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POWER IN A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY D. J.

There is power in a mother's prayer. The history of the world has no fairer page than that which records the triumphs of mother's prayers. "Moses was saved from destruction, in the ark, because his mother's prayers laid hold on God. Her prayers preserved the ark; her prayers sent away the reptiles of the Nile;" her love and prayers led the young prince to Israel's God, and made him Israel's Saviour from Egyptian thralldom.

Samuel was "the asked of God," and when he was brought to Shiloh to fulfill his mother's vow, her prayer brought heaven's blessing upon the lad; her answered prayer preserved him from the corrupting influence of Hophni and Phinehas, and made him the most honored servant of the Lord. The earnest prayers of Eunice, seconded by her godly counsel, led Timothy to know the Scriptures from a child, and to be exalted to the high position of companion to St. Paul.

Secular history sparkles with touching incidents of mother's prayers and their remembrance, by erring children. The wounded soldier, on the battle-field, is a child again. In fancy he kneels at his mother's side and listens to her fervent prayer for blessings on her boy. His melting heart is led forth in prayer to his mother's God and his troubled soul finds rest. The sailor, tossed about in his hammock at night, cannot shut out the presence of his mother or the memory of her prayers. However wide the wanderer may roam, however deep he may sink in sin, his mother's face will haunt him, and her remembered prayers will bid him turn from the evil. "An infidel of talent, under the power of the truth, bowed his knees at a religious meeting, and cried in agony, 'God of my mother, have mercy on me!'"

It is not only to the erring ones that a mother's prayer returns. Amid the strife and tumult of life, when the cold world frowns upon us, when adversity gathers round us like a flood, mother's gentle words come back again, bidding us "look above." Her silent-toned voice may be hushed in death, but she is not dead to us. She still lives in our hearts. The "sweet story of old," as told by mother, still cheers us and bids us be strong. Her full-souled prayer is naturally adopted as our own and breathed to heaven with greater confidence because mother prayed it. "Pray on, ye noble Christian mothers! The promise is unto you and to your children." Take your little ones by the hand, as the mother of Methodism did, and shutting yourself in with them and God, pour out your soul in prayer to the mother's Helper and He will hear you. Remember that the little ones cannot forget these prayers. They are stamped upon their minds, and it may be that when you are gone, if not before, they will lead them to Jesus.

Samuel Budgett was about nine years of age, when, one day, passing his mother's door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family and for himself by name. He thought, "My mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation." In that hour he became decided to serve

God; and the impression thus made was never effaced.

Pray for the little ones, but do not forget the older grown. "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." In answer to your prayer the Spirit will follow your unconverted sons, your unsaved daughter, and leave them not until they, being convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, shall yield themselves to God. "A young soldier suddenly embraced religion, much to the surprise of his comrades. One day, he was asked what wrought the sudden change. He took his mother's letter from his pocket, in which she enumerated the comforts and luxuries which she had sent him, and, at the close, said, 'We are all praying for you, Charlie, that you may be a Christian.' 'That's the sentence,' said he. The thought that his mother was praying for him became omnipresent, and led him to pray for himself, which was soon followed by a happy Christian Experience." Pray on mothers.

DEATH OF DR. EADIE.

This renowned scholar and expositor died a few weeks ago in Glasgow, Scotland. He was a distinguished Minister and ornament of the United Presbyterian Church. We make a few extracts from addresses at the funeral service, which will convey a better idea of his life, work and death, than could otherwise be furnished:

Dr. George Jeffrey preached in the forenoon, and had for his text, Revelation xxi. 4. The Rev. doctor, adverting to the special occasion of his occupying that pulpit that day, said that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel. They who know Dr. Eadie in the domestic circle would that day deeply sympathize with his amiable partner, who had been so suddenly bereaved of a kind and loving husband, and who now sat solitary as a widow in her dwelling under the shadow of a great grief. Every relative and intimate who received at his bedside a kindly welcome had to mourn the loss of a friend who gladdened them by the cheerfulness of his manly Christian spirit, benefited them by his rich and racy conversation, and in time of affliction was ever ready to solace them with his sympathy and love. That congregation had been deprived by his death of one who was an able minister of Jesus Christ and a faithful pastor—one who shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, and who fed them with knowledge and understanding. By his death our city has lost one of its most eminent citizens, and the pulpit one of its most distinguished ministers. Their Theological Hall suffered sorely by his death, for he was one of the pillars of its strength; their denomination had lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the Church of Christ one whose works had made him known as an able divine and an accomplished Biblical scholar over the whole Christian world. Few had had a more prominent place in the house of the living God, or had done more, through grace, by active labours, self-denying service in the cause of Christ, to keep their memory in loving remembrance. Observing that it became him, after so many years of brotherly intercourse, to give a short tribute of affection to the memory of Dr. Eadie, the Rev. preacher went on to say that he was a man of unaffected piety, a man of genial and generous spirit, and a man of ripe scholarship and high literary attainments. As a preacher they in Landsdowne knew what was the great theme of all his pulpit ministrations; and they knew, also, with what conscientiousness, he did the work of the pastorate among them. For amidst all his other vocations he always found time to see the bereaved—to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction. He referred to Dr. Eadie's professional work in which he won the hearts of all the students, and his powers of application and acquisition, and to the legacy he had left the Church in his commentaries of the sacred Scripture, which were a monument to his memory.

The Rev. Geo. Gillfillan of Dundee, also delivered a characteristic eulogium upon the deceased, which our readers will thank us for reproducing:

I promised a few remarks on the lamented Dr. Eadie, less because I had anything new to say of him, or to add to what I have said already, than because preaching to-day so near the spot where his scarce cold ashes lie, and on a day which might seem sacred to his memory, I felt it were ungracious in an old friend to be entirely silent. Other tongues to-day have been eloquent. I know of his eminent qualities of intellect, his marvellous readiness of apprehension, more marvellous retention of memory; most marvellous facility of composition. Next, perhaps, to Macaulay, I know of no man in our day who was such a devourer of books. Not were his acquisitions confined to any one subject, nor could they be catalogued under the capital letters of the alphabet. He intermingled with all knowledge. Beside a linguist, he was an accomplished scientist, a geologist of no little mark, having a splendid collection of minerals, an enthusiastic ornithologist—almost an Anderson or Bewick among birds—well read in every species of classical literature, and a skilled artist, if not quite an expert in philosophy too. Moreover, I knew Dr. Eadie better than I did any living man, or than any other living man did him. I knew every circumstance in his early struggles, sufferings, aspirations, and triumphs—I knew the athlete and giant in address and in youth, and could form a better estimate of his original brawn and sinews, and his native strength. And looking back and comparing the present with the past, I may only say, that amidst his many noble qualities of head and heart, there was one which I considered a pearl of great price, and that was his utter want of affectation and pretension. He was the same downright out-spoken, free-and-easy person that he was, when, in the year 1853, he slept in the same bed-room with us in Bristle Street, Edinburgh; and when we wandered for days along Salisbury Oruga together. And this, I need say, is no ordinary praise in these killing, unfeeling

erator in 1857; his works in Biblical and general literature, crowned by his great series of commentaries on the Greek text of the New Testament, beginning with Ephesians in 1854, and in his "History of the English Bible," which has just appeared; his semi-jubilee in 1860, and removal to this church in 1863; his journey to Palestine in 1870, on his return from which he found his commission awaiting him as one of the New Testament Company of revisers of our Bible; his visit with Professor Calderwood to the Presbyterian Churches of the New World in 1873, and his part in the re-arrangement of our Divinity Hall, down to the present year. Some months ago it became apparent to those who loved him best that his incessant and multifarious exertions had begun to break down a constitution that had endured enormous labour. He caught, in spring, when preaching from home, an obstinate cold, which brought with it great weakness.

DR. EADIE'S LAST HOURS.

On the Monday alarming symptoms appeared of congestion, complicated by other diseases, and all medical skill, with unremitting nursing by his immediate circle, proved unavailing. His intimate friend, the Rev. James Brown, of Paisley, conversed with him during the Friday of the first week, and found him cheerful; but on the second week of his illness he was so prostrate that Mr. Brown only saw him on the last day and night of his life, which he spent in his company. Still he bore all with uncomplaining patience, and when Mr. Brown assisted his other helpers in changing his posture and relieving his distress, and also prayed with him, he said quite firmly, "I have heard every syllable; it was very appropriate, and very comforting." Mrs. Eadie at the same time read him some hymns, Mr. Brown suggesting that she should read "Oh Sacred Head once Wounded," and finding it for her in our new collection. He seemed to listen attentively, and said he liked it, asking if it were in our new collection. Conversation became more and more difficult. About nine o'clock he again asked Mr. Brown to pray, and on Mr. Brown making more marked allusion to his dying state, this attracted his attention, when Mr. Brown added, "I suppose you are quite prepared, and quite willing to go, if it should please God to take you from us?" He said quite firmly, and in his own characteristic tone, "Perfectly willing." Mrs. Eadie said, "Oh, yes; he's resting in the Saviour, resting all on Him," and he said "Quite so," or something to that effect. About two o'clock in the morning Miss Marshall said to him, "You must try and go to sleep now," and he said, "Yes, I'm very tired"—not an unfitting last word for one who had done his hard day's work so well, and earned so well the sleep which God giveth to his beloved! His breathing became more laboured, but at the last the respiration simply became less and less frequent, and in the presence of Mrs. Eadie, Miss Marshall, and Mr. Brown, at a quarter past seven o'clock on the morning of June 3, without the slightest struggle, he entered into rest, and into the joy of his Lord.

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ing, canting, pretentious times. I leave his still higher properties for the pens of those with whom he mingled more of late, and close by simply breathing a prayer to God to raise up in His own time those who may in a measure be worthy of walking in his steps, and of carrying on in even a more thorough-going style, and with more reverent, daring skill, his Biblical researches and theological aspirations.

BEREAN NOTES.

B. C. 1000. LESSON X. INTemperance.
Prov. 23. 29-35. Sept. 3.

HOME READINGS.

MONDAY—The Lesson. Prov. 23. 29-35

TUESDAY—"Even a child." Prov. 20. 1-11.

WEDNESDAY—The Rechabites. Jer. 35. 1-10.

THURSDAY—"Wild grapes." Isa. 5. 1-13.

FRIDAY—"Strong drink." Isa. 5. 14-25.

SATURDAY—"While the world standeth." 1 Cor. 8. 1-13.

SUNDAY—The flesh and the Spirit. Gal. 5. 14-26.

TOPIC—Keeping from Wine a Sure Safeguard.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. Eph. 5. 18.

DOCTRINE—The deceitfulness of sin.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Our present lesson is a warning of the wise man against drunkenness, in expansion of the counsel in verse 20, "Be not among winebibbers." It takes the TITLES of Intemperance, whose evils it so fearfully depicts that the reader must at once infer with the author that the only absolute safety is in total abstinence. The TOPIC, therefore, reads, *Keeping from wine a sure safeguard.* St. Paul's counsel on the matter is in the GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Gentile drunkenness and Christian holiness are put in clear contrast. The lesson has three parts as in the OUTLINE; 1. *The woes of intemperance*; 2. *The safeguard against it*; 3. *Its perils.* And finally, the whole subject furnishes an illustration of the DOCTRINE of *The deceitfulness of sin.*

BY D. A. WHEEDON, D. D.

29, 30. *The woes of intemperance.*

The usual meaning of temperance in the Scriptures is *self-control, moderation*, whether in sleep, food, drink, or any other part of conduct. Such also is its frequent use in every-day life. Intemperance is, therefore, immoderation, excess, want of proper self-control. The word has, however, come to have a special application to the use of intoxicating drinks, as in our lesson, and also in the discussion of the temperance reform. Our lesson will show that any use of them as a beverage is excess.

29. *WHO HATH WOE*—In verse 29 is the exhortation, "Be not among winebibbers;" and here the subject is resumed. Literally, "to whom is woe?" The drunkard's wretchedness is often such that he expresses his feeling by the exclamation *ah! Sorrow*—Literally, *alas!* One of the saddest of words, it expresses his sad feelings. Truly, woe and sorrow, in body, soul, wife, children, friends, and estates, by day and by night, in time and eternity, follow the habit of drunkenness. CONTRASTIONS—A drunken man is very apt to be a quarrelsome man. He disputes about trifles and without reason. A large proportion of quarrels, brawls, and fights originate in drink. BABBLING—Listen to his talk, meaningless, driveling, and about matters of which he knows nothing. WOUNDS WITHOUT CAUSE—As in drunken brawls. Wounds on the battle-field in a just cause are a badge of honor. REDNESS OF EYES—Inflamed or blood-shot. These were all common effects of intemperance in Solomon's time, just as they are now.

30. *WINE*—The fermented juice of the grape. MIXED WINE—Among the Greeks and Romans this meant wine mixed with water to make it weaker. Some think it sometimes meant the same among the Hebrews; but it usually means wine mixed with other substances to make it stronger, such as honey, spices, myrrh, and opium. Men would tarry for hours at wine banquets, and hard drinkers would desire and seek the stronger liquor. We must take these drinks as types of all intoxicating liquors. The distilled liquors of modern times were not then known; nor had men then attained the art of making the fiery stuff now praised by many as "pure whisky."

31. *The safeguard against intemperance.*

31. *WINE*—RED—The clear, beautiful red color indicates strength. GIVETH ITS COLOR—Showing its brightness. MOVETH ARIGHT—Sparkling as it is poured out. All these indicate the superior quality of the wine, and are sources of temptation to indulgence, especially to those who have an appetite for drink. The safeguard is that we LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE, namely, in total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. (1) It is certain that they who let intoxicating drinks entirely alone will never become drunkards; it is uncertain about all who do not. (2) In moderate or occasional drinking there is never safety. The appetite is quickly acquired, and the habit is often formed before one is aware of it. Where the appetite is inherited, a single glass may so rouse and inflame it as to render recovery almost impossible. (3) There is no safety in the use of pure liquors instead of the impure. Doubtless they are less deadly than the drugged and poisonous mixtures which are manufactured and sold for wine, brandy, whisky, etc., but WOE, SORROW, poison and death, are in them all. (4) Safety is not in light wines, ale and cider, that is in fermented liquors instead of spirituous. Drunkenness abounds in all wine-growing districts; it did in Palestine as the lesson shows. 32-35. *The perils of intemperance.*

32. *AT THE LAST*—In its end. The temptations are strong; here are the results. Who does not dread the bite of a SERPENT? It poisons, it kills. ADDER—The cockatrice, as in the margin. It was a very venomous serpent. So drink poisons the body, pollutes the soul, destroys the health, enfeebles the mind, and damps both soul and body in hell.

33. *THINE EYES*—Licentiousness is almost always connected with drunkenness. Drink inflames the lustful passions, de-thrones reason, and destroys self-control. How many fall from virtue into ruin by a single glass! PERVESS THINGS—Out of the heart comes foolish and filthy talk which soberness would be ashamed to utter.

34. *MIDST OF THE SEA*—They are in as much peril as he would be who lies down upon rolling waves; or, changing the figure, as he who goes to the mast-head of a vessel to sleep, whence he will surely fall and perish.

35. *SHALT SAY*—The language of a drunken man. He is so stupid that he does not know who abused and beat him, and he remembers not the blows. He is only anxious to AWAKE that he may AGAIN SEEK the intoxicating cup. What pitiable debasement is this!

RECEPTION AT THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

On the first and second evenings "open sessions" were held for the reception of fraternal delegates. Mr. M'Kay of the Irish Conference, the venerable Dr. Edgerton Ryerson of the Methodist Church of Canada and others, were warmly greeted. We quote from our London exchanges:

Mr. M'Kay was extremely felicitous in his address about old Ireland. Emigration, Education, Romanism, still remain the problems of that country, and how they will work themselves out is a matter of the future; but we do not remember to have heard before, a view of the situation more reasonably cheerful than that which Mr. M'Kay gave us. The address, too, was relishable—having a pungency made up of Irish wit and Scotch incisiveness. He made a point when he declared that the Methodists across the Channel had the best of those on this side, inasmuch as they could marry without the presence of a registrar, and bury in the parish churchyard without the help of a clergyman. It was a good "hit," too, when in a sly aside he described Bishop Wordsworth as providing a new Lincoln's Inn for preachers "traveling" from Methodism to the Establishment.

Dr. Ryerson's personal appearance is very prepossessing; he is gray haired, of a fine healthy complexion, has gentle eyes and a full, emotional voice. He dresses in style of the "fine old English gentleman," with a refreshing display of linen clean and white. One scarcely knows which most to admire—the simplicity of the man, his well-furnished intellect, or his practical good sense; which most to wonder at—the real progress which has been made in his one life-time, or the boundless possibilities of the future to which that progress leads. It is something to have rocked the cradle of an empire—Church. The audience was several times deeply moved by the doctor's allusions to the memories of his past, but most of all when, in the conclusion of his address, he said, "Farewell," with a tearful expression of his own rejoicing "in the hope of eternal life."