

# The Wesleyan.

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Longworth I. Esq.

S. 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 XXXII.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1880.

No 53

## THE "WESLEYAN,"

OFFICE:—125 GRANVILLE STREET.

All letters on business connected with the paper and all moneys remitted should be addressed to S. F. HUESTIS.

All Articles to be inserted in the paper and any Books to be noticed should be addressed to T. WATSON SMITH.

Subscriptions may be paid to any Minister of the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland Conferences.

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### OUR EXCHANGES.

One thousand Congregational ministers of England and Wales are set down as total abstainers.

Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, Mass., has given to educational institutions, and for charitable purposes generally, gifts of money amounting to \$1,522.50.

General R. Fyfe, inventor of the mitrailleur, which is used with such deadly effect in modern warfare, died a short time since, in Paris.

One of the largest farms in Rossire, in the north of Scotland, carrying five thousand sheep, has just been depopulated in order that it may be turned into a deer forest.

Six cases of antiquities from the excavations at Babylon have arrived at the British Museum. They consist chiefly of inscribed tablets and small objects. With them is a Phoenician inscription.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has paid \$50,000 for claims growing out of the May's Landing accident on the West Jersey railroad. Mr. Grace, whose two daughters were killed, received \$5,000.

By a vote of 96 to 50 the Free Presbytery of Glasgow has refused to condemn the action of the Commission of the Assembly in suspending Prof. Robertson Smith.

The receipts on "Hospital Sunday" in London this year were \$155,500, which is an increase of \$20,000 over 1879, and is the largest amount ever received. All denominations contribute to this fund.

A New York book trader in London has been causing a sensation among the London publishers by selling an American reprint of *Endymion* at tenpence. The price charged by the English publishers is thirty-one shillings.

At the re-opening of a church in Manchester, England, which had been closed for repairs, twenty-four women, who were unable to give money, contributed thirty-five days of hard labor in cleansing the church.

The reading matter that finds its way into many Christian families counteracts the teachings of the pulpit, the lessons of the Sunday-school and the influence of parental precept and example. And your family, brother, is one of these.—*Nashville Advocate*.

The *Signal*: "There are twelve saloons to every church in this country; twelve keepers to every minister. The church opens its doors two or three days in the week. The saloon grinds on with its mill of destruction, all the days of every week, all the months of every year."

Mr. Charles Wood, president of the English Church Union (Ritualistic), has sent a letter expressing the sympathy of the Union with the French religious orders in the "persecution" they are suffering. He says that he represents twelve bishops, 2,500 clergymen, and 15,600 laymen.

The following, cut from the *Cape Argus* of Nov. 9th, speaks for itself:—"A correspondent of a Queenstown paper writing a few days ago says that cantenae are so numerous on the Tembu borders that, if some check be not put upon them, all the Kaffirs in the district will be brandy-mad. What with brandy and what with guns, our traders have to thank themselves entirely for the present state of affairs."

The writer of "Personal Notes" in *The Christian World* is much exercised in his mind because of the report that Sir Francis Lyceot has left £250,000, which after the death of his widow is to be appropriated to the building of Wesleyan Chapels. "Fine houses require fine furniture, and grand chapels require grand preachers and appurtenances of many kinds to match, if they are to be of any use. The legacy of a wealthy city knight may provide chapels, but it will strain the best energies of all Methodism to provide and maintain a ministry capable of turning these chapels to the best account. I don't think our friend need trouble himself. The Methodist Conference has proved itself equal to all the demands which a progressive age has hitherto made upon it, and will no doubt be found equally capable of utilizing all the legacies Sir Francis Lyceot has bequeathed to it, however large the amount, both for the spiritual good of the community and for the advantage of Methodism.—*London Methodist*.

We have all heard of Justice's justice," and of "lawyers' law;" but *The Church Times* has its own code of both, and if facts are not in accordance with it, so much the worse for the facts. What will the readers of *The Methodist* think of this view of the relation of Dissenters to the State?—"Whatever favours and connivances Dissenters may have forced the Government to extend to them, they remain to this day branded by the law as anarchists and bad citizens."

The *London Times*, commenting upon the prosecution of Dr. Buchanan in Philadelphia for forging medical diplomas, says that "our ancient universities have sinned quite as much as he in making degrees a mere matter of money. Many thousands of men add M.A., D.D., or D.C.L. to their names without having answered a question, or shown any scholarship or knowledge over and above what is implied in B.A. degree."

"Why," asked a speaker the other evening, "has Ireland become so thoroughly popish, when, up to the 12th century she was so thoroughly Protestant?" The answer, given is this:—"At the time of the Reformation in England, Ireland was denied the right of having the Bible in her own tongue, in order that the Irish people might be led to cultivate English." The present troubles there are a sad outcome of the short-sighted policy of the past.—*London Methodist*.

Some two hundred men, all of whom had been convicted and imprisoned for various terms, assembled one night recently at the little Wild-street Mission Chapel, London, for supper, under the presidency of Mr. Flowers, the Bow-street magistrate. Mr. Hutton read a statement of the work which was done among convicted thieves. Letters were read from criminals who had been helped to a better way of life. Several speeches followed.—*Watchman*.

The form of Sir Francis Lyceot will be readily missed in all our Church gatherings. He was of average height, slimly and symmetrically formed; his hair, silver gray; his face, well lined with the traces of conflict, character and years; his voice, gentle in utterance, extremely neat, and he invariably carried in his coat button-hole a small bouquet of choice flowers. His end was that of a good Christian.—*W. O. S., in Christian Advocate*.

A Baptist minister who was a warm defender of close communion, emigrated after a while into the Episcopal communion, and immediately began to invite his old friends into the only true church. Whereupon one who had been for twenty-seven years in the Episcopal ministry and left it, informed the enthusiastic convert that he had simply left "a walled-up communion table" for a "barred pulpit," and then

"Silence, like a poultrie, came,  
To heal the blows of sound."  
*Presbyterian*

The majority of the Presbyterian Church in Dunkirk, N.Y., adhere to the Rev. Mr. Adams, who was deposed by the Presbytery of Buffalo for heresy. The question as to which party in the Church the property belongs goes to the Supreme Court of the State for decision. Meanwhile the friends of Mr. Adams, the deposed minister, took possession of the church, camped in it during the night, opened it next day for service, when a brother of Mr. Adams, a Congregational minister, preached, and after preaching held an election for three elders, and then ordained them as elders in that church.

The New Zealand *Wesleyan* suggests that if the statistics of Sunday-schools published in connection with the recent Sunday-school-Centennial, are no nearer to the truth than those assigned to New Zealand, the whole table is worse than useless, and explains thus:—"The teachers of this colony are set down at 1,101, and the scholars at 9,947, being a total of 11,048; whereas our last census returns state that in 1878 there were 62,273 persons in our Sunday-schools, or nearly six times the number given us in connection with the recent centenary celebration. Our own Church alone returns more than is set down to the credit of the whole of New Zealand, its teachers being 1,339 and its scholars 12,209."

A correspondent of *The Book* complains of the extent to which the time of ladies is now-a-days taken up with public engagements of a religious or charitable character, to the detriment of home comfort and the neglect of home duties. "So-called Christian work is overdone. The home family circle is now a thing of the past. Our wives and daughters spend their evenings at the mission hall, or at the soldiers' institute, or at some church service, leaving husbands, fathers and brothers to do the best they can." I hope they are not quite so bad as that; but there is some ground for such a complaint. A word of caution to our fair friends on this head is not ill-timed. The true order is, home duties first, church work second. However it may be in other circles, I rejoice to know that many Methodist ladies manage to blend the two into such perfect harmony that no member of the family can have just cause of complaint.—*Meth. Table Talk*.

## THE SECRET OF POWER.

In parallel columns our English Methodist exchanges speak of the death of Mark Firth, of Sheffield, and of William Thompson, of London. The latter was a class-leader and evangelist, who is thus described:

In Regent's-park, on Hampstead-heath, in the vicinity of Haverstock-hill, the tall, manly form of William Thompson will be seen no more; neither will his strong round voice, exhorting sinners to repentance, be heard. William Thompson, who was a native of Addingham, Yorkshire, for about six years had been a class-leader at the Prince of Wales-road Wesleyan Chapel, and had gathered together probably the largest class in English Methodism, numbering as it did at Midsummer last 120 fully accredited members, with 30 "on trial." Mr. Thompson was a remarkable man in many respects. Standing 6 ft. 4 in. high, and having a massive, well proportioned frame and a clear and powerful voice, his presence was imposing and commanding. Impelled with the conviction that it was his duty to proclaim Gospel truths to those who never darkened the doors of a place of worship, he went out to minister in the highways and bye-ways of the metropolis. On the Sunday mornings he was to be found expounding the Scriptures in Hampstead heath, and in the evenings of Sunday he might have been seen leading a band of Christian workers through the streets about Madder-road, Haverstock hill, exhorting all men to "repent and be converted." His appeals to the consciences of men and women were marked by wonderful success. By hundreds of the very poor and wretched in the locality in which he ministered, his loss be felt. As a revivalist, the reputation of Mr. Thompson soon spread, and his services were frequently solicited for other parts of the metropolis than those already mentioned.

An abstract from a sketch of his character and work, read at his funeral, will remind its readers of the days of Wesley, while it will stimulate us to the exercise of believing prayer and the search for that holiness which is the secret of Christian power.

Mr. William Thompson was born at Addingham, near Ilkley, on April 26th, 1824, and closed his earthly course at 16, Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood, on October 19th, 1880. He was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord by a pious and devoted mother, who knew well how to enforce obedience upon her children, and she secured from them during their early years the most prompt and full submission to her discipline. Her son William revered her memory, and the holy influence of the mother's life and character never wholly left the son. Her words were also prophetic of her son's subsequent life:—"My William will be a Fisher of souls." The early manhood, however, of William was spent in sin and in struggles against his own conscience and home training, and he went into sad lengths of sin and shame, of which in after Christian life he could never speak without horror, or reflect upon without terror. He was a leader in all kinds of horse-play and profanity. He joined the Royal Horse Guards (blue) where he continued for five or six years. After he left the army he continued for a considerable period a victim to strong drink and a companion of gamblers. Many prayers were offered for him by converted friends and relatives of his earlier years, and notably by a younger brother Joseph, who had many a night wrestled with God in earnest prayer for "Bill," and yet the prodigal wandered the downward road. At length a dear relative said to his Yorkshire friends, "I feel very anxious about Bill. I fear he won't last long if he goes on as he is (for at that time he seldom went home sober a single night); we must have a prayer-meeting and prevail." They met and pleaded with God—till one of the number said, "We are heard: it will be done." William, though many miles away from those scenes of fellowship and prayer, began to be troubled in his mind, for when playing at cards, he would see a solemn text where the 'clubs' and 'spades' should be, or a line or two of some well-remembered hymn, sung at mother's knee would stand out on the very card in his hand, and he would throw all down and rush home and say to his wife, "Oh! Nell, I will be a holy man yet." But next morning's depression would lead to the 'drink,' and the old scenes again. At this time so powerfully did the spirit of God strive with him, that even when going home drunk, he would throw himself down by the side of the table and vow he would give up his sine. On the 14th of Aug., 1864, he went into a little public house to get what he called his morning's 'steadying cup,' when he thought he heard a voice say to him, "If you drink that glass of ale, you will be in hell in six weeks." He put down the glass again and turned to see the speaker. He took up the glass again, and in still more solemn tones the warning was repeated in the exact words. He dashed the glass with its contents on the ground, never again to be taken up. He got some one to pray with him, and then he signed the

pledge which he faithfully kept to his death. Then followed a season of remorse and conviction for sin, which lasted till October the 19th of the same year. No comfort could he find for his burdened soul. The change in habits together with conviction of the most terrible nature brought him into a state of mind bordering on despair. On the date above mentioned, however, he awoke his wife in the night saying, "Nell, the Lord has pardoned my sins." So full of joy was he that he continued praising God till morning light. He then joined the Baptist Church. About five years after his conversion he lost his first love, and was again for a long time in mental distress, though he had not given up the outward form of religion. His experience at this time will be better told in his own words. At a meeting held in May, 1876, he spoke thus:—"I was about eleven years ago a drunkard, but was soundly converted to God, when my sinful propensity was wholly cured. After having much happiness in God, I lost my enjoyment of religion. I had heard in a general way of holiness, and had a desire for it. I spoke to ministers on the subject, and begged them to refer to it in their sermons. Still I did not seem to get what I wanted. At last I grew very anxious. I was not a member of the Wesleyan body; indeed I had at that time a dislike to it. Still I had friends among them, and I knew they held some opinions very strongly on the subject of holiness. I took a journey of 200 miles to place my difficulties before them. When I had completed my journey, and stated my decision to them, they said to me, 'Do you desire to give up all sin?' 'Yes' was my reply. Have you heard then of that text 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin?' 'Yes' 'I have known that text from my conversion.' 'But do you believe it?' again they asked. 'Does it cleanse you from all sin?' was the reply. All, all said, 'From heart sin.' 'All, all sin,' was once more the answer. We knelt down, and I earnestly prayed that I might have grace to believe that the blood of Christ did cleanse me thus. When I awoke next morning, a strange stillness seemed around me. I thought it was outward, but at last I found it was within. From that time sinful thoughts do not rise up in my heart as they once did, and when external temptations come, it is as if some one touched the outward keys of a musical instrument, to which no strings within were attached to give a response." Almost immediately after this, by a strange 'conviction' of circumstances, which were without doubt providential, he joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church. His rare gifts were soon recognized, and he was appointed a class-leader without a class. He soon found one, however, and his success as an evangelist was so remarkable that those who have been eye and ear-witnesses thereof have marvelled at the wonderful works of God—wrought through the agency of His servant. Crowds were compelled to listen to him. Day and night, and very often all night long, would he pray and wrestle with God for sinners. He was indeed a prince, for he had power with God and therefore with men and prevailed. This gave him a courage which nothing could daunt, and a tenacity which no threats or opposition could shake. Tender-hearted as a woman, to the poor and the afflicted, generous to a fault towards the destitute; patient and painstaking with the erring and wanderers from the fold—gentle as a nurse to the weak and ignorant, and humble as a little child. Nothing so crushed his fine and manly soul as the hint that he sought any honor for himself. Onward he went—conducting services in Regent's Park, at his class, at the weekly holiness meeting, at the band meeting; after the services watching for penitents or for strangers that he might give them a welcome; in the homes of the sick and the dying. The winter's night and summer's day seemed too short for him, till his great soul burnt through his fine, noble, physical frame, and in the prime of life, only about fifty-six years of age, after about three months' illness, borne with Christian patience and fortitude, living among his brethren in spirit all the time, and longing if the Lord would to be at work with them again, his sanctified soul was made meet for heaven, and on the evening of October 19th, exactly 16 years to the day after his conversion, he said to a dear and trusted friend of his, 'I am going to rest!' 'Do you think so?' was the question. He said, 'Don't you think it best?' He went up stairs to lie down, but could not; he arose and sat by the bedside, and fixing his last look on his friend, he said, 'The blood, the blood,' He replied, 'The precious blood of Jesus.' He bowed his head and slept and awoke in glory."

The chapel was densely crowded at the service, and many scores of persons were there who had been won from the service of Satan by this successful and God-honored Evangelist.

## AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

Can there be danger in this symbolized "refuge?" Alas! that there should be, but how? By sadly perverting one of the symbols. Take a case: Mr. P. had been for years a victim of the drink curse. He had fallen very low. A devoted Christian mother agonized in prayer, and the heart cries and long suffering efforts of a God-fearing wife finally prevail. He is

brought to reformation and repentance. He tremblingly gropes and creeps his way up to faith and hope in a Saviour's love. He seeks to honor Him by a public profession. He needs—he longs for a place of refuge. He hears the call of the Master to His Disciples: "Eat, oh, friends; drink, oh, beloved." He comes—he eats of the bread, and by faith is strengthened and blessed. He takes the "cup" and puts it to his lips. This little sip—aye, the very fumes and taste pierce his heart as if an arrow tipped with the fires of hell had searched his soul. The slumbering demon is aroused. He tries to resist, but brain and heart cower and tremble under the violent clamors of the old tyrant. The strife is terrific, but the demand is imperative—irresistible. He forgets all but the raging thirst. He leaves the church and rushes to the drug store. He drowns his agony with brandy, and gains temporary oblivion. But the reckoning day must come. A new disgrace is found in church discipline. He repents and is restored. But the same sad experiment is tried over and over just as long as that church sets before its communicants intoxicating liquors to symbolize the great love of Jesus to poor weak sinners. This case may seem incredible to many, but is one well known to the writer. Scores and hundreds of similar experiences, only in many instances with sadder and more fatal ending, are occurring throughout the churches. Not only the reformed drunkard, but his offspring, are involved in this terrible hazard. More, and sadder still, the habitual "moderate drinker" often, as surely as the drunkard, transmits his vitiated vitality and dipsomaniac tendencies to his children. To such children that one "first-glass" has many times proved the fatal opening to a drunkard's grave. Dr. William Parker, President of the N. Y. State Inebriate Asylum, and no better authority can be named, asserts that "this devastating course follows the law of descent with more certainty than scrofula, heart disease or insanity, and a hundred fold more numerous." Other eminent medical men give the same testimony.

Can the Church of Christ afford to betray His "little ones?" Can it be that to obey His loving invitation to remember Him in the "bread" and the "fruit of the vine" necessitates the possibility of peril? Nay, does it not *prima facie* preclude such peril? Would not the use of unfermented instead of alcoholic wine, or what our Lord always called "fruit of the vine," be a perfect protection? Most assuredly, in every case.—*Phren. Journal*.

## A NEW YEAR'S QUESTION.

Some master we must each acknowledge. There are powers above us which command, and leave us no resource but to obey. We have known children to wish they could reach the hands of the school clock and move it forward an hour; imagining that the fingers which could move those pointers could also move time forward, accelerate the sun, and hasten innumerable worlds. But only a little experience is needed to convince every one that he has a master.

Yet each one may choose who shall rule his soul. If he could not, his obedience to God would be no honor, and his disobedience no guilt. All warnings and entreaties from God would be meaningless.

Our choice of master is the choice of what we shall be. Whom we serve—does that not decide what the service shall be? Does God want the same service from us as Satan? Does not what we will to do, express, and also determine, what we are? Whom are you now serving? If God, the answer will be clear, courageous, unqualified. The church records do not decide it. The joyful "yes" in the heart is sure evidence. Apologetic defining and explaining in answer to that question is also evidence sad and startling. Who avoids that question in his own mind by saying, "I try to do about right," "I treat everybody as well as I know how," without an uncertain feeling that this want of brightness and downrightness is evidence of moral weakness to be ashamed of? It is the great, peculiar privilege of every human being that he can elect God or Satan to be the supreme object of his worship and service, and the election will be accepted, and he will grow to be like the being whom he elects to reign over him.

But we cannot fix the limits beyond which the great choice becomes practically irreversible. Custom gives exceptional importance to certain periods of time. The end of the year especially suggests crises in life. It will awaken many to decide whether or not God shall be Master. The postponement of the question with many will finally settle the matter. The hour of awakened feeling is the decisive hour. We have heard of a little Swiss cottage that divides the water of two great rivers. What falls on one side of the low roof flows south to wash the walls of Turkish seraglios and empty itself into the Black Sea. What falls on the other side fertilizes the vineyards of the Rhine and empties into the North Sea. With many, doubtless, the first hours of 1881, not yet begun, awaits the decision that shall direct them into one of two opposite currents, flowing towards true or false. Which way shall they go?