

# The Wesleyan.

S. F. HUESTIS, Publisher.  
T. WATSON SMITH, Editor.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

VOL XXXV.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1883.

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tating the minds of the people of this country, from center to circumference. A third party—a Home Protection Party—is an urgent necessity."

One of the many strange episodes of the recent Western floods was the finding of an infant near Louisville floating in a cradle in the river. A man who was rowing around in search of wreckage saw the cradle, and on rowing up to it was surprised to find a beautiful infant, about three months old, gazing up to the sky in open-mouthed wonder. The little waif was comfortably and warmly dressed, and had not received the slightest harm. Its parents have not yet been found.

A minister of Brazil, Ind., received a letter a few days ago containing \$100, with the explanation that it came from a man whom he had married at some time during his ministerial career, and who at the time was poor and unable to pay for the service. The letter stated that he had been happily married, and that he had prospered abundantly, and he requested the minister to accept the \$100 as a reward for his valuable services.

The Rev. S. R. Dyke, Secretary of the New England Divorce Reform League, in a recent lecture in Centre Church, New Haven, Conn., said that over 6,000 women die in the United States each year from attempts to destroy unborn children. In Connecticut the ratio of divorce to marriages was 1 in 10, in Vermont 1 in 13, in Massachusetts 1 in 21, in New Hampshire 1 in 8, and in Maine about the same number, while in Rhode Island the ratio was one in ten.

The *American Missionary* for March has an interesting account of a week's work by seven missionary women employed in various fields from Washington to Alabama. By thus grouping the different forms of labor—teaching the little children, visiting the sick and aged, training to habits of neatness and industry, as well as doing distinctively religious work—one gets a new impression of the self-denying service of these women, who receive only \$450 a year for salary, and travelling expenses.

The Belgian Departmental Minister has openly declared that while "foreign priests" will be dealt with either by expulsion or by deprivation of emoluments, he will oppose himself to any reduction of the bishops' salaries, provided that they "submit to the State;" if not, the Ministry are prepared to use repressive measures against them as energetically as against the anarchists. As to canons, vicars, and so forth, those in excess of the number fixed by law are to be gradually deprived of salary.

When a man wants to backslide with respectability, he is sure to find some reason for so doing. Usually his reason takes the shape of fault-finding. He goes back on the Church or some Church member; not seldom on the pastor, whom he has just found out that he does not like, and that he is not profited by his preaching. It is a very mean way of backsliding. So, if a person wants an excuse for not attending prayer-meeting, he will call them stupid. They sink away under cover of darkness.

The African explorer, Richardson, gives this incident: There was a cry in the camp, "The wady is coming!" Going out he saw a broad sheet of foam advancing from the South—and shortly a river of water came rushing along, carrying everything before it. If the chronic politicians will take the trouble to look, they will discover the white crest of a moral wady that is fast approaching them. If they refuse to stand aside, it will sweep them out of public sight—and with them their saloons, beer-gardens, gambling halls, and dance-halls.

An Episcopal paper tells of a meeting of "Our Women's Missionary Society." There were letters read before them from a dozen missionaries out West, asking for the things they most needed for themselves and their families. They needed underclothing, boots, dresses for their wives, surplises and stoles; but they all wanted "cassocks too." One of them asked for books; but then he asked for a cassock of some light material, which could be easily carried about with him in his journeys on horseback. What in the world did he want to do with it? Sure enough, what did he want to do with it? A cassock is not needed to preach with; it can't be studied; it does not bring the minister any nearer to his people; it only makes him odd and peculiar.

**"THY WILL BE DONE."**

On sad Gethsemane thick shadows hung;  
And, whispering low to answering glade and bill,  
The soft winds prophesied with plaintive tongue—  
Making earth's throbbing pulses strangely still;  
Sad prophesies of sacrificial cries  
That should ere long from Calvary's summit rise!

The moon withdraws her face: One comes to pray;  
The sinless One: his meek eyes raised to heaven.  
His patient lips imploring, "Take away  
This cup of anguish to my faint heart given.  
Yet, if I die that life for those he won,  
My Father, it is well: thy will be done!"

The crimsoned drops that gathered on his face,  
Dropped like a dew upon the astonished earth;  
When lo! the Passion Flower, with timid grace  
Raised her sweet head to bless him for her birth—  
And pitying angels soothed him while he wept:  
For earthly love, alas! forgot—and slept!

Then, O my heart, came Calvary's day of gloom:  
The crown of thorns—the spear—the mocking crowd;  
Earth shook with horror, and the shivering tomb  
Gave up her dead while from the God-head bowed.  
Went up the mournful cry from Calvary's trees:  
"My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me?"

But not for long could death the victory claim:  
In the gray morning when the soldiers fly,  
The waiting Mary hears him breathe her name,  
And lo! the Master "stands in glory by!"  
Then earth and heaven their carols bring in one:  
One glorious Easter hymn: "God's will be done!"

How oft, O Father, do we bring to thee  
The prayers thy lips made sacred. "Not this cup."  
"My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me,  
And must I drink this bitter portion up."  
Then, when the grief goes by, and peace is won,  
Come grateful carols that "Thy will be done!"

**"GO QUICKLY AND TELL."**

To the women was the commission given to bear the joyful intelligence that Jesus had risen: they were sent to testify by the word of mouth to the vision of angels, and to the fact that they had seen him who, no longer dead, was soon to appear to them. And how the hearts of the disciples would have thrilled with delight had they believed the testimony of the women, instead of regarding their words as "idle tales."

One has truthfully said that "Man does not owe to Christ the peculiar tribute of loyalty and devotion that woman does." Christ has indeed atoned for the sins of man; but his mission to woman has been twofold in its relation to her, for he has not only saved her soul, but actually brought out and cultivated her intelligence for the good of society.

It was the women more than the men whose faithful ventures to show to Jesus those personal kindnesses which our Lord ever appreciated. How his heart went out in loving sympathy toward the woman who, though "a sinner," came into the house of a Pharisee with her box of ointment, and washed his feet with her tears, and kissed them, and wiped them with her hair, and then anointed them with the precious ointment. And Jesus enjoyed this personal devotion, and he said that though her sins were indeed many, yet they were all forgiven.

Jesus well knew what a power this woman would be to show forth what his love had done toward the worst of sinners. And her testimony was needed then as much as is testimony needed now. And we in this day have even greater advantages over those who lived when Jesus was upon the earth. We can have personal communion with Him; to us, he may be an ever-present Saviour, a constant companion, a friend; and not only our companion, but our keeper. Mary and Martha enjoyed only occasional visits, to which, during his absence, they must have been ever looking forward; but he has said to each one of us, "Lo, I am with you always." He has promised to take up his abode, his dwelling-place, in our hearts, and the Holy Spirit is ready to reveal him unto us. The Comforter takes of the things of Jesus and shows him unto us; shows him as able to hold us back from yielding to our besetting sins; shows him as our constant, unchanging, complete and perfect Redeemer; shows him as

able to keep that which we commit unto him; shows him as able to do exceedingly abundantly, above all we can ask or even think. Then shall we in this day of such blessed privileges, in this the Holy Ghost dispensation, be forgetful of what we owe to Jesus, and refrain our lips from uttering forth his praises? for has he not said, "I create the fruit of the lips;" and will he not, then, give us the song in the heart that we may bring forth the fruit from the lips?—*Mrs. W. E. Boardman.*

**STRONG FOUNDATIONS.**

A story is told of Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called "Theophilanthropy," a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty he found in introducing it.

"I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and that, perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? what is it?" asked the other with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand, "go and be crucified, and then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" And the philosopher crumpled and confounded, went away silent.

The anecdote shows, in a fresh and striking light, how firm the foundation on which Christianity and the Christian rest. "Ransack all history," says an able writer, "and you cannot find a single event more satisfactorily and clearly proved than the resurrection of Christ from the dead." And says another, a distinguished jurist: "If human evidence ever has proved; or ever can prove any thing, then the miracles of Christ are proved beyond a shadow of a doubt." And yet the miracles and resurrection of Christ prove his divinity; and as Napoleon said, "His divinity once admitted, Christianity appears with the precision and clearness of algebra; it has the connection and unity of a science."

And on this strong foundation it is that Christianity and the Christian's faith rest. And how absolutely immovable that foundation is, how absolutely convincing the evidence from this source, we hardly realize until, like Talleyrand, we call on the objector himself to be crucified, himself to rise from the dead, and himself to work miracles, as Christ did throughout Jerusalem and all Judea in the presence of thousands and tens of thousands, both enemies and friends.

It is a most assuring as well as comforting thought, that this eternal evidence from without can never be shaken while human testimony has value or meaning. And when we add to this the internal evidence—the fact that thousands and millions of Christians have felt, in their own experience, that the Gospel is true, just as the hungry man knows when he is fed, or the thirsty when he has drunk—just as we know the existence of the sun because we see its light and feel its heat—then the foundation on which as Christians we rest stands doubly sure to the soul. Heaven and earth may pass away, but God's word and all that rests upon it shall abide forever.

Any community is in a pitiable moral condition when the leaders in all social amusements are professing Christians.

No Church ought to think itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend for missions one dollar for every five dollars it spends on itself.

**COME AT ONCE.**

During the recent great revival in Scotland an aged matron of nearly eight years, "Old Auntie K." (as she was familiarly called,) had been coming to the meetings with many others, and seemed deeply impressed with the services. A worker in the revival says:—

"So many pressing cases were at the altar meeting, that I did not get a word with her till she was just about to leave. I asked her, 'Are you going away without Christ to-night, auntie?' 'Well, sir, I'm just doing my best to get Him.'"

"But you need to do nothing but take Him," and I was going to say more, when an old woman who had lately found peace came up, and I said, "Come here and tell auntie what you had to do to get Jesus."

"Deed, sir, I had to dae naething; I just took Him."

"A young married woman coming up after her, I said, 'And what did you do?'"

"I just believed the promise."

"Still auntie was not convinced. I took the Bible, and went over many of the passages; and coming to Rom. x., read it verse by verse till we came to the ninth. 'Now,' I said, 'look here.' 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'"

"I see it; He saves me."

"It was very late; I bade her good-night, and said, 'Now you must tell your husband you're saved.'"

"I'll dae that; and she went home to tell the good news."

"Her husband was in great distress all that night, and could not find peace."

"To think that I'm not saved after doing my best and trying hard for two years!" he said.

"I called next day and had a long talk with him. After a while we came to the same chapter, and I read to him the same words in the ninth verse."

"Heeh me! did ever any body think it was like that? I see it now!" he exclaimed; and after thanksgiving returned, I left him believing and rejoicing in Jesus. Last Monday I went to see him, and just before parting I told him I was going to Edinburgh. The people there would be asking me about the Lord's work; had he any message to send them?"

"Tell them from me," he said "that an old man, eighty and four years, found Jesus about four weeks ago, and is now resting in Him and very happy. I was aye feared to dee before, but I'm no' feared now."

The evangelist says it is worthy of note that the joy of these aged people, who, on the verge of the tomb, have begun to "leap as a hart," exceeds that of the many young around them.

**FORGIBLE WORDS.**

At a recent meeting of the Blue Ribbon organization at Oxford, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a leading Wesleyan minister, said:—

With respect to my own Church, which we may take as a representative of Nonconformist opinion, thirty years ago, when it was in the background instead of the forefront of this movement, as by God's grace it is now, and when many prominent ministers and laymen were distinguished by their violent prejudice against it, the editor of the official *Methodist Magazine* deliberately stated in print his conviction that this one evil of intemperance destroyed more souls every year than were saved through the instrumentality of all the ministers of religion in the same period. Without pledging myself to agreement with this assertion, I say let this be sufficient statement as to the strength of conviction in this matter on the part of those best-qualified to speak. In some respects this evil is still greater to-day, for since that time it has

laid hold of children and women, for female and infant drunkenness is quite a modern phase of the evil. During the last twelve months no less than 5,134 women were committed for drunkenness to the Westminster House of Correction. Many hearts have been greatly troubled by the results of the census of religious attendance on Sundays taken in many parts of the country. But the explanation is simple. In a London parish it was found that on the day the census was taken there were 18,000 persons in the Christian sanctuaries; but at the very same time there were 20,000 in the drinkshops, giving a clear advantage of 2,000 to the devil. The saintly and now sainted M. Cheyne used to say that he never saw the sign "licensed to sell spirits" but he read "licensed to ruin souls," and no minister of religion would deny the practical truth of that awful imprecation. I may refer to the effects of English intemperance in other lands as injuring missionary enterprise. Archdeacon Jeffrey, who had been twenty-five years in India, said that for every one convert to Christianity, for every one new creature in Christ Jesus by the operation of God's Holy Spirit upon the heart, for every one such case in India, the drinking habits of the English made a thousand drunkards. And I will sum up the whole matter, and I will repeat, testimony of the great English brewer, who, by a strange coincidence, was also a great philanthropist—Charles Buxton—who says: "Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will—soaking their brains with beer, or inflating them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church, all united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our goals; it is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums; and it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England."

Looking, then, at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we think we were justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all the ills that afflict the British Isles. These very awful words are words of truth and soberness; and I stand here as a minister of Christ, ready, if I know my own heart, if it be the will of God, to die for Christ; and from this point of view I solemnly assert, as in the presence of God, that this conflict with this social and moral evil is to Christians a matter of life and death. We must destroy the intemperance of England or the intemperance of England will destroy us. So, my friends in Christ, it is for Christ's sake and in Christ's name, and in no other, that we open this campaign; for we have no faith in the permanence of any temperance work which is not made strong in the strength with which God supplies us through His eternal Son. We come here to-night to declare our conviction that Christ and Christ alone can give us the victory. In our preparations we have done all we could, as though the result depended entirely upon us; and now we throw ourselves at the feet of God, and we declare that all our fore and all that of the earnest and honored men and women who will assist us in the next ten days will be in vain unless God be with us. Our supreme need is the blessing of our God.—*Methodist Rev.*

If we do not know what the sorrow of penitence is, we have been living only on the surface of life, unmindful of its deep realities, unconscious of its grander glories.—*Bishop Huntinton.*

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