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Poetry.

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WHOL GETHAN.

(This hymn was written at Jena, by Samuel Rodigast, in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the melody to which it is set.)

What God doth, it is all well done, His will upright abiding; Since he has traced my course begun, I will go on confiding.

What God doth, it is all well done— His care will be unfeeling; A healer, and a wondrous one, Will not mistake my aiming.

What God doth, it is all well done— He is my light and being; Mere evil He can mean me none; I bow to His decreeing.

What God doth, it is all well done— If I must drink the chalice— The bitter cup which I would shun— My shrinking soul he rallies—

What God does, it is all well done— Strong shall make and find me, Rough ways I may be forced to run, Griefs passing close behind me;

CHINESE MISSIONS.

At the late China Mission Breakfast in London, the following cheering remarks were made by the Rev. W. Muirhead, for many years a missionary in that country:

Within the easy memory of many persons there was a time when China was hermetically sealed, and it was absolutely impossible for the missionaries to settle down in any particular place except on the very confines of the empire. But things had undergone a mighty change. Though the means employed might not appear to them to be altogether right and proper, yet the issue had been glorifying to God and beneficial to man.

There is always a class of members in every church, whose ability, unassisted, to study the Scriptures intelligently, even if the time to do so be not lacking, is exceedingly limited. Instruction from the pulpit, however good it may be, does not come to their undisciplined minds with the same clearness and force as if spoken in the familiar style, accompanied by the frequent questioning of the class-room. To such, the well conducted Bible-class is of inestimable value, opening to them new and precious fields of thought and knowledge.

There are those, also, who are yet in the 'gall of bitterness,' walking in spiritual darkness with light all around them. The attendance of such of this class as have passed beyond childhood depends, in a very great degree, upon the extent to which the older, more intelligent and substantial members of the church take part in the school.

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(Hear, hear.) The advancement of Christianity in China had far exceeded anything of the kind in India, not simply looking at the immensely greater influences at work. But, in fact, the progress of Christianity in China, despite all the peculiar difficulties connected with it, had been wonderfully great, and hundreds upon hundreds of the converts were men and women on account of whom they thanked God and took courage. (Hear, hear.) Christianity was producing results in China which neither Confucianism nor Buddhism had ever accomplished.

THE CHURCH IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There seems to be a great deal of difficulty in securing the presence in the Sunday School of many who attend regularly upon the services of the church. Even of church members not a few appear to find it consistent with their sense of duty to stay away, thus throwing whatever influence as Christians they may have against this valuable department of Christian labor.

Originally, the Sunday School was designed simply for the education, religious, and to some extent secular, of poor children; but this design has become, in process of time, so enlarged as to include, not only the instruction of destitute children, but of all, old and young, rich and poor, who can be induced to attend.

The propriety of thus enlarging the work of the Sunday School cannot be doubted. It supplies, when thus constituted and thoroughly managed, deficiencies which cannot exist in any church without causing much spiritual death. In a word, it gives at once scope for Christian labor, and both incentive and opportunity to study the Bible on the part of all.

Such considerations as these should induce every Christian to participate actively in the Sunday school, either as teacher or scholar. No thought of personal comfort, or folk—nay, wicked—pride, should be allowed to weigh against the performance of this holy duty.

The church which gives to its Sunday school hearty co-operation will be a live church, built of 'lively stones,' and successful in the highest and best sense.

THINGS MISCALLED AMUSEMENTS.

The popular amusements of the day are misnamed. They should be called excitements. The Anglo Saxons and the Celts, the races that give character to our American civilization and religion, know little of amusements in its proper sense. It does not content them. The dance, the evening party, the card table, the theatre and opera, the race course, the billiard saloon and the ten pin-alley are either in their very nature, or by their almost invariable associations, excitements of the most unwholesome, inordinate and pernicious sort.

corrupting than a miasm. The fierce passions, the gorgeous lewdness, the unmitigated sensuality of spectacle and costume and situation and plot of the staple performances of the drama,— what refreshment is there in all this? What refreshment indeed on the very crater of hell, inhaling the sulphurous fumes of the pit? Men do not go to those places for the innocent and wholesome thing properly called amusement, they go for excitement. They go not to be entertained, but to be inflamed.

Amusement, relaxation, innocent gaiety, hilarity, sportiveness, is a Gospel duty. There is a time to laugh. But it is one of the gravest mistakes of our age and country, that it knows so little of amusements, and has gone almost exclusively into dissipation in their stead. With that, the true Christian plainly has nothing to do, but to discountenance, and if the way is hedged up against reformation, to withdraw from it utterly. Dissipation is not among things indifferent. Gay parties lasting till past midnight, in which everybody is over-dressed or under-dressed, in which dances hauled down from those of the children of Israel around the Golden Calf, are the main attraction; theaters, operas and races, these are not things indifferent, these are not amusements, but gross abuses, by which, in the false guise of amusement, body and soul are damaged, spirituality rendered impossible and our eternal well-being put in jeopardy. Towards all these, the Christian has but one simple duty. Touch not, taste not, handle not. Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean things.—Exchange.

THE FIELD IS RIPE UNTO THE HARVEST.

The following eloquent remarks were made at Exeter Hall Missionary Meeting:—

If nations were to open all their avenues to the preaching of the Gospel, there would those ambassadors come from, and where the means for their support? Even as it is, some of our neighbouring Churches are complaining of the difficulty of finding men for this work of the ministry. We are told how the Churches are smitten with the gold fever, and that our young men are gone mad with it; that they are looking to the world for remunerative employment, in the hope of being rich, instead of to the Church for opportunities of labour in the hope of being useful; that they shrink from the comparative poverty of a preacher and seek to gain wealth. Thank God we are not all got down to that depth yet; there are amongst us as a Church men who have consecrated themselves and more than themselves to the work of Christ and His Church. In the spring of last year I had the honour to be a missionary deputation in a country that you and I, Mr. Chairman, know something of, and in a country town not so large as many an English village, very near to a celebrated Irish station, I met a young man who was M.A. in the Dublin University, and the holder of four gold medals in connection with that university. I was assured by one who knew him intimately that he had been offered, on account of his high scholarship and great natural ability, an office beginning with a salary of not less than £800 per annum, but he had resisted the golden bait, and there he was then a humble Methodist preacher upon the handsome allowance of £30 a year. (Applause.) That man is not alone. There are others who have consecrated themselves to His service, and are ready to devote themselves to it. Our difficulty under God is not so much a difficulty of finding men. There are embryo Shaws and Cokes in this meeting to-day, and upon this platform, who are waiting to hear the challenge of the Church, "Who will go?" ready to leap to their feet like good men and true and say, "Here I am, send me."

Our difficulty, I would say, just in a word or two, is not so much a difficulty of men as a difficulty of means. For many years the Churches have been calling upon the Lord of the harvest to open doors, but whatever other means may say or feel about the work being slow, the fact is, that upon that aspect of it, it is rather too fast for us. God has opened doors for us, so many that we cannot enter them. All Italy, with the exception of the Pope's enclosure of nettles, is open to the truth; all Turkey, the home of the false prophet, is open to the truth; all Africa, the field of the man-hunter, is open, and asking for help. The vanguard of Christ's army has entered into China, and its hundreds of millions are calling for assistance. Conquests over Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva are heard of day by day from India. The world stands to-day asking for help, and while there are many amongst us ready to go forth to the battle, there are other gentlemen, like our worthy treasurer, who stand sorrowfully pointing to the empty coffers, and saying, We are not able to help you. Wherever God has commenced the work it is the Church's duty to follow, and as our brethren give themselves, we ought at home, in our measure and degree, to give of our wealth, to erase for ever from our collecting boxes that miserable inscription, "The smallest contributions may be here deposited," and to inscribe another and better legend, "To God the best and the greatest." I have great pleasure in moving the resolution. (Applause.)

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING INCIDENT. The Bible tells us that woman is to be a helpmate to man, and the man to be the support of the woman. To make married life a source of happiness, affection must rule the hearts of both. The married pair must be mutual helpers, one to the other. Then the conjugal state becomes a smooth and pleasant road, fringed with fragrant flowers, which bloom even in the depth of the winter of adversity and sorrow. "I have read," says the author of a recent work, "a beautiful illustration on this point: A lady, travelling in Europe, visited, with her brother, a town in Germany, and took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and woman. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child

or servant, subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the persons, says: 'When we knocked at the door for admittance, the two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, the husband and wife invariably came, side by side. And our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, having arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance. When the time to retire came, the lady was surprised to see both the husband and wife attending her to her chamber, and on looking, with some seriousness, toward the husband, the wife, noticing her embarrassment, said to her, 'No offense is intended, madam; my husband is stone blind.' The lady began to sympathize with the aged matron on the great misfortune of having a husband quite blind. The blind man exclaimed: 'It is useless for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and hears not a word you say.' Says the lady boarder, 'here was an exemplification of the divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better matched? They are indeed 'one flesh.' He saw through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after it was most interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their complete inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and this made their deprivation as nothing.' This beautiful domestic picture would only suffer from any words of comment.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I saw a temple reared by the hands of men standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Reverly was in its halls—the gay, the happy, and the beautiful were there; I returned, and the temple was not there; its high walls lay scattered in ruins; moss and wild grass grew wildly there. The young and gay who revelled there, had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in its youth, the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father.

I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak in all its pride on the mountains, the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned, the oak was leafless and espless, the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel. "It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together in joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on the earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—velled the moon in blood; yes, when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll, thou shalt an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by Heaven's Eternal, 'Time is, time was, but time shall be no more!'

Tobacco.—(BY A SMALL BOY.)—Tobacco grows something like cabbages, but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbages and vinegar on it; and I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the doors and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which is glued to the Injuns hand, and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and it made me feel like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy, who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

THE KEEPING OF THE HEART.—In praying against sins of the lips, let us in every case go to the root of the mischief, and pray against the sins of the heart, out of which these others spring; else we may make accomplished hypocrites of ourselves, but not more perfect Christians. We pray that we may not speak uncharitably; but oh! let us pray that we may not think uncharitably, that the law of love may not be on our lips only, but in our hearts. There are some cautious persons who exercise much restraint upon themselves in not speaking unkindly of others, because they feel that in so doing they should blight their Christian character; but they make up for it by hard, cruel, uncharitable thoughts, which they keep to themselves in the deep of their hearts. So again, every Christian well needs to hate impure lips; he will pray that at no unguarded moment of his life any word may escape him, growing out of the corruption which is in the world through lust. But what is this unless he is asking for a clean heart? What were he who should be content, if only his words were pure words, and should at the same time entertain, or even invite, thoughts and imaginations of impurity and uncleanness! What, indeed, but

a whitened sepulchre, decent indeed and fair without, but full of filth and rottenness within? Seek then, I beseech you, to make thorough work here.

A SCARE.—The cry is made in some quarters that Christians need just such amusements as are furnished by the theatre and the opera, and that the only thing is to have these exhibitions purified—lop off the excesses, etc! But what are these? The probabilities are, that these very things which Christian people deem objectionable, are the attractions which draw so many thousands to witness them. It is an old ruse. Satan has tried it before to-day. The theatre has always been a pest to sound morals. Even the best of the heathen reprobated it. The attempt to get up a pious theatre is itself a farce.

The London correspondent of the New York Times says, "that the money spent for liquors last Christmas would keep all the poor in London for a month, and clothe them well."

Toujours or God.—Suppose two persons equally desirous to gain your affections; one far distant and not expecting to see you for a long time; the other always present with you, and at liberty to use all means to win your love, able to flatter and gratify you in a thousand ways. Still you prefer the absent one; and that you may keep him in remembrance you often retire by yourself to think of his love to you, and view again and again the mementoes of his affection, to read his letters, and pour out your heart in return. Such is now your case; the world is always before you, to flatter, promise, and please. But if you really prefer to love God, you will fix your thoughts on him, often retire for meditation and prayer, and recount the pleasant gifts of providence, and especially his infinite mercy to your soul; you will read frequently his Holy Word, which is the letter he has sent you as really as if it were directed to you by name.—PAYSON.

SOME ONE MUST PRAY.

The social life of heathen nations is penetrated through and through by their religion, and the commonest duties in the family, in business and in travail, are identified with religious observances. It were well if Christian nations were equally scrupulous. We give an illustration from the S. S. Times.

"A man of learning and talent, but an unbeliever, was travelling in Manilla on a scientific expedition. He was escorted by a native of rank, and as they were about to start, the native, with the refined politeness which characterizes the Orientals, requested the white stranger to pray to his God."

This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do without being able to comply; and on his declining, the native said, "Well some God must be prayed to, so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent, Finds mark the archer never meant." So it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by a heathen, and the man of science who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the "pearl of great price." His next visit is to be as a missionary to preach Christ."

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

We clip the following "Letter to a Layman" from one of our exchanges. It is signed "Another Layman," and we hope it will receive that attention it merits:

DEAR BROTHER,—I am very sorry to say that I have a complaint to make against you, and as I make it in all kindness, I trust you will receive it in the same spirit. I make it thus publicly because your offence has been publicly committed, and because I think you will be more likely to heed the reproof. It is this,—Sleeping in church!

It seems hardly possible when I think of it, and of you, that a man so wide-awake in all worldly business, as you are known to be, can be guilty of so enormous a sin. It is a common remark among your friends, when speaking of your sharpness for trade,—"he is never caught napping!" and yet you are caught napping in business of the utmost importance—business for eternity—upon every Lord's day! It is too bad! It is a crime! A crime against yourself; a crime against your family; a crime against God!

This may sound harsh to you, my brother; it is true. I have noticed you for a long time. You are very attentive to the preacher while you are awake, but you generally are asleep before he reaches the second division of his discourse! I regret to say that I have more than once seen you asleep before the second hymn was sung!

It is a crime against yourself, because you thus lose very much nourishment that your soul needs. It is a crime against your family, because it is setting them a bad example and giving them the impression that you are less anxious to heavenly than earthly matters. It is a crime against God, because you make His worship a mockery, and convert His temple into a lodging-house. More than this, it is a grave insult to your pastor. Consider for a moment; he works hard during the week; is in his study late and early, tracing the ideas of others, and weaving in his own, and coming to you on the Sabbath-day, bringing from the treasure-house of his Master things new and old that shall interest and draw your thoughts upward.

He hopes to win your love towards Christ. He comes anxiously, fearfully, longing to do you good; he begins, and in ten minutes he sees you cuddled up and asleep! Where is his hope? His faith? How would you feel under like circumstances? I know that you will plead weariness, and deny that you do so from any lack of interest