

The Wesleyan.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Stanley lately referred to his travel of 1,400 miles in Central Africa, from Stanley Park to the sea, and, pointing to an old umbrella, said, "That is the only arm I carried."

"The less people care for doctrine," says the *Week*, "the more they crave for oratory; the less value they set on the matter of the message, the more exacting they are as to the manner of its delivery."

An intelligent Baptist gives the following true inwardness of a thriving Church: "I verily believe our churches thrive according to the way that they support their own schools, their own pastors and their own paper."

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher once made the following brief but vigorous prayer: "Oh, Lord, we pray These that we may not despise or disrespect our rulers; and we particularly pray that they may not continue to conduct themselves in such a way that we can't help it."

When we find that we don't love a brother as we ought, let us solemnly prepare for repentance by honestly inquiring whether it is because he is not just what he ought to be, or because he is simply in our way. Are we jealous of him, or, to use a better word, envious?—*Southern Advocate*.

The Richmond *Advocate* says: One of the Holston District Conferences made a practical and important suggestion in recommending the building of good and commodious churches, so as to secure large congregations and societies, rather than a multiplicity of small churches close together.

The chief reason why villains in public life cannot be punished is found in the fact that every one of them is allied to many others who will be bound by the instinct of self-protection to shield them with money, influence, and bribery if possible. Current events furnish conspicuous examples of this.—*Nashville Adv.*

We fully endorse the sentiment of an English contemporary who says: "People are polite in these days almost to the suffocation of principles. We carry our mutual toleration so far that we hardly dare to whisper that we differ on any points from each other. This is to be regretted. The comparison of differences in a Christian spirit tends to their improvement off the face of the earth, and to consequent progress in the direction of practical union and harmonious activity."

Says the *Union Signal*: A piece of Prohibition evidence comes from Evansville, Wisconsin, whose Police Justice writes that for the past four years there have been but ten arrests for violation of any village ordinance; "but," he adds, "our village has not been cursed with a licensed saloon for twenty-nine years, and, with the exception of a railway station, our fire losses have not exceeded \$1,000 in that period of time, and our taxes have only been one and six-tenths per cent. annually."

The *Church Messenger* (Southern), in complaining of the attitude of Episcopalians towards their Church papers, remarks: "If they cannot 'take' several papers, and one 'must go,' it is the Church paper that is blotted out. This is all wrong. Considering the stupendous power of the press in the Church, ought we to see that every thing in his power is done to make as free and effective use as possible of that agency which is now moving the world?"

The London *Saturday Review* justly says that "the habit of dropping into French unawares is as enfeebling as the habit of punning, and the one is quite as fairly to be considered a violation of the sanctities of the mother-tongue as the other. Either habit indicates a certain flabbiness of fibre, both moral and intellectual. It is difficult to believe either in the mental rectitude or in the mental strength of a man or woman addicted to the quoting of old scraps of queer French."

The New York *Tribune* clamors for uniform legislation against the dime novel evil, and says: "It is a lamentable fact that cheap literature is more of a curse than a blessing. A dime's worth of printed filth in the hands of a few active boys will poison the minds of all the juveniles in a large circle. If parents or police cannot or will not turn back this tidal wave of cheap immorality, our statesmen should turn their attention to the evil."

We need a revival in every congregation from Harbor Grace to Victoria, British Columbia! Seven hundred pastors have been sowing the seed and watering it. Now, what shall the harvest be? If the natural harvest were to fail year after year what a wail of anguish would rise all over the land! The spiritual harvest fails in some districts for many years in disastrous succession. In all such cases let their be great searchings of heart.—*Pres. Witness*.

Bank directors should know what their officials are doing, and those who can't give the subject proper attention should get out of the way for somebody who will. Figureheads with a great reputation for wealth and character may be useful to attract business, but directors who know what is going on, even though they may not have a name for wealth and financial shrewdness, are much more useful.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The *Asbury Park Journal* says that many physicians in that place put up prescriptions on which is written: "Sicut frumenti Q. S." "Freely translated," it says, "a prescription of this kind means, 'Give this man all the whiskey he wants,' and behind this legal barricade, we are ashamed to say, most of our drug stores will proceed to deal out just what is wanted, and then return the prescription for further use."

"The Duchess of Connaught has contributed a beautiful altar cloth, with the Greek cross and lilies embroidered by hand, to the new parish church at Bagshot, Surrey. The Duke of Connaught has also presented a cross and candlestick." The likenesses of the cross of Christ and the lilies of the Virgin have been declared illegal, but as the London *Protestant Times* says: "If royalty presents them, and thus encourages lawlessness, what can we hope from the people? These and other gew-gaws do not aid true worship, but most certainly tend to idolatry."

According to the *Esperance* (the organ of the Young Men's Christian Union of France), of fifteen thousand Protestants living in Marseilles only seventy have fallen victims to the cholera. It is added that in the experience of the Free Churches of Marseilles and the South-East the epidemic has produced beneficial spiritual results. It has drawn Christians nearer together, has made many others feel their need of God, and has considerably increased the general attendance at preaching services.

A brother tells us of a member of one of our country churches who has become very cross and snappish of late. Nothing can be done to please him. He will not sing because they use an organ; he will not pray when called on; he has stopped all of his contributions, and actually sits back among the sinners. Quite a bad report, but there is one consoling feature in it. While he is wrong about the singing, the praying, and the giving, we incline to the opinion that he hits the nail on the head in sitting back among the sinners. That is the best place for such a crank. That is right, grum brother, get far back; on the last bench under the gallery, and remain there until you are converted.—*Rel. Herald*.

Sometimes when a steward approaches a money-making and money-loving Methodist and asks him for his part of his preacher's pay, he answers, "I am in debt and can't give much this year." This is a proposition to make his preacher help pay for his last farm he bought—to enrich himself and his children out of the honest toil of his preacher. Why didn't he make the same answer when his mercenary and his physician presented their bills, and refuse to pay, thus compelling them to contribute their part toward the increase of his wealth? He could do so with equal justice and propriety.—*Holston Methodist*.

"To every man his work." That does not mean, Christian brother, Christian sister, that every one must do the same work. But it does mean that every one shall do some work. There is call for a great variety of work in God's kingdom, so there is something for every one to do. But this does not mean that one or two shall do the work, and the rest look on. It is easy enough to find our particular sphere of service, if there is first in us a mind to work. That is the great requisite. We are not to be imitators of our brethren, but imitators of our Lord. We are to do the thing given us to do. God knows the work he wants done. He has his eye upon the workman he wants to do it. Let us each ask himself, when there is any piece of work to be done, Does he mean me? Then let us do it.—*Ill. Chn. Weekly*.

THANKSGIVING.
I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store,
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though simply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

AN OVERFLOWING CUP.
BY REV. S. B. DUNN.
"My cup runneth over." Psalm 23: 5.

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart." It is the heart remembering its mercies and writing them down as so many items of a debt to be discharged. The memory of the heart is a very different thing from the memory of the mind. The mind is like a day-book in which life's mercies are often entered in a temporary form, and crossed out in a little while; but the heart is like a ledger in which the entries of the day book are required to be posted for preservation. How many of life's mercies never find their way into the ledger of the heart at all. The items are never posted; and consequently when we come to make up our account to ascertain our indebtedness to the Giver of all good, there are a thousand things utterly forgotten. More to be coveted far than the memory of the mind with its cold, dry chronicles, is the memory of the heart, with its warm remembrances of the daily benefits of our God. I would like my heart to be like Noah's ark, full of living memories rescued from destruction and carried safely over life's swelling flood to be landed at last on the Ararat of heaven. The 365 days of the past year, what are they but so many pigeon-holes in which grateful memories have been put away; and to-day it is our business to take them out and file them in the heart.

Now this would seem to have been the occupation of the Psalmist when he penned this psalm. He is posting his ledger, not for a day or a year, but for a life-time; the blessings of the past are marching in twos and in sevens into the ark of his heart; he is taking out of a thousand pigeon-holes the memories of divine mercies; and this psalm is what he has to say about it.

Its genius is every way worthy of the sweet singer of Israel—the man that above all others is the poet and musician of the Bible. Every psalm of David's, indeed, is a song with harp accompaniment. It is the effusion of a soul swept by a minstrel-hand, and made to utter itself in music. Not a few of these melodies are set in a minor key in which vibrates a note of sorrow as if the singer were moved to tears; but the major part are lyrics of the heart, peans of holy joys, warblings of a happy spirit, perched, as it were, among the branches of the tree of life. One of these lyrics and perhaps the sweetest of them all is the 23rd psalm. It is indeed "the nightingale of the psalms," "a singing angel in the choir of psalms." Strangely enough, its Davidic authorship has been denied and it has been attributed to Jeremiah instead; but its cheerful tone is so unlike that of the weeping prophet, and so much in character with the buoyant shepherd king that I think we must pluck it from amongst Jeremiah's weeping willows and give it a place amongst the melodies of the world's sweetest minstrel.

Such a psalm as this could only be born of prosperity. None but a happy man could have penned it. It is evidently the outburst of a mind rich in God's gifts, and as rich in a grateful, pious recognition of the same. And how striking its imagery! Nothing could be more highly poetical or more graphically picturesque. What is the spectacle? The psalmist seated at a well spread table, and holding in his extended hand an overflowing cup. Lifting it up to the light, and causing its ruddy, sparkling contents to spill,

he exultingly exclaims: "My cup runneth over."

The entire imagery of this psalm is singularly appropriate to this Canada of ours—this land of rich pastures and peaceful streams, a territory at least thirty-four times the size of the kingdom ruled by David and Solomon, and constituting one-ninth of the habitable globe. The main draw back to this broad Dominion is that there are are not deep enough to enjoy its pastures; for, what are four millions of population, (including one hundred thousand Indians,) for its four millions or thereabouts of square miles? A square mile a man, including women and children! Why, this condition of things is a reversal of our Lord's miracle of the loaves and fishes; instead of having only five loaves and two small fishes to feed five thousand people with, there are but five people to eat five thousand loaves and as many whales! The fact is the flock is much too small for the pasture. Instead of four millions of population we have room for four hundred millions. In this particular sense the emblem of an overflowing cup is inapplicable; but as it respects abundance of resource and capabilities of soil and the bountiful harvests of the past year, were I to paint an ideal picture of this fair Dominion, I would represent it as a maiden with the rosy bloom of health on her cheek, and the sparkle of intelligence in her eye and holding in a plump and dimpled hand an overflowing cup; and underneath it I would inscribe its title; "My cup runneth over."

The story of the pretty legend teaching the origin of our national name. The Spaniard, visiting this country before the French made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they said among themselves: "Ac-nada"—"There is nothing here." The Indian learned this word and its meaning; and so when the French came, the Indians supposing they were in search of gold and silver, and desiring to get rid of them exclaimed: ACA-NADA. But, turning analyst, what are the contents and ingredients of our national cup? Some things are happily wanting. Unlike other nations, we have not been visited, during the past year by cholera, or by earthquake, or by cyclone. No national calamity, no decimating epidemic has been permitted to pour its bitter ingredients into our overflowing cup. And yet a careful inspection of its contents discover some few things that could well be spared—a few gnats, and perhaps a crane or two, that would be just as well strained out.

The curse of Canada, as of every Christian country, is intemperance, pre-eminently "the cup of devils." And closely identified with this giant evil are many more that move with it like satellites round a central sun. But there is no greater danger threatening our country just now than one arising from our very prosperity, and that is sordid self-seeking, and inordinate pursuit of the material to the neglect of the spiritual. But apart from gnats and camels, our national cup is full of blessing. We have resources of soil and sea unsurpassed by those of any other country under the sun. Look at the abundant harvests of the past year; and yet these are no more than "the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim" in comparison with what the capabilities of our country foreshadow. This land is evidently a favorite child of heaven—the pet of Providence—as Joseph was the darling of the patriarch Jacob; and as a mark of the Divine favor it is clothed every year with a new coat of many colors in the thousand hues of harvest and in the gorgeous tints of autumn. Added to our material blessings are our civil and religious liberties that we do well to remind ourselves of. Life and property are perhaps more sacred here than almost anywhere else. Conscience knows no shackles here save those forged by our own fingers. Every man is free

to do right. The religious denominations have plenty of elbow room—ample space for their respective angularities, and large scope for aggressive effort. And as for philanthropic, educational and Christian enterprise, why, there is room enough for the largest charity. Altogether, the best place to live in is heaven, the next place is Canada. And for myself I would rather go to heaven via Canada than by any other route I know of. But mercy help the man that finds his way to "outer darkness" from this festive hall! What with an open Bible and ordinances of religion almost as numerous as the days in the year, and brought to our very doors, our cup indeed runneth over; and yet how many among us refuse to drink this "cup of salvation," but upset it in wanton abuse of the Divine mercies! An overflowing cup calls for an overflowing heart. And does it not call for an overflowing generosity? Just as even a frozen lake has its open outlet where its under current finds vent, so even a frozen heart should find on Thanksgiving Day at least, an open outlet for its latent gratitude. The Lord of the harvest claims his tithing, not the first fruits only, but the best fruits—the gratitude and affection of the heart, and a life consecrated unto Him, or else the cup of blessing will one day give place to "the cup of trembling."

CHINESE MISSIONS.

At the recent Leeds Missionary Anniversary the Rev. George Marris, from China, said:—

One of our difficulties there arose from the great size of the country. Upwards of 300 millions of souls had to be reached by missionary effort. Thirty-three thousand Chinese, it was computed, died every day, and yet there were only 300 missionaries in that land. Mr. Bunting had told them that in America there was one minister to every 700; in China there was one to every million. Then there was the immense difficulty of the language, which contained nearly 40,000 word pictures. The speaker gave some amusing examples of the difficulties our missionaries had to contend with in this respect. There were also the great difficulties arising from their religions. Some of them would be willing to admit Jesus to their pantheon of gods, but we could not consent to that; Jesus must be supreme in China as elsewhere. One of our greatest difficulties was the devotion to ancestral worship. In China filial devotion was universal. If he became a Christian he was regarded as unfeeling and brutal, and they would easily understand what an obstacle this was. Then when a Chinaman became a Christian he had to keep the Sabbath, and this nearly always led to the loss of his situation. This was a trial of his faith and sincerity. Then there was the opium traffic, which was a formidable obstacle in the path of the missionary, and, as he could not but think a great scandal to a professedly Christian country like this. Another difficulty arose from the lives of Englishmen. He had only seen three men drunk in China, and they were English sailors. But, in spite of these and other obstacles, we had had a real success in China. We had the Bible in the Chinese language, and many thousands of copies were now in circulation. Striking illustrations were given of the interest taken by Chinamen in the study of the Bible. We had also given a Christian literature of considerable dimensions to China, and only lately one of our missionaries (Mr. Selby) had published in Chinese a most admirable "Life of Christ." A touching account of the conversion of a young Chinaman was given, which showed how the preaching in our mission halls carried the light into the most unlikely quarters. They had plenty of Chinese Christians that they could usefully employ in mission work; the Methodists at home must

find the money. Why, for 134 per week cultured Chinese preachers could be had who would preach six days a week and four hours per day. This showed that a judicious expenditure would be likely to bring back a blessed return. Other missionary societies were extending their operations in China; were we as Methodists to retreat or to sustain our work feebly in China? He trusted that we should multiply our agents and increase our contributions. Sixteen men in China was not a worthy representation of Methodist zeal; let them send a worthy force to that great Empire, and China would ere long be won for Christ.—*Watchman*.

MR. MOODY'S EXPERIENCE.

The *Christian Witness* comments this experience of Mr. Moody to all the workers in the vineyard of God. It is what Methodists and others who believe in heart purity call, "entire sanctification." The name does not change the facts:

"I can myself go back almost twenty years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, 'We have been praying for you.' I said, 'Why don't you pray for the people?' They answered, 'You need the power.' 'I need power!' I said to myself; 'why, I thought I had the power.' I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at that time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But right along these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about 'anointing for special service' set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive the anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I really felt that I did not want to live any longer if I could not have this power for service. Then came the Chicago fire. I was burnt out of house and home at two o'clock in the morning. This did not so much affect me; my heart was full of the yearning for Divine power. I was to go on a special mission to raise funds for the homeless, but my heart was not in the work for begging. I could not appeal. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—ah, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say God revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience, if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance. I tell you it is a sad day when a convert goes into the church and that's the last you hear of him. If, however, you want this power for some selfish end—as, for example, to gratify your own ambition, you will not get it. 'No flesh,' says God, 'shall glory in my presence.'"

It is discouraging to see so many excellent women blessed with plenty of time, money, and brains, content with trifles, when so much grand work is waiting to be done; and in the doing of it they would find the genuine culture, happiness and success which so ennoble life.—*Miss Alcott*.

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