

# The Wesleyan.

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### THE WINDMILL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Behold, a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, the wheat, and the rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I sing aloft my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of falls  
Far off from the threshing-floors  
In barns with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails  
Loud and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we waste and strive,  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands—  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest:  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din;  
I cross my hands on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

—*Youth's Companion.*

At a meeting of the Wesleyan Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, held in the City Temple, London, England, May 5th, Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., spoke as follows:—

Dr. Parker, who, on rising to address the meeting, was received with renewed applause, said, as the opening paragraphs of the report referred to himself, he would take that opportunity of answering a question which had sometimes been put to him, whether he did not begin his Christian life among the Wesleyan Methodists. The fact was, he began his Christian life with the Congregationalists, and with the Congregationalists he intended to end it. But from his eighteenth year to his twentieth there was a little local schism in the small congregation to which he belonged. The result was that many of the members were driven off to find a lodging where they could. He found a lodging among the Wesleyan Methodists. He recalled those two years of his life with very grateful emotion. Upon the frieze on his right (pointing to one side of the Temple) there were two names which Wesleyan Methodists ought to know. Under the symbol of Faith the name was written, in golden letters, of John Wesley—and under the symbol of Hope, also written in golden letters, the name appeared of Charles Wesley. "Now abideth Faith and Hope," and Wesleyanism was greater than any Wesley that ever lived, and it should stand for Charity, for its foremost orator and preacher had just declared that the longer he lived the more he himself grew in Christian appreciation and love. They would see, therefore, that he had not forgotten his Wesleyan memories. In those two years he was everything in Wesleyanism except travelling preacher. He must have been a precocious young man then. He was a local preacher, he was a class-leader; he had spoken at love-feasts, and he had preached in better chapels than they were building now. In those days he preached in the green fields and in the leafy lanes. He remembered his first sermon. Whilst the preachers were proceeding—they were upon a village green, located on a saw-pit—his spirit was stirred within him, and, like Dr. Pauson in one particular, he went to the meeting without intending to deliver a speech. He took a Testament, and opened it where the words were written "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you." He could not now quote a single sentence, but he could vouch for the aggressive emphasis and rampant vigor of the address. There was present the Rev. Thomas McCullagh—a very excellent preacher, who reminded him of the circumstance when they met at Sheffield some years ago. His text was: "If I whet my glittering sword, and my hand take hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to my enemies." They would see, therefore, that in his early years and under Methodist influence he was not inclined to soothing passages, which many people like to hear expounded. He once preached before the circuit superintendent minister when he was scarcely twenty years of age. It was a crisis in his life. He used to read at six o'clock in the morning to read with great attention, whose name he could not remember, without thankfulness. They were the words of Wesley: "Justi-

tutes." Those who smiled at the mention of the Book had never read it. It was no smiling matter, except in a sympathetic sense; and, notwithstanding all the theological Esna manifestations and theories to which attention had been called that evening, Watson's Institute was a book that would bear reading and re-reading at the present day. Thus prepared, he went into the pulpit, and after the sermon was over the superintendent minister, who had a report to make concerning it, said it was fit to be preached in City-road Chapel. Think of the effect of that criticism upon his trembling but nascent mind! He had never preached in City-road Chapel yet; he had never been asked to preach there—though thirty years ago he preached a sermon that was fit to be preached there. Though the City-road Chapel people must have heard of that sermon, he had never been invited to deliver it under that venerable roof; but he was going to preach in City-road Chapel—on Tuesday, the 29th of June, and he would take care not to deliver the sermon which thirty years ago was fit to be delivered there. In those days, everything fine, sublime and grand, was like some

Tall cliff that reared its awful form,  
Swelled from the vale and midway leaves the storm.

Some local preachers could never repay their obligations to the awful form of that tall cliff that they used to bring into every sermon—the smaller the village all the surer the quotation. At that period no local preacher could comfortably resume his pulpit seat except amid "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." But, thanks to the teaching, and mellowing, and chastening influences of a thousand holy and cruel trials, they were able now to resume their seats without putting the universe to the expense of a tragedy.

Such was the influence of time upon them that they got mellow and wiser. Thank God! if any man could say with a clear and honest heart that he was conscious of becoming better qualified, under the inspiration and suggestion of the Holy Ghost, to proclaim the infinite Gospel of the Son of God. Though he had not himself preached in City-road Chapel, he attended service there. He remembered the occasion well. He took a seat in the gallery, and waited for the preacher; he yearned for his coming. The preacher came at last. Almost tottering, he got up the pulpit stairs, broken, time-worn, toil-worn; his text was, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." His voice had lost its original grandeur, its almost immeasurable compass; it had an emaciated majesty. It was no common man that was broken down. Possibly they had heard his name—it was Robert Newton. He made the listener cry like a child. The heart went out to him in filial, tender love. It seemed a wonder that such a man should be taken away—why could he not always stay here? What a prayer that was of the human heart—"Abide with us." We know the people we wished to abide with us. There was something subtle about them, an unknown, incalculable quantity that dominated our trust and love, and in response we said, "Abide with us."

When he heard Robert Newton to abide with us, the old man eloquent to abide here; to stay all the years and preach, as he preached that morning, with such wonderful grasp of his subject, and with such telling pathos. On one occasion he heard the venerable Dr. James Dixon preach at one of the Wesleyan chapels in Liverpool. Mourning the departure of some of their noblest and best laborers, Dr. Dixon said, "Dr. Bunting has gone, Robert Newton has gone, all the great men have gone." A pious brother in the gallery said, "Glory to God, that's a lie." Perhaps that was not the best form of expression to use, but that good brother spoke on the spur of the moment, and no doubt if he had been in his study for a week or two he would have hit upon a better though not a more expressive word. The great men had not all gone. Taking man bulk for bulk he could not but believe that there was better preaching on the whole to-day than ever there was in any period of the history of this country. In saying that, he did not detract from the few great names to which he had referred—they would always stand pre-eminent in Christian history; but let it not be supposed that God showed the talent and power of his Church to go down. He concentrated it, but nothing was

lost. There was a correlation of quality in this department of things as well as in regions distinctly scientific, and God would take care of his Church, and the truth, until the end of time. The minister dies, the ministry is immortal. He remembered preaching outside a blacksmith's shop in a village, when he stood on a stone which men used in order to get upon their horses. A man shouted, "We will hurt you out of the town." His reply was, "You can easily do that, but you cannot hurt the truth." Some years after a man said to him, "You remember that incident. There now stands on that spot, or close to it, a Wesleyan chapel." The meeting would see he had not forgotten these early associations. He welcomed them to that house. That was a true house-warming. He was pleased and honored by every one being there. If he could become as poetical as he used to be at nineteen years of age, he knew what he would say if any one threatened to touch or hurt Wesleyan Methodism in any way whatever. He for one should say—

Woodman, spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough.  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And 'till be grinded now.

### RAM CHUNDER BOSE.

THE HINDOO DELEGATE TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY T. J. SCOTT, D.D., BARRISLY, INDIA.

A dozen years ago no one thought that there would be at this time two Methodist conferences, spread over nearly the whole of the vast Indian peninsula, and that a Hindoo delegate would sit in the General Conference of 1880. All this is now fact, and the delegate deserves more than a passing note. Pronounce the name of the first word in the name as in "the two's" and the second word as in "note," and you have his name. Ram Chunder Bose was educated in Dr. Duff's missionary college at Calcutta, where he got his first convictions of the truth of Christianity. After becoming a Christian he followed for years the profession of teaching with great success, and was able to command a good salary as a teacher of English in government schools. About seven years ago he received a great blessing and spiritual uplift, and having connected himself with the Methodist Church in Lucknow, he began to work, after a time, as a local preacher, commanding, meantime, a good salary as teacher in the best schools in our mission. Three years ago, feeling called to devote his entire time to evangelistic work as a local preacher, he gave up his salary for a much smaller support in the mission, and entered on this work under the direction of the mission. At our last session the lay conference elected him unanimously as their representative in the General Conference, a post of great honor and responsibility for an untravelling Hindoo. A rare opportunity this for an Oriental, and an honor, too, that has rendered unsteady many a more pretentious head; but the Baboo (as in far again) as they call him (meaning "Sir,") soon after wrote to a friend: "You will believe me, when I say I never had a deeper sense of my unworthiness than I now have." Just before he started for America the editor of the *Indian Christian Herald*—a paper conducted in English at Calcutta entirely by native Christians—came out with this note: "We are glad to learn that Mr. R. C. Bose, of Lucknow, is going to America as a delegate of the native churches in connection with the American Methodist Mission in India. We are glad at the selection made. Our brethren of the Methodist Mission could not have selected an abler and a worthier man to represent them at the General Conference. In fact, we do not know of another equally able and earnest Christian gentleman connected with the Methodist Mission anywhere in India. Mr. Bose possesses abilities of a very high order, and his earnest zeal and fervent piety are all that could be desired. He will be a worthy representative of the whole native Church, Methodist or otherwise, and we may hope, therefore, that much good will accrue from his visit to America. There are many questions connected with the Indian missions which require a free and earnest ventilation, and we hope Mr. Bose will bring them forward before the Christian public of America without fear or favor."

"earnest ventilation," but we are not afraid that "Mr. Bose" (Bose I have written it) will blow other than a pure and a wholesome breeze.

As an evangelist among the educated natives, the Baboo has been doing an encouraging work. Thousands of the educated Hindoos have lost all faith in the popular religion of their country, and are tending toward skepticism and atheism. Our Hindoo delegate has been labouring to turn these to Christ by public ministrations, in lectures and sermons and by private interviews. He has a hard, difficult task, and does it well. As an illustrative incident I may mention that, at the close of one of his lectures, a native was pressing the question of the origin of sin hard on the lecturer, when he turned and cut off the debate by meekly saying: "I am a poor sinner, and the all important question with me is the way out of sin." Newton found no better reply than this, for once he said: "Many puzzle themselves about the origin of evil, but with me, the great problem is how to get rid of it." And is it not remarkable that He who proposes to solve the problem of escape for us simply said, "Come unto me, I will give you rest," without attempting to explain the origin of sin? But to return; our delegate has been something of a literary character in English. Besides contributing a number of well-written articles for the *Bengal Magazine* and the *Indian Evangelical Review* (quarterly) he has written freely for newspapers, always in the interests of evangelism. He has also published a fresh and exceedingly well put volume in defense of miracles and the Bible. A rare thing for a foreigner, he writes English so pure and idiomatic that his nationality would never be suspected. The Baboo is a very good specimen, physically, of the lean type of Hindoo. He will make interesting acquaintances. I sincerely hope his visit to the States may be made pleasant to him, and that he may come back full of information and new aspirations for the work among his countrymen, to which he has recently been devoting himself with zeal.

### M. RENAN'S LECTURES.

M. Renan's lectures in London on Christianity are about what one would expect from his life of Christ, and his estimate of it is fairly summarized by the phrase with which he delights to characterize Christ's ministry: The Sweet Galilean Vision. These lectures are at once keenly characterized and sharply criticised by the London "Spectator," whose criticisms are applicable to much of the same sort of honeyed infidelity borrowed by Americans who follow Renan afar off: "If Christ were really what we hold him to be—one who, being in the form of God, thought it not a thing to be grasped at to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took on him the form of a servant, in order to raise human life up to his own level—there was much more in his teaching than was not sweet than that was sweet, much more that was severe, much more that savored of the fire which he came to send on earth, and which he saw in spirit already kindled, than of that mere fragrant and gorgeous life of Eastern imagination, to which M. Renan is so much in the habit of comparing it. For a different reason, still less can Christianity be praised as a 'sweet Galilean Vision,' if it is what M. Renan believes it, that is, if it is only one amongst many equally legitimate and equally striking blossoms of the human spirit. That is sweet which adds to the beauty of the universe, without increasing its burden. If Christianity be true, it has increased our burdens for our own good, in order that, in the immortal life, our burdens may be far less heavy and our hearts lighter. If it be false, it has increased our burdens to no purpose, in order that millions might strive for a kind of life which, though it may have a beauty of its own, is no more incumbent on men than any other kind of life which the moral genius of man might devise, and is infinitely more difficult, laborious, and indeed impossible of attainment. In neither case does it deserve to be patronized as a mere rare and lovely flower of Eastern growth. It is either a supernatural religion of most arduous obligations, or a superstition of a most arbitrary kind—either a fire to burn up half our nature that it may glorify the other half, or a fire to

burn up one-half that it may indurate and mutilate what remains. Whoever of the two it be, it is not a "sweet vision," but either a very awful or a very terrible vision. If the vision of the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched, be true, it is sufficiently dreadful; if it be false, it is sufficiently shocking. In either case it is very sweet. There is something in the honeyed words which the Pantheists of the new culture use about Christianity, that seems to us worse than the bitterest sneers of the old infidelity. They talk of a very sweet thing in religions, as they might talk of a very sweet thing in costumes."

### A MINISTER'S SOLILLOQUY.

It was late on Saturday night. A Christian minister was closing a week of labour, and looking forward to the duties of the Sabbath. He glanced at the slate on which the previous Monday morning his week's work had been written down: Most of that which he had laid out for himself had been accomplished. Meetings had been held; sermons preached; visits made to members of his flock; the sick and poor had had their due share of his attention; some preparations had been made for his Sabbath sermons, and these had now been, so far as his wearied body would allow, completed. It was half-past seven o'clock, and he looked with some regret upon a week in which there had been much work, but, as it seemed to him, far too little prayer; too little restful communion with his God, too little intercession for the descent of spiritual influence upon the souls of men. One of the difficulties of this of almost all active workers—how to enter into the open doors of usefulness which daily present themselves, and at the same time to secure the needful time for prayer if a life of activity is to be maintained, and if the work is to be fruitful. But O, the encroachments of the time devoted to this! And O the distractions which intrude themselves even when the time is gained!

He took a letter from his pocket, and on the back of it wrote a question or two. "Is there not before me a great spiritual need, which can only be met by the power of the Holy Spirit?" He looked into his own heart and replied, Yes. He glanced at the state of the church of which he was pastor, and said, Yes. He thought of the many unsaved in his congregation, and again said, Yes. Then he asked, "Is not all the need fully met in the already bestowed promise of the Father—the Holy Ghost?"

Again he asked, "May I, who am so unworthy, who am so ashamed of my coldness of love, of my deficiency in zeal, whose works seem so mixed with selfishness, and who know myself to be so far from the holy, consecrated life I am called to—may I expect to receive the Holy Ghost?" He remembered that all God's gifts are of mercy and not of merit. But another question came, "May I, who have not wrestled and pleaded for this; who cannot and do not pray as Fletcher, Bramwell, and Stoner used to pray—may I, to whom hours of pleading agony seem out of the question—may I, just as I am now, expect this great gift?" Then the answer came itself in the words, "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Is it then "ask and receive?" he said. He knelt down, and spread his case before God. It was a short prayer, but offered with uplifted hands and longing heart. "Thou hast said thou wilt give Thy Spirit to those who ask. I see Thy Spirit; I ask for Him. I believe Thy word. O let Thy Spirit be given!" He went to rest with sunshine in his heart, and woke to bring to remembrance the prayer of the night before. Could he help but remind God of his promise? He went to his work that day with joy; there was life in the service, and a Presence, which not the minister only, but many in the congregation recognized. The day was wet and gloomy, but there was at least one heart to which it was a day of brightness. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said we among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad

LACHINE CANAL.

ICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Construction of Lock Gates advertised to be on the THIRD JUNE next, is unreservedly to the following dates: will be received until

FRIDAY, the 22nd day of June next. Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

TUESDAY, the 9th day of June. By order F. BRAUN, Secretary.

of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880.

WELLAND CANAL.

ICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Construction of Lock Gates advertised to be on the 3rd of JUNE next, is unreservedly to the following dates: will be received until

FRIDAY, the 22nd day of June next. Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of June. By order F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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Orders to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings and specifications and other information to be obtained at the office at the Engineer, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th of JUNE next.

Orders will be received by the undersigned up to THURSDAY, the 1st day of July next. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, June 30.

WELLAND CANAL.

Orders to Bridge-Builders.

Orders addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) will be received until the arrival of the tenders for Bridges, Welland Canal, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE, for the construction of swing and fixed bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be of iron and wood, and those for railways are to be of iron.

Specifications and general conditions can be obtained at the office on MONDAY, the 1st of MAY next, where Forms of Tender will be obtained.

Tenders are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to send in mind that tenders will not be received unless made strictly in accordance with the conditions and in the case of firms—except the actual signatures, the nature, position, and residence of each member; and further an accepted bank cheque for \$850 for each bridge, for which the tenderer shall be responsible for the work at the tendering office. The terms of the contract to be accepted shall be those stated in the offer submitted. The sum thus sent in will be returned to the tenderer whose tender is not accepted. The fulfilment of the contract by the tenderer whose tender is accepted shall be the responsibility of the tenderer. The tenderer whose tender is accepted shall be bound to execute the work at the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, till June 15.

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