

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

The Sunday School Times reminds singers in worship to remember in whose service their voices are used.

Not one of our College of Bishops wears a regulation white cravat.—*Richmond Advocate*.

An American paper aptly says:—“The city of Montreal has a prohibitory law on election days. Why not on 364 other days? The Dominion of Canada might have been substituted for a single city.”

The American Israelite does not approve of the scheme of the return of the Jews to Palestine. It says: “We rather believe it is God’s will that the habitable world shall become one Holy Land, and the human race one holy people.”

People who are ready to part with their hearts while keeping their money, are not the sort that Jesus wants. The rich ruler was anxious to become a disciple on such terms, but our Lord would not accept the offer.—*Baptist Weekly*.

Dr. William M. Taylor, of New York, lately expressed the thought in a public address that “Colleges and Young Ladies’ Seminaries, had broadened their courses of study at the sacrifice of depth, and that they will see the necessity of retracing their steps.”

The Philadelphia Methodist says of the late Bishop Scott: “Considered as a Christian and a minister of Jesus Christ, his distinguishing traits were purity, modesty and simplicity. Perhaps he was unequalled in the gifts of underrating himself and overrating his brethren.”

The most unique circuit in our Church is in the city of Louisville, Ky. The circuit is small—one mile across—but it takes two preachers to travel it. The Rev. Dr. Messick and Rev. Dr. Morrison have been serving that work from ten to twenty years. Every quadrannual they swap churches.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

The London School Board has in its discussion of the question of offering gratuitous education reached the point of specifying several schools in which the experiment might usefully be tried. To start this system in a few schools means, of course, its extension to all the Board schools; and certainly the sooner England has a free-school system the better for her.

The genuineness of a revival is proved by the deeds of righteousness that can be traced to it. Old grudges disappear, rivalries are forgotten, cordwood is measured righteously, one man is less a slave of appetite, another is less passionate, and all who felt the power of the Spirit at all are truthful, honest, and peaceable.—*Nashville Advertiser*.

We report to the credit of the French Assembly that it has refused to make insanity of either party a sufficient ground for divorce. This is our American practice, insanity being reckoned a disease or misfortune over which the subject has no control. It is therefore included in the “for better, for worse” of all our religious marriage ceremonies.—*Central Christian Advertiser*.

The Oxford University Convocation have declined a bequest of £1,000 by the Rev. William N. T. Marsh Lushington Tison for the establishment of annual sermons by a preacher of strictly Evangelical or Low Church views, who should preach upon the past history and religion of the Jews, and the prophecies relating to their return to Judaea.

What are called “typographical errors”—possible the types are not always the offenders—have been somewhat less numerous of late than formerly, in our columns; and we might desist from noting them; but last week they made us utter egregious heresy—even to speak of the “sacred career” of our Lord, while on earth. See, near the end of the article on the *Incarcation*, “Worship career,” it should have been.—*N. Y. Methodist*.

The New York Times commenting on the star-route revelation says: “At the seat of Government the plunder of the public Treasury is regarded as a legitimate pursuit, and is only partially discredited by being found out. An atmosphere less fitted for the growth of a robust and scrupulous sense of public or private morality cannot be found in the country, and the explanation of that fact does not lie very far from the surface.”

What about last Sunday’s sermons? Is all thought of them dismissed by those who preached them? We have heard of some who began on Sunday night to consider the pulpit themes

for the coming Sunday, taking no further interest in the messages of the day just ended. Would it not be well, however, to follow pulpit deliveries, as well as to precede their preparation, by earnest and frequent prayer for the Divine blessing upon them!—*Baltimore Methodist*.

The “intoning” of prayers is a performance we have rarely heard, and what we have heard never begat in us a passion for more. But we never witnessed what Professor Francis G. Tiffany says was to him “the most grievous mockery of worship he ever saw, when in an English Cathedral the white-robed canon, being of uncertain musical ear, was forced to rap his tuning fork on the stall and apply it to his teeth before he could proceed with, ‘Let us pray.’”—*Ex.*

The Diocese of Maryland is agitated by an exciting and almost bitter antagonism between the “high Ritualists” and the high and low churchmen. The *Washingtonian* says: “The real issues in Maryland are: Shall we authorize habitual Auricular Confession? Shall we authorize the Holy Communion as an offering for the departed? Shall we authorize teaching tantamount to transubstantiation? Shall we authorize the changing of our churches into Roman mass houses?”

At a recent gathering of the London missionaries of the Established Church, twenty nine present said, in answer to a carefully prepared question, that they did of “their own personal knowledge know of industrious, temperate, prudent people, whose misfortunes could not be charged to their own fault or folly, lacking enough to eat.” One went on to say that nothing was more common than for an industrious, temperate workman who had been out of work for any time, to fall sick as soon as he has obtained work again, his strength having been so sapped by under-nourishment.

The London Times, in an editorial article recently published said: “The license which American criminal law allows to dynamite projects is a scandal and a shame to American legislation. A more enormous scandal is the attitude which public opinion in America assumes toward them. Never was there a body of national opinion so inquisitive and keen which could have shown itself more feeble and inert in defense of public morality, than opinion in America since the dynamite school became notorious. Americans must determine whether or not they will continue to be subject to this reproach.”

“The time of my departure is at hand; I have finished my course.” “Bring hither the books, especially the parchments.” Many curious and flippant inquiries have been made as to the precise degree of supernatural influence required in order to enable the Apostle to write the latter sentence. Perhaps there is more divinity in it than at first sight appears. If an Apostle when now aged and on the very border of the better land could be so mindful of his books and so desirous of obtaining his parchments, it seems to add force to his Apostolic advice, “Give diligence to reading.” For clerics or for lay the advice is fully worth the taking.—*Methodist Recorder*.

We have not seen our beloved President to greater advantage than in his courteous and most hearty greeting addressed to our visitors, [the Nonconformist deputation] and in the very appropriate way in which he brought the interview to a close. And what a volume of song was that which burst forth on his giving out “All hail the power of Jesus’ name.” It is notorious that the finest and most hearty congregational singing in the world is that of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and we had it in perfection on Friday week. The devout, touching and very beautiful prayer of the Ex-President was a fitting end to a very joyous fragment of an hour.—*London Watchman*.

LIVING STONES.

The President of the English Conference, Rev. Charles Garrett, in the course of his official sermon on July 30th, said, (his text was Matt. 16: 18):

Look at the first course of stones as they are described in I Cor. vi. 9, 10 and 11. See in these verses the material out of which to make a holy Church. “Thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, and such,” says the Apostle, “were of some of you, but ye are sanctified.” Oh, there is not a dirty stone in the building, but all renewed and living a new life. I have not time to go all up the walls. But what do I see on this side? A number of Kingswood colliers who could

not open their mouths except in blasphemy; but Christ touches them, and the blasphemy is turned into praise. And what do you see there? A company of Hottentots, and there again a company of Fijian cannibals devouring one another; but Christ touched them, and they are loving one another with a pure heart fervently. Such wonders Christ can do. But we need not go so far off. The other day a lady went to one of our Lancashire towns to lecture against Christianity. Think of it, a woman against Christ. Why, if Christ is man’s friend, he is if possible, ten thousand times more the friend of woman. In the course of the lecture she declared that Christ was a myth. When she had done, an old friend of mine—a mill hand—got up and asked leave to put a question. “The question,” said he, “I want to ask the lady is this: Thirty years ago I was a curse to this town, and everybody shrank from me that had any respect for himself. I often tried to do better, but could not succeed, and many people tried to help me, but they did not succeed; the teetotallers got hold of me, but I broke the pledge so often that they said it was no use trying me any longer; then the police got hold of me, and then I was taken before the magistrates, and they tried, and next I was sent to prison, and the wardens tried what they could do, and though they all tried I was nothing better, but rather worse. Now, you say that Christ is a myth. But when I tried, and the teetotallers, the police, the magistrates, and the wardens of the prison all tried in vain, then Christ took hold of me, touched my heart and made me a new man. And now I am a member of the Church, a class-leader, a superintendent of a Sunday-school, and I ask if Christ is a myth, how comes it to pass that that myth is stronger than all the others put together?” The lady was silent. “Nay, Miss,” said he, “say what you will, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.” Yes, it is Christ’s to prepare the material out of which his Church is to be built, and no matter how bad the material if it is to be re-made you can never meet the wrong man if he is to be re-made.

Mother, do not you think you have been going to the wrong person about your son? You have been writing to the minister and seeking the help of friends. Go to Christ, and by-and-by, when his omnipotent finger touches your boy’s heart, it shall be broken, and you shall rejoice together. I know a young man, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He had wasted her property, and was breaking her heart, and was the curse of the place. I was holding a meeting one night, and saw him come in, and concluded he had come for a disturbance. I went down the aisle and came in behind him, and said, “William, are you saved?” He trembled like an aspen leaf. “No, sir,” he said. “Your mother has been praying a long time for you.” “I know it,” he said. He was surrounded by about a dozen of his boon companions. “Well, when are her prayers to be answered?” He gave one glance at his companions, burst from the pew, rushed up the aisle, and flung himself down at the communion-rail, and pleaded for mercy. He stayed till ten o’clock, and then found peace. He said to me, “Would you go home with me, Mr. Garrett?” I went with him. He opened the door, and there was his mother. She had sent the servants to bed, and was waiting for him. “You go first,” he said to me. “Oh, Mr. Garrett, cried his mother, ‘what has he been doing now?’ He had come home so often in trouble that she thought I had come to complain. “Oh, nothing, William has given his heart to God and found peace.” And she stood up, and it was a sight never to be forgotten as she lifted her eyes and hands to heaven, and said, “Now, Lord, lestest Thou Thy handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.” “I will build my Church.”

TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE.

One of the recent visitors to America, an Irish Wesleyan minister, was relating some of the difficulties in the way of propagating Protestant principles in Ireland. He said by way of illustration, that not many years ago a brother came over from Scotland, an enthusiastic missionary, ready to go and possess the whole Catholic country in Ireland. The Wesleyan brother cautioned him against too much confidence, and informed him of the difficulties in the way. The Scotch missionary, however, was very full of faith, and when, on the Sabbath, he preached in the chapel of the Wesleyan brother, preparatory to setting out on Monday for the Catholic stronghold, he took for his text the words, “By my God have I leaped over a wall.”

After an absence of ten or twelve days the Scotch missionary returned to the house of the Wesleyan. He had one eye closed, and one arm in a sling, and was otherwise badly battered up. He had been warmly welcomed by bricks and stones, and was now en route for the place from whence he came. He consented to preach, however, and rose on the Sabbath to announce his text: “My soul cleaveth to the dust.”

Many an adventurer has set out in the same spirit, and has met the same fate. Divine Providence is not responsible for these failures. We have no warrant, in making these experiments, that the Lord will deliver us from the consequences of Quixotic expeditions, simply because our intentions are good.—*Nashville Advertiser*.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

In the year 1833 a young Methodist itinerant preached at a camp meeting, near Columbia, in Tennessee, from the text, “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.” In the congregation was a young man, his senior by twelve years, who was rapidly coming into public notice, having already been elected to the State Legislature and the National Congress.

As time rolled on, the one became a noted preacher, and an able congressional officer, known and honored throughout the bounds of his denomination; the other advanced in a political career till his name was familiar not only in the remotest corners of this land, but he was respected everywhere in the civilized world.

Sixteen years had elapsed since the camp-meeting, when Elijah, the body servant of the statesman, was sent to request the preacher to call on his master, who was at home quite ill. “Doctor,” said Elijah, “do you know why my master thinks so much of you?” The minister replied: “We have been good friends for a number of years; we are both Democrats; but I do not know any special reason why he should be attached to me.” “It is,” said Elijah, “because of the sermon at that camp-meeting.” When the Doctor arrived he found the pastor of his friend’s wife, who was and is now a member of the Presbyterian Church, and going together into the room of the sick, they learned that they had been called for religious conversation. During the visit the dying man expressed the following sentiment: “I believe in Jesus Christ; I trust in him alone for salvation. I wish to acknowledge him as my Savior. I am a Methodist, but from the pressure of public duties I have neglected to join the Church. I do not wish to die out of the Church. I would prefer acknowledging Christ in the public congregation; in view of what he has done for me that is little enough for me to do for him. It may seem a little cowardly for me to unite with the Church in private. I should prefer doing it publicly, but I may not recover.” He was assured that his desire for membership in the Church and its ordinances should be gratified.

A few days later the symptoms became more alarming, and but slight

hopes of recovery were entertained. The Methodist preacher was again summoned. Among the persons present were the pastor of the man’s mother and wife, both Presbyterians, his mother, a brother, and a colored nurse still living. In the presence of these friends that eminent man acknowledged his dependence on Christ alone for salvation, was baptized by the itinerant, who he heard with delight and profit in 1833, joined the Church of his choice, and partook of the Holy Communion.

Not many days after the same minister was called on to attend to the last sad rites. The body was laid to rest in the beautiful lawn of his spacious mansion, near the capital of his adopted State. Over the tomb has been erected a stone canopy, under which is a block of gray marble. The following is part of the epitaph:

“JAMES KNOX POLK,
16th President of the U. S.
Born Nov. 2, 1795; died June 15, 1849.
The preacher was J. B. McFerrin, D.D., the present venerable and efficient agent of the Southern Methodist publishing house, from whose lips the above facts were gathered.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

WHO FELL?

A correspondent of the *Methodist*, writing from Ceylon, describes “not the last of the acts in the drama of ecclesiastical sectarianism in that island.”

A teacher of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having been engaged to be married to a daughter of the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. A. Gunasekara, and the ceremony arranged to take place in the Wesleyan Chapel, the Church clergyman of the station, quite wroth at the idea of such an act of schism, reported the matter to his Lordship, the Bishop of Colombo, who, in an interview with the bridegroom expostulated with him as to his approaching crime, warning him that much sympathy as he had with him, still consequences would be disastrous should he persist in his “wretched fall.” At the same time he was conjured as to whether no efforts could be made to make the “one proselyte” in his future wife. The young man was urged to choose either alternative of giving up his place or his affianced bride for the sake of duty and of Christ. The sequel will show his choice. His lordship being served, as a mark of respect, with an invitation to the wedding, wrote back the following love-letter:—

COLOMBO, May 19, 1882.
MY DEAR SIR,—I can hardly suppose after our conversation the other day that it is with your knowledge that the impertinence has been committed of sending me an invitation to your proposed wedding. I do not therefore allow it to prevent me from doing what seems to be the kindest thing to you, and advising you to resign the mastership of the Panadura English School. It is quite certain that you will not be allowed to retain it; but if your resignation is sent to Mr. de Mel without delay you will avoid dismissal.
I am deeply grieved that you have not had loyalty and courage enough to save you from the wretched fall which you contemplate.

I remain,
Yours faithfully in Christ,
(Signed) R. S. COLOMBO.

THE LORDS TABLE.

Whatever else is the purpose of that Sacrament which we here celebrate, its main object is to bring before us Christ our Saviour. Take away the belief in Christ, and all meaning vanishes from the spot; take away the sacred table, and these will remain other outward objects in the Church which specially reminds us of Christ—the Lord in the fullness of his Spirit—the Lord, not in any one aspect of his appearance, but in the whole of it. To grasp the entire spiritual truth of Christ’s manifestation, to make it the food of our souls, and the strength of our minds, is the justification of this sacred ordinance, is the glorification

of this sacred place. This is the true secret of the mysterious power of the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper, that more than prayer, more than meditation, more than any other single act of worship, it brings us into close communion with the Divine Presence, when truly to know is life eternal.

It is He who invites us to come. No Man, no Priest, no Church steps between us and Him. It is the Lord’s Table, not the table of any particular school or minister; each communicant draws near on his own responsibility, for his own good, and the dictates of his own conscience. Our Table is not fenced by any artificial discipline. It is not guarded by any fantastic scruples. Whoever cometh to it, and to Him whose Table it is, earnestly repenting of his sins, in love and charity with his neighbors and intending to lead a new life, shall in no wise be cast out by the wise and merciful Saviour whose strength he seeks to gain. And this pre-eminent greatness of Christ our Saviour, dear to Christians everywhere, ought to be specially precious to Christians and to Englishmen in this church. Here, we not only live, but worship in the midst of so many recollections of a stirring present, it is doubly needful to have constantly kept before us that there is One Name which is above every name, One Master in whose presence no one else is master, One whose faith we hold without respect of persons, One whose Spirit, rightly understood, is the source of all strength, and freedom and light, which makes our country great and glorious, One whose Cross is a rebuke to our selfishness, and ignorance and narrowness.—*Dean Stanley*.

One of the noblest charities of the summer season is the excursion for poor children by the aid of what is called the Irish Air Fund. In New York city the *Tribune* management has the matter in hand. The fund raised for this season amounts to \$7,000. It is not easy to exaggerate the benefits bestowed by a few days outing to the children of the tenement houses, where for the last week the rate of mortality among those under five years old was about 40 per cent. What novelty and joy is given to these, as well as the waifs of the busy streets, and the gamins of the market places. A new world opens for their curious eyes in the smiling harvest fields, the woods and streams. The enterprise in question is full of blessings for the children of poverty. Their care has been paid to various localities, and when their respective destinations are reached they are kindly received in the families of farmers and village homes, and are entertained for two weeks. The accounts of their sensations of wonder, of gratitude and happiness, are most interesting reading. Strange stories are told of their ignorance of the fresh world that opens to them. A field is a prairie, and a waterfall is a divine symphony for them, and how much they will carry back with them in their memories that will brighten all the years that are before them. They go back healthier and better and wiser than could be hoped. So much will a little fresh air do for the tired and soiled children of the streets. In England much of this work is carried on by private benevolence. We read in the last number of the *London World* of a young lady in the New Forest who has been carrying down sickly little Whitechapel children to these woodland glades, billeting them in clean, neatly cottages, and giving them three weeks’ run under beechen boughs and in plantations where the ground is bluer than the sky with wild hyacinths. O, the delight of these London waifs, their rapture in coming with a lapful of wild flowers, their fear lest a single blossom should be wasted or trampled under foot!—*London P. M.*

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