us be glad to sit at his feet by-and-by. In comparison with his services, we are but carpet knights, tilting on parade. He had known the real tug of war. He went to the Friendly Islands in 1809.

For the first two years he received no letter or bit of a newspaper from the fatherland. Twice his dwelling was overthrown in the night, his household goods scattered and destroyed, himself and household driven forth by the pitiless, pelting storm. Once the fire destroyed his house, his papers, his English gifts and all he had. He knew what famine was, and had to dole out in small quantities day by day the portion of flour until fresh arrived from Sydney. He knew what it was to be in the midst of war, where the victory of the enemy meant reckless brutality, and possibly being baked and eaten. He was in the formation and in the midst of the great reform of our most successful Friendly Islands Mission. Alone in a circuit with 3,000 members, 160 class-leaders, 70 local preachers, sometimes marrying 68 couples in a day, and baptizing 330 persons, two-thirds of them adults. When he came home he was not less successful in English work. Cardiff can tell how he found about 250 members, and left 500; how he found chapel accommodation for 450, and in the midst of times of strife reared the beautiful Wesley Chapel, and more than doubled the accommodation.

He was brought up in a home of firm Christian discipline. When, at eighteen, he was converted, his father wrote to him: "I would rather hear of that than of your becoming a member of the Royal Household." He was married to one of the noblest of women, by whose side we shall shortly lay him. He became a Wesleyan minister in 1831. In the autumn of 1832 he set sail for Fiji, but was afterwards sent to the Friendly Islands. Illness through overwork and the influence of a tropical climate drove him home in 1843. In 1844 he became Governor of Taunton College, and then travelled until in 1864 he became a supernumerary minister. Last Monday morning (June 27) he came to my study and, after a little conversation, he asked his usual question: "Is there anything I can do to-day?" received a little trust, and left seeming better than usual. In the evening he went to the quarterly meeting, and, as usual, was one of the first there. We had a very good quarterly meeting, and as one and another got up to speak of the work of God a very tender and sacred influence rested on us; and, as we heard of many conversions, like an old war-horse that scented the battle, at the close he got up and said to us: "The conversation reminds me of past scenes. When on my station we had heard the news from Varau of 1,000 conversions in a week we were overjoyed and greatly excited by

the news. It made us long to see similar results. Sunday came, and as we went to service we saw the natives all kneeling down in front of the chapel. The chapel was packed. When we began service there was very deep feeling, and service was interrupted by numbers on their knees crying for mercy. The work spread so that in a fortnight 2,300 were brought to God. We who were the agents seemed helpless among it, so great was the work, so many seeking mercy and such excitement. God seemed to take the work entirely into his own hands. We could only stand still and see the salvation of God." When he had finished he joined with us in singing.

While one of the brethren was praying I noticed his left foot in an unnatural position. I went to him and said, "Are you ill?" His reply was, "O, no, I'm very well; all right." As I noticed he was evidently holding himself up by his right hand, grasping the rail of the seat, I went to him again and said,—"You are not well." "O yes," he said, "all right." I immediately concluded the meeting, but he was not able to rise from his knees, and we lifted him upon the seat. He retained consciousness for about a quarter of an hour, then deep slumber quickly stole over him. He literally "fell on sleep;" and at twelve o'clock on the night of the 27th of June, "he was not," for God took him.

### CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY.

What has infidelity accomplished for mankind? What public virtue has it promoted? What science or art has it originated? What great charity has it established? What war has it averted? What system of idolatry has it subverted? How many slaves has it liberated? How many inebriates has it reclaimed? How many fallen women has it restored? How many souls has it redeemed? Whose death-bed has it cheered? Whose broken heart has it consoled? I protest against infidelity by the rosy-hand of childhood clasped in prayer morning and night; by the tenderness and purity of womanhood; by the strength and aspirations of manhood.

Is prayer a delusion? I am content. Is the ministry of angels a fancy? Let me believe they kiss my cheek, and fan my weary brow with their wings of strength. Is immortality a dream? Let me dream on. Is Christ but human? Let me pay him the homage of a devout heart. Is heaven but an imagination? Let me bathe my spirit in its glorious anticipations. Do I wander? It is in fields of light. Do I go astray? It is with the great and good of all ages!

Do you ask what Christianity has done for our race? All the original discoveries in science, all the original inventions in art, are the work of Christian men. Infidels have made contributions thereto, but they have not reached the grandeur of originality. It was the Christian Copernicus who gave us the true system of the stars. It was the Christian Gutenberg who gave to the world the art of printing, and the first book printed was the Bible. It was the Christian Watt who gave to commerce steam as a motor-power. It was the Christian Morse who gave to the thought of the world, the telegraph. It was the Christian Telemachus who caused to cease the gladiatorial combats in Rome. It was the Christian Howard who inaugurated organized charity. And it was the Christian Wilberforce, and after him the Christian Lincoln, who secured the abolition of slavery from Christendom.—*Dr. J. P. Newman.*

### PRAYING FOR THE PASTOR.

In a city in a neighboring State, says the *Vermont Chronicle*, was a preacher of far more than common gifts. His popularity was great; but his highest idea of preaching was to entertain his audience. He preached on every subject that was sure to entertain his hearers; except anything distinctly religious. And this he had done for years. In his church were some spiritual women who, though they loved and were proud of

their minister, were sorely tried by his lack of religious conviction and his total inappreciation of the functions of his sacred office. The women organized a prayer-meeting of their own. The one subject of prayer was their pastor. The one thing touching which they were agreed, and for which they poured out their very souls before God, was that their minister might become spiritualized and sanctified in his own nature, and be made a preacher of "Christ and Him crucified" to perishing souls. We have it from this preacher's own lips that he never once knew that any such prayer-meeting existed, nor ever once suspected that he was a subject for solicitude to any in his church. And yet this man had this to tell us: "One Sunday I went to my church prepared to preach on some secular theme. I went through prayer and hymn as usual. But while the hymn preceding the sermon was being sung, a strange feeling came to me. I found myself asking myself, 'For what end is all this preaching of mine? Who is being made better by it? Who is being saved from destruction or made fit for heaven through it? I rose to preach with my sermon in hand, but I could not even announce the text.' The rest was told us, better than he could tell us, by some present. He told his audience of this rush of strange convictions that had just come upon him. With tears bedewing his cheeks he condemned himself for his unworthy ministrations, and striking into a new tone as well as theme, he besought those before him to find their salvation in Christ. We used to meet this preacher on his way home from his church service. His face was suffused with a glow of earnestness as he told us of some subject about which he had been preaching. He had struck the very marrow of the Gospel of Christ. We recall how that city was stirred by the new spirit of this strong man. He is still preaching with that new-born spiritual power and pungency. It is to us among the most marvellous instances of God's answering prayer that have come before our very eyes. Let it not be forgotten that this new life into which this eminent preacher came, and the tide of spiritual influence set in motion now more than twelve years ago, and which is moving still, had its human source in a prayer-meeting. Let fainting women remember that it had its spring in a woman's prayer-meeting, perhaps as feeble as any of their own.

"O ye of little faith! Where two or three are met together in my name there am I in the midst of them." So the Son of God still speaks.

### REV. THOS. HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison, who is the grandson of a former Methodist class-leader of the Lower Provinces, is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. His methods of revival work have been freely criticised, but judged by results must be regarded as successful. Other churches share in the accessions to the membership. At the close of the recent revival in Indianapolis, commenced under his ministry, five hundred persons were received into the Presbyterian churches of that city, besides the large numbers added to the membership of the Methodist churches. The following account of his conversion is taken from the *Indianapolis Journal*:

The Bible speaks of some Christians whose experience is like a morning without a cloud. My early life was like that. I had a happy home and everything I wanted. I said to myself,—"Death is far away, and I have nothing to fear from it. I am young and happy; I have loving parents and pleasant associations, and I will wait." The only thing that brought the least degree of shadow on my life was a longing in my soul for something. Then I knew not what, but it was the grace of God. One summer I thought I would have a better time than usual, and I went down to Nova Scotia on a ten weeks' stay. I had been there but a few weeks when God opened a new light to me. And there came a tempest and I heard the

thunders of God's wrath come over me. I received a telegram of only three words—"Freddie is dead." Freddie was my brother, and I fell down and wept in the depth of my bitterness. That was one line that God took to awaken me, and the other was my mother's constant prayers. She prayed every day,—"O God, will you only convert my boy!" and I will rejoice in eternity that I was awakened in the good, old-fashioned way—by God's mercy and a mother's prayers. One day my mother prayed for me more fervently than ever and that day I thought I should die. I tried to study, but my book was a blank. I fell on my knees in my room and asked God to show me the way. I said: "O God, I can't stand this any longer; my heart will break." My mother had gone to meeting to spend the night in prayer, and I left the house and went out in the street. And right here let me say that I do thank God that I was converted through and through. I was converted and knew it. I didn't get up from that altar and say: "O Lord, I thank thee I have got religion." I knew I was relieved from pain and was saved through and through. When I left my home that night I went out in the blinding snow-storm and asked God's mercy. I leaned against the lamp-post opposite the church, and as I heard my mother and others singing those good old hymns, a voice came to me saying, "Son, give me thy heart," and I said, "O Lord, just excuse me; I will freeze out here in the cold—wait until I go home." And then I heard a voice, louder than the winds, "Now or never." I believe if I had not heard that voice, then God would never again have called me. I had been a trifle too long. As I stood in the snow I heard the old bell strike 12 o'clock—the last night of the year, and that voice came to me, saying,—"Before that bell quits striking you must be saved—now or never." As I stood there as the bell was striking the eleventh stroke, I cried out: "Now," and I felt redeemed and saved. I came up to the requirements, and God blessed me.

### THE SOCIAL STANDING OF THE SAVIOUR.

The following eloquent paragraph is taken from a paper read by Hon. C. D. Drake, Chief-Justice of the United States Court of Claims:

"In Nazareth, where he had been brought up, Jesus stood in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and read from the book of the prophet Isaiah, where it was written, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.' And he closed the book and sat down. And as the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him, he said unto them, 'This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.' And then broke forth from his astonished and wrathful hearers—'From whence hath this man these things? Is not this the Carpenter?' And those last words of derision have come down, as it were, along the telephone of the ages, to the ear of every working man and working woman to whom the gospel has come, or ever shall come, announcing Jesus to them as one whose heart would ever sympathize with them in their trials and in their rightful triumphs. Thanks to the enraged and contemptuous Nazarenes for this evidence that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, was one of the working classes, a mechanic, a carpenter. They could have uttered no words which would have better told the working classes of every age and clime, that the Christianity which this despised and rejected Nazarene came to found would be a true friend to them."

If we perceive God to guide us by the lantern of his providence, it is good to follow the light lest we lose it by lagging behind.

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