

The Wesleyan.

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THE "WESLEYAN."

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ADVERTISEMENTS may be made to any Minister of the Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland Colonies.

FROM THE PAPERS.

Mrs. Jackson, sister to Mr. Spurgeon, in a recent Sunday preached the anniversary sermons of Bethel Chapel, Poughkeepsie.

The editor of the *Interior* writes to the paper from the Presbyterian General Assembly, Buffalo: "The fact is, we doubted that we are in an age of comparison with the past."

Richard Wagner, the famous composer, has written to a number of physicians in London suggesting the introduction of music in the hospitals as a good thing for the sick and suffering. It is said that an eccentric and wealthy Englishman intends to make the experiment.

Mr. Geo. I. Seney, President of the Metropolitan Bank of New York, has just given Dr. J. O. A. Clark \$50,000 as an additional subscription for the completion of the building of the Wesleyan Female College of Macon, Ga.

The *California Advocate* speaks in glowing terms of the success of the Methodist Missions among the Chinese and Japanese in that country. The missions seem to be doing a good and great work.

The *Christian Herald*, replying to the remark of the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, that sinners, converted under canvas, do not make good workers in the Church, says a capital hit, when it says: "Of course true; but the trouble is not in the work so much as in the foundation."

Gov. Evans, President of the Board of Trustees of the Northwestern University (Methodist) at Evanston, Ill., proposed to pay \$25,000 of the first \$100,000 as much of the second \$100,000 as might be needed to lift the debt now resting upon the institution. It is thought that the money can be secured.

At Dr. Talnage's Tabernacle on Sunday last, an enraptured hearer cried out, "Glory to you!" We have a decided preference for the Methodist, "Glory to God!" It may be that the reporter did not hear straight; but he evidently meant he had expressed "the sense the meeting."—*N. Y. Methodist*.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, has been by cable to L. K. Funk & Co., publishers, of New York, a dispatch denouncing as "utterly false" the charge now going through the press in America that in one of the sermons in his new book, "These Sayings of Mine," he disparaged from Dr. Lorrimer of Chicago.

The Presbyterian Synod of Kansas may be called the Polyglot Synod, for within its bounds, which extend over Indian Territory, the gospel is preached by members of the Synod in no less than nine different languages—English, German, French, Bohemian, Welsh, Cherokee, Choctaw, and Nez Perce.

The United Presbyterians of America, in their last General Assembly submitted a proposal to be acted upon by the various Presbyteries, striking from the regulations for divine worship the provision prohibiting the use of musical instruments in the churches. The overture was adopted by the very large vote of 131 to 22. Is this another sign of the degeneracy of the times?—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The Rev. Herbert Pellham, of England, did not meet his death "mountain-side." He was staying with his brother in Gion, on the Lake of Geneva, and in returning from an early walk—they were going down a steep and very slippery slope—Mr. Pellham, who was behind his brother, is supposed to have tumbled, and somehow got such an injury that he could not pull up, as he tumbled close by where his brother was carefully picking his way, and disappared over a cliff 240 feet high.

A native Confession of Faith has been shown up for the Amoy Churches, China, by the English Presbyterian and Church Reformed missionaries.—One reason why Chinese women do not attend the mission services in greater numbers is the difficulty they find in walking, owing to their small feet. The custom of binding the foot is as common and imperative a fashion as ever. It is a purely social custom, and girls were supposed not to be marriageable until it is complied with. Even among Christians it is hard to get it discontinued with.

A Turkish translation of Mr. Smiles's "Self Help" has appeared. The work is now published in the language of every European nation.

Work on the excavation of a cellar for the new Methodist church at Florence, N. J., received a pleasant start at the hands of the ladies. Twenty-five of the youngest, attired in graceful and appropriate costume, dug out the first cart-load of earth. The occasion was one of great interest, a large crowd being present, and applauding the helpful ladies.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Will not a day come in the not very dim or distant future when young Englishmen will read in their histories with incredulity that so late as A. D. 1881 the British House of Commons, though engaged in the consideration of one of the most important Bills ever brought before it, decided by a vote of 246 to 110 to lose a day's sitting in order that some of its members might attend a horse race?—*Toronto Globe*.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander MacLaren, of Manchester, has felt himself compelled to place his resignation of his pastorate in the hands of the church under his charge. For five months he has been laid aside from active work and his physicians still advise further rest. His congregation have declined to accept Dr. MacLaren's resignation, and recommend him to take all the rest he needs.

The venerable Father Gavazzi, who is visiting this country as the representative of the Italian Free Church, to secure aid for the seventy Protestant parishes and the Protestant Theological Seminary in Rome, preached at the Mount Vernon Church in Boston recently. Though seventy-two years of age, the speaker seems to have lost none of the intellectual power and vigor of statement which characterized his addresses a decade ago.—*Zion's Herald*.

A terrible event has happened at Clay-Next-the-Sea, in Norfolk. A Disenter has been buried in the parish churchyard by her own minister. Having had due notice of the coming calamity, the rector on the previous evening, Whit-Sunday, denounced from his pulpit the Burials Act, the Liberation Society, and the Government. On the morning of the funeral he sent a protest to the officiating minister which he would have read at the church-yard gates but for his desire not to create a painful scene.—*The Echo*.

"Cyrus McCormick nor George Seney can write a hymn nor charm by eloquence. They are by their consecrated wealth potent factors in the kingdom of God and in the betterment of mankind. They have genius. It is the skill of Midas—turning all things touched to gold. They may have but a stammering tongue, but their gifts by endowments to theological schools teach, tune, and loose hundreds of tongues to tell the old, old story. They preach Jesus. Their dollars, devoted to God, find and foster the persuasive speech of holy eloquence."—*Richmond Advocate*.

The city of Lagos, on a lagoon west of the Bight of Benin, on the coast of Africa, was formerly a synonym of all the horrors of the slave trade, by and for which it was built. It is now the great emporium of the coast trade; exporting yearly \$2,000,000, and is called the "Liverpool of Africa." The clue to the change is found in the fact that "the landmark which now guides the going vessels into the opening of the lagoon is the spire of a Christian church rising gracefully over the city."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Congregational singing is attracting great attention in the Welsh Methodist chapels in Liverpool. On the 6th ult. a public meeting was held in Shaw Street Chapel to practise sacred music by singing selections from our tune-books. It was a kind of sacred concert, ably conducted by Mr. Vaughan, of Penmachno. The choirs of the whole circuit were present, and the grand old chapel was packed from wall to wall. A gentleman from Wales took the chair. Short addresses were delivered by the ministers of the circuit and others during intervals, and the whole thing passed off in a way that is sure to promote a lively, cheerful, and joyful singing throughout the circuit.—*Methodist*.

"H. M. S. Pinafore"—whatever that may be—has been introduced to Wales under the auspices of the State Church. The papers report that this piece was performed recently at Bethesda, in the county of Carmarvon, in a full house, with great success. The scenic representations were prepared by an amateur, the *dramatis personae* consisted chiefly of natives, and all the pageantry, the music, and the "acting," were the productions of the loyal sons and daughters of the true Apostolic Church. The proceeds were given in aid of the Tan-y-bwlch Mission and Llanlleudol National School. It is to be devoutly wished that the "mission" will counteract the baneful effects of the means employed to pay its expenses.—*Methodist*.

A CONGREGATION OF ONE.

The early Methodist preachers were a curious combination of zeal, earnestness, devotion and eccentricity. They were constantly before the public, often preaching two or three times a day in barns, school-houses, private dwellings, and in the open air. They mingled with the people, accepted their hospitalities, knew their wants and their weaknesses, and were always ready to seize upon any vantage ground to gain an audience and build up in the minds of their hearers their own then peculiar doctrine. And these strange and eccentric Methodists often produced wonderful changes in their laborious and sacrificing work. In the early days of the denomination there was a presiding elder famed for his energy, and knowledge of human nature, and zeal, who found congenial work on the "South Shore," a district of country extending along the coast from Boston to Plymouth, the landing-place of the pilgrims. It happened in one of his long circuit rides that he visited the town of H—, a place long noted for spiritual apathy, and which extended, unfortunately, he thought, to the little band that had been gathered into the first Methodist class.

He reached his destination after a long ride on horse-back, in a pouring rain, to find that he had a still further pilgrimage to make to find a home for the night with a "local preacher" and the acknowledged leader of the church. Brother S. was a quiet, inert, weak man, who was a much better follower than leader. He trembled a little as the knowledge dawned upon him that a great official of the church was his guest, but he made him welcome, hurried off his dripping garments, cared for his tired beast, and soon seated him at a table groaning with good things, but in exceedingly primitive style. The repeat over, inquiry was made as to the spiritual condition of the church, which was any thing but encouraging, and then came the startling proposal to walk two miles to the church and hold service.

Bro. S. expostulated and protested as much as his weak nature would permit. He urged the fierce storm, the rain falling in torrents, the fact that the Methodists had no place of worship, that no one would be there, and that they were dependent upon the Baptists for a huge barnlike structure for their meetings. He might as well have talked to the raging storm; and so, in a few moments, equipped with a tin lantern, they were on their way through mud and storm; the presiding elder expatiating on the duty of Christians to keep inviolate all the rules and appointments of the church and especially the quarterly meetings that he had come to attend.

Reaching the old gray church, Bro. S. remembered that in his trepidation and confusion at the strange freak of the presiding elder, he had forgotten the key to the edifice, and a ray of light came to him as to how he could apologize for the eccentricity of his official friend. But he reckoned without his host, for the next question, in an authoritative tone, was: "Cannot we raise the window?" No sooner said than done, and then the passive brother, now thoroughly crestfallen, at the word of command proceeded to light up the church. This done, he was gravely invited to a seat in the pulpit, and the regular exercises went on of singing, prayer, reading Scriptures, and an earnest sermon. Bro. S. was beginning to rather enjoy the novel exercises, notwithstanding his wet garments and the chill consequent, when the minister with an earnest and eloquent peroration that brought tears to his eyes, ended his address with the startling announcement, "Now, Bro. S., you will follow with an exhortation." This was the unkindest cut of all, but there was no way of escape, and from a stammering and halting beginning he became almost as eloquent as his official leader. The benediction was pronounced, the lights extinguished, and egress found through the window into the storm, with the remark from the shrewd preacher: "When next I come here I shall have a congregation," and surely he was a prophet in this, for his next quarterly

occasion found every seat full, and crowds in the aisles, and scores standing on wagons and peeping in at the windows to see a man who could preach to a congregation of one, and the interest continued until the well-filled churches took the place of the feeble class, and the old local preacher in his old age was never tired of repeating the most marvelous sermon he had ever heard.—*Hon. G. W. Frost, in N. W. Advocate*.

A PROMPT APPLICATION.

"Brotherly kindness" is one of the eight cardinal Christian graces. The softening power of the Divine Spirit can create it between hearts that mutually hate.

The scene of such a melting—a scene full of holy and tender inspiration for all who witnessed it—is described by a clergyman who was preaching at the time in a town in Virginia.

It was a region of small reputation for sobriety and godliness. So far from "following peace," and copying the mind of the Master, many of the professed Christians were not on speaking terms with each other.

The minister was a stranger and knew nothing of these personal differences, but his theme on this occasion was "The duty of a forgiving spirit." He was faithful, speaking the truth in love. He showed them how necessary it was, if they wanted the blessing from heaven, that all old hostilities should be swept away, and that they should have united hearts. He pictured what the certain effect would be if they yielded up every selfish feeling for Christ's sake and for the due wish that he might come to them; and he told such apt instances to bring it, and pleaded with such moving words that his congregation listened with evident emotion.

Suddenly a woman past middle life rose from her seat, crossed the audience-room directly in front of the minister, and gave her hand to another woman, who grasped it, and burst into tears.

"God bless you!" she sobbed. "We are too old to quarrel any more."

That ended the sermon. The application had begun sooner than the preacher expected. A wave of audible feeling passed through the assembly that was like the sound of wings. Many who themselves had sins of resentment and unkindness to repent of, looked on and trembled, and some of them wept.

One stern-faced elder reached his arm over three benches and said, in a broken voice, "Neighbor Aikin, here's my hand!" and a feud of several years' standing was settled forever. Then another, a gray-haired man, made his way to a distant part of the house, where sat his old enemy with face already bathed in tears. He returned the greeting with eager joy. "O!" he exclaimed, "I have long been wishing for just this—just this!"

Unworthy worshippers who had come to the house of prayer with hearts and minds at variance, parted with acts of forgiveness and affection.

A great reformation began in the community, and over all that once wicked neighborhood there came a change that honored God's grace and made the people glad.—*Nashville Advocate*.

CONCERNING JOY.

There is a mere animal joy, which flows from the healthful condition of the body. The animal spirits overflow in their exuberance. The lamb frisks on the sunny hill-sides, and the horse, in the very fullness of life, prances through the pasture with arched neck and nimble foot. So men may be joyful by reason of their good physical condition. There may be not only "no rebellion when the stomach is full," but there may be an overflowing stream of animal joy. Higher than this is the gladness of worldly success, when the corn and the wine increase, the joy of a good harvest, the joy of the miser, the joy of the student, the intellectual triumph of the student, the gladness incident to the victories of mind, the solution of a mathematical problem, or the discoveries of the mission truth which was needed in order to

convert a hypothesis into a science. Still higher is ethical joy, the approval of a good conscience pronouncing on a good action. This is no small joy. It is all that many have to cheer their sojourn in this vale of tears. More excellent still is the gladness of beneficence, the joy of awaking gladness in another heart, or of mitigating another's sorrows. Many who are not Christians have learned the secret of this semi-Christian joy, and by a charitable use of money have opened fountains of felicity for themselves along their early path. All these kinds of joy are natural; they lie on the dead level of the plain of nature. They are transient and limited to this world. At the disparity of an infinite distance, is the joy of the Holy Ghost. It is supernatural—an out-gushing fountain from a rock stricken by the rod of a greater than Moses. It is a joy not springing up in the course of nature but handed down from heaven, and implanted in the believing soul. It is really a miraculous spring opened by the Holy Spirit in the Sahara of the human heart.—*Love Enthroned*

POWERLESSNESS.

There are to-day more churches in the land, more church-members, more preachers, than at any previous period since the United States has been a nation. More sermons are preached, more prayers are offered, more money is given in the interest of religion, than ever at any date of our country's history. There are more religious assemblies of various kinds, more special convocations of Christians, more so-called "revival" meetings held than at any time in the past. There are more running to and fro of professedly Christian people, more busy talking and doing in the interest of the churches, more noise and clatter and bustle in connection with our latter-day "working-for-Jesus" Christianity than has ever been known.

Despite all this active and busy bustle in religious affairs, it is a fact which the police and criminal statistics of the country abundantly prove, that there is more irreligion and godlessness, more vice and sin, more prevalent and high-handed crimes against God and society in our country to-day than have ever been known in the land before. There is more letting down of old truths, more letting go of old and trusted beliefs, more laxness of religious opinion, more free-thinking, more caviling at the Bible and Christianity, more general drift toward infidelity, than were ever before known in Christendom. There is more lying, more theft, more Sabbath-breaking, more divorcement, more obscenity and profanity on the streets, more selfishness, more cruelty, more gambling, more licentiousness; in short, more heaven-daring wickedness, than perhaps has been known on earth since the days of the flood. And with a constantly increasing momentum the dismal tide runs on year after year.

What can be the matter? What can be the explanation of the striking and perilous depression of public morals at the very time when religion, or rather, religionists, seem to be most at work, and when the churches are filled and running over with busy and bustling doers as never before since the days of the reformation?

Without presuming to canvass in any particular manner the causes that are operating to produce this palpable degeneration of our public life, one thing may be said that carries with it all the conclusiveness of a self-evident statement. That is this: The churches with all their restless and busy bustle, with all their unwonted activity and zeal, with all their showy demonstration of giving and doing for Christ, are not curbing and keeping back the wickedness of men. They are not restraining wicked doers in any effectual way whatever. They are not saving society.

Doubtless it would be found, if the case were probed clear down, that the failure of the churches to arrest the dominant wickedness, and reform and save our communities, is owing to a real want of power in themselves, to an inherent impotency that reveals at one

and the same time the weakness of the churches and their sin. The type of religion that churches are incalculating is too tame, too ritual, too formal. It is hindered by mannerism. It is cramped by style. It is overawed by the spirit of the world. It is in fetters to man-mind. It is too much the slave of semi-infidel public opinion. The religion of the churches of late years shows a sad and grievous departure from the older evangelical ideas. In their teachings and in their practice there is manifest too little dependence upon divine grace, and too much dependence upon human sufficiency, if not human smartness. Human speculations largely take the place of plain gospel truth, and for salvation human sympathy is mostly substituted for the working, transforming grace of the Holy Ghost. Thus the religion of the churches fails to convict men of sin, to separate them from the world, to save them from hell.—*Banner of Holiness*.

STREET PREACHING IN CALCUTTA.

Rev. J. A. D. Macdonald writes: We are getting up a magic lantern entertainment, "The Prodigal Son," to bring the people together. An old Babu is going to let us have his courtyard, and Mr. Leslie, a Calcutta lawyer, will work the lamp. To-day I have been in the Police-court. Nearly all the missionaries of Calcutta were present. Five missionaries have been taken up for preaching in the squares, and the case was adjourned until Saturday next, on the promise that there should be no preaching in the squares in the meantime. One of the five made a decided stand, promising not to preach in the squares if allowed to preach outside. This little addition seemed very unwelcome to the magistrate, and as the good brother refused to alter it, we thought the case would have to proceed. But the counsel for the prosecution urged that the magistrate should overlook the latter clause and adjourn the case, which was done. The brother is somewhat eccentric. He took H— out one day to see a spot which he had chosen for quiet and meditation. The way became more and more jungly, and H— did not like the aspect of things, when, all of a sudden, a noise was heard in the thicket. He seized H—'s hand, saying in a hoarse voice, "Hush! There they are!" "What?" said H—. "Tigers" was the reply. "They are all about here." "Them," said H—. "I vote we go back at once, and do not tempt Providence further." He turned round and said with an indescribable intonation of voice, "O thou of little faith!" Since then he has lost an arm in shooting a tiger. We are wondering what will be the issue of this preaching case. The Commissioner is a Roman Catholic, and he has clearly gone beyond the mark in prohibiting, without any proper notice or consultation, all preaching in Calcutta. I have no doubt at all but the case will ultimately be decided in our favour, but there is a very strong element of officialdom to battle with here. On the other hand, it is to be feared that one or two missionaries may take up a position of unnecessary martyrdom, which will be ridiculous, for supposing some of us were to spend a week or so in prison what would there be dreadful in that? Consequently anything about our readiness to suffer, to go to jail, &c., ought to be kept in the back-ground. In the north-end of the town they have not stopped me preaching, although they took our names the other night. So I have concluded to go on as before; and I do not think any one will take any notice.

An ordinance made necessary by the licensed saloons in Sacramento, Cal., makes it a misdemeanor for minors under sixteen years of age to be on the street after a certain hour of the evening, unless accompanied by guardians or provided with a pass. When this appears in history a century hence, the boys and girls who sit studying by the evening lamp will laugh at our stupidities and say, "Why shut up the boys and girls and leave open the saloons?"

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